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# P'AN KU



Listen.

you the readers, you the creators,  
who realize and bring to life this work  
with your understanding,  
you the seers, this is your magazine.

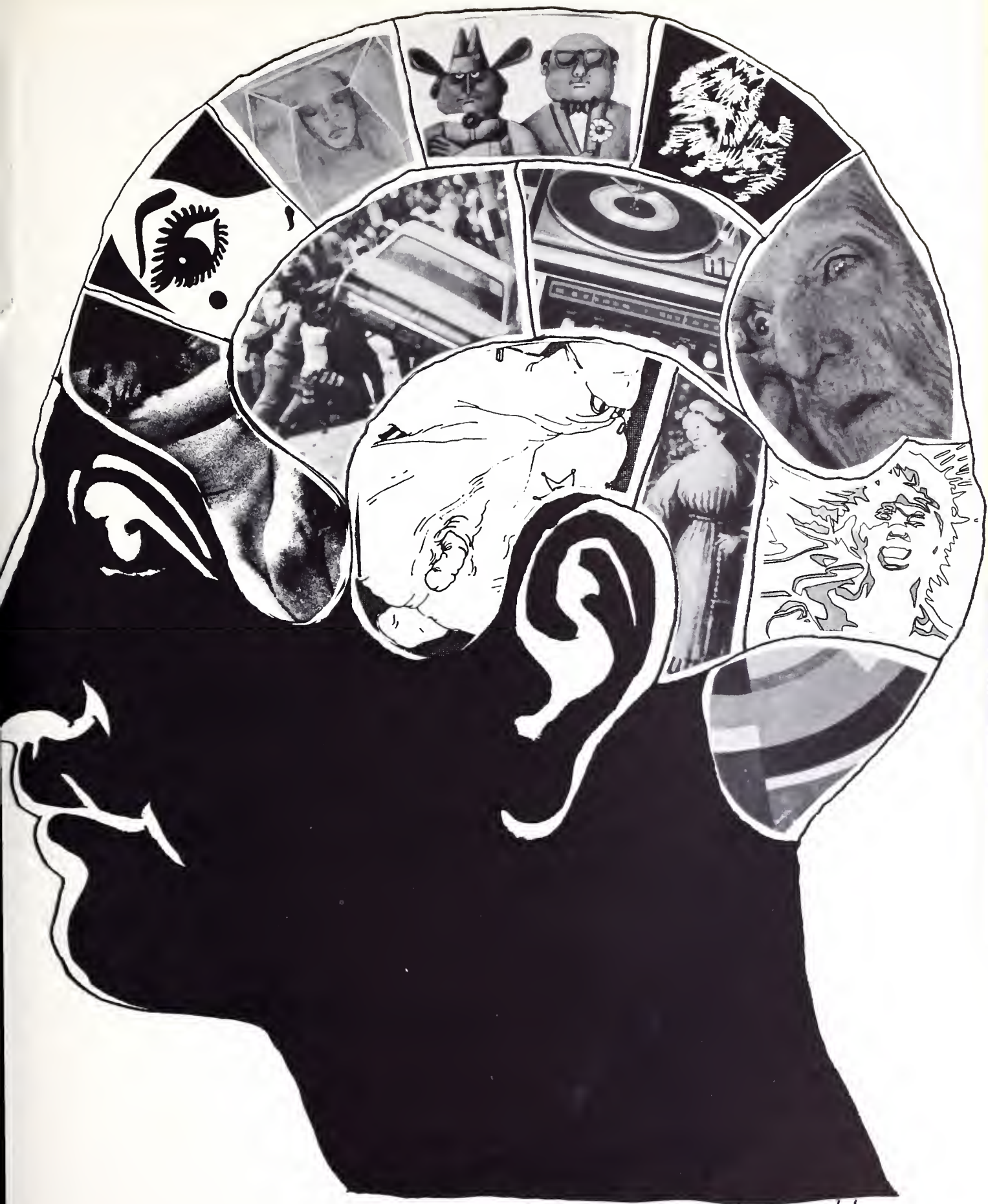
Herein are the works of various  
Broward Community College students,  
contributed that you and they  
might share in the exploration  
of the self, and the world.

Listen.

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Fort Lauderdale, Florida  
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BROWARD COMMUNITY COLLEGE  
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA





woody '71

The twenty-three of them sat around a narrow mahogany table at the center of the large, red velvet room. Soft, crimson velvet drapes fell in heavy folds from the ceiling. The men wore suits and ties and their nails were immaculately done. The man at the head of the table seemed shorter than most of them, less majestic. His hair was greying and abundant, though not very long. The face looked grey as well, perhaps due to the lighting of the room. He wore silver in his cuffs and his shirt was starkly white.

Presently, he stopped talking to the man at his right and his eyes shone darkly as he gazed over the other men gathered around the table, as if appraising the lot of them. He stopped at a face, here and there and his eyes narrowed in concentration for a brief moment, only to go on again in his mute survey of the group. There was an uncanny resemblance between them. They all seemed to have been dipped in muddy-grey snow. Their eyes were dark too, and sharp as blades of steel.

by *Leuza Russell*



A large map was spread open at the head of the table. It was a map of the whole earth and the two rounded hemispheres, one next to the other, looked very small, like the two naked halves of a body. South America and Africa were the two long legs stretched out from a wide, chunky chest.

Their voices were clear and at times broken by laughter.

---"But Phil," one of them said, looking directly at the man at the head of the table, - "if we allow him to go this far, he will be interfering with my smooth organizations and for how long? Right now he thinks that we are backing him up all the way in this war. But once he has enough ground, are you sure that we can get it all back?"

---"Damn it Joseph," he shouted - "You really sound stupid today. What have I done all my life but teach you that I don't make mistakes. Tell me, the cargo of machines I sent you, do you have them? Good. Because Joseph, my prince, I want you to direct the operation this side of the Atlantic."

He was pointing to Western Europe now. The man he addressed as Joseph listened attentively and his face lit up a little as the old man spoke again.

---"We can control this entire war with my machines, boys, right from these dots all over the globe."

He showed red dots scattered here and there on the map.

---"But why are you so pale, Joseph," he continued, "don't you feel good?"

He was laughing hard now and looking at Joseph. The other men were quiet and unemotional as the spectators in a theatre.

---"Joseph, my boy," he went on, "all of a sudden you are very angry, aren't you? So angry that you could even hit me, your own father. Well, don't worry Joey. Nothing really bad is happening to you. It is only the machine, baby, hitting you from miles away. How many times have I said before; science is our greatest ally. A minute ago you were angry in a minute you may feel the urge to laugh and kiss my cheek. This machine plays with the brain, boys. It is a type of radiation that can change your thoughts in making, by hitting the waves that make them up. You all probably remember; thoughts are just electrical waves in your brain. Once that area is under my control Joseph, you're as good as dead baby. I can make you feel eager, sexy, hateful, happy -- anything. All these emotions obey commands from the brain. My machines can make anyone sing and dance at the flick of a button."

---"How is this possible, Phil? The machines, I mean. How did we get a hold of them?" asked one of the other men.

---"My God, where have you been all these years, Vic? In outer space? Does everybody here think that I am an amateur at this game or something? Surely, after three hundred years in the business of stealing, killing, outsmarting, racketeering,

and money-making, you know that today, we're the single most powerful organization in the world. We own the scientists who engineered these machines, though they are not aware of it. Every one of them thinks that he is working for a Corporation."

"Well, under different names we control the most important business, anywhere. Few people know that today, we are as spread out as the hairs in a head, Vic. And now we can control their brains."

As he spoke he ran his fingers over the map on the table, in a gentle caress.

---"You know, boys, come to think of it, we're like the brain of this here baby. We can now send command waves to each man in it and tell him what to do. What do you think of it, boys? We've come a long way since slavery days but I think we've only just begun to grow. Next we'll conquer the stars. But back to this war, now. We must get rid of a lot of undesirables who as you all know are too shrewd for their own good. I have this funny feeling about them. As if they might creep upon me and outsmart my machines. You see, some of them helped design these machines, thinking all the while that they were to be used to cure mental illnesses. Ha, ha, ha," he was laughing very hard now. "Now, the man we've picked out to start the war and keep it going is perfect for the job. Anyone would do, though. All we have to do is aim the machine and shoot. He'll dance, make speeches, kill, love...It is a great game, something like puppets, only so much more fun." He kept on talking, almost oblivious of the men around the table, as if in a trance.

---"Having my own men in the government everywhere as we've had for so long was never this much fun. Hey, any of you remember reading Faust in school? I majored in history, you know, to remember not to fall as the Romans did - ha, ha. I had this English teacher who made us read Faust and whenever I think of him I wonder about all my good luck. Who ever thought I would sit on top of the world one day, calling all the shots. The very top of the mountain, Joseph. Damn it, it wouldn't explode on me, would it? Oh, that blasted island full of volcanoes where our people started climbing the ladder: the fellow from Zurich, the ones who calm me down, they believe that we'll try to find the volcanoes that killed our people ages ago, fast as a tongue of fire. He said that's why I like to watch explosions, because I remember, somehow."

His eyes fell on the men again, back from his reverie.

---"Screw the men from Zurich, boys. Today I can make anyone think and feel whatever I think he should. A trap? But how? No way. I used to fear the curse of Nero and feel that we were emulating the Romans and would one day fall as they did. But you see, today I personally own the coolest heads in the world and all they do is think my way, so that I may never falter and fail." He paused and glanced quickly at the men, as if something had slipped which should never had been said.

---"Yeah, but never worry, boys, he went on. I still make the final decisions on everything. And I don't fear anybody. I'm probably the sharpest, most powerful creature in the Universe, right now. You're all pretty special too. Perfect genes and all. But no one is more clever than Phillip. There will always be a nucleus for everything, you see, to run the show. And may everybody dance around us as we choose. Hey, Joseph, is the brain white or grey? You don't know..."

Even as he talked and laughed his eyes scrutinized each one of them, measuring the impact of his words. Those eyes never laughed once. They were the eyes of a snake.

A door opened quietly behind him and a large blond man walked in the room.

---"You called, sir..."

---"Yes," he said turning slightly, "tell them to serve dinner now. And oh, you can send in the girls now to play with my friends. We're finished for tonight. Let's eat."

## The Plot

Time, Space and Matter  
Lost in the endless  
Maze  
Seek to find yourself  
For Time will get you  
Space will lose you  
Matter will surely  
engulf you

Run, Run, Run  
Color your mind Blue  
Color your Heart Warm

Color your life  
with LOVE

-David Lawrence-

Haiku

Groping in the dark  
I was surprised to feel that  
My hand touched others.

-Grace Cambareri-

Lovers in the Valley

The carved hills, distant and deep  
Of blue and gray and white  
Of symmetry complete  
The Insensibility (nearly)  
Is anew continuously,  
Enveloping,  
Gentle radiance nurturing the body  
To contentment,  
A sea of ungreen grass in the wind,  
In Nature we are  
Floating on the fibers of the massless burr  
Seeing all she would show  
Hoping for no more  
Gentle, cool breezes whisper the sweetness...  
Of being

-James Grissett-

Every part of life needs...  
Another part of life  
To make it real in existence.  
Lynda Ward

just a glance

sitting here alone,  
i watch your every move.  
suddenly your eyes look in my direction.  
i turn my gaze from you momentarily,  
hoping you haven't seen my staring.

i wait for what seems eternity,  
then glancing back at you,  
i too notice your eyes  
turn from me.

J. Porter

Haiku

If I had but known  
That when we parted that day  
It was forever.

-Grace Cambareri-

Haiku

Though I fear not death  
I fear that I should leave friends  
Without a farewell.

-Grace Cambareri-

Across the land  
One is on the left  
Two and Three are on the right  
None are in the middle  
There is no middle  
Those on the left  
Oppose the right  
Those on the right  
Oppose the left  
Confusion is what I see  
Nothing to bring us together  
You and me  
But wait, we are both young

-David Lawrence-

#### RANDOM THOUGHTS

Dribbling rain in a spout.  
My mind, warm and fogged, lost  
in doubt.  
The earth with its guts hanging  
out.  
I want to be out in the cold night  
air  
With my hair loose, and my mind  
bare.  
With a band-aid on my cares.

-Regina Bonner-

#### DREAMS

Don't want any restrictions on me  
got to go as far as thoughts can see  
Don't want any restrictions on man  
got to grow as his thoughts ex p a n d  
Days go by  
His seeds disperse  
got to find the reason for the Universe  
Days fly by  
And increase the purse  
And increase the thirst  
Destruction is imminent  
But not this year

#### SO

gather more relations  
and turn them into stone, arrange them in Order  
until they consume the mist  
Do this over and over and over again  
Do IT until you can no more  
Then tell your children  
that it is now their chore  
Do this over and over and over again  
Farther and farther we can see  
Work and work to Eternity  
Do you see this is REALITY

-Ted Turnbull-



She is the sea-wave pattern of a seashell  
flowing like its lines, wrapped in the outline  
of sun silhouette  
Her words are flung like froth, aimed at no one;  
You try to catch the foam but cannot taste it.



She runs without knowing across the sand of your face  
and the sand prints crumble and slide  
behind your eyes, into memory.

Her direction extends beyond your eyesight.  
She is the pattern  
of the grains of packed beach sand.



The tide is its own  
and the wind dances with the sand  
swooping it in alien rituals  
of a world within a world  
While the air trembles with the waves' tail-echo.  
Air and water currents mesh in and out  
in rhythm too fast to follow.

You cannot absorb the sun's signs  
and enter into oceanside, and involvement  
in her elements  
And you move lightless across the surface  
of the ocean scene of vision, separate.

Two parallel existences  
Close in their eternal division.

## JANIS MARA



in the synapse of september  
they ended with the celebration  
realizing there was nothing to hold  
except the instant before the vacuum  
swallowed the space where they stood.



A Haiku For Religious Fanatics  
And Wayward Philosophers

Death is when God eats  
and His creatures lost from life  
become part of Him.

15 November 1969

When you started to shake  
and your throat went dry  
and your body numbed  
and you wondered why  
and strange patterns were placed in front of your eyes  
and you couldn't talk about what you saw  
and you felt so uneasy with the mundane  
and everyone tried to turn you onto something

but it wasn't the same

and you couldn't just go home

and time disappeared and you came to know  
how a person could fall from a hole in a wall

without any reason (no reason at all)

and suddenly everything made so much sense

and then nothing made any sense at all.

Was it that that upset you? Or was it the Fall?

Honey,  
Call Service America-  
The Boy's Gone Mad!

You've been trying to sell me Love  
since I was five years old,  
and now all I have are the lies you believe.  
I wouldn't ever unfold.  
So you suddenly play letstellthetruthandgetondowntothefacts  
and you glow in the corner  
selling the same old shit (in bio-degradable packs).  
If it doesn't smell like lemons,  
it won't attract the opposite sex.  
Oh, I'd love to take your cheap apple-juice wine  
and pour it down your back.  
And as you fizzled and sparked to death, I'd laugh,  
watching your hideous eye turn black.

Dead Man

They turned you onto  
the national pass-time and  
you glow contently.

DAVID BABCOCK

Mike Anderson



"the bird delivered"

how did she feel sitting  
in the room in front  
of the picture window

as the bird hurtled  
like slung pebble samson-aimed, slashed  
at the glass? did she move

in the instant she saw the bright bird,  
wings madly rowing, head bobbing like a long-distance sprinter--  
did she try to halt its flight?

or did she think the window would part,  
worn thin by the anguish of ages, dissolve,  
and admit the bird within?

perhaps it all happened too fast,  
...and the bird smashed and left its fluid dripping,  
a colorless bruise on the surface of it all.

he was a carnival on her summer grounds  
a free motion of the maypole dance--  
wheeling weaving shape and color  
around a core of hard memory.

## JANIS MARA

like children playing at the seashore,  
jumping on a raft, we caught the cloud's edge, pulled it down  
and jumped into the center for a ride  
as gods might have floated  
sun and water soaked  
on the surface of the sky.  
buoyed along by air currents  
skimming on dream rafts in our kingdom of stratosphere.  
spinning and soaring  
faster and faster  
in gasping flight  
we clutched to keep aboard,  
until we slipped, and lost our balance,  
spilling from the clouds, like startled cartwheels  
streaking to the ground.



A N G E L

The outside  
world  
forces  
me  
to stiffen  
myself  
like starch  
only  
to crumble  
(with it).

Dorothy Saraceno

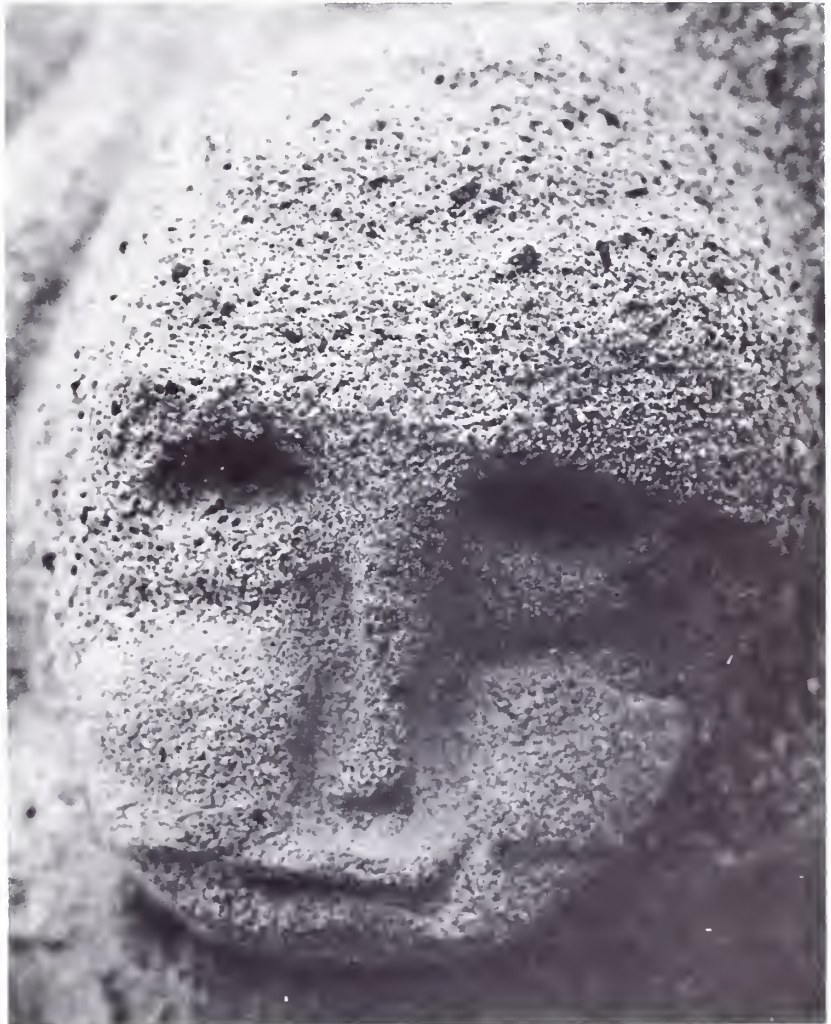
Lo, the angel smiled and looked upon her countenance  
Greeted by the morning haze  
Hailed by the gulls' singing  
Heralded by the ocean breeze  
Salt spray as her gown she lifted her eyes  
to the dawn.  
Hark, the angel lifted her golden harp and spun  
A tale of woeful cities  
A song of suffering children  
A legend of brothers at war  
Sand beneath her feet she walked to lands  
beyond the sea.  
Hush, the angel sleeps upon a bed of rocks. She has seen  
The world in early morning splendor  
The sea in tides falling; rising  
The sky from dawn to dusk to dawn  
Stone cushions yet for pillows she closes her eyes  
to the night.

CONTEMPLATIONS

-Mary Edwards-

Light...  
somewhat dim  
surrounding the horizon  
Dawn...  
awakening nature  
to beauty?  
or to ugly hate?  
Motion  
slow and cautious  
as if frightened  
by the brilliance  
then quick  
hurried on by time  
masses swarming  
without thought  
microcosms in themselves  
Life  
who takes time to live it?  
Run, run, run, catch up and...  
Stop...  
look around  
twenty-four hours  
don't you see?  
it's all yours  
don't you understand?

-Regina Bonner-



Ted Turnbull

Of A New Dawn

Shadows on the wall  
Are not much unlike old friends  
now gone in the light

-David Babcock-

The ebbs of time and crystals of  
space flow, not timorously, but with  
the passion of an age.

A fluid symphony that cannot be  
stayed by flinging arms and legs,  
still miraculously attached to body  
surfers trying to dodge huge jutting  
rocks or groping hands, directed by  
what must seem to the displaced  
aquatic inhabitants to be myopic  
intruders from the center of the earth,  
searching for tiny aboriginal sharks'  
teeth.

A transparent world environed by a  
rain forest where the sun always  
smiles on poisonous lizards and  
enigmatic sinkholes.

A moss covered rock that at once  
maneuvers and transforms my  
body into a human go-cart.

Sensuous I feel  
gently suspended and lovingly  
caressed by a miraculous water  
that accepts no wake  
and only speaks  
of my irrelevance.

A gloomy cave spews forth a swirling escape.

Set free  
from my own dark places

-Helen Gabriel-

I feared the setting sun  
For terrible thoughts  
That day might not come.  
So at night,  
I hid from the world.  
Thinking everything would be alright.  
But it was the day  
That took my sight.

Dorothy Saraceno



Sue Voorhies

NO. 1 Leaves

Three leaves upon a tree  
One kind you'll never see  
Too different, one leaves  
To travel a blue line of song  
One covered up on the ground  
Too travel out of sight  
Forever gone

-Marc Paonessa-



On its tall thin stem  
My sunflower turning south  
Smiles at my neighbor.

-L. Lennox-

Through the summer storm  
The swallow on trembling wings  
Soars to the rainbow.

Yellow roses  
On the bureau  
Nestled near a white quill pen  
Flirted with the sun.

Paula S. Holcomb

Painted lips on the  
Coffee cup  
Blend and stain the  
Chip on the saucer.

your name is trembling in the air  
holding me  
part of me like the wind chimes  
i am so used to their soft  
shower of sound  
i cannot hear it  
the mobile sways  
and  
in waltz-drift we dance  
floating in airy circles suspended  
that cannot swing beyond your name  
i'll be bobbing in your currents  
until i can cut the line  
and watch the mobile's patterned fall  
to see if any piece stays whole at all.

Janis Mara

## A LOST SOUL

Revolting against a whole existence  
one soul that disapproves of it-  
it begins to admire its own torment  
as a protest against life.

Such a soul that will not listen  
as they speak about religion  
lest the comfort become condemnation  
of its own arrogance and supposition.

Never able to make sense of life  
it universalizes all discord  
and sees the world without a face  
to develop a philosophy of hate.

We function as distracted atoms  
in a growing period of consternation  
deaf to what we will not hear  
and empty because we can not feel

ha, reduced to monotony by frustration.

## NOT I?

Where is the answer?  
Who am I?  
What am I?  
Sometimes I think I shall go mad-  
chasing the tail of my mind,  
I am seeker and sought  
both rabbit and hound,  
What can restore me to ethnic reality?  
or make me happy when alone?  
Where is the answer?

**JOYCE HARTMAN**

## THE SUN

The sun is shining all around  
it falls on the cars in the streets-  
It shines on the windows  
and bounces back up to repeat  
around the world tomorrow.

When the stars are leaving the sky  
the sun in the morning hours will rise  
To warm the earth and start a day-  
as the yellow light fills the sky,  
around the world today.

When at evening it does fall and  
dusk does creep across the sky  
All God's creatures feel so small  
as the last kiss of the sun is nigh  
around the world tonight.

The wind whistled ~ bending the golden wheat ~ crisp and crackling dusk . ~  
S. Elmer ~  
Holcomb ~



## Ghosts

Some events that I remember  
incidents occurring in my thoughts  
are just illusions placed before me,  
some are objects that are not.

Things and places I have passed through,  
elements and fragments in my mind,  
puzzle-pieces that don't fit, along with  
years and moments out of time.

All your people  
gone tomorrow,  
Why are they leaving, who are they looking for?  
But I'll still be here, I have nowhere to go  
and I won't fear the end.

How can they unfold before me,  
I've got an answer but it's wrong,  
just like a page from some old magazine  
I turn it and they are gone.

All those two-way people  
moving on a one-way street,  
it seems no matter how fast I run  
they get farther out of reach.

Living images awakened  
slowly I'm surrounded by them all,  
crowded houses full of empty people,  
ghosts appearing on my walls.

All your people  
gone tomorrow,  
Why are they leaving, what are they looking for?  
I'll still be here, I have nowhere to go  
But I won't fear the end.

## The Aged

the aged won't alter the future,  
but don't ignore them;  
they keep the records of the past --  
don't destroy them.

## DAVE VOTAU

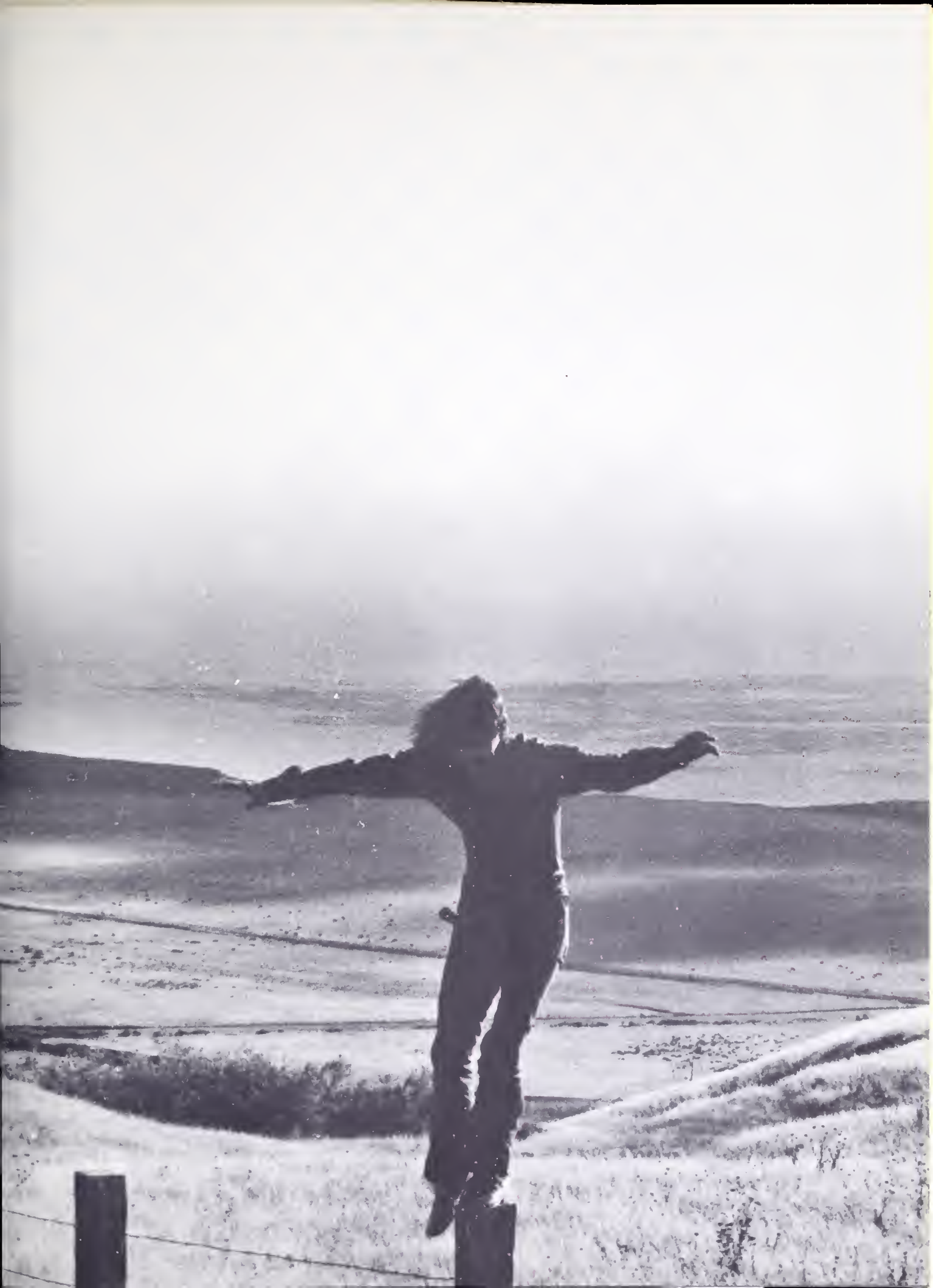
### Afterthoughts

Green ,  
Should I believe in everything that I deny?  
Sometimes I see too many things  
From deep inside of me.

Colors of an old familiar view  
Paintings of a summer scene  
I thought I knew,  
Reappearing in the forms of lies.

Grey,  
My time is spent in tattered webs of yesterdays,  
Will I forget the better things  
And fade away again?

Lazy, shady afterthoughts of blue  
Covers on the evening  
From the moonlight  
Sleeping in the darkness of my life.



Acappella

you came  
as sudden and threatening  
as a summer storm  
no woman  
shall ever need you  
half again as much

I loved you  
with eyes  
    you never held  
with a smile  
    you never touched  
an angry young man  
is alone

no rivers  
    only trickles  
        that dry before they reach the cheek  
pride  
    was our common bond

you loved them all, you said  
and you would show the world  
no man would have to fight a war  
or take a job he didn't like  
you would defend your brothers  
you had a cause . . .

your drummer played his night-song  
    can there ever be just one

how do you hold love  
with clenched fists  
angry young man

Helen Gabriel

Starship

The stars remain unmoved and yet  
Their rays strain red to match your wake  
Or crush to blue against your bow.  
You ply this sea at light's own pace.

- David Smith -

Clown,  
why are you laughing  
with

tears  
in your eyes?  
Don't you know  
your

make-up  
will run.

Clown,  
are you truly happy  
living behind that

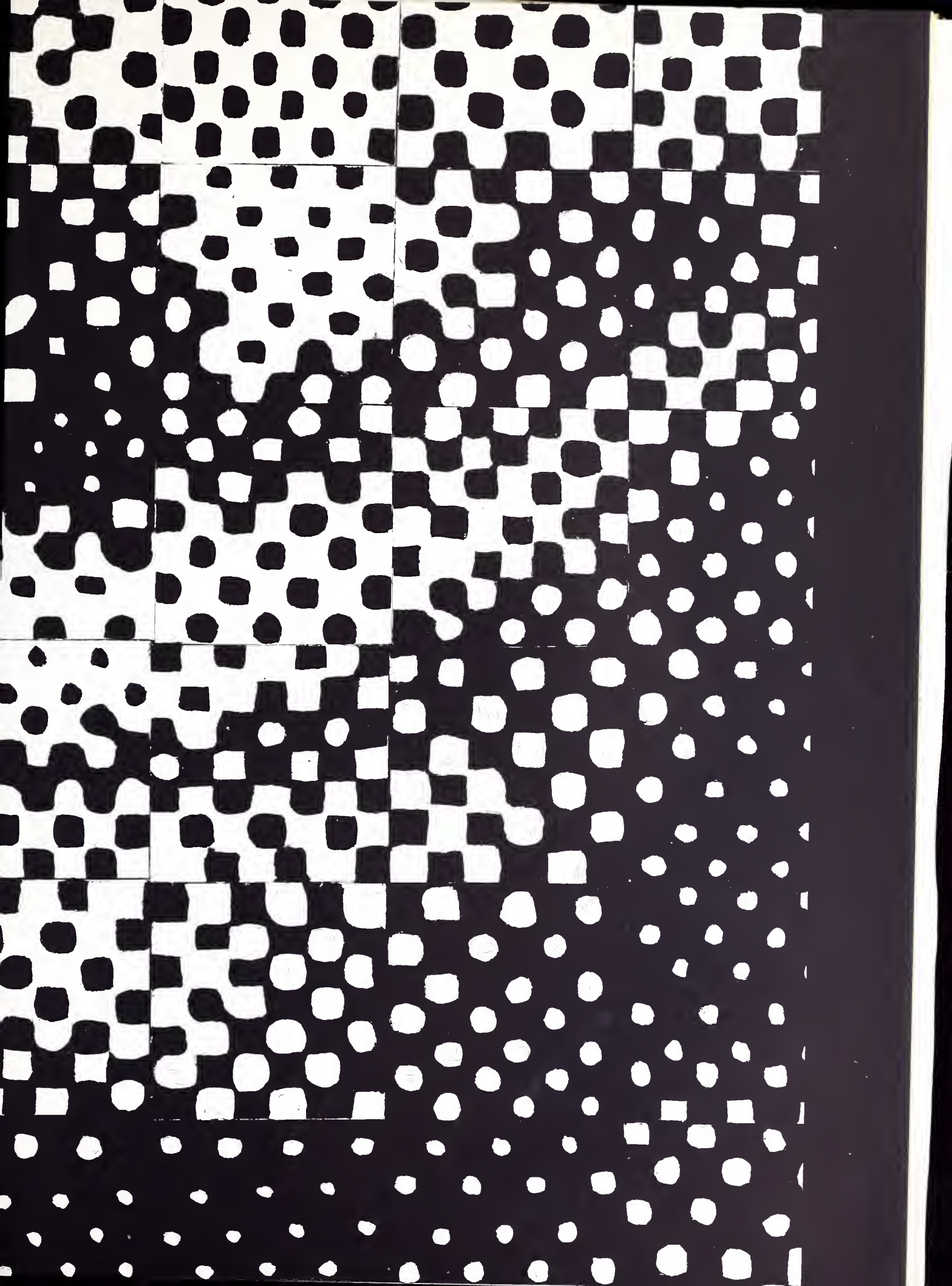
mask?  
Doing

acts  
in the circus ring  
while

man  
imitates  
you

Dorothy Saraceno





They say lettuce  
can be grown  
in the  
ghetto--

not mistaken  
indifference

if You do it  
right  
People can't leave it  
so  
they gotta take  
what's there  
no matter  
what.  
SomeBody's  
making  
a  
Kill  
ing

coming upon her  
as I have done  
so many times before  
young  
and alive -  
with the sensuality of sense

total immersion  
love  
allow the  
at  
one  
ment  
of  
love

the sky aglow  
with sunset  
reds and golds  
alive  
everywhere i turn -  
my love  
every image  
brings her  
to mind  
glow  
the clouds even the soft breeze  
Oh to a high place  
to catch a brief glimpse  
of my love as she  
leaves me  
though only for a short while  
i must see her  
alas, she is gone  
the sun has set without  
my long awaited glimpse  
perhaps this fortune is mine  
the lustre of my love remains-  
unspoiled by my sight - alive  
in my soul is the lasting glow  
of my sunset  
everywhere i turn i see my love

I come to her  
again and again

yet each time  
is like it were

to be  
the first

## SANDY KUTLER

innocent  
lovely  
divine

i am most richly  
blessed.

gaze upon You  
lying nearby

bundled  
in the blanket of my birth

Sleep  
your hair slightly mussed  
a few strands  
lie across a pale-bronzed  
cheek

The softness of this face  
emanates to my very  
essence

to kneel beside you for  
an instant  
pray as i do when  
you are with me - asleep

kneeling softly beside your  
still radiance  
bending  
slowly forth  
to spill forth the morn.

Magimysticrystal images  
aglow on walls

lush violins encompassing existence

soft lit  
vivid flames  
an aroma of  
sweetness  
soft breasts nestled against  
my thigh  
enwrapped in arms.

a poetry reading -  
and no body  
came

with something to say  
to every one  
about everything  
I led my life

but now i find  
an amazing  
new wonder  
in my  
silence

allowed  
to immerse  
my  
self  
in my new  
found  
ability

to explore  
anew  
from an  
other  
side

and she asked me for my body  
neither for love  
nor passion  
not to share a common spot  
or the coming of offspring  
for life to her was dead

yet she asked me for my body

curiously i conceded  
wanting not to break the silence  
or the unspoken agreement  
wondering i asked why  
to find that  
"it seemed the thing  
to do at the time."

what more do i have to offer  
how could the intensity of love  
be contained in words, over distance  
feelings of deep gratitude expressed  
to embrace you  
ignoring the miles that separate us  
i have nothing to offer, save  
a part of myself

J.A.D.



i conquered another body last night  
another person lost  
we spoke of truth and beauty  
and laughed with tears of joy

i conquered another body last night  
another confused actress  
we dreamed of utopian love  
and smiled at fleeing frogs

i conquered another body last night  
another behind a mask  
we pedaled through windless gales  
and swam from bars of clothing

she continued through her maze  
and i - another obstacle  
i offered a virgin friendship;  
one untouched by human mind

in my search for a new flight  
i conquered another body last night

deceiving patterns of pleasure

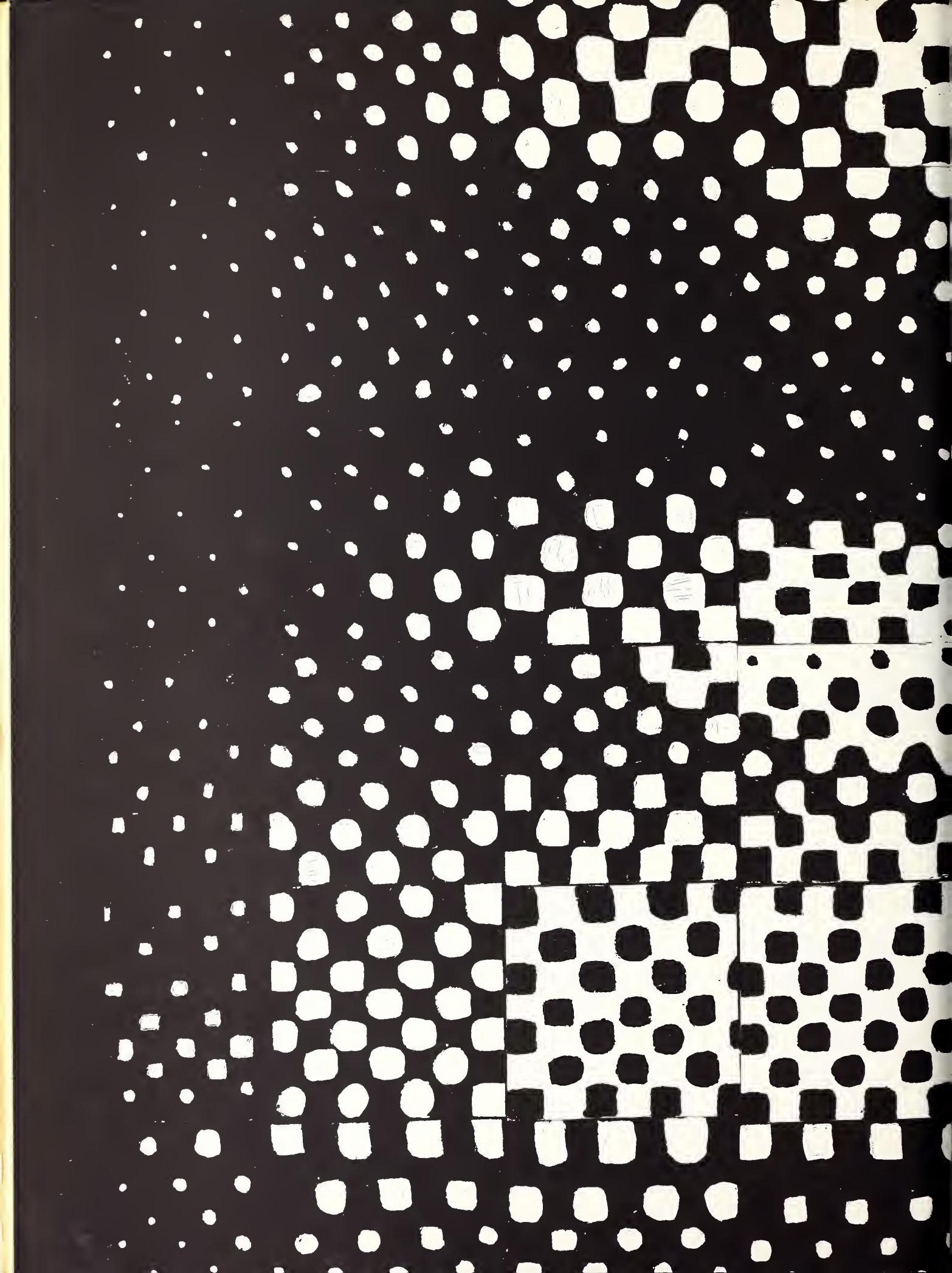
small news, a one-horse town  
and a saloon  
miss molly is having a baby next saturday  
did you hear . . .

sunday dress  
prayer on sabbath  
sheriff mac dougal is retiring next year  
and a saloon

twenty-one, dealers' hand  
three lemons beckoning  
eight, seventeen, double-zero - house wins  
and a saloon

tired eyes begging to close  
tattered pants yearning a wash  
shabby shoes need mending  
small pittance disintegrated on friday  
a saloon

deceiving patterns of pleasure  
hard earned penalties  
desperately needing a life  
they stumble towards the door  
of the saloon

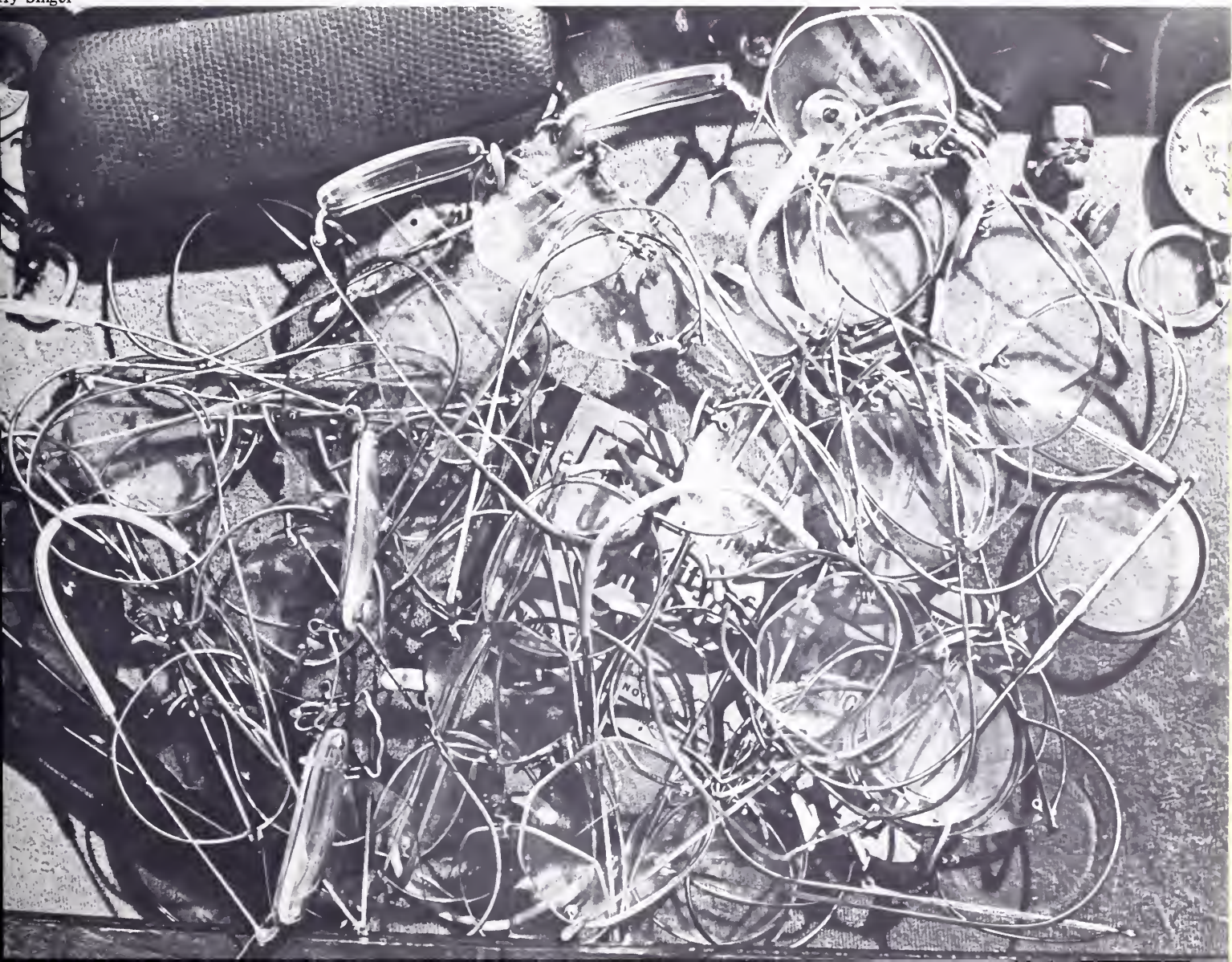


I would like to die like an heirloom,  
with a crash  
and a bang  
and a tinkle.

Shattering  
into a thousand thousand pieces knowing  
that each piece would be mourned, and picked out of the  
carpet,  
thrown away, and properly forgotten.  
The empty place on the shelf covered  
by some living, growing thing.  
Not for me the solemn, crepe-draped death-palled sickbed,  
or lingering morbidity of morticians,  
Not for me the worm-ridden silence of the grave  
eyes closed to the day,  
loved-one's anguished tears salting my tomb.....  
Let me die like an heirloom  
with a  
crash  
and a bang  
and a tinkle.

CHYLENE CORBETT

erry Singer



my eyes were burning as i stepped from the shadows  
 she had brought me up roving to a mountain stream  
 she smiled as i gave her a handful of small flowers  
 and asked what it felt like to live in a dream  
 the clouds had darkened as i turned towards the sky  
 she did not answer and i questioned no more  
 at long last she said she did not intend to die  
 so i said let's not talk of it anymore  
 a small fire flared for we needed some warmth  
 a storm was sensed silently for it became cloudy  
 as the sky became shrouded i suggested heading back  
 but she shook her head saying she would go on without me  
 both she and i knew what had to be done  
 i found myself both speechless and fading  
 how can you love someone you can't look in the eyes?  
 we both realized we'd be fools to keep anticipating warmth  
 i turned my back towards her as my vision became blurred  
 alone i stumbled back down the path  
 i strained my ears but there was nothing to be heard  
 and tears filled my eyes as i stifled a laugh

the quiet return of crippled carlos

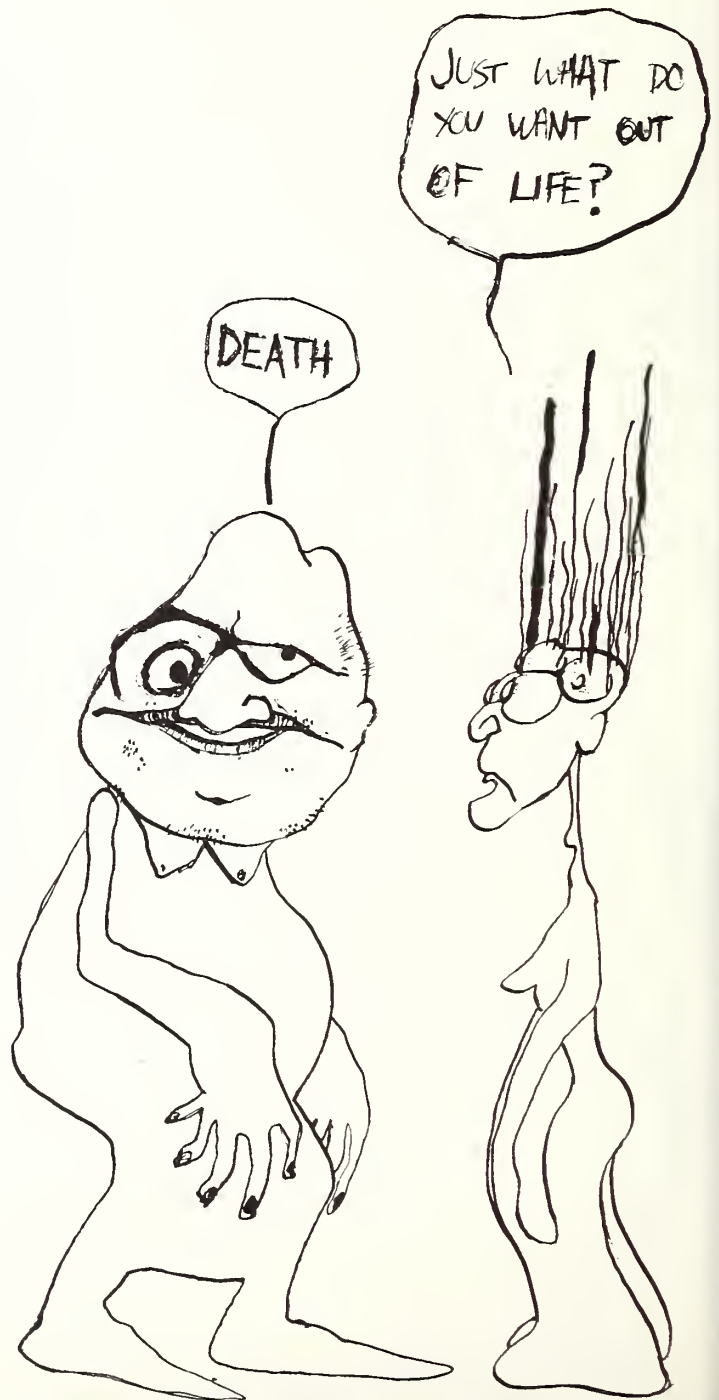
the man's eyes were the same colour as mine/ sometimes his  
 hair colour seemed the same but his head was sometimes  
 under the streetlamp and sometimes it wasn't so it was difficult  
 to tell/ there were blood stains on his yellow shirt but  
 he didn't appear to be bleeding anymore/ i crept on down beside  
 him on the sidewalk/ he laughed nervously momentarily and yawed  
 and asked me if i had a cigarette/ i did and gave it to him/  
 it's very odd...he muttered...i've been trying so hard and so long  
 to be everybody else that now that i really want to be myself  
 i'm not quite sure how/ i shivered and glanced down at my yellow  
 shirt/

spinal fracture blood bath

mescaline mother  
 you got what it takes  
 to give me the shakes  
 oh you're alright  
 oh lady yogurt  
 you're all around  
 so sweet and round  
 you're alright  
 you really surprize me  
 sometimes momma  
 i'm glad you despise me  
 so i can exercise my  
 rights against you  
 you aint got no one  
 defending you lady  
 silver orphan  
 gimme your hand  
 please gimme your hand  
 it's alright  
 oh i've got hardware  
 i've got what you need  
 we all gotta bleed  
 but it's alright

sterile gerber closed the bathroom door  
 and leaned his head up against the bathtub  
 in prayer.  
 his wife would be calling him to supper soon  
 and the kids would talk about their day  
 at school  
 and then he'd have to go to bed  
 with that woman  
 but these minutes were his alone  
 just sterile gerber  
 god  
 and the centerfold of a naked bathtub

Cartoons by James Ferrigno



rim end

starting course while  
chewing gum and hearing  
belief from downstairs.  
stairs remind me of insteps:  
blow out and vague...  
had something to believe in  
might make traveling easier  
t i'm alright as is?

painting designs  
the sail and  
ding along the death mail alone.  
 somehow it all falls into place  
t out the other side...  
here was some way to understand  
might all end up being bored  
be careful how you think?

achieving is breathing freely  
i'm not content being contented  
it's like dancing with your feet cemented  
or your brother being elected chief of police?

all things wildly swim  
loss my sight interfering  
with the hellish flight homeward.  
recall being john the baptist  
d maybe robin hood...  
had someone waiting  
might make it back sooner  
t i know there's nobody there?

james ferrigno

.w.

in a bad position  
there's a dark decision weighing hard upon my shoulders  
my mind is getting colder and  
now i'm getting older everyday  
t i could never be sure of what it was i wanted.  
t all seems to have changed  
the facet of my life has been rearranged  
d i keep thinking of you as being real  
ould never be sure of anything before  
cause my world constantly changed  
d my emotions were transformed into new expressions daily  
on't know if this time is any different than before  
d it would appear senseless to attempt to convince you  
things that still restrict me in darkness and confusion  
n't explain you  
n't even explain the words i whisper  
not sure of anything except i know i want you  
alking to you could be as easy as writing about you  
i destined to keep these thoughts confined to my mind and paper?  
en i really count am i doomed to fail myself?  
n't ask me what it is i want from you  
i have no idea  
ave no idea

JAMES FERRIGNO



friday feeling strange

so far all that's been happening  
is that i've been walking 'round  
with my pants down and wondering  
if this trip was really necessary.  
i could prove it all to you  
if i only had the time...but its  
alright. what's the use in talking  
when it's all backwards?  
i've only one or two left in a  
box in my bedroom and when they're  
gone i'll still be fine.  
the only meaningful relationship  
i've had is with my coffee. the  
extent of it has kept me from  
trying.  
an overflowing opaque ashtray.  
whispers of smoke trailing on  
until it's gone. i know by now you've  
the wrong idea but i don't care.  
keep me occupied with cigarettes  
and movie slides of your vacation  
not that i've got anything against  
your face but everybody seems to  
be wearing it these days. go do  
anything you want to. it's too  
senseless going on holding you  
down and wondering if it's really  
my reflection.





Wind rushing at me  
ink skies covered with cotton  
cement below me

Dance is many pictures  
pictures connected by movements, so sure  
that they make the pictures flow together;  
as do the ripples running over rocks in a stream.

Jim Urick

J.H.

the cool, clear ripples trickle over our blushing bodies  
as our very beings blend with nature  
we are not separate bodies now  
but part of each other  
and part of the whole of the earth  
the life of my self runs on by  
and i still lay in the stream  
next to you and the rest of the world  
i and you we will soon run out of life  
the stream trickles by us, just like the rest of the world  
we are left  
far behind.





Judy Traut

by  
Douglas Pugh

Her eyes shone as she picked up the jewel. I glanced across the counter and felt the intensity of her mind, its thoughts twisting and curving around the bubble which had become the center of her universe. As it spun through the cosmos, she dwelled on the spinning planes glowing with scenes of the past. In the northern hemisphere she saw her first meeting with him. As the jewel turned between her fingers, the scenes moved faster, forming a motion picture. The good times, the fights, his departure. Trembling, she turned the jewel on its side; peering down into the jungle in its center. She watched the men fighting, clinging to life and she knew he was dreaming of her. The jewel flashed, a harsh glow that burnt her eyes, and she knew he was dead once more. As she dropped the ring, a thousand liquid orbs danced on her cheeks and in each one, a thousand pictures of him.





## ESCAPE

As he walked toward the park with his dog, his mind was cluttered with the tales from "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty."

He stood in the park with his dog on a chain and his finger stuck through the loop in the leash. He dropped his head backwards as he swept his eyes skyward. The clouds flowed rapidly across the night sky, making the stars appear to move.

"Come join us" the stars called to him in unison--"Here you are REALLY free!"

He dropped the chain, and moving his arms lifted himself into the blackness. The movements became smoother and more even, and up he rose to join his friends--doing the breast stroke.

by Scott Jones

Many times it felt good to her to stay home an evening and do nothing at all. She would rummage around for an old book or drive up and get a magazine to read. She liked Vogue and Bazaar because they brought back her old self, the one she'd left behind back home, a long time ago.

Few of her friends really knew where she'd come from. She just arrived one day. To their city, their neighborhood, their clubs and their quaint little college; though she was a few years older than many of her school chums. Her past didn't matter, she would say to them. Now, today, was all that really counted. And she made it count. Her days were full to the brim, as if she were drinking life through a straw.

In her nights of solitude, she enjoyed turning Cavett or Carson on, just for company. Never really paid much attention to their guests unless someone she thought really special was going to be on. She enjoyed listening to the simple, uncomplicated geniality of intelligent people. But those she admired were seldom invited at that time of night. Entertainers were on, most of the time and few of them seemed interesting enough to her, but the sound of their voices and laughter gave her a warm feeling. She would sit on the couch and caress the velvet gently and let her thoughts wander aimlessly, not a worry on her mind. She would do her toenails or her hair, sew up something or just sit there enjoying the feeling of just being alive.

The first time she had one of her strange dreams was after a relaxed evening such as those. She'd had a glass of wine while lying in the tub, as the water trickled gently over her toes. Warm water around her always brought with it a delicious feeling of peace and that seemed to make her sleep well. She often thought the glass of wine had a lot to do with it, though. Sleeping well, I mean. She liked silky night gowns and the fragrance of lotions and colognes on her skin. She'd always perfumed herself for bed and sometimes as she did this, she would remember her mother's good night kiss and the wonderful smell of her hair.

In the bedroom, she would turn the radio on for a while and listen to jazz. She had bought satin sheets after Warren had shown her his. The satin felt very good against her body. At times she would indulge in a sexual fantasy of sorts, but being alone made it frustrating to her, so she avoided this. She wanted to just lie quietly in bed, sipping her peace gently, till sleep came and took her away. Well, in the night of her dream sleep did make her travel. She couldn't remember later on, how the dream had started. She remembered all of it but the beginning. Suddenly she'd opened her eyes and it was there. The dream, I mean. Her room was still the same but her night light was on. Everything looked sort of unreal,

though, as if she were looking at it through a thin veil. Then she realized that the feeling was coming from inside of her. Things were as always, but she was different. She was having a dream and she was actually living it! She swallowed hard and noticed that her throat was very dry. Then she saw the glass he was offering her. It was one of her good glasses, the ones she kept in her antique oriental buffet. She took it from his hand hesitantly and almost dropped it on the carpet. There was ice and scotch in the glass and she tasted a little bit of it. He was sitting in her arm chair by the bed and he was talking to someone on the phone. She thought she'd seen him before somewhere but she couldn't remember where. He must have come from a swim because he was wearing only a bathing suit and she smiled a little because he had an awful lot of hair on his chest and legs. Dark hair too. When he looked at her she noticed his eyes were also dark and very very warm.

Yes, she thought, this whole room seems warm. Too warm, really.

"Would you please turn on the air conditioner?" She said looking at him. "It is over there on the wall. I don't seem to be able to get up." He hung up the phone and just stood there for a minute looking at her, and she felt as if they'd been close friends for a long time.

When he held her in his arms she remembered enjoying the caress of the hair on his chest against her own skin. Later, when she asked him who he was and how he'd gotten into her home, he just smiled and kissed her hair, never bothering to answer any of her questions.

His love making, when it happened, progressed unhurried and she felt he knew her body quite well and had probably been in her bed many times before.

"Who are you, anyway?" She asked several times. "You can tell me, I won't call the police. It just feels so strange to me to be making love to a total stranger. Oh, please, tell me your name at least" she'd begged. But each time he would close her mouth with his lips and she remembered feeling very faint every time he did that. Once, when he walked to the dresser for a cigarette she remembered admiring the back of his body and thought that she'd seldom seen anyone as beautiful. He must be a god; she thought. And I've died or something.

When he returned to the bed she took his hand, put it to her lips and bit one of his fingers hard. He didn't pull it away from her, but when she let go of it, the marks of her teeth were there. He looked amused. So he wasn't a god; she thought. But then, who was he?

## *The Fourth Dimension*

*by Leuza Russell*

Please bite my finger hard she asked him. I wonder if then I'll wake up from this dream. But he refused. Instead, he bit her lower lip gently and asked her to bite his. Later, when he was leaving she asked him to stay with her till morning but he didn't answer. She asked him if he would be back and in place of an answer, he leaned over her once, in an awkward hug and then walked away without saying a word.

When she woke up the next day she noticed she'd forgotten to set her alarm clock and that she'd probably be late for classes.

Oh well, she thought scrambling out of bed, I suppose it won't hurt just this once to miss Powell's class. Then she remembered about the dream and a wave of fear ran through her body. She ran to the front door and found it locked as she'd always left it at night. She opened it slightly expecting to find him there, waiting. The paper was there instead. In the rain, too. Lucky they put papers in neat little bags, she thought. She took the paper into the bedroom with her and threw it over the arm chair.

Looking at herself in the bathroom mirror she noticed that her eyes had circles around them and that they looked a bit red, too. As she put on her mascara she tried to remember all that had happened the night before. It all came back very clearly to her mind. Still, it must have been a dream, she thought. What else? Back in the bedroom, she looked under the bed pretending to be trying to find her other shoe. He wasn't there either. She bent over her pillow and smelled it once hoping it would have on it the fragrance of his hair. But it smelled of her cologne. It was then that she saw the half-filled glass over on the night table and she shook violently. The ice had melted and the liquid inside was now a pale yellow, no longer amber as she remembered seeing it. She took the glass and smelled it. Yes, she thought, it's scotch all right. When she put it to her lips she was trembling a little, hoping it would taste as his mouth did. But, of course,

it didn't. She could barely tell that it was indeed a high ball and that her own brand of scotch had been used to make it. Back in the bathroom she found her wine glass by the tub, on the floor. As she took both glasses into the kitchen she knew that she herself had not prepared that high ball the night before. Someone had, though, she kept thinking, on her way to school that morning.

At noon, when she saw Dr. Pace, her friend the psychology teacher, she pulled him aside and told him about her dream. Not all of it though. Just enough. He let a twinkle go through his eyes and laughed a little, teasing her.

"An unfulfilled desire," he said, "that's all. You don't really believe you've been having mysterious night guests, do you?"

"No of course not," she said very blushed. "I just thought it was a strange dream, that's why I told you about it."

"I don't think it's strange at all," he said, and giggled. She hit him in the arm and left, sorry that she'd talked to anyone about it at all.

Driving home that afternoon she almost stopped somewhere, not wanting to be by herself in her apartment just yet. But she'd convinced herself that a secret wish had been the cause of it all and that the man himself had existed only in her dream.

When she opened the front door and walked in, she almost fell over the roses. They were by the door spilling out of a large box. She stood there for a minute not wanting to touch them. Afraid they would disappear as he had. They were yellow roses and the whole room smelled of them. She took the box into the kitchen and got out a vase for the flowers. Lifting them out, one by one, she searched in vain for a card or even a name. But, there were only roses in the box. Twelve of them.



We veiled ourselves in the darkness of the Kansas night and successfully sneaked through the gate without paying. People were sleeping all over the ground, yet more were awake and walking in uncountable directions occasionally stepping on those that were sleeping. Realizing that we could not hope to see much in the darkness, we made our way to the nearest flame, accompanied by the nearest joint. Skeldo and I were welcomed by dwellers of the soul whom we would never recognize in the daylight, and sat comfortably on the ground. A unique bond existed between the festival people. In a matter of minutes we were nicely stoned.

I awoke just as the sun was attempting to climb into the sky, declaring a new day to anyone that would listen. Stretching, I surveyed the land (our campsite being on a small hill). The stage in the valley was engulfed by swarms of human beings. Flags popped up signifying individual campsites. In the valley the grass was sparse, most of it had been squashed under its conquering hoards. On the hillsides the grass became braver and sprouted in larger clusters. Beyond the mountains of grass hid a lake, according to the few daredevils heading in the whispered direction. Skeldo and I joined the nomads.

We arrived with the humidity glued to our skins. The lake was muddy, overflowing with seaweed and leeches. We threw our clothes aside and waded in the lake, whose water retained the icy remembrance of its encounter with the preceding night. After completing our exploration of seaweed islands we were mesmerized back to the music. I couldn't stop smiling, it was all so funny and we were all so spaced out.

The sun struggled higher in the sky. The heat of the coming afternoon waved at us. Skeldo and I migrated towards the front of the stage, which was the most populated area of the festival. We listened to the rock groups for a while, then, not being able to stand the crowded condition we began trudging away. Slowly, Skeldo and I made our way through the maze of humans in the direction of the water tank.

## The Bummer

Skeldo stood on the bread and cheese line as I went for the water. I completed my task first and sat down to wait for Skeldo. As soon as Skeldo returned with the food, we inched our way back to the campsite. It was becoming impossible to walk around all the people. By the time we had reached our spot, the food and water were devoured. Skeldo and I settled ourselves on one blanket as a voice came dreamily over the loudspeaker:

"There are now 500,000 people here. The traffic has been backed up for twenty miles. Reports state that more people are still coming every second. Helicopters will be flying in more food and water. Do not drink any water from our water tanks, we just discovered it contains a sizeable dose of acid."

The announcement sank in sometime later when we all looked at each other glassy-eyed. I stared at those around me—they seemed to be getting fuzzier. Yet I just couldn't stop smiling at everything.



by Rhonda Mills

The announcements were coming more frequently now:

"The festival site has expanded...."

"...helicopters are arriving...."

"...do not drink water...."

"and incorporated the whole state of Kansas."

People who were too far away to hear the groups began making their own music with cans, pans, forks, knives, and whatever else was available. A perpetual vibration...An amplified throbbing...A pulsating rhythm...exploded upon us.

With nightfall came more announcements: "We have now taken over the whole midwest area of the United States."

Skeldo was still next to me. I fought a sudden urge to scratch my underarms.

People weren't friendly anymore. There was no more sharing. I tried talking to Skeldo but my voice was gone. We all noticed something...

Then the final announcement came:

"The festival site now encompasses the territory formally known as the United States of America. We can do no more."

With his swaying long arms, the hairy announcer climbed up the tower, began swinging on the beams, and disappeared.

Larry had worked all summer to get that MG. His one and only concern was to please and attract Joann. He thought that she was a very beautiful girl. Even though he had not met her yet, Larry thought that Joann was the girl for him. He would always find himself observing her from a distance.

Joann had this thing for cars. She dated a fellow for his car rather than for his personality and compatibility. Sometimes her craving for a particular type of car did not last long enough for a guy to even begin to understand her. And she especially liked sports cars.

Larry had an MG now. He had admired Joann all last year--from a distance of course. He knew what she liked. He remembered all too well the conversation he had overheard in the locker room.

"That Joann's a pretty nice chick," one of his teammates had said.

"Aw, she ain't all that nice. All she's after is the guys with the cars. She can't even carry on a decent conversation," said another.

"You're just angry 'cause I got a jaguar and you're still stuck with that old VW."

"Look, Joann Hunter can't do a thing for me."

"Oh, but you'll never get a chance to find out as long as you keep riding around in that old VW."

Yes, Larry had heard about Joann in the locker room and in other places. But nobody ever said enough to give him an idea of what Joann Hunter was really like. Any kind of description of her personality that Larry went over in his mind was very vague.

Monday morning had come quick enough. Joann didn't have a car of her own and she was riding to school with her friend Barbara today in a fancy little import from Germany. Last year Joann had ridden to school with Tony Martin. Tony had other things on his mind besides school this term.

Larry parked right next to Barbara and Joann that morning. Right away Joann noticed the MG. It was a deep orange with a black hood.

"Hey, what's his name?" she asked Barbara, looking in Larry's direction.

"Where have you been girl? Are you crazy? That's Larry Miller. He's on the football team."

"You mean that's the same guy who looked at me all last year?"

"Same one."

"Hi, Larry," Joann said as the three of them approached the walkway.

"Hi, yourself," he said.

## The Wreckage

by Jeanne Thomas

"I haven't seen you around here," she lied.

"Oh, I've been right behind you. You just haven't had the time to really notice."

She locked her arm with his and said, "I'm noticing now."

11

Saturday night Larry had a date with Joann. Even though the weather was awful with rain and mud and all, it did not mar his high spirits. He was crazy about Joann. At least he thought he was. She had nice legs and a pretty face. From afar anyone would think that she was a nice girl. Sometimes she even acted nice, but she was not a good actress.

As he drove to pick her up, he thought about the dance at the college and what a nice evening it would be for them. Besides being pretty, Joann was on the Dean's List and Larry admired her for this. He needed someone like her to help him with history. That was his worst subject. He had to pass it to stay on the team. He thought she was a genius, but he would have never believed it if somebody told him that Joann was dishonest and could not be trusted.

He was at her place now. He had wanted to go inside to meet her folks, but Joann was already running towards the car with a huge pink umbrella above her head. She told him that he could meet her parents any old time after they got back from their vacation.

"This car is really bad," she said to Larry, wiping the water off her hands.

"I think so too," Larry told her.

"When did you get it?"

"Last month."

"I sure do like it a lot."

"I'm glad. I hope this weather clears up soon. It's a good run from the parking lot to the Social Center. We'll be soaked before we even get inside to the dance."

"Do you suppose they cancelled it?"

"Not likely. It's only a hard drizzle."

"I have an idea. Why don't we go over to Tony's place? He's throwing a party."

Larry remembered Tony Martin. He thought that he was a real cool dude. He had many girlfriends, and last year it was Tony who Joann had been running around with. Larry didn't like the idea at all.

"Who's Tony?" Larry said, pretending he did not know.

"Oh, you know Tony. Everybody knows him. We sit near each other in history. If it wasn't for Tony I'd never pass that class."

"What do you mean?"

"Tony helps me."

"Oh, he tutors you."

"Are you kidding? Who has time for that crap?"

"Don't tell me that you cheat!"

"I won't then. Where have you been? Everybody cheats at that school. You are a real dunce."

Larry was annoyed with her. He could not believe his ears. He started to say, "I feel sorry for you, Joann," but instead he said, "You'll have to give me directions to Tony's."

She winked at him. He just couldn't figure her out. How could she stay on the Dean's List if she had to cheat to get a decent grade? But he did not pursue the question any further. He was afraid of the answer.

When they got to Tony's place, everything was dark. Every few seconds lights would go off and come back on again.

"This place is really bad," Joann said.

They walked in. Four couples were on the floor moving their bodies with the music. The music was good and Larry liked good things. But he could not understand a good thing existing in the atmosphere he was beginning to dislike with Joann and Tony.

"I'm going over to say hi to Tony," she was saying.

Over in a corner sitting cross-legged on the floor was Tony. He was holding a glass in his hand. The liquid it contained was a very pale red. Larry began to feel uneasy. He had drunk before, but he did not particularly care for the sport.

"Come on over and sit down pal," Tony was saying to him now. Not very far, in fact very close to Larry sat Joann. She took the glass out of his hand and took a sip. Just as Larry was about to join Joann and Tony in the corner on the floor a girl came up to him and started talking to him.

"How's it going?" she said.

"It's not at all," he said.

"Well, let's make things happen," she said, playing with his ear.

"I already have a date," said Larry helplessly.

"Baby, you're such a square," she said and walked away.

"Hey Larry," Tony called to him, "could you go and get some



ice? We're fresh out."

Larry was hesitant. He had his nerve asking him to go get some ice so that he could have Joann all to himself.

"I really don't think that I..."

"Aw, take Joann with you."

III

"Look Joann, I asked you out because I thought we could hit it off pretty good together." Larry was saying as they were on their way to get the ice.

"I don't know about you, but I'm having a great time. Don't you like Tony's place, Larry? That green carpet is just lovely. His father is paying for the place and he is always having those..."

"Please shut up." Larry was silent now. Joann was silent too. Nobody had ever come right out and told her to shut up like that before. She didn't know what to make of it.

Larry tried to block out his thoughts by concentrating on his driving. The store was another six blocks according to Joann. He made a fast turn around a curve. The car hit something. Joann screamed. It was a cat.

"What are you trying to do, kill me?" asked Joann. Larry ignored her remark. Joann began tugging at her seatbelt. She wanted it fastened now.

"Why are you fastening them now? We're almost at the store."

"I'm not taking any chances with your fool driving."

Larry laughed. "I remember once when I was on the way to practice with some of the fellows. The car ran hot and started smoking and all, until I thought I was going to be killed."

"Why would you think something like that?"

"I had fastened my seat belt and it got stuck when everybody started getting out of the car. I thought sure that I was going to get burned alive."

"What does that have to do with me?" Joann asked him.



"Oh, nothing really. I was just thinking about how you would look stuck in a car imprisoned by some seatbelts." He laughed again.

"You know," he said, "a man has to do a lot of foolish things before he really understands what life and women are about."

"What was that remark for?" Joann asked suspiciously.

"Oh...nothing really."

"Come on."

"O.K., you asked for it. Well, you see this gorgeous car you are riding in was worked for. I worked the whole summer to get this car. Mainly because I wanted an MG...no, that's not the truth. Joann, I worked to get this car because I thought you would take an interest in me if I had a nice car. That was my mistake. You see, I really dug you a lot."

"Dug? Hey, that's past tense."

"Cut it out, will you. I am very serious about this whole stupid thing and you are making..."

"Hey, hold on a minute guy. I'm not used to this kind of talk. Let's just change the subject."

"O.K. Joann. I'll let you have your way again. I probably won't see you again after this anyway. The only thing I regret about this thing is that I bought this car. Now every time I go outside it'll be parked outside my door. And every time I look at it I'll think about you."

"You don't have to be so cruel. Don't you like me anymore, Larry?" Joann said with forced gentleness.

Larry was quiet now. He was getting very angry with Joann. He could not make himself understand what he saw in her in the first place. Of course, life was all about learning from mistakes, but he could not accept his own. He thought it unfair for this to happen to him. And now here he was sitting in a car he never really liked in the first place.

"Larry?" Joann touched his lips softly with her fingertips. Larry pushed her hand away. He was beginning to hate her. Why did he have to be the one to learn the lesson? She should learn one too.

In front of him stretched a skinny street lined with trees. The store was on this street. Joann moved nearer to Larry. She could not get very close because the gears were in her way.

It had started raining again, but this time much harder. Larry did not turn on his wipers. Joann put her arms around him as he was attempting to wipe away the vapor on his windshield with his hand. He turned to look at her. Her face look queer. She looked as if she was viewing a grotesque accident.

Larry was about to ask Joann what was the matter when the little car crashed into one of the trees that lined the street. Joann screamed.

tuesday aug 4 4:40 pm

Death's waters  
Have flooded my  
Mind with thoughts  
Of drowning  
In her seas

4:40 brings visions  
to my mind  
it soaks confidence  
into my brain  
that constantly leaks  
out of its equilibrium  
unbalancing my life  
on a weather vane  
no pinpointing its  
directions saying  
"i don't care" and  
knowing all the  
time i do

When will  
Man  
Ever find an  
Antidote  
For this  
Disease  
He calls  
Society?

7/28/70 tuesday time: 1:50

my throat begins  
to yearn for a  
cigarette that will  
never be smoked  
my eyes begin  
an eternal battle  
trying to maintain  
their dryness  
while my mind  
does a bizarre  
somersault and  
fails to regain  
its stability

JEANNE THOMAS

our lives resemble rubber cement glue  
we are stored in a brown-tinted bottle  
struggling to be free of sticky issues  
that cling to our brain inevitably  
we climb to the rim and fall back  
down in the river of glue whereour  
lives began as little blobs of gel  
that settled in us from the mother's  
birth channel to help us breathe disease  
atmosphere where a whore's body  
freshens the air in a trick life of pimps  
and plastic love organs that white collar  
business men turn on to and are satisfie



Steve Seipal

Green...  
The park  
where officers  
ride horses  
and an ice cream man  
sells his sweets to  
little kids  
who run and  
tumble in the  
Green...  
Where I once  
have been.



John Woodhead

by Lillian Lennox

## Sam and Igor

Once upon a time in the land of Yussa there lived a very strong and brave man named Sam. Sam was very handsome with bright red hair, blue eyes, and white shining teeth, and he lived on the west side of Yussa where he owned a great deal of land with lakes and rivers and mountains. He and his wife and six children, three girls and three boys, were very happy.

Now, Sam was a kind, generous man who was always ready to help his neighbors. Everyone admired him very much. Although Sam worked hard to support his family, he always shared his food with those who were hungry; and he never turned his back on those who had troubles. Of course, Sam had inherited all his lands from his ancestors, so he thought it only fair to share his riches with those less fortunate than he.

Life could have been very beautiful in Yussa except that on the east side there lived a very mean and greedy man named Igor. Igor was not a bit like Sam. Igor had black bushy hair, a long black beard and an ugly red face. He had a great deal of land also, but Igor had slain all the original owners to acquire them, which will give you an idea what kind of man he was. As soon as he took over the land, Igor built a tall fence around it and said, "This is mine," and no one dared

argue with him because Igor was very fierce. Despite all this land, Igor was never satisfied. He always wanted more. Sometimes during the night he would simply move his fence and in the morning, the farmers would discover that their land now belonged to Igor. It was simple as that. Once in a while a farmer would crawl under the fence and escape but Igor was very clever and kept vicious dogs near the fence so that escape became more and more difficult.

Now Igor was very jealous of Sam, and spent all his time plotting and scheming various ways of getting Sam's lands. Igor knew that he could not defeat Sam in battle because Sam was very strong. But there must be a way, and Igor schemed and plotted while the peasants on his land did all his work for him.

One day while Igor was walking his dogs along the fence, he saw a farmer trudging along the south road bringing a herd of goats to market. Igor thought it would be very nice to have all those goats so he took two of his dogs and set out after the goatman. When he got near the goatman, Igor hid behind a tree and sent his two dogs to attack the poor farmer. The dogs were doing a fine job (when who should come along but Sam.) When Sam saw what was happening, he rushed to the rescue and after a brief battle, Sam killed the dogs and saved the farmer.

"Oh dear, oh dear." Cried the farmer. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Don't worry," said Sam, "I will send one of my strong valiant sons to protect you."

And so Sam sent one of his sons to stay with the goatman in case other dogs came to attack him.

This made Igor very mad. He called all his peasants together and told them, "Oh, yesterday I saw a dreadful thing. A poor farmer was leading his herd of goats to market when he was mercilessly attacked by Sam from the west. I saw it all happen. Look, all of you. Look over in the south field. Do you not see that Sam's son has taken over the goatman's property?"

The peasants looked over the fence and saw that Igor was telling the truth. They shuddered.

"See how lucky you are," said Igor. "You are all safe here behind my strong fence. Sam cannot attack you here. I and my dogs will protect you."

The peasants nodded their heads and said, "Yes, we are very lucky to be here behind the fence."

Still Igor was not satisfied and during the night he sneaked into the north section of Yussa and stole a herd of sheep.

When the shepherd woke up in the morning, he found all his sheep gone and he ran to find Sam because he knew that Sam always helped those who had troubles.

"Oh dear, oh dear." Cried the shepherd, "Whatever shall I do?"

"Don't worry," said Sam. "I will give you a new herd of sheep and I will send my son to protect you." And so Sam sent his second son to the north section to protect the poor shepherd.

The next morning Igor again called the peasants together and said, "You see, now Sam has attacked the shepherd. See his second son has taken over the north land."

The peasants were very shocked and shook their heads and said, "Sam is a very bad man. We are very lucky to be behind the fence."

The next night Igor stole a flock of chickens and, of course, in the morning when the farmer cried to Sam about the chickens, Sam gave the farmer a new flock and he sent his third son to protect them.

Igor began to find all this very interesting. Maybe there was a way to defeat Sam after all, thought Igor. Every night Igor would do some kind of mischief. Sometimes he stole food. Sometimes he stole pigs. Sometimes he just sent his dogs to attack a farmer. All this kept Sam very busy. One minute he would be fighting dogs in one section, another minute he would be fighting dogs in another section. He was constantly giving food and clothing to those who were robbed. His sons were kept busy also trying to protect more and more farmers. Pretty soon Sam's wife and daughters had no food to eat and no clothing to wear. Sometimes when his wife complained, Sam would say, "we must protect everyone from Igor otherwise he will attack us and take over our land."

Sam began to neglect his family and his lands in order to protect everyone. He was getting very weak from fighting the dogs, too.

Many of the peasants on Sam's island began to grumble. They did not understand why Sam was so concerned with everyone else while his own lands were neglected. They did not like sharing their food and clothing and their flocks and herds with people who could not seem to take care of themselves. Noone liked Sam anymore. But Sam did not seem to care.

"We must protect everyone from Igor," he told them. "Otherwise he will attack us and take over our land."

This did not make the people feel any better and pretty soon they began to riot and fight against each other and in Yussa.

The farmers began to complain against Sam's sons and told them, "Go home." Sam's sons became discouraged because they wanted to go home anyway.

Sam became weaker and weaker as he tried to keep up with the confusion of attacks from without and attacks from within until finally Sam could not go on any longer and he died.

This made everything easy for Igor who simply moved his fence so that he now owned the east section, the west section, the south section, the north section, in fact all the lands around. Igor did not really need the fence anymore because no one escaped. There was really no place to go.

# Love 'n Peace

by Chylene Corbett

"LOVE, PEACE, AND HAPPINESS!!!!" The six-foot-high, neonlighted, florescent tubed billboard blared. Superimposed, flashing alternately, augmented by swarms of Peter Maxish-type figures was another sign declaring: "WITH QUICK CURL, THE FIFTEEN-SECOND HAIRSET!!!!"

Staring at the sign, with mutual expressions of stunned nausea were two young, very dirty, very tired travel-worn young people. They might have been called "Hippies". The girl wore frayed, faded, bell-bottomed blue jeans and a threadbare, faded cotton shirt. The boy, faded jeans and a ragged leather vest. She carried an old army knapsack on her back, he, an Aton suspended on a leather string around his neck. Her hair was long, sun-bleached and straight. His was long, sunbleached, and shaggy, tied back from his forehead by a leather band.

They had been walking all day, in the summer heat, and were tired and listless. They stared at the sign spiritlessly, its hot orange and fierce pinks sending ghastly lights dancing on their tanned, sweaty faces. J.C., the girl, found her eyes hurting from the glaring lights and turned away. Bod, the boy, laughed shortly, then fell silent. They were very tired.

She shifted the knapsack on her shoulders, feeling sweat trickling down her aching back, knowing that no position could relieve the monotonous ache in her back, the numbness in her shoulders from carrying the pack all day. It wasn't all that heavy, but she had carried it for so long...she drew a deep sighing breath, gathering her strength together; they trudged onward, towards the town they had

good reason to believe lay somewhere behind the next bend.

They had good reason, for the attendant at the local country store and service station had told them so. He had raked them up and down with his eyes, more curious than hostile, and pointing laconically with his stained corn-cob pipe up the highway.

"Tha' way....twennie minutes...nice short walk...." Then, shrugged one narrow shoulder blade towards a dubious-looking dirt road twisting off behind the outdoor privy. "She'll take yuh half-hour..." Then he added, grinning with yellowed teeth, "but she's awful pretty this time o' year." They'd taken the dirt road.

"Reader's Digest." She said suddenly.

"Hmmm??" Bob queried.

"That old man. We should send him in to Reader's Digest."

"Don't think he'd like that." Bod said solemnly. She smiled. "No--really...you know...while my common-law sister and I were walking through a picturesque backwoods Boondocks, we stopped in a picturesque combination country-grocery-store and filling station to take advantage of the picturesque backyard privy..."

"And the picturesque country-storekeeper and filling station attendant---" Bod tossed her a candy bar.

"Oh, Bod...he was so nice." She said reproachfully, unwrapping the bar.

"It was either him or my stomach, dear. Besides---

I was gonna take a box of crackers." He grinned.

There was another sign just before the bend, almost obscured by masses of shrubbery and the overhanging branches of a stolid old gnarled tree that overhung most of the road, like a cool green umbrella. This sign was small and green, with demure white letters that demurely stated: "HOOVERVILLE--POP. 3,500."

J.C., trying to wiggle her shoulders in the confining harness, decided it was one point in the townspeople's favor that they had not allowed that horrible monstrosity that had passed inside the city limits.

She stood for a few minutes underneath the shade of the great tree, feeling the coolness of leaves and earth coupled with the hot sunlight that shimmered through the lacy branches against her face. She felt a touch of peace and serenity deep within her, like something sore that had suddenly been eased. She closed her eyes and felt the sunlight dance against her face....

"C'mon, J.C. We gotta go." Bod said quietly, uncomfortably. She opened her eyes and stared at him.

"What's the rush?" She asked coldly.

"It's late. We gotta find a crash." She sighed with exasperation, but she knew he was right. They trudged on.

Bod glanced at her as they walked, seeing her sweat-stained face, pinched with pain, her body bent with weariness.

"Told you it'd get heavy." He said.

She felt a sharp, hard cold stab of fury; she bit her lip and stared down at her dusty toes peeking from her worn sandals to keep from lashing out at him. She knew they were both tired and that her temper was short...and without Bod, she'd be stranded, with no one to protect her, no one to lean on, no one to know what to do...and besides: he was right.

"It's your load." He'd said when she had insisted on bringing it along. "You'll fill it up with a lot of junk with no purpose except to make a load and you'll just have to lug it all over."

"C'mon..." She'd laughed, "We can keep our food in it."

"Yeah." He'd replied drily. "And all our gold and jewels too."

She'd laughed, because she thought he was kidding, but he wasn't. He'd been around--he knew.

"Okay." He'd said, in the cold way that meant she'd gone a little too far.... "Just don't expect me to carry it for you when it gets heavy." Then he'd gone off and left her for an hour.

But he'd come back, they'd gone on anyway.

Now, he looked at her, and grinned. "What you got in there anyway to make it so damned heavy??"

She glanced at him sharply, and said nothing. She didn't really think he'd understand, though there was no telling with Bod. Still--no, it sounded silly even to himself.

"Stones." She could hear herself saying to him. "I'm carrying stones, from everyplace we've been. Someday I'm going to paint them and have a glass case somewhere where I can take people and say, 'that's from when we were in Tennessee and climbed up Lookout Mountain..and that's from Colorado....' And I have macrame, and bells and ceramic beads from that commune we spent the night at...and some Indian headbands from that reservation..." True, there were times when she felt like taking the whole thing and shoving it under a bush somewhere and forgetting she'd ever seen it. But then she would think of the someday, to the eventual time



when she would have to go back, to settle down to her prefabricated future of college, careers, and kids, when all this would be a memory, something someone else had done, unless she had something hard and tangible, a memory she could hold in her hand. Then the pain, the blisters, the muggy heat of southern summers and the chilliness of northern winters, the humiliation, the aching back and stubbed toes would all be forgotten. Then she was sure Bod wouldn't understand. He was different...he would find no need to carry memories around with him.

"If it's worth remembering, I'll remember it. If it's not, I won't." He would say in his simple all-encompassing logic.

But--what DID he remember? Did he remember the good people they had met, the people who saw past their grubby clothes and shaggy hair to another human being? Or did he remember only the bad things? The hasslers, the southern cafes, the hostile glances, the scrambling for shelter during storms, the hungry times when all they had to eat were things they'd taken from fields and small items Bod lifted from grocery stores.

They had rounded the bend a long time ago, but still no town was in sight. Just when she thought that the old gas station attendant was out of his mind, and had sent them to wander eternally through these endless woods, they rounded another bend, and she could see the tip of a steeple. Another

five minutes brought them to Hooversville.

It was a small, sleepy, slice of Americana, just like so many other small sleepy places they had passed through. They had seen so many other little towns like this...the Smithtowns, the Idavilles, the Harrisburgs...some of them having found their births in Gold fevers, in tin mines or copper fields that had unexpectedly petered out, leaving only a few houses and a string of struggling stores behind. Others had been fairly large towns when the civil war had broken out, and taken all their strong and able-bodied men, leaving only the skeleton behind. Others had started small, and stayed small, little places where everyone knew each other and nearly everyone was related by either blood or marriage. All of them had their prim little churches or brick or white frame, their narrow little "Main Street", sporting two or three traffic lights and a few small, glass fronted offices.

Hooverville's church was a fairly big one, she noted as they passed it. A white frame building with plain blue-stained-glass windows and honest, cleanly-swept brick steps. A plain, well-kept little church, free from pretentious landscaping, marble columns or brass ostentious signs. It's tidy white steeple lifted self-righteously towards heaven; craning her neck, she could see the top, and the plain white cross at the very top. White, also, she observed. No gilding, no artfully hidden spotlights—its very honesty and openness was suspicious in itself, like the strict, old-fashioned teacher she'd had in third grade, the one who never imposed, never raised her voice, because she never had to. She eyed it warily as they passed, and it seemed to her that its blue-glass windows returned her gaze just as warily.

They trudged on. Presently, they were in the "business" section of the town. It was comprised of a few grocery stores, and some glass-walled offices crammed in here and there. They passed a restaurant, and tantalizing smells of coffee and hamburgers wafted out. She sniffed hungrily, knowing they hadn't even enough money for a Coke.

Bod was hungry too, but he grinned at her, and whistled between his teeth, as if he didn't really care.

It was getting on towards evening, and there were few people in the streets. Those that passed them gave them a wide berth, some of them ignoring them completely, others answering Bod's smile uncertainly. Once, a group of giggling teeny-boppers passed them; she eyed their bright clothes and stylish shoes enviously. They stared at her and Bod, and one of them wrinkled her nose and whispered something to her friends that made them burst into laughter.

J.C. wiped her dusty arm across her sweaty forehead. She knew she needed a bath, some Ban, some new clothes, a good night's sleep, a lot of things that weren't really as important as discovering America or whatever the hell it was she and Bod were doing out here a million miles from home with no where to go....suddenly, tears came. She blinked and blinked again, and for a moment wished to be back home, in her cluttered, untidy room, with her Mom at the door nagging her to clean it up. Good ol' Mom...she grinned mirthlessly. What would she say if she knew her daughter was running around with a "Hippie Degenerate Mary-wana Freak?" J.C. knew exactly what she'd say--"So are you knocked up yet?" Her puritan ethics wouldn't acknowledge a platonic relationship between two members of the opposite sex. "All men are beasts, Janice." She's told her often enough. But women could be beasts, too. She remembered the teeny-boppers again.

"Hey, a park." Bod said suddenly. She looked. It was a nice, fresh, green, place with trees and walls and a high gate and a pond--with swans!! They went in. It was pretty much deserted, except for a few children running and playing here and there. She found an empty bench underneath a shady tree, and eased herself down, gracefully. She slid the pack off her shoulders, the relief almost lascivious. Bod helped her set the thing on the ground, then massaged her aching shoulders.

"Better?" He said. She nodded. "Yes. Much better. Thank you." He grinned shortly, and leaned back. She did too. Her eyes closed. Sunlight danced

against them, making red spots against the lids. She heard distant, dreamlike, summery sounds. A lawn mower; children shouting....a dog somewhere...

she leaned her head against his shoulder, and drifted off to sleep, vaguely surprised that he didn't move away....

She woke with something white and hot, a floodlight or X-ray beam blaring right into her skull. Next to her, Bod stirred and sat up. She blinked, and held up her hand to shield her eyes. The flashlight beam turned to the ground.

"It's O.K., Jim. A masculine voice said from the darkness. Just a couple of kids." She caught a glint of light from a badge, and saw the police cruiser a few feet away, under a streetlight.

"Better move along kids...we've got to close up." He said, not unkindly. They stumbled to their feet, Bod helped her on with her pack. They passed the cruiser, still blinking sleepily. The other policeman watched them go past, trying to look kind and official at the same time.

As they trudged wearily down the street, the policeman locked the little park, and swept into the night.

Her nap had been too short to have done her much good, and she felt loggy and tired and depressed. They stopped under a streetlight to get their bearings.

"What're we gonna do now?" She asked.

He shrugged, helplessly. "Don't know." He admitted. She glanced about the now-dark town, and its dark deserted street. "I wonder---" she said slowly, "if they lock their churches?"

They made their way back to the church, rising tall and virgin in the dim moonlight. Bod tried the door. Locked.

"Oh, well." He said, sitting on the bottom step. She sat down beside him. They sat there for awhile. "Bod," she said softly, "Do you like me?"

He turned and regarded her levelly, as if he'd never really seen her before.

"You're O.K." He said solemnly, then grinned. She wanted to say something to him, something to thank him for dragging her with him, for watching her and keeping her safe. She knew some of the bad things that happened to young girls traveling alone. There wasn't all that much she could say, so she smiled and punched his shoulder. She looked back at the church....

"Bod," she said slowly, "Do you believe in God?"

"Uh-uh, J.C." He said, "You ain't getting me in a big heavy rap---not at this time of night."

"No...it's just-that church looks awful mad."

He turned around and looked. "You're right." He laughed. He waved his Aton at it. "See???" He whispered hoarsely. "This was around a long time before you were." The church glared back impassively.

"Hey!! A churchyard!! Maybe there's a churchyard somewhere!" He said eagerly.

"A cemetery?" She replied dubiously.

"Sure....we'll send all the red-necks spinning in their graves...." He added ghoulishly. She giggled, and they stood up.

Suddenly, Bod's smile faded. "Uh-oh." He said. She looked. A police cruiser pulled up by the church. With a sinking feeling, she realized it was the same cruiser that chased them from the park. They stood still and sullen while the officers climbed out. Bod tried a friendly smile. "Hi!!" He said, "Fancy meeting you here!" The officer smiled stiffly, and pointed towards the wall. "Sorry, kids." He said, "We're going to have to search you." Bod and J.C. exchanged wise looks, and turned towards the wall. The frisking was quick and thorough, but at least they had enough decency to be embarrassed about it--they even asked her if they could look in her pack.

"Find anything, Jim?" The first officer asked.

"Nope. Nothing."

Bod backed away. "Well, guess we'll be going then..."

"Wait a minute." The first officer said.

"Something else?" Bod said with strained lightness.

"We're going to have to take you in."

"But we haven't done anything!!!" J. C. cried. Visions of weeks in jail reeled through her mind...

"Oh, course not..." The officer said..."But we have a local ordinance about vagrants...you'll be released in the morning." The officer suddenly smiled. "We'll be doing our duty, you'll get a place to sleep and a meal, and the townspeople'll feel nice and safe."

J.C. and Bod exchanged glances. It sounded too good, but they really had no choice. So, they climbed in the cruiser. It started with a smooth roar of power, and purred away, leaving the church behind.

"By the way--I'm Jim Hovel and that there's my partner Ted Cruthers." The second officer said.

"Hi. I'm Bod, and this here's my...sister J.C."

"Come from 'round here?"

"Nope...From up North...just thought we'd get a little traveling done..."

Again they passed the stores, the offices, the park, and then the six-foot neon sign....

"LOVE, PEACE, AND HAPPINESS!!!!" It blared.

J.C. leaned her head against the upholstery. "Right on." She muttered. The cruiser purred through the night...



Ted Turnbull



"...Yeah...Yeah...Yeah,o.k. Don't worry. I'll be there in a few minutes....uh-huh....sure, sure. I'll pick it up. I'll see ya later. Bye-bye." Maxwell Hamilton literally threw the receiver down on the phone, picked up his box of doughnuts, and speedily exited the phonebooth with the finesse of a penguin. Needless to say Max did not like the cramped quarters of that phonebooth. Or any phonebooth for that matter. Max was known to have been a staunch exponent of wide-open, spaced-out contry living. A pleasant thought, but here he was in the middle of the city, just another insignificant rat in that competitive race for the Almighty Dollar.

# THE HELEVATOR

The truth of the matter was that Max had a problem. A qualified physician once told Maxwell that he harbored an abnormal fear of confinement in any small space or room. In layman's terms, Max had claustrophobia. This was not new to Max, because his mother also suffered from this sickness to an almost fanatical degree. She spent her final years pampered and catered to, and even on her death bed, she begged to be cremated because the fear of being entombed eternally in a coffin terrified her.

Maxwell was able to control his problem to a great degree. He simply avoided those undesirable areas that scared the pants off of him; phonebooths, for example. Also Volkswagens, small closets, bathroom stalls in men's washrooms, any small rooms lacking windows, but most of all Max had a particular dread of elevators. All of these other places had easy escape routes, but riding in an elevator is something else. There is no getting off until you have reached your destination. And in Max's wildest dreams, reaching that destination in one piece not only seemed improbable but totally elusive.

Max hurried along his way to ensure his typically punctual appearance at the apartment of a certain Miss Carole Margolay, who had a warm chicken dinner waiting in her oven. Max always enjoyed a warm chicken, so he bumbled and scurried a little faster than usual.

"Oh, damn." Max came to halt. "I've gotta get that book for Carole." It was one of those books dealing with the occult, superstition and the like (Carole was really getting into that sort of thing). She had ordered the book at a small bookstore downtown on the eleventh floor of the Mason Building, and Max had promised to pick it up. Max drove downtown parking in front of the building in a fifteen minute parking place. He entered the tall structure and found the building directory. When he discovered that his objective was on the eleventh floor, he uttered an inaudible, "Oh my God," and headed for the stairs. He trudged past the long row of elevator entrances. It must have been in a moment of sheer fearlessness (or utter mindlessness) because just as he reached the last elevator, the door flew open and Maxwell found enough pluck to enter.

"What the hell," he thought. "I've only got fifteen minutes. Besides I can walk down." Once a rationalizer, always a rationalizer. The door closed, and Max was alone inside the small elevator on the first floor. Thoughts surged through his brain, as the fearlessness was replaced with fear. Max's heart pounded in rhythm with the growing throb in his head. He pushed the dial that said eleven and shut his eyes as tightly as he could. The elevator began to move upward, and Max fell back clutching the handrail. He felt a brief sharp pain in his chest but it quickly passed. The moving cubicle picked up speed as it rose. Three...four... five...And then it happened.

Between the seventh and eighth floors

**by Eugene Spadoni**

the elevator slammed to a jolting, paralyzing halt, and the small room was plunged into darkness. Max gave off a shriek, as his knees buckled and he fell to the floor in one dizzying moment. He trembled violently, shaking so hard and breathing so fast he nearly passed out. Max slid down on his rear and sat cross-legged. The small room was totally black. Not even the most infinitesimal ray of light seeped in. The elevator was equally as silent except for the peculiar breathing of Max.

Max sat.

And he sat.

Max had calmed down a bit. He discovered that if he closed his eyes tightly, he was able to prevent the panic from causing the hysterical shaking. By shutting out the overwhelming blackness he could sit and wait sanely in a darkness he was accustomed to. After nearly fifteen minutes of what was super-human forbearance, Max began to crack again. "Please, God! Please help me!!" Max addressed the Almighty with an intensity that was all too reminiscent of innocent childhood pleadings.

Lo and behold not ten seconds after Max's holy invocation the lights in the elevator blinked on. And were it not for one disturbing oddity, Max would probably have gone to his knees in blessed gratitude. But as it was, Max's horror was only beginning.

Something was wrong. Before Max's eyes was something that had not been there before...a bare wall. Max swung about and stared incredulously at an identical wall behind him. "The door!! What...the damn door's gone!!" He shook his head very slowly in

terrifying disbelief as if the insanity of the moment was poisoning his eyes, his brain. And then, chuckling, Max approached the new wall unable to comprehend or accept the addition in his mind. "Hell," he laughed, feeling the wall for cracks. "It was here before." But no sign of a door or even cracks were to be found.

"This just can't be. It's....impossible! This must be a dream or a joke or something!" A cold feeling of panic began to well up inside of Max. He moved to the display of floor buttons and began pressing desperately. The more he pressed, the more panicky he became, until he was pounding in hopeless terror. He tore the side of his right hand open on a piece of cracked plastic, spilling his blood on himself, his clothes and the carpet. The frustration and desperation caused Max to begin to cry (which to say the least was an odd thing for Max, of all people, to do). Max wrapped his bloody hand up in his handkerchief.

It was just a moment later when Max heard a deep grinding sound and suddenly and very slowly the elevator began to descend. Max was motionless unable to or not wanting to comprehend what was occurring. The grinding sound was now a clearly audible hum as the elevator began picking up speed. Faster and faster the tiny cubicle sped, and Max's mind crazily began to search for something (an explanation or something definitive) to grasp. "Eight..." he muttered. "...it's only eight floors to the..." The realization that Max would not see the next fifteen seconds hit him viciously, and he covered his eyes and face with his arms, anticipating. But instead the elevator, cruelly, accelerated rapidly, and the hum grew



Kevin Cangelosi

louder and louder until it reached deafening proportions. The elevator screamed downward, falling, descending into a hellish abyss, taking Max on an endless incomprehensible journey; a damnable trip of supreme importance, a nightmarish excursion of everlasting consequence.

It probably took not more than six stupefying seconds of incredible deceleration before the diving room came to rest. Upon immediate thoughtful scrutiny, the instantaneous halt struck Max as somewhat comical, something an eight-year old might see on Saturday morning television. Once again the fatal silence permeated the air.

Max surreptitiously lowered his arms to see before his very, very eyes, two very, very real God-forsaken doors! With unearthly movement Max pressed the red button marked OPEN, and he stood back not knowing, not caring, what ungodly horror would present itself before him. Very slowly, with retarded difficulty, the doors began to creak open. A bitterly cold rush of air with a peculiar, stale odor, one that caused Max to shudder with disgust and fright, pushed in. Indescribable feelings of terror shot through Max as the door opened to a non-world of total blackness and appalling nothingness. And yet the revulsion and loath and fear overwhelmed Max. And it grew. And Max sensed something...some nameless thing approaching in the dark. It was getting nearer.

And nearer.

And nearer.

And the nausea and abomination grew within Max until he knew it was close. He heard something in the blackness not twenty feet from the brightly lit cubicle. It was breathing very funny, and it sounded like it was dragging something. It was about ten feet away now, and Max stood paralyzed. He

could barely make out the outline of something huge approaching him. Finally the intense horror and hatred he harbored within him caused Max to swoon and he passed out. Cold.

Brightness. Blurred faces. Shades of white. Antiseptic visions. Hazy images of a strange nightmare were now fleeing Max's boggled consciousness. He awoke to find himself in a hospital bed. An alert nurse turned briskly, "Doctor! I think he's coming to!" With two nurses and two doctors lined up about him, Max attempted to sit up, but he was very weak. An older, mature-looking doctor spoke lowly, "You're a lucky young man." He placed his hand on Max's shoulder. "We thought we'd lost you for sure. It's really uncanny. Heart failure...When they'd brought you in they said it had been a good forty minutes since you'd had the attack. It took us another thirty minutes of electro-shock therapy before we were able to get you going again. It's amazing that there was no brain damage."

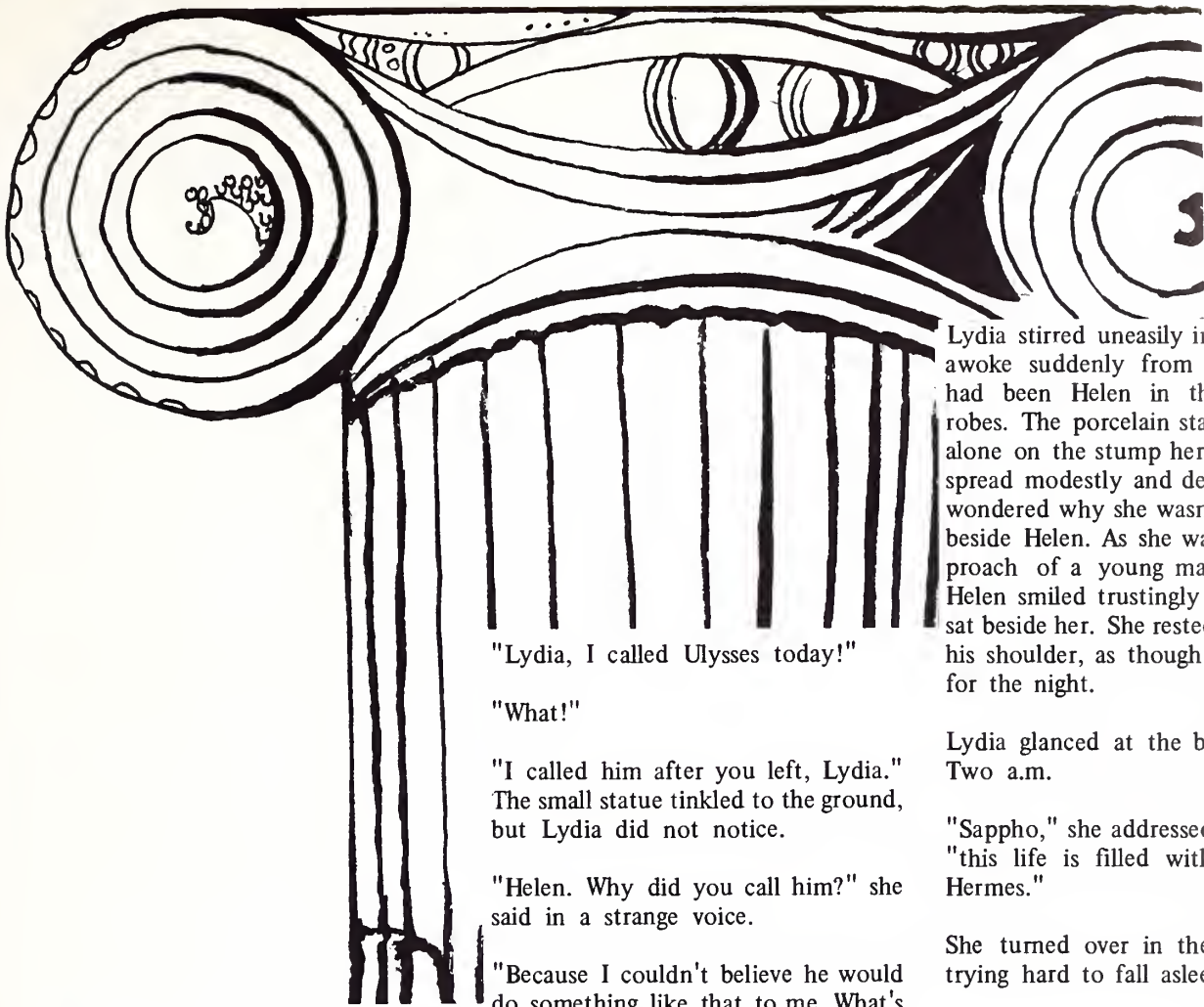
"An hour and ten minutes..." Max pondered the thought dispassionately. It was about the same amount of time he had spent in the elevator.

The doctor continued. "So essentially, for all aesthetic and medical purposes, you were dead for about seventy minutes." He spoke in such an 'as-a-matter-of-factly' tone. "Not many people can make that statement." He smiled.

Max gazed in disbelief at his right hand. The side of it was bandaged tightly.

"Doctor. Sir" The words came to Max with labored difficulty. "Sir, where was I?" I mean, where did you find me?"

"Don't you remember where you were when it happened?! Why you were in an elevator."



Poor Diana. Poor Lydia. It might have been so different for the two of them.

But it was Fate. Only destiny could be blamed.

Moments later, she pulled into Helen's driveway. She carefully picked up the statue and hastily got out of the car. Lydia rushed to the front door, impatiently ringing the doorbell. She heard the light pattering sounds she knew to be Helen's. Quickly she hid the porcelain from behind her back. Helen opened the door. "Hi doll!" Helen chirped happily. Lydia wondered at the change wrought in her friend's face.

"Helen, wait 'til you see my surprise!"

"Well, come on in. Wait 'till you hear my surprise!"

Lydia was like an excited child, giving Mommy her first Christmas present.

"No, mine first!" She waved the statue wildly in front of Helen.

"Lydia, I called Ulysses today!"

"What!"

"I called him after you left, Lydia." The small statue tinkled to the ground, but Lydia did not notice.

"Helen. Why did you call him?" she said in a strange voice.

"Because I couldn't believe he would do something like that to me. What's that?" she said pointing to the floor.

Lydia glanced down at the small heap of broken porcelain. "It was nothing," She answered quietly. "What did he say?" she asked half heartedly. "We talked it over and decided that we'd give our love another chance. After all, we've been going together for a year. He just met the girl across the street only last week. It seems she has a hypnotic effect on men."

"But can you believe him? If you lived with him next year, what assurance would you have that something like that wouldn't happen again? Helen," she murmured quietly, "how can you trust him, how can you go back with him after this?"

Helen remained silent momentarily. "Because I love him and it's right," she softly replied.

Lydia felt a creeping strangulation tighten in her throat. "Helen," she managed, "Helen, I'll call you later. I have to go now."

Lydia stirred uneasily in her bed. She awoke suddenly from a dream. She had been Helen in the past four years. The porcelain statue she had written in quite a reproached. She wondered why she wasn't tied up with a young man who was living like a N.Y.U.?"

Lydia glanced at the broken porcelain. "Two a.m."

"Sappho," she addressed Helen. "This life is filled with Helen. That was Hermes."

She turned over in the bed. She thought trying hard to fall asleep. Years she had Diana. Diana and inseparable links

*Sappho. Hymn one - The moon has glays and snow  
The Pleiads gone. There was only  
In the dead of men. Lydia and  
Time passes on. Lydia's family  
I lie alone." Maine sea-coast  
they had stayed through letters.*

.....  
haven't seen the one during Easter aid. "Let's take while we talk,

"Lydia, Lydia. My god matter? Aren't you hap  
colled down the  
"Yes. Yes, I'm very had to the rocky  
Even the gods are. We : afternoon sun  
Didn't you ever read from his throne  
twenty-second Hymn? ayed wings of a  
laughed -- the immorta  
Sappho could know hov  
right now. She had suching to do this  
words!" Lydia felt the bt a job working  
commence in her eyes.y if you want,"  
I have to go. I'll call you  
and ran swiftly from tl

# A Moment of Dying

Lydia started abruptly at the sudden rap at the front door. She carefully marked her place in the choral ode she was translating and put aside "Oedipus Rex" for the moment. "To be continued later, my dear King Swollen Foot," she mused. "All right! I'm coming!" she replied to the loud knocking of the impatient caller. "Poor King Fat-Foot," she continued, "And His name shall be called...Swelled Head!" She was almost to the door. "For pride goeth before the..."

"Helen!" she cried, "Oh my gods, it's you--!" Lydia threw her arms around her friend, clasping her tightly in a bear-hug.

"Lydia, I just got in! Haven't seen anyone yet," Helen started. "Lydia I've missed you so much!"

They were clinging to each other like shipwrecked sailors marooned on some rocky isle, grateful for their lives and for companionship. They laughed and wept simultaneously. "Come on inside," Lydia finally managed.

*Sappho. Hymn fifty-two.*

*"Yesterday you  
Came to my house  
And sang to me  
Now I  
Come to you.  
Talk to me. Do..."*

"I have so much to tell you!" Lydia continued as they walked to the kitchen. "Helen, didn't you even stop home yet? What time is your family expecting you?"

"No special time. I called my parents and told them I'd be in some time tonight," Helen replied. "Would you like a coke or something?"

"Yeah, O.K. So what have you been doing with yourself in the past four months? You haven't written in quite awhile, you know," Helen reproached.

"Yeah, I know. I got tied up with semester finals and I was living like a hermit for a few weeks. Well, how was your drive up from N.Y.U.?"

"Better than last year's trip," Helen answered. "When I left Manhattan it was raining like a bitch, but it cleared up around New Haven."

"That wasn't rain, Helen. That was liquid smog! No self-respecting raindrop would show his face in New York City," she said. She thought briefly about the few years she had lived in the City. Diana. Diana and New York City were inseparable links in a long chain of past memories. Sunday Central Park days and snowy high school mornings. There was only the two of them then. Lydia and Diana. Friends. Until Lydia's family moved to a craggy Maine sea-coast town. And even then, they had stayed close for a year or two through letters. Friends.

"Hey wow, Lydia, I haven't seen the beach since I was home during Easter intercession," Helen said. "Let's take a walk by the shore while we talk, O.K.?"

Lydia and Helen strolled down the briary path which led to the rocky coastline. The late afternoon sun smiled benevolently from his throne warming the salt sprayed wings of a airborne seagulls.

"What are you planning to do this summer? We could get a job working together at the library if you want," Helen said.

by  
R. Wynn Walter

"Well," Lydia began, "Michigan State let out early this year, so I started a couple of summer courses at Branhurst last week. I'm taking Greek Lyric Poetry and Sophoclean Drama..."

*Sappho. Hymn fifty-seven.*

*"Gold erebinthine  
Grew along the shore."*

Her foot carefully avoided contact with a tiny buttercup tangled within a colony of shore weeds. Lydia stooped momentarily to release the summer flower from its prison of surrounding green. The dainty yellow head beamed in the sunlight, glinting a grateful smile.

"...But I guess I'd be able to work there part-time, Helen," she continued.

The two friends climbed a poky hillock of sea-carved rocks, and settled down to absorb the beauty of the day. They watched the rhythmical dance of the pounding surf.

Like a mirthful goddess, the foamy sea had once again begun her teasing frolic with the rocky coastline. Her briny arms brought forth daily bundles of seaweed, spewing the glistening green gifts from whirlpooled caverns. These she deposited shyly, whispering her thanks to the pebbly strand for his construction of her stone alters.

Lydia gazed at the rushy ebb and flow of the passionate sea. "He-phaes-tus! He-phaes-tus," the ocean murmured wordlessly. The sea bounced gaily over the rocky presence of her husband stone-forger. Caresses in an ephemeral embrace and swift flights of feigned alarm. The Tyrian trader deposits her wares and slips away coyly. Eternal sister of ancient earth-mother laughs like a young girl at the beckoning arms of the sea cliffs.

The two friends had viewed the magnificent performance below them in silence. Lydia wels-combed her long hair from her face and turned to watch the sunlit profile of her friend.

*Sappho. Hymn fifty-one.  
"For when I look upon you face  
to face  
It seems Hermione even never  
was  
One such as you:  
more like pale-haired Helen  
I must say you are then any maid  
that dies.  
And your tender beauty—O I shall  
confess—  
I'd give all my thoughts in holo-  
caust to it  
And every sense for you in homage."*

Helen swept her short blond curls behind her ears and turned to meet the eyes of her friend. "I guess I'd better go home now," she said, "Cause if I don't, bet ya anything they'll have the state troopers out after me."

"Helen, you want to get stoned tonight? I have some speed left over from exam week," she suggested.

"Far out," her friend replied. "You coming to walk me to the car?"

"No, I'm really getting into the sea. Tell you what, give me a ring about seven o'clock and we'll figure out where to go," said Lydia.

Lydia viewed the departure of her friend's sandal-clad feet. They moved swiftly and surely among the rocks, scaling the slippery terrain with the surefootedness of a mountain goat.

"Bye Helen!" she called, "and don't forget to call me later!"

"Yeah, O.K."

Lydia stretched comfortably, leaning backwards with elbows akimbo. She lifted her eyes to catch a glimpse of the sea skyline in the distance. Clouds gathered at the site of the approaching sunset, surrounding the hazy nectarine canvas with opaque tints.

Then she thought about Troy, bringing his elusive presence as near to her as far as a dream might stretch.

*Sappho. Hymn twenty-one.  
"Love  
like a sudden breeze  
tumbling on the oak-tree leaves  
left my heart  
trembling."*

Only a week had she known him. Seven days. One hundred and sixty-eight hours. An eternity of seconds and centuries. She knew that he admired her from the first day of the poetry class at Branhurst. For Lydia, Sappho's lyrical poetry took on an entirely different dimension after meeting Troy. Her outstanding ability at translations increased; they became no longer literal, but emotional. It was not hard to create sensuous artistry when one was inspired by an Adonis-like auatar.

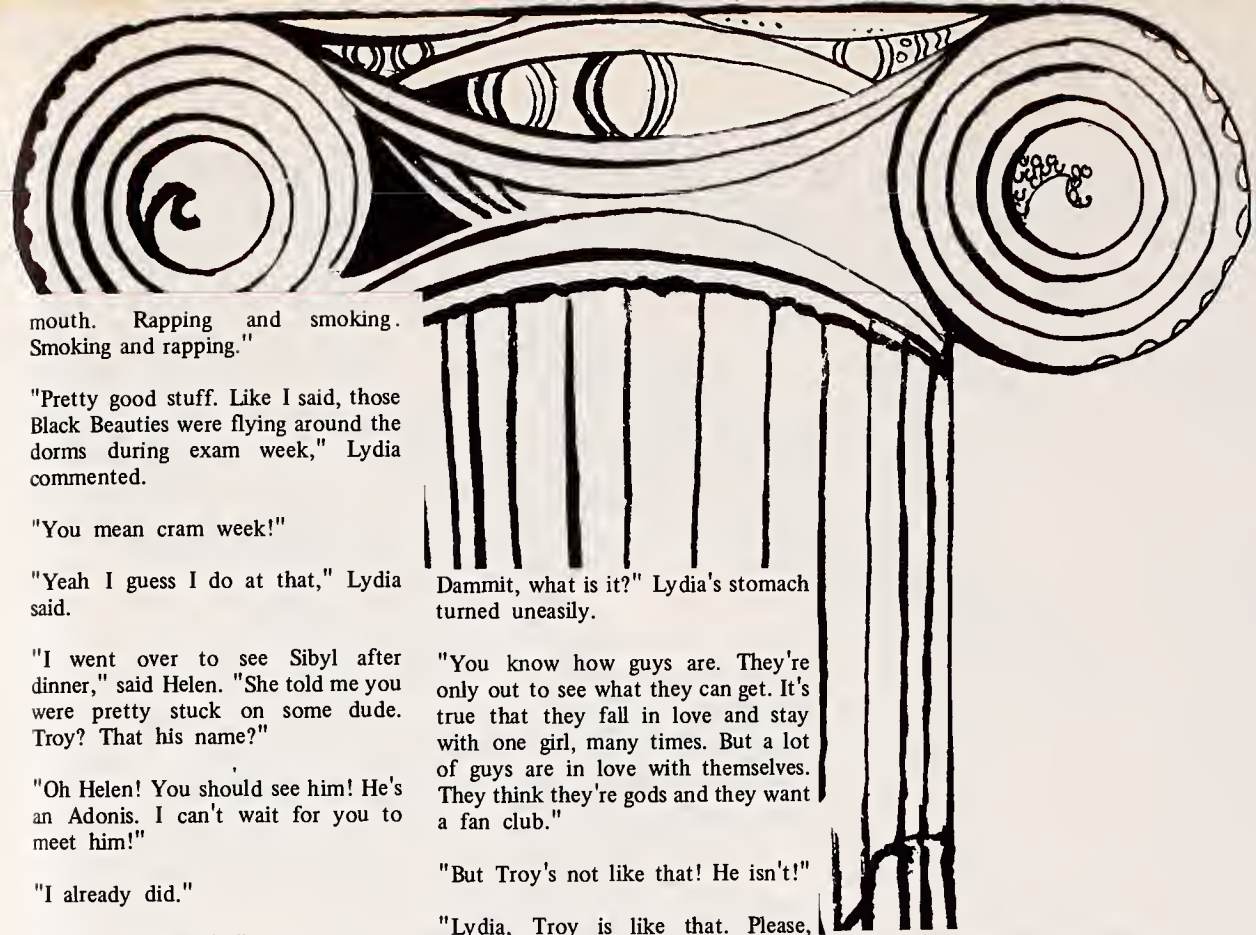
The whispering seabreeze was growing chilly now, and Lydia decided to return home and complete the translation of "Oedipus."

"I really like that album, Helen. "What is it?" Lydia asked. The friends were sitting comfortably in Lydia's bedroom, listening to the whining chords emitted from the stereo.

"Yeah," replied Helen, "it is kind of different. It's Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima." Fifty-three string instruments and not one of them is playing the same piece."

"Fifty-three different melodies," Lydia giggled.

"What's so funny about that, Amphetamine Annie?" Helen lit another cigarette. "I'll probably wind up with lung cancer tonight. That's the one thing I hate about speed: I'm always doing something with my



mouth. Rapping and smoking. Smoking and rapping."

"Pretty good stuff. Like I said, those Black Beauties were flying around the dorms during exam week," Lydia commented.

"You mean cram week!"

"Yeah I guess I do at that," Lydia said.

"I went over to see Sibyl after dinner," said Helen. "She told me you were pretty stuck on some dude. Troy? That his name?"

"Oh Helen! You should see him! He's an Adonis. I can't wait for you to meet him!"

"I already did."

"Where? At Sibyl's?"

"Mmm hmm. She and Teddy are really good friends of his."

"Helen, tell me truthfully, what did you think of him?"

"Well, he's good-looking all right." She averted her eyes. "But I don't think he's your type."

"Why not? He's majoring in Greek; so am I. He's beautiful; I may not be Aphrodite, but I'm not a Medusa. So why not?"

Lydia, you are my closest friend. You are almost my sister. We do everything together. We look alike, think alike, and act alike. We've always been completely honest with each other right?"

"I know. Right. So what does our relationship have to do with Troy?"

"Sibyl told me something she couldn't tell you. But I love you, Lydia, so I'm going to try..."

"Dammit, what is it?" Lydia's stomach turned uneasily.

"You know how guys are. They're only out to see what they can get. It's true that they fall in love and stay with one girl, many times. But a lot of guys are in love with themselves. They think they're gods and they want a fan club."

"But Troy's not like that! He isn't!"

"Lydia, Troy is like that. Please, please believe me."

"But I went out with him this past weekend. He wasn't like the others. He was kind. Helen he isn't an animal!"

"You don't believe me?"

"How can I?"

"Lydia, would you believe me if I told you everything you did with Troy last Saturday night?" Helen looked appealingly into Lydia's eyes. "Everything?"

"What did he tell you, for God's sake?"

"He didn't tell me anything. He bragged it. I met him over there at Sibyl's and we talked for awhile. He didn't know I was your friend. After he finished an extensive account of exploits, I was too sick to tell him. Poe had a name for Troy's type: "The Conqueror Worm!"

"Helen, I didn't make love with him. Please believe me."

"So he said. But unfortunately, he's blown up certain other tokens of affection. Lydia, for my sake, find someone else."

"Let's change the subject." Lydia guided a shakey hand closer to her cigarette, lighting it nervously. "How's Ulysses?"

"Which one?" laughed Helen, "the epic, the novel, or my boyfriend?"

"Comedians, comedians. My life is filled with them!"

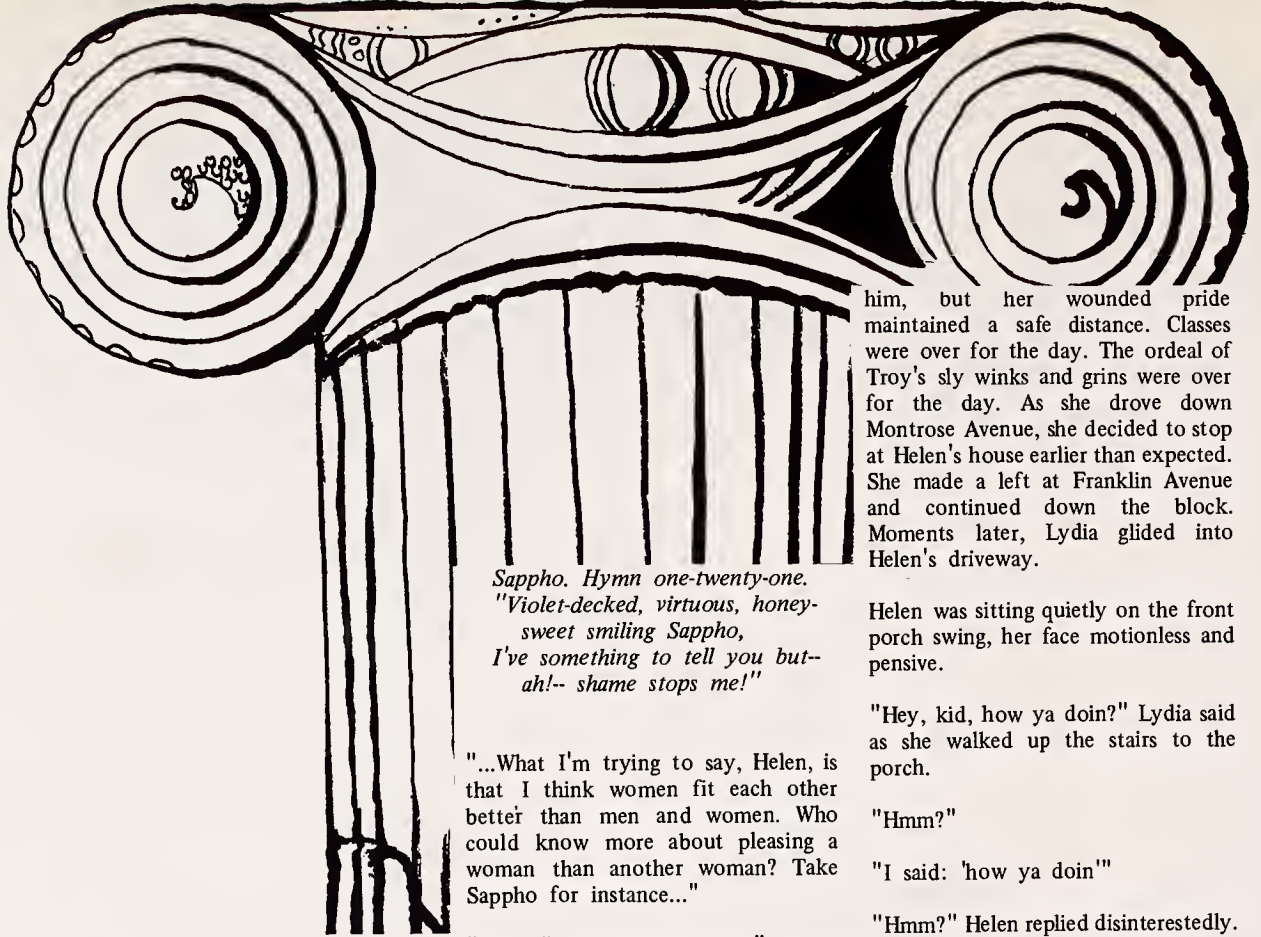
"Take it easy. He's fine. But I'm really going to miss him this summer. I'm rather sorry school ended for the term."

"Whom do you love more: Ulysses or me?"

"Lydia, that's not a fair question. The two of you are completely unrelated. I love you both, only in different ways."

"Do you Helen?..."





*Sappho. Hymn thirty-five.  
"Is there any man  
Anywhere among mankind  
You love more than me?"*

"...I think it's really the same thing. You can't differentiate the same emotion."

Lydia, you are a sister to me. What do I call Ulysses, my brother? That would be incest!"

"Oedipus had a problem like that. I really think all male-female relationships are doomed from the start. It's fate, Helen. You can't stop the wheel-bearing goddess."

"Lydia, right now you are miserable over Troy. Tomorrow, you will feel better. There are thousands of men waiting to meet and love you. You, in turn, must wait for them."

"Why men? Why? You understand how I feel. You know how I think. We sense each other's feelings..."

*Sappho. Hymn one-twenty-one.  
"Violet-decked, virtuous, honey-  
sweet smiling Sappho,  
I've something to tell you but-  
ah!-- shame stops me!"*

"...What I'm trying to say, Helen, is that I think women fit each other better than men and women. Who could know more about pleasing a woman than another woman? Take Sappho for instance..."

"Lydia," Helen interrupted, "she was history's most notorious Lesbian! How do you think that word was coined anyway?"

"I know," Lydia returned quietly, "she lived on the Greek island of Lesbos and ran a boarding school for girls."

"Is that what you're trying to say? Is being a Lesbian better than being hurt by a man? Think it over, Lydia. You're wrong." Helen rose gracefully from her seat on the floor. "I've got to go home now. I'll call you tomorrow. Please, please don't be upset over Troy. There's so many years you have ahead of you, Lydia. You're only nineteen. Think ahead."

.....

She had been going to Branhurst for three weeks now, and she learned to ignore Troy, despite that fact that he sat next to her in class. It had been hard for Lydia to turn her face from the smiling Apollo so close to her. Her heart yearned to draw near to

him, but her wounded pride maintained a safe distance. Classes were over for the day. The ordeal of Troy's sly winks and grins were over for the day. As she drove down Montrose Avenue, she decided to stop at Helen's house earlier than expected. She made a left at Franklin Avenue and continued down the block. Moments later, Lydia glided into Helen's driveway.

Helen was sitting quietly on the front porch swing, her face motionless and pensive.

"Hey, kid, how ya doin?" Lydia said as she walked up the stairs to the porch.

"Hmm?"

"I said: 'how ya doin'"

"Hmm?" Helen replied disinterestedly.

"Helen, the Mafia has just kidnapped and assassinated your grandfather, Indians are raping your grandmother on the kitchen floor, and your mother has been sold into white slavery by an opium dealer!"

"So what else is new, smart ass?" Helen flashed. Her eyes looked up at Lydia.

"Helen, What in the hell is wrong? Your eyes are all puffy and swollen! Did you get into a fight with a grapefruit?"

"Damn it! Shut up! Please!"

"I'm sorry. Really," she said penitently, "please. Tell me what's wrong. Maybe I can help."

It's Ulysses."

"Is he hurt?"

"No, but I am," Helen replied.

"Your voice is shaking."

"How very observant you are," Helen commented dryly.

"I'm sorry; please, go on."

"I got a letter today. A very short one. One that said he wasn't coming back to New York University next fall. One that said he didn't much care, either."

"Why, Helen?"

"Because he said there's nothing there that would interest him!" she blurted.

"There's a cute specimen living across the street from him that he finds pretty damn interesting! And he's decided to live at home next term since she'll be there!"

Lydia watched the tears roll gently down Helen's pink cheeks. They joined at her chin, dropping softly into her friend's lap.

"Helen. You told me men were crude. Men were animals. You're right, they are. It's too bad you didn't listen and learn from your own philosophy. I did."

"No, It's not all men. You can't say something like that."

"Can't I? How many times have we been shitted on?" she watched her friend's startled face, "Yes, shitted on! How many times have we abased ourselves before those almighty 'gods?' No, I take that back, they're not gods. Gods bring happiness and reward for human's sacrifices. Men bring desolation and sorrow."

"Maybe you're right. I don't know anymore, Lydia. I just don't know."

"I'll tell the librarian you won't be in to work today. Take a tranquilizer, a cool drink, and a long nap. I'll be over after work with a surprise for you."

Lydia gently squeezed Helen's hand and walked towards the car.

Lydia stepped out into the early evening sunlight. It was almost dinnertime and she hurried down the street of shops to purchase Helen's surprise before they closed. The



library had been comparatively quiet today, but she knew that in the ensuing weeks there would be few quiet hours. Bored tourists would slowly stream into the sleepy town, seeking escape from the city heat. Fat housewives laden with children would seek respite through copies of the *Ladie's Home Journal*. Acned teenagers would favor *Ann Landers*. Tired businessmen would find their fantasies in *God's Little Acre*. There was something for everyone.

Lydia paused to watch a group of young children jumping rope.

"Strawberry shortcake, cream on top.

Spell me the name of your sweetheart," they chanted back: "Capital N, O, M, A, N!"

She chuckled, thinking of the wily *Odysseus'* reply to the Cyclops. *Noman* is *mon nomen*. No man is my sweetheart.

It was almost five o'clock. She hurried down the street. A curiosity shop remained open, and she entered. Lydia browsed through the assortment of Victorian lampshades, elks' heads, sugar and creamers, and hour glasses. Her eye caught a glimpse of a shiny white porcelain statue. She reached for it, examining it more closely.

It was a sculpt of two young girls, obviously sisters. They were dressed in long, flowing robes and sitting on a

tree stump. The younger sister's head leaned confidently upon the elder's shoulder. Something about the sister's expressions intrigued Lydia. Perhaps it was the utter lack of restraint in their mutual love and trust; perhaps it was the somewhat wistful and peaceful air of the two.

She purchased the statue and headed home.

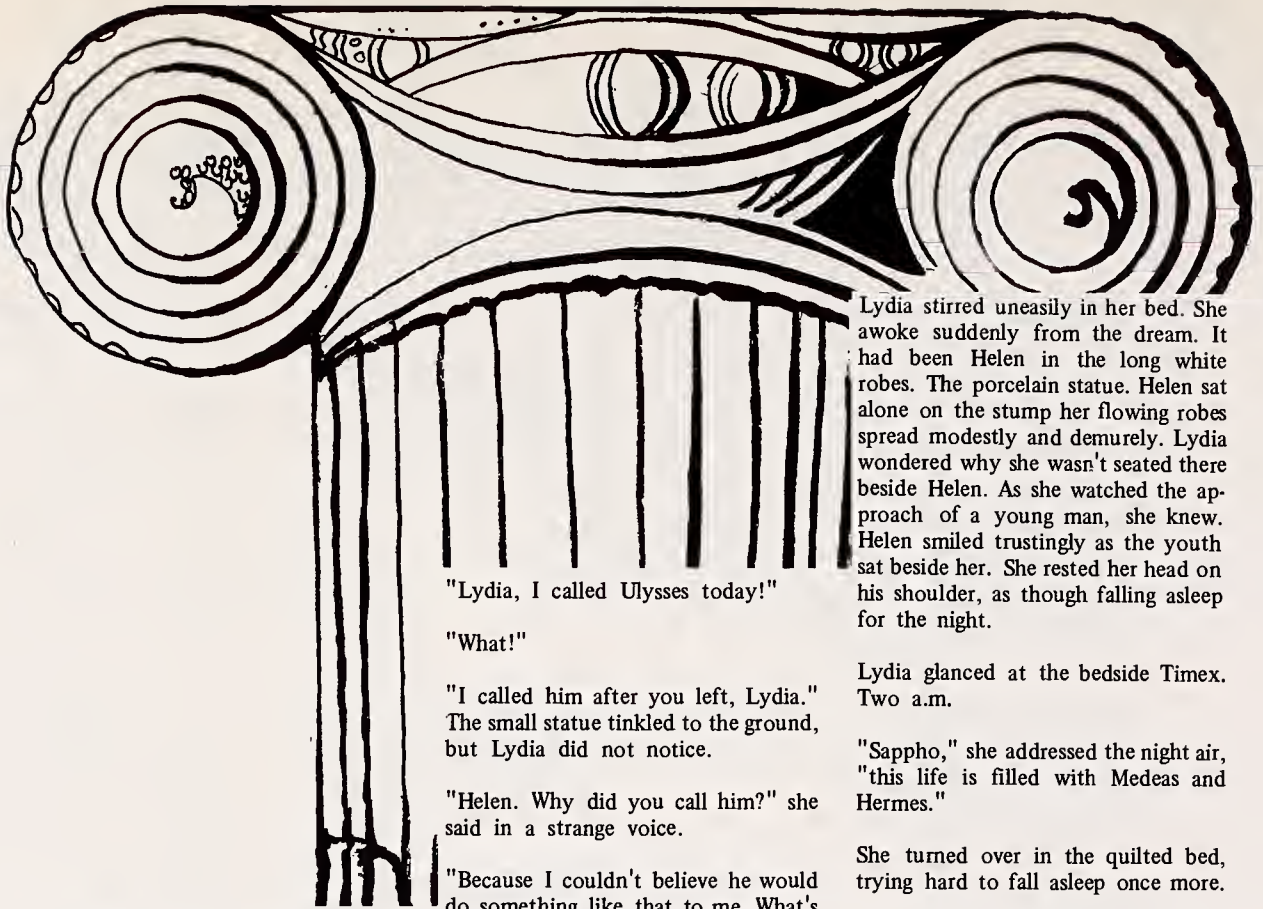
It was late sunset, after dinner, as Lydia drove over to Helen's house. The small statue rested on the seat beside her. Funny, it seemed to remind her of another place and another time. Maybe *Diana*. *Diana* and *New York*. *New York* and *Diana*. She had gone to *New York* to visit Helen at the University last year. That had been a mistake. Even before she left, Lydia knew her curiosity would compel her to stop in to see *Diana*. *Diana* had become pregnant in her senior year, the same year Lydia and her family had moved from *New York* to *Maine*. Lydia knew that *Diana* didn't love the boy. But *Diana* was a scared eighteen year old high school girl. Lydia couldn't blame her for marrying him. She only felt a weak emptiness when she thought of *Diana's* present life. There was no love nor happiness. Only security and the *Status Quo*.

As she stopped for a red light, she glanced at the statue.

*Sappho. Hymn seven.*  
*"Young Artemis swore a great oath:*

*Sappho. Hymn seven.*  
*"Young Artemis swore a great oath:*  
*'A virgin forever I shall be,*  
*Pure on the peaks of the mountains.*  
*Father, for my sake, agree.'*  
*And the Father of the Blessed*  
*Immortals*  
*Nodded assent. On Olympus*  
*She is known to the gods as Deer-*  
*shooter,*

*Goddess of wilderness: title*  
*Great in renown. And the god*  
*Who never comes near her is Love."*



Poor Diana. Poor Lydia. It might have been so different for the two of them.

But it was Fate. Only destiny could be blamed.

Moments later, she pulled into Helen's driveway. She carefully picked up the statue and hastily got out of the car. Lydia rushed to the front door, impatiently ringing the doorbell. She heard the light pattering sounds she knew to be Helen's. Quickly she hid the porcelain from behind her back. Helen opened the door. "Hi doll!" Helen chirped happily. Lydia wondered at the change wrought in her friend's face.

"Helen, wait 'til you see my surprise!"

"Well, come on in. Wait 'till you hear my surprise!"

Lydia was like an excited child, giving Mommy her first Christmas present.

"No, mine first!" She waved the statue wildly in front of Helen.

"Lydia, I called Ulysses today!"

"What!"

"I called him after you left, Lydia." The small statue tinkled to the ground, but Lydia did not notice.

"Helen. Why did you call him?" she said in a strange voice.

"Because I couldn't believe he would do something like that to me. What's that?" she said pointing to the floor.

Lydia glanced down at the small heap of broken porcelain. "It was nothing," She answered quietly. "What did he say?" she asked half heartedly. "We talked it over and decided that we'd give our love another chance. After all, we've been going together for a year. He just met the girl across the street only last week. It seems she has a hypnotic effect on men."

"But can you believe him? If you lived with him next year, what assurance would you have that something like that wouldn't happen again? Helen," she murmured quietly, "how can you trust him, how can you go back with him after this?"

Helen remained silent momentarily. "Because I love him and it's right," she softly replied.

Lydia felt a creeping strangulation tighten in her throat. "Helen," she managed, "Helen, I'll call you later. I have to go now."

Lydia stirred uneasily in her bed. She awoke suddenly from the dream. It had been Helen in the long white robes. The porcelain statue. Helen sat alone on the stump her flowing robes spread modestly and demurely. Lydia wondered why she wasn't seated there beside Helen. As she watched the approach of a young man, she knew. Helen smiled trustingly as the youth sat beside her. She rested her head on his shoulder, as though falling asleep for the night.

Lydia glanced at the bedside Timex. Two a.m.

"Sappho," she addressed the night air, "this life is filled with Medeas and Hermes."

She turned over in the quilted bed, trying hard to fall asleep once more.

*Sappho. Hymn one-seventy-one.*  
*"The moon has gone*  
*The Pleiads gone.*  
*In the dead of night*  
*Time passes on.*  
*I lie alone."*

"Lydia, Lydia. My god, what's the matter? Aren't you happy for me?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm very happy for you. Even the gods are. We all are, Helen. Didn't you ever read Sappho? Her twenty-second Hymn? 'and they laughed --- the immortal gods.' Only Sappho could know how happy I feel right now. She had such a way with words!" Lydia felt the burning pricks commence in her eyes. "Like I said, I have to go. I'll call you." She turned and ran swiftly from the house.

"Well," Lydia began, "Michigan State let out early this year, so I started a couple of summer courses at Branhurst last week. I'm taking Greek Lyric Poetry and Sophoclean Drama..."

*Sappho. Hymn fifty-seven.*

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Grew along the shore."*

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The two friends climbed a poky hillock of sea-carved rocks, and settled down to absorb the beauty of the day. They watched the rhythmical dance of the pounding surf.

Like a mirthful goddess, the foamy sea had once again begun her teasing frolic with the rocky coastline. Her briny arms brought forth daily bundles of seaweed, spewing the glistening green gifts from whirlpooled caverns. These she deposited shyly, whispering her thanks to the pebbly strand for his construction of her stone alters.

Lydia gazed at the rushy ebb and flow of the passionate sea. "He-phaes-tus! He-phaes-tus," the ocean murmured wordlessly. The sea bounced gaily over the rocky presence of her husband stone-forger. Caresses in an ephemeral embrace and swift flights of feigned alarm. The Tyrian trader deposits her wares and slips away coyly. Eternal sister of ancient earth-mother laughs like a young girl at the beckoning arms of the sea cliffs.

The two friends had viewed the magnificent performance below them in silence. Lydia wels-combed her long hair from her face and turned to watch the sunlit profile of her friend.

*Sappho. Hymn fifty-one.  
"For when I look upon you face  
to face  
It seems Hermione even never  
was  
One such as you:  
more like pale-haired Helen  
I must say you are then any maid  
that dies.  
And your tender beauty--O I shall  
confess--  
I'd give all my thoughts in holo-  
caust to it  
And every sense for you in homage."*

Helen swept her short blond curls behind her ears and turned to meet the eyes of her friend. "I guess I'd better go home now," she said, "Cause if I don't, bet ya anything they'll have the state troopers out after me."

"Helen, you want to get stoned tonight? I have some speed left over from exam week," she suggested.

"Far out," her friend replied. "You coming to walk me to the car?"

"No, I'm really getting into the sea. Tell you what, give me a ring about seven o'clock and we'll figure out where to go," said Lydia.

Lydia viewed the departure of her friend's sandal-clad feet. They moved swiftly and surely among the rocks, scaling the slippery terrain with the surefootedness of a mountain goat.

"Bye Helen!" she called, "and don't forget to call me later!"

"Yeah, O.K."

Lydia stretched comfortably, leaning backwards with elbows akimbo. She lifted her eyes to catch a glimpse of the sea skyline in the distance. Clouds gathered at the site of the approaching sunset, surrounding the hazy nectarine canvas with opaque tints.

Then she thought about Troy, bringing his elusive presence as near to her as far as a dream might stretch.

*Sappho. Hymn twenty-one.*

*"Love  
like a sudden breeze  
tumbling on the oak-tree leaves  
left my heart  
trembling."*

Only a week had she known him. Seven days. One hundred and sixty-eight hours. An eternity of seconds and centuries. She knew that he admired her from the first day of the poetry class at Branhurst. For Lydia, Sappho's lyrical poetry took on an entirely different dimension after meeting Troy. Her outstanding ability at translations increased; they became no longer literal, but emotional. It was not hard to create sensuous artistry when one was inspired by an Adonis-like auatar.

The whispering seabreeze was growing chilly now, and Lydia decided to return home and complete the translation of "Oedipus."

.....

"I really like that album, Helen. "What is it?" Lydia asked. The friends were sitting comfortably in Lydia's bedroom, listening to the whining chords emitted from the stereo.

"Yeah," replied Helen, "it is kind of different. It's Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima." Fifty-three string instruments and not one of them is playing the same piece."

"Fifty-three different melodies," Lydia giggled.

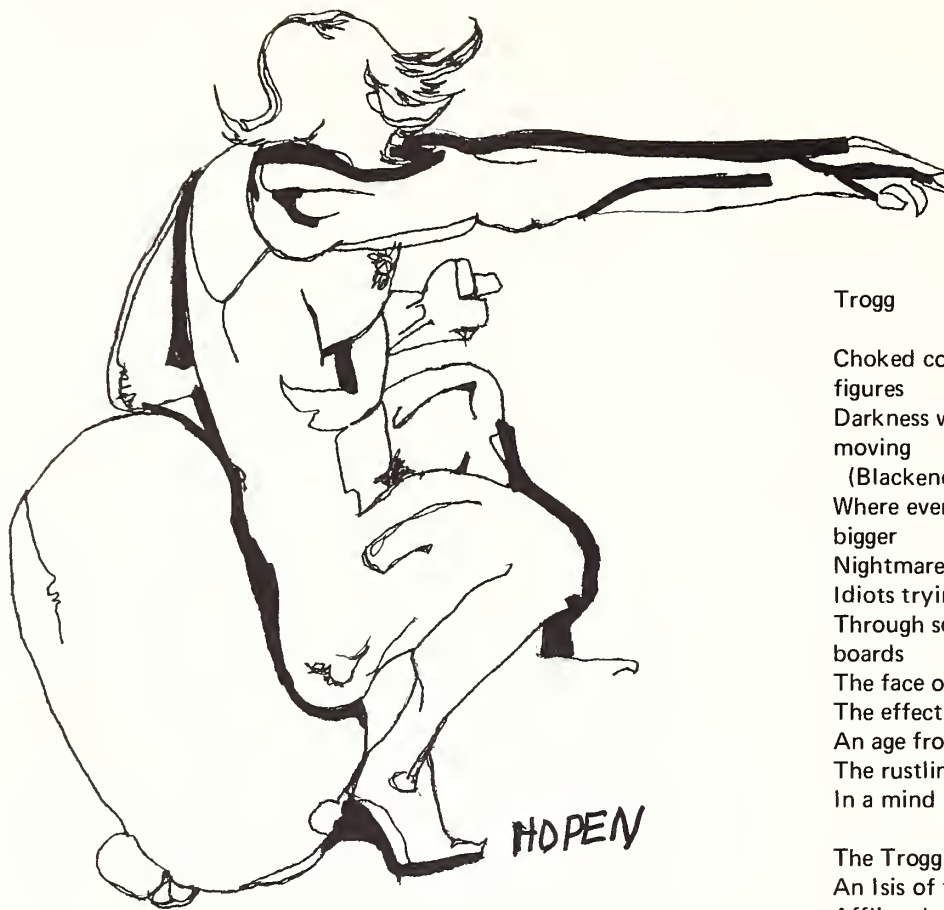
"What's so funny about that, Amphetamine Annie?" Helen lit another cigarette. "I'll probably wind up with lung cancer tonight. That's the one thing I hate about speed: I'm always doing something with my



50 cents  
**NIXON'S HOME FRONT**

RACE - TAT

No more of this shit.



Trogg

Choked cobwebbed and dust impregnated  
figures  
Darkness with a life of it's own  
moving  
(Blackened shadows consuming)  
Where evening's weakened rays are cast  
bigger  
Nightmares slink  
Idiots trying to think  
Through screaming walls and creaking  
boards  
The face of decay, the surface of face  
The effect of personified disgrace  
An age from the world left behind  
The rustling of a cry from Eternity  
In a mind

The Trogg rests in the great abyss  
An Isis of the Earth  
Afflicted with all space  
Growth, fertility and birth  
Prayer of the human race  
A portrait strewn by ancient  
civilizations  
Worshipped like gods of suns  
The understanding victorious by none  
It studies all, the silver never tarnished  
Its character never garnished  
Dust, stone and rusted latches  
Through faded ruins it watches

-Marc Paonessa-

ice cream:  
(orig., iced cream), a food consisting of cream  
butterfat, or milk, and sometimes eggs, sweetened,  
Flavoured, beaten to a uniform consistency, and Frozen.





Last fall the "Ding-A-Ling Ice Cream Company" melted. That's right, millions of snot-nosed customers were left tearful. Hanging around the corner, playing stickball in the street waiting at their doorsteps, for those faithful bells they'd never hear.

"It ain't my fault," Tony yelled above the trucks straining engine. "Just ain't no profit anymore. A man can't live on \$40 a week!"

Anthony Bianculli was a balding old man with a pipe growing out of his mouth. An Italian immigrant and self-made man, he singlehandedly ran Ding-A-Ling's one and only ice cream truck for the last eleven years. He knew his district well.

"Over there," he began pointing out a row of weather worn houses. "That's where most of my loyal customers were. Never had much of a problem with the poor folks."

Tapping his rusty metal changer like a financial genius he quickly gave a brief history of his beat. He'd start early, about 2 p.m., and catch the kids from Crestview Elementary making their steady march home. At about "three or so" a short jaunt over to Big Cypress Park usually proved economically successful. So there he would be found, acting as resident "refreshment man, umpire, and babysitter."

It was here, in Big Cypress, where Tony became more or less a local celebrity five years before.

"Bully Jeffery," the gray-haired man in white recalls, "was once again pickin' on his younger brother. Well, he finally got so riled-up he stuck the younger's head right thru the bicycle racks."

"It was awful. The younger stuck thar', bent over, cryin'."

"Anyways, they tried everything. Soap an water, petroleum jelly, butter, but it was ta' no avail. His head jus' wouldn't give way."

"Then," he continues with pride. "I come along with the cream-suckles. Stuck one in his mouth ta' stop his cryin' an lubricated his noggin with the other. Worked fine and dandy."

Besides accomplishing this undisputably ingenious feat, during his career Tony Bianculli had broken up fist fights, settled various monetary disputes, and encouraged many a young man to become "fair n' earnest."



jacques

er the Big Cypris stop, the Ding-A-Ling man would follow  
arefully constructed route up and down the city's prime  
ket area. Its bells being rythmatically pulled by the  
inkled arm of Tony, rang crisp and clean throughout the  
of rotted wood houses and septic tank potholes.

poor were Tony's customers.

e, in the guttered gray asphalt, his customers awaited. With  
e change in tightly clenched fists, they'd stand reviewing  
selection, imagining the decals, and tasting their decision  
vet mouthed anticipation.

ld mostly popsickles," says Tony. "After all, they were  
cheapest thing on the truck. One dime and ya' got two  
cks!"

but those popsickles were good. And there was always  
wonderful selection of flavors. Lime, cherry, orange,  
e, and banana!

'd always get halfway down to watch it slide off the stick  
land, (in slow motion), precisely where it landed the day  
ore. The ground. Not even Tony could control the law  
gravity.

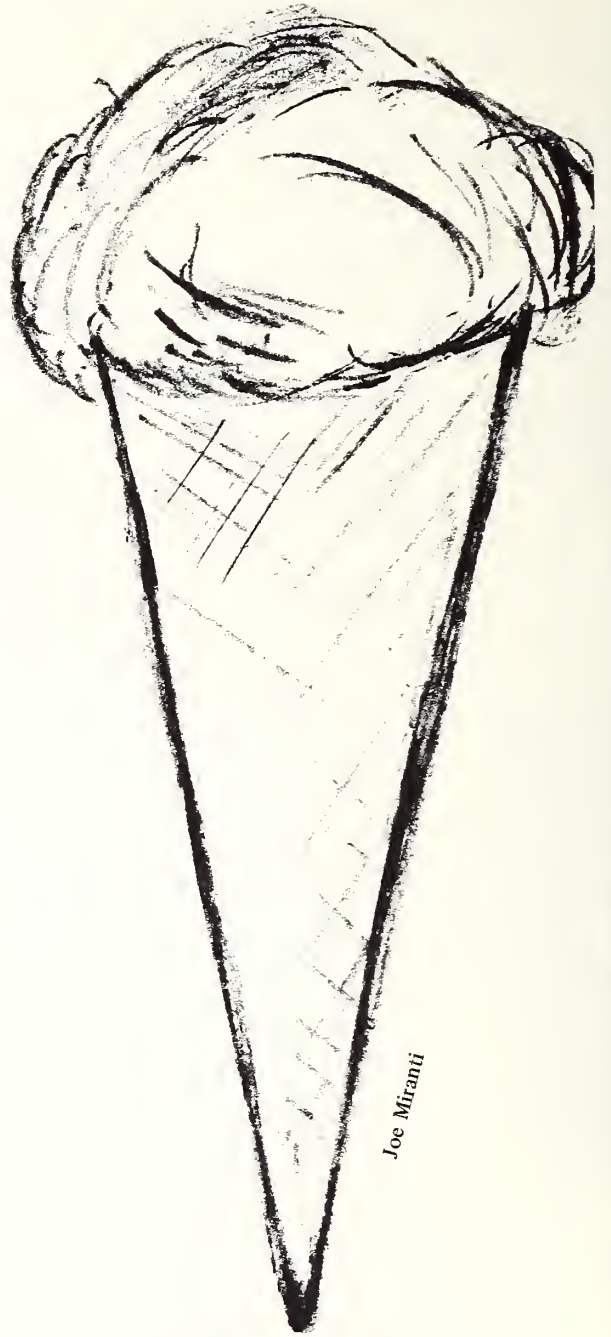
know," began Tony as he pushed down on the 56 Chevys'  
y parking brake. "I'm kinda' sorry it had ta' end."

n that, the tattooed Chevy pattered and choked to a  
ering death and a cordial old man stepped out of a cab  
into a memory.

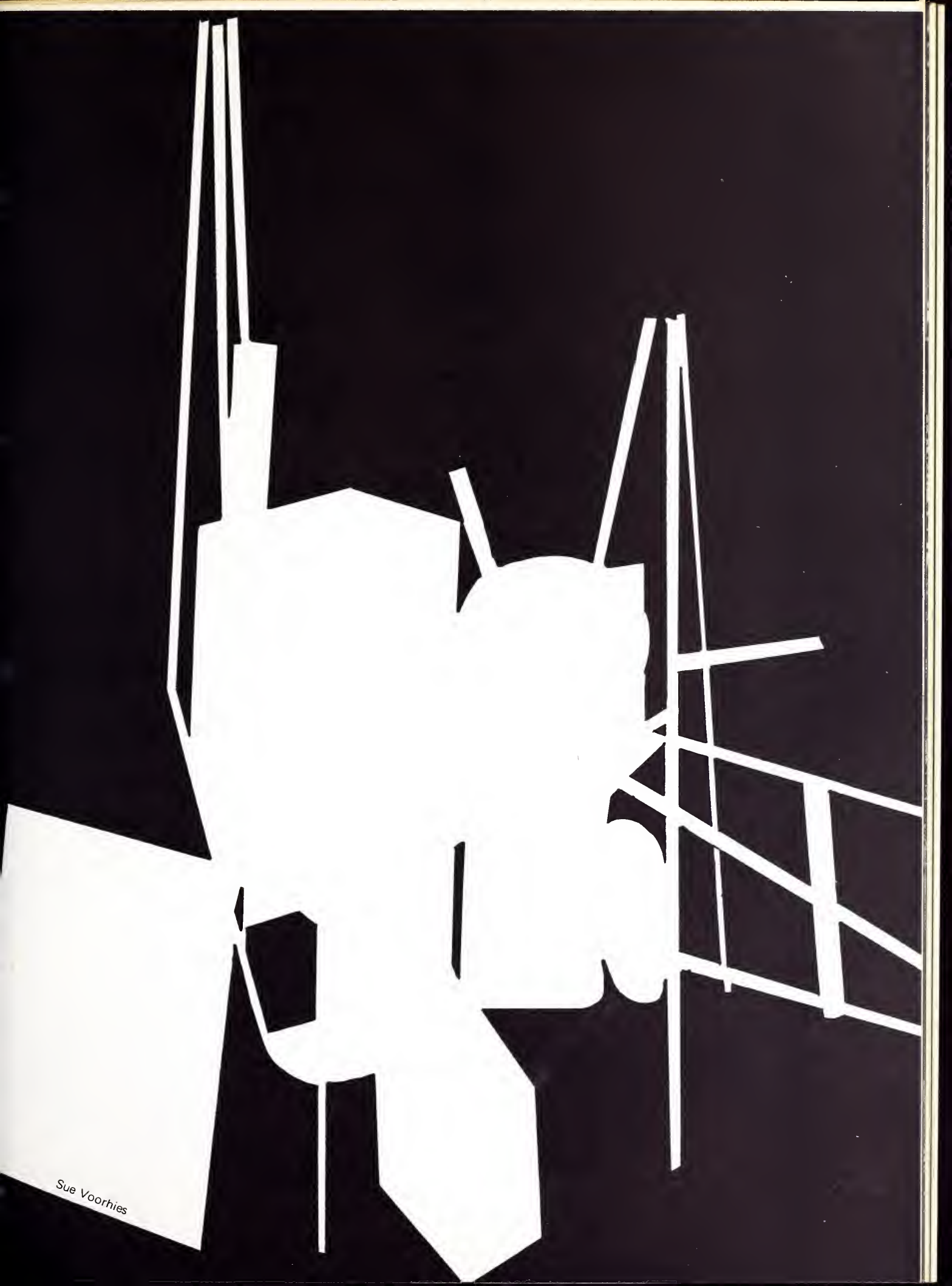




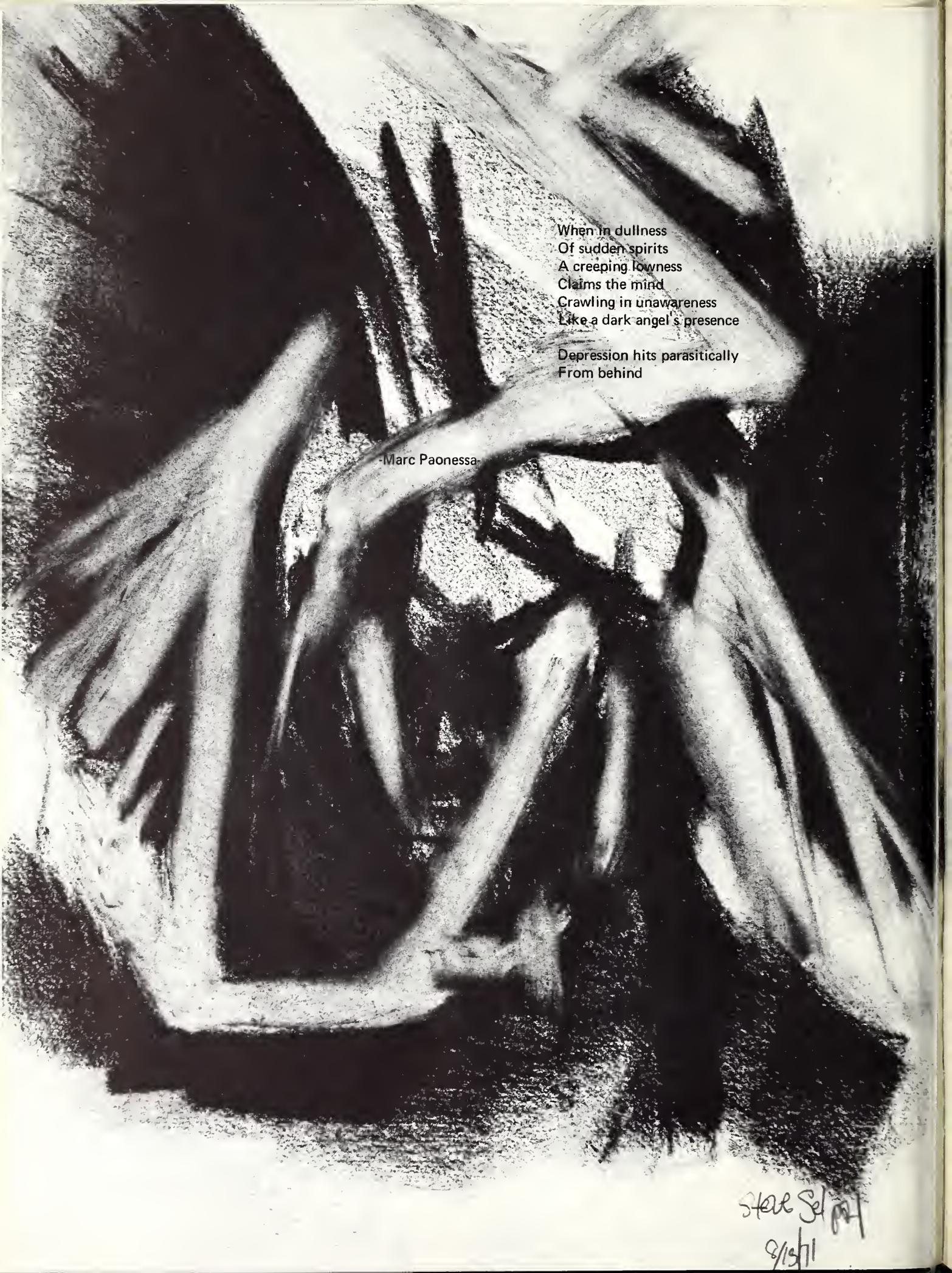
HOPE



Joe Miranti



*Sue Voorhies*



When in dullness  
Of sudden spirits  
A creeping lowness  
Claims the mind  
Crawling in unawareness  
Like a dark angel's presence

Depression hits parasitically  
From behind

Marc Paonessa

Steve Seligman  
8/19/11

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urick · jim fox · prose editor · joe miranti · doug pugh ·  
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P'an

K  
U







1 He  
2 But because  
3 for Picken an  
4 back around  
5 find the person  
6 who writes his life out we  
7 a big copy and edit  
8 a picture of  
9 I will myself for  
10 serving

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1 I haven't seen you since you  
2 last dripped down my back  
3 and filled my room  
4 with so much sorrow, it was hard to breathe.  
5 Or do you care that I really need you and  
6 hear you in the silent fondness we once embraced.  
7 And now I get your answer  
8 with a weeping postcard and  
9 a picture of your child,  
10 our loving result,  
11 postage due.

Goodmorning Carol  
I haven't seen you since you  
last dripped down my back  
and filled my room  
with so much sorrow, it was hard to breathe.  
Or do you care that I really need you and  
hear you in the silent fondness we once embraced.  
And now I get your answer  
with a weeping postcard and  
a picture of your child,  
our loving result,  
postage due.

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with so much sorrow, it was hard to breathe.  
Or do you care that I really need you and  
hear you in the silent fondness we once embraced.  
And now I get your answer  
with a weeping postcard and  
a picture of your child,  
our loving result,  
postage due.

Novel  
He looks around  
to find the person  
who writes his life out weekly.  
Segmentizing each identity crisis  
she  
edits his copy and traffics  
his dreams so  
they do not clash with his clothes.  
Living with herself for company  
and conversing with him for a visit  
she thinks  
easy reading.



Shadows of steel grey  
City afternoons contain  
Echoes of despair  
Larry Hughes



*"Something about the book was inside him, arousing his curiosity. He had to take it with him."*

## **BOOK LEARNING**

*BY RICK SONNENBERG*

Sam Watson looked up from his book to see the hands of the clock pointing out the lateness of the hour. It was nearly 2 a.m. and he had been reading since the early afternoon. He was used to spending a lot of time with his books, but this one was different. This was a special volume from the University's rare books room, a room set aside for faculty and graduates. He had been told earlier by Dr. Harrelson, the head of the Philosophy department that his name had been added to the list making him the only underclassman allowed to use the facility.

It was one of the few comforts that the tall, pale student had. His was not a world of bright colors, faces and friends, it was all black and white -- a world of print, books and the world inside. His dull white room lacked posters and the other decorations which cluttered many of the other rooms on the campus. Magazine racks and book shelves replaced the bright trimmings in his room. It was here that he spent most of his free time; the world outside was for those who could run and play. He could do neither, his shriveled leg made it difficult enough to walk without his cane. His mind however, was far from crippled, it was free to explore and learn, and now a new world was opened up to him. In the rare books room he had access to the thoughts of the greatest minds in history. While many of his peers were wasting their time on meaningless social interaction, he was studying the fundamental questions of life. He was a searcher, a seeker of knowledge.

He thought of the tall racks of books which awaited him as he got up and prepared to go to bed. He would go back tomorrow after he finished the philosophical commentary he had taken out earlier and would have the whole Saturday free of classes and free to do as he pleased, read.

Soon after awaking, Sam began his reading and remained totally engrossed thought until shortly before sundown. The shadows of the sun behind the trees was just beginning to move across the desk when he closed

the book and sat for several minutes in reflection. He thought of man's great need to know, and how it had always driven him on to new discoveries, and how it probably always would. Sam picked up the book, took his cane and made his way out of the dorm and across the street to the library.

He was greeted by several nods as he crossed the street; many people knew him, but not well. Some knew his name, but most knew him as the tall kid with the limp. His height, lack of color and bad leg were his only outstanding features. His brown hair brushed his shoulders, and his eyes seemed never to focus on anyone he talked to. It was as if he saved his attention for his real friends, the books.

Sam walked into the door, passing several tables crowded with students working on research, and nodded to the head librarian as he walked to the door of the rare books room. The same empty feeling of awe struck him as he walked through the door and down the book-lined aisle. He could almost feel the presence of the great writers whose books filled the room; they were his teachers, and he was their eager disciple. He walked, scanning the shelves, back to the spot where the aged commentary was stored but found in its place another book. A strange book.

While all the other volumes in the room were dully colored and scholarly looking, this one shone, emitting a strange orange-red light. Sam picked up the book and put the commentary back on the shelf.

When he opened the strangely luminous book he found that its coloration wasn't the only unusual aspect of it, the book contained no print. Page by page he flipped through,

and found not one word or marking until he reached the middle of the book.

There, spread across both pages were ten oval marks.

"This must be some kind of a joke," he thought. "I've never seen anything like this. But the cover and the glow . . . that can't be a joke, there's nothing I know of that looks like that."

He broke out into a cold sweat and realized that he had to take this book back to his room with him. Something about the book was inside him, arousing his curiosity; he had to take it with him.

Dizziness filled his head as he began to walk out of the room. The huge shelves seemed to reach almost infinite heights and the room began to spin as he reached the door and stumbled to the nearest empty table. When his head cleared several seconds later, he got up and walked back to his room, closing the door behind him and heading straight for his desk. He opened the book, compelled to flip the pages until he again reached the center and the ten oval shaped spots. He stared at the strange configuration until he broke out in a sweat and his fingers started trembling.

"What could it mean," he thought. "Is it some kind of code? If it is, I've never seen anything like it." He wondered if it could be an ancient manuscript which was recently rebound. But why the blank pages? And why the strange glow? There was no title, no publisher, no library markings. The book didn't belong to the library . . . but it had to. How could it have gotten into the room?

He couldn't answer these questions, but he knew someone who would be able to. He picked up the

*"Sam was frightened, but he couldn't stop himself, something adhere to the page. He watched his fingers obey the hidden of the last spot. Hot and cold waves ripped up and down his body and fading behind flashes of colors. Sam was helpless, unable*

telephone receiver and dialed the seven digits hastily.

"Come on, answer it . . . answer it. Hello? . . . Hello, Dr. Harrelson, This is Sam Watson."

"Yes Sam. Is there anything wrong? You sound troubled."

"Yes . . . I mean I don't know. Could you come over here right right

"Of course. What's the problem? Is it serious?"

"I'd rather tell you when you get here, I really can't explain it right now."

"All right, I'm on my way, I'll be there in a few minutes."

Sam hung up the phone and again turned to the book whose glow was as the room darkened with the onset of night. He again focused his attention to the markings on the double page.

"Why ten," he thought. "Why not nine or any other number. Ten . . . . ten fingers, yes, ten fingers!"

Not really understanding why, he spread his fingers out and touched the markings finger by finger, one hand at a time. He could feel a strange vibration, a warmth, as each finger touched its spot; it grew as each finger came to rest on its mark. Sam was frightened, but he couldn't stop himself, something was making his fingers move and adhere to the page. He watched his fingers obey the hidden order until his left little finger filled the last spot. Hot and cold waves ripped up and down his body and the room spun wildly, tilting and fading behind flashes of colors. Sam was helpless, unable to move.

The room was spinning faster and

*his fingers move and  
left little finger filled  
room spun wildly, tilting*

faster, gradually fading. He was losing consciousness when he heard someone at the door.

"Dr. Harrelson! Dr. Harrelson!" he cried, but he could make no sound. "Help! Help! help..."

Dr. Harrelson opened the door to Sam's room.

"Sam? I came as fast as . . ."

The room was empty.

"That's strange. Where would he have gone with the lights on and the door unlocked?" He looked over the empty desk top.

"This is not like Sam. I don't understand."

"Welcome."

Sam winced as his eyes were met with a harsh, luminous brightness which rose from all around him. He sat in a silent state of shock for a minute.

"We apologize for the abruptness of your trip, but it could not have been avoided. We are scientists, and this is a state research center."

The light prevented Sam from seeing who was speaking.

"How? ... how did I get here?"



Bill Jacques

"It is a simple process, really, but I'm afraid even you couldn't understand details. In essence, the book which you found bombarded the particles of your body with the other accelerated particles. This enabled us to bring you here in our continuum, Mr. Watson."

"What do you mean in your continuum?"

"Oh! You must excuse me Mr. Watson. This is a very awkward situation. See, this is your future, the year 2295."

"2295! But..."

"Yes, we have almost perfected time travel, only we have found that it is possible to move in only one direction in time. Once an object or a person is moved in one direction, it can only move in that direction. We are sorry, but you cannot return to your own time. We knew that several days after we took you, there would be an accident and you would be killed. You would have no children and would not change our present. You are the perfect one we were looking for..."

"For what?," Sam asked. A feeling inside told him to believe the but he still felt uncomfortable.

"With our time travel techniques, almost all of the knowledge of the world is open to us. In times too hazardous for travel we can monitor and learn what has happened. In this way we learned of the creation of the earth and all of the years of its history except one. This is why we sought you. Because of your own interest in the search of knowledge."

"Just what is it that you want?"

"Our population has diminished to a point where the transfer of one person could upset the patterns of time. We need someone from the outside, from our past to help us..."

"Help you with what?"

"There is something which blocks our viewer, we cannot get a picture, picture, sound. We need a human to tell us what it will be like, so that..."

"What! What is it!"

"We want you to tell us what the end of the world will be like."

"The end of the world! I..."

"We know everything else that man will ever know. We have scanned scanned past and future, but we don't know how the world will end. We think that it is possible to find out, even though there is no record in the future. We must try, you must help us."

"I... I can't say. I need some time to think." As he spoke, the room darkened and grew silent.

He knew that he could never go back, and he couldn't live long secluded in the future. But this was an overwhelming proposition. It would be research to the nth power, a chance to know and see what no man had ever seen before. He thought of his own need to know and how it had grown with his knowledge. How great must their thirst be, to come so close to absolute knowledge. He was like an ant next to them, but he could do something which even the most learned men of all time could not. His shriveled leg and his lack of social appeal meant nothing to these people. They were the ultimate scientists conducting the final experiment. And he could make it possible.

"I'll do it as soon as you are ready." The lights flashed back on.

"Your decision brings us great happiness. We are ready to perform the transfer now. When you arrive, you should have several minutes before it starts. There will be a protective dome with an audio transmitter in it. We will receive you until the end. Goodbye and thank you Mr. Watson."

Before he could respond, the

same sensations filled his body which had earlier filled his room. When it passed, Sam found himself sitting in a chair inside a clear dome with the transmitter in front of him. Everything outside was still when he began to broadcast.

"The dome is surrounded by a large growth of vegetation which appears to be normal. It extends several miles to the north to the outer edge of a great city. The buildings are amazingly huge, reaching up hundreds of floors into the haze. I can see no signs of life aside of the vegetation; there are no animals nearby, no signs of motion.

"I can see now that the city has been lifeless for some time; the towers have begun to decay and crumble. I am the only man on earth! I didn't think it would be like this, I had hoped for some company.

"I wonder how it happened. There are no signs of a disaster, no great destruction, no high radiation readings. What could have happened? Perhaps man just died out or faded away not wishing to live any longer. Maybe it was just his time to go and he was called by an angry god. Maybe he had nothing to live for, no goal to seek. He knew almost everything but could do nothing about it; he knew that he would die out and how, but he couldn't stop it. Maybe your time travel isn't as much of a blessing as you thought, it may be the greatest curse of humanity. Maybe ignorance is bliss.

"I can feel a vibration through the walls of the dome; something is happening outside. Wait... Over the horizon I see something...The sky is being torn open, a great bright light is spilling in. There's something else...it's coming through... It... oh god! ... It's.. it's... no...no... oh god no! It can't ..... no .....no NO!..... \*"

The young girl leaned over the shelf to return the book, but found in its place another; a strange glowing book.

south america on the moon

post card virgins and coast guard cutters  
toast the devil as the holy ghost mutters something incoherent  
ten skinny women with paper faces  
humble themselves to their idols graces  
who only replies their lack of taste is apparent  
delilah grasps my pale white wrist  
and i lean over for another kiss  
and can only hope the cavalry will come soon  
for i know i could never find my way back  
from south america on the moon

sexless gypsies and texas pirates  
get on their knees for theyve decided to keep playing the game  
i take another sip of blood red wine  
reply to delilah that i am fine  
but i'd feel better if i could only find my name  
she just whispers and touches my brow  
and whispers not to talk of it now  
because the minstrel is about to play a tune  
but all the music sounds the same when i'm  
in south america on the moon

the harlot with the cigar between her lips  
arrives with a welcome mat glued to her hips and blowing oblong  
smoke rings  
she makes her camp out in the damp garden  
i hope shes not here to beg my pardon  
her profession is what makes it hard on me to see  
the minstrel drools when he sees the whore  
gives a flower and gets down on the floor  
but the woman knows the flower will never bloom  
everyone knows nothing lives or dies  
in south america on the moon

I shall be as morning dew  
Shining in wintery mist  
Caught upon green leaves  
Shimmering in daybreaks first light  
Reflecting thoughts of night

Dave Lawrence

"It is a simple process, really, but I'm afraid even you couldn't understand details. In essence, the book which you found bombarded the particles of your body with the other accelerated particles. This enabled us to bring you here in our continuum, Mr. Watson."

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"Just what is it that you want?"

"Our population has diminished to a point where the transfer of one person could upset the patterns of time. We need someone from the outside, from our past to help us..."

"Help you with what?"

forgotten silent movie superstars  
keep their faces hid in propane jars until halloween  
then they paste them on and wear them on the street  
wanting to sleep with everyone they meet  
but everyone they meet never greets them properly  
so the superstars head on home  
where they make new egos out of styrofoam  
feeling bad about the silence in their bedroom  
but only the graveyards are ever noisy  
in south america on the moon

the countries trapped in yellow pages  
while the wall street boys go through their changes in the back room  
another astronaut bites the dust  
murmuring simply in god we trust  
while the police say its god we bust at noon  
delilah sheds her wings of wax  
debussy comes to collect the tax  
but its alright for nobody minds paying dues  
especially when you get what you want  
like south america on the the moon

columbus reads his name in the classified  
while he makes attempts at getting satisfied with a bit of tea  
but even he couldn't find the promised land  
even he wouldnt ask for delilahs hand  
even he shouldnt say that the dream of man will come true  
for all dreams are made to be broken  
and real wisdom isnt meant to be spoken  
yet the wise men cook their lord in a spoon  
but its hard to find yourself coming down  
in south america on the moon

protective dome with an audio transmitter in it. We will receive you until the end. Goodbye and thank you Mr. Watson."

Before he could respond, the

NO!..... \*

The young girl leaned over the shelf to return the book, but found in its place another; a strange glowing book.



strung and quartered water bearers  
await me at the top of the stairs along with a dark shroud  
night silently encircled the city  
while delilahs beauty is clearly a pity  
i couldnt tell her that she is pretty aloud  
she only strokes my sweating hand  
and mumbles something about i'm her man  
but i havent been hers since yesterday afternoon  
ever since i found myself residing  
in south america on the moon

James Ferrigno



Cynthia Richardson

I shall be as morning dew  
Shining in wintery mist  
Caught upon green leaves  
Shimmering in daybreaks first light  
Reflecting thoughts of night

Dave Lawrence

"It is a simple process, really, but I'm afraid even you couldn't understand details. In essence, the book which you found bombarded the particles of your body with the other accelerated particles. This enabled us to bring you here in our continuum, Mr. Watson."

"What do you mean in your continuum?"

"Oh! You must excuse me Mr. Watson. This is a very awkward situation. See, this is your future, the year 2295."

"2295! But..."

"Yes, we have almost perfected time travel, only we have found that it is possible to move in only one direction in time. Once an object or a person is moved in one direction, it can only move in that direction. We are sorry, but you cannot return to your own time. We knew that several days after we took you, there would be an accident and you would be killed. You would have no children and would not change our present. You are the perfect one we were looking for..."

"For what?," Sam asked. A feeling inside told him to believe the the but he still felt uncomfortable.

"With our time travel techniques, almost all of the knowledge of the world is open to us. In times too hazardous for travel we can monitor and learn what has happened. In this way we learned of the creation of the earth and all of the years of its history except one. This is why we sought you. Because of your own interest in the search of knowledge."

"Just what is it that you want?"

"Our population has diminished to a point where the transfer of one person could upset the patterns of time. We need someone from the outside, from our past to help us..."

"Help you with what?"

The whisper of your smile  
Reflected on a Manhattan street corner  
Filled my day

## JIM GRISSETT

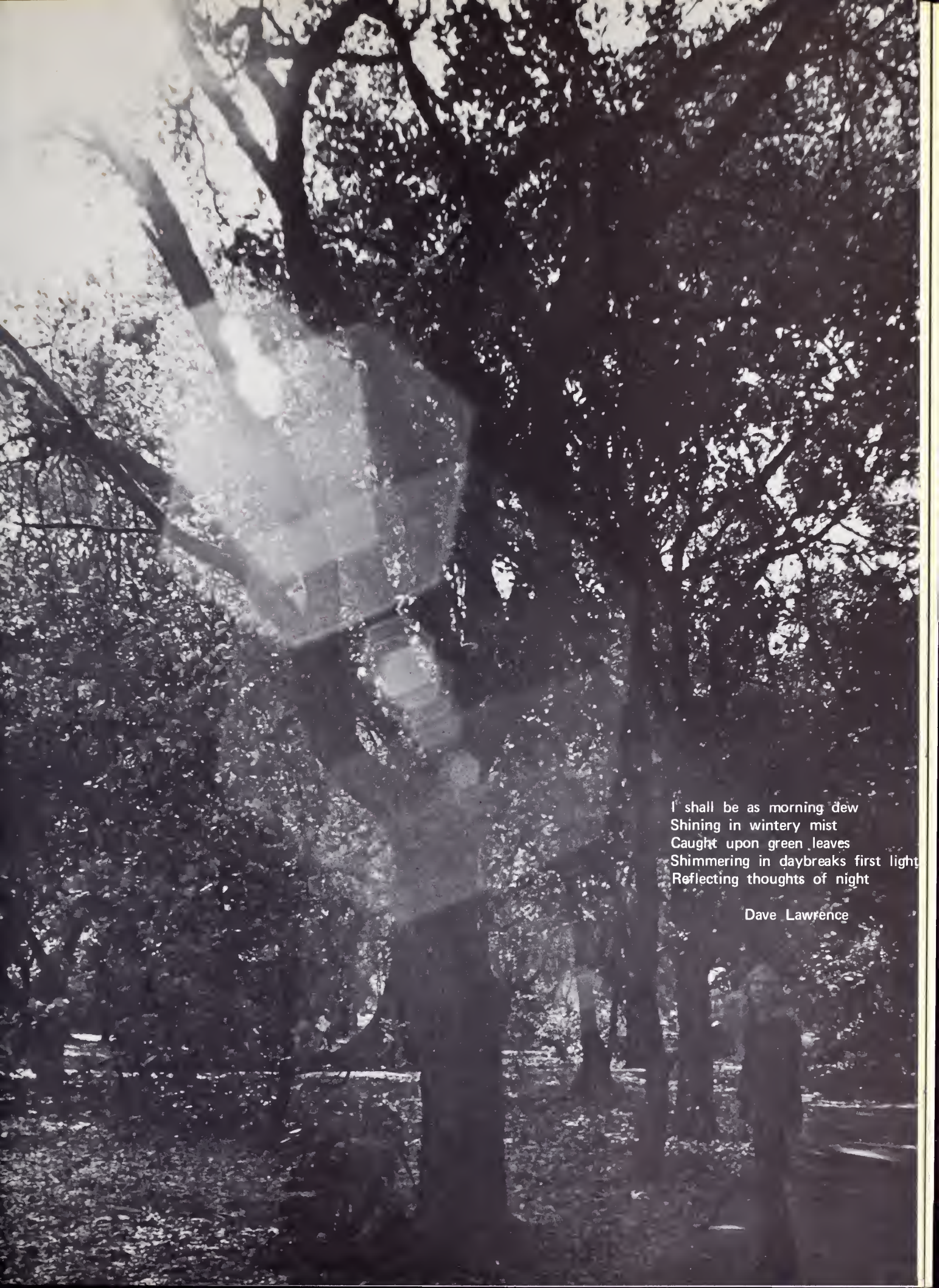
How unfair it seems that some live in spring  
But can see summer  
While others  
look towards conception  
I take comfort  
In seeing  
Summer  
Feeling Spring  
Seeing an autumn leaf  
And at times  
Think I see a snowflake in the distance

protective dome with an audio transmitter in it. We will receive you until the end. Goodbye and thank you Mr. Watson."

Before he could respond, the

NO!..... \*

The young girl leaned over the shelf to return the book, but found in its place another; a strange glowing book.



I shall be as morning dew  
Shining in wintery mist  
Caught upon green leaves  
Shimmering in daybreaks first light  
Reflecting thoughts of night

Dave Lawrence

She brought her light to shadows cold  
And warmed the teardrop rain  
Her life a half a step ahead  
Unaltered would remain

Words with wings like arrows aimed  
From through the archer's eye  
Brought lofty golden smiles alive  
Where others failed to try

Eyes as fierce as lions brave  
Yet soft as velvet snow  
A magnetism burning bright  
Could stop the river's flow

The civil invitation  
Taken up a booth too late  
Brought ghouls with memory in hand  
To gloat on pre-fab-fate

So watch her from afar  
And want her near in thought  
Reality--the avarice scum  
Will dilute your every plot

## DAVID ROSE

The hearts of men are tears of God, separated only by  
thought, until Love joins them at that sea which has no shore.



Julie Calsi

With idealistic aims, mechanical movements push woodlined  
markers to elimination of an overcrowded chessboard.

## DAVID ROSE

### Last Resort

I think you think you are  
The last of many choices  
You know I know you are  
The first of many voices heard  
I see you feel helpless  
You feel I see you between tears  
You think I'll go back and I  
Think you'll be home at heart for years  
Is it any wonder  
That I fell under the part that  
you put over me.  
If you turn away to  
turn me away from you  
I will ask your heart to  
do what it feels it should do  
I know that what you are today  
We'll find you the same way tomorrow  
Whatever else I can be  
With you here inside me  
I'll be.

I keep getting  
lost  
When I stare Through the  
blue  
Of broken glass in your  
eyes  
Till my hands touch the  
edge  
And begin to  
bleed

Only strangers  
Seem to see  
The truth  
Friends  
Try to  
Hide behind  
Blind eyes of love

friends,  
like passing stars  
in hostile skies  
should not collide  
or cast shadows  
but throw upon  
each other their  
brightest rays of  
light

## LARRY HUGHES

### SUNFALL

I spread myself upon a gray-green field,  
Enveloped in the dying of the day  
Wondering at the passing from dawn's golden glory  
To this maze of fiery glows  
That echo and pulsate in the velvet sky  
Then shrink to a single crimson ray  
To slowly fade as naked sky and stars emerge  
To suckle on the sun's death throes.

who

he

what

she

where

it

why

is

God?

Reality trembles  
at the  
Answer.

### Hard Reflections

the blackness of my memory  
my sorrow and my pain  
have buried my darkest secrets  
the caverns of my brain


the eerie, angry morning light  
the splintered glass of dawn  
can perceive the hard reflections  
my dreams that have gone wrong

It's so hard for me to find  
A way to open up my mind  
Just looking for a sign  
To help me leave my fears behind

the daggers of my perception  
the acid of my words  
have burned to ask my happiness  
and strangled truths that I've heard

the levels of my consciousness  
my doubt at all I see  
have lost faith in love and friendship  
and have lost my faith in me

It's so hard for me to find  
A way to open up my mind  
Just looking for a sign  
To help me leave my fears behind



Like the poppy seeds  
sailing o'er sun laden sands  
we too grow apart.

Like Spring's child  
Playing, just to tumble-fall and weep  
I will play again.

RUTH LANTZY

While summer clouds dance  
I lie in tall grass, aware  
of cricket's glad-songs.

# the good life

By 3:30 p.m. Abe Sokonowitz had finished scraping the last pieces of fatty grit from the mink hide. He gave it a finical last inspection then spread it out on the plastic sheet where the other two skins he had cleaned that day were lying. He reached behind his neck to untie his blood stained apron but with his leathery hands and the crookedly mis-shapen fingers of a 65 year old man, he could not loosen the knot. He looked around the room to the other seven or eight men who were busy cleaning up their tables, then decided to walk over and ask his friend Jake to help him.

"Hey, Hey Jake, You wanna help me here?" Jake turned around and in a disgusted but friendly tone said,

"Not again Abie! What's the matter you can't tie a bow like everybody else? You know the knot gets stuck." Abie winced, then, like a scolded child he replied softly,

"The apron is gonna slip down if I don't make it tight." Jake, a hulking man in his late 50's jerked Abie's small

and withered body to face away from him and went to work on the knot.

"Oh boy, this is a good one Abie. Why do you have to tie them so damn tight?"

Jake pulled at the knot for several minutes before Abie timidly cranked his neck around and cautiously asked,

"Could you hurry up a little? I gotta go home and wait for my daughter to call from Florida. She's gonna call me long distance on the telephone. She wants to know when I'm coming to live with her after I retire in June--you know, forty-three years I worked here. She built a room on her house for me, and maybe this you won't believe, but she tells me there's a lake to fish in right in back of her yard. I don't know what kind of fish swim in Florida but..."

"O.K. Abie, go ahead, the knot's untied."

Jake had finally freed him and was not interested in hearing of Abie's retirement plans for what could easily have been the five-hundredth time. They had worked together in the furrier shop for over 30 years and had been close friends from the start. They shared a common background--both had come to the United States from Poland a few years before the depression and settled in a Polish community of New York's lower east side. Jake had traveled with his parents and younger brother, and once here, he became their sole support. He never married and had worked at odd jobs until finally landing employment in the furrier district off eighth avenue.

Abie had married his wife Anna in Poland. They had come to New York with Anna's brother and settled in a low-rent basement apartment. Abie was lucky enough to get a job right away in the furrier shop and a year

later their only child, Eva was born.

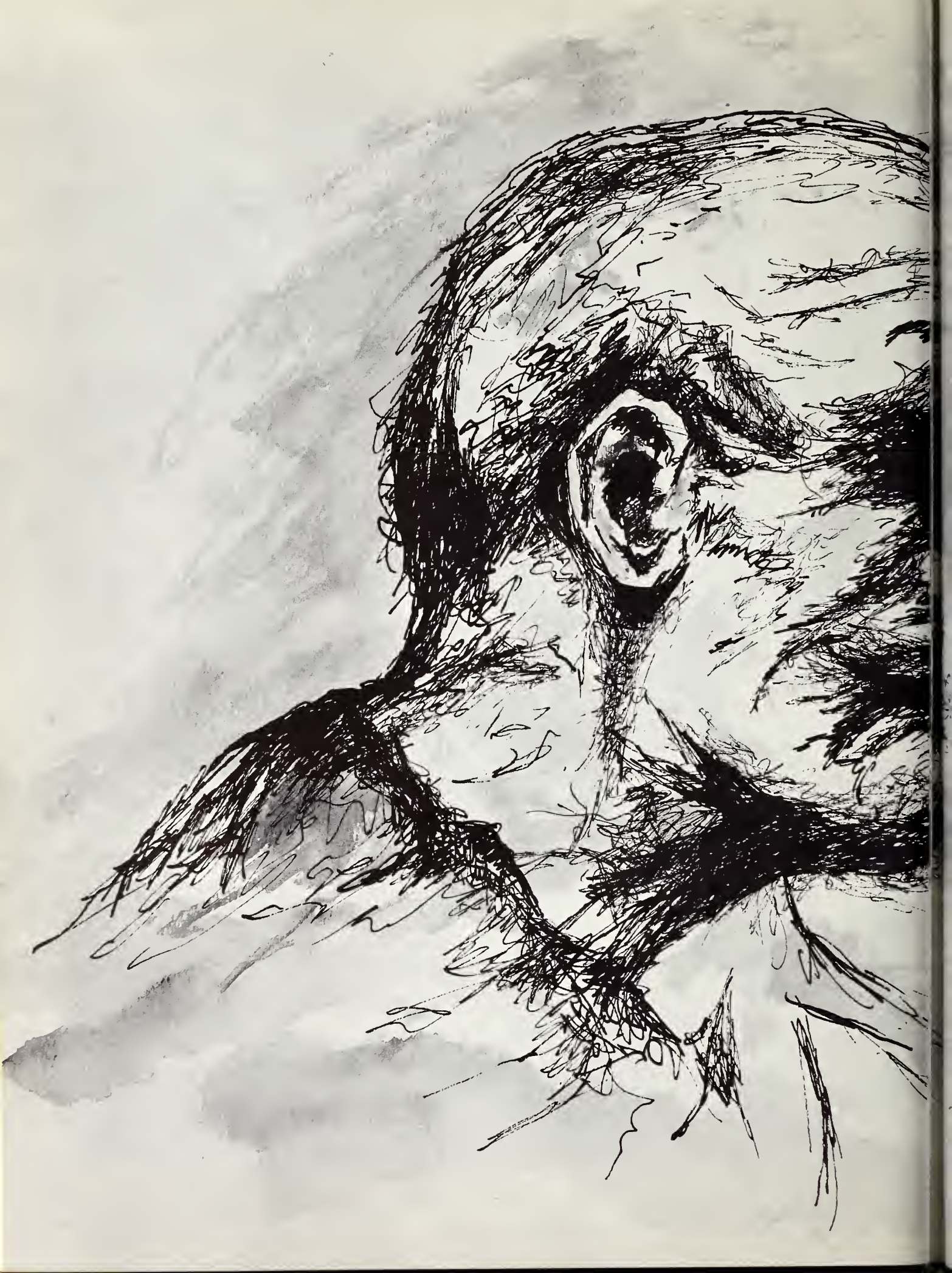
When Jake came to work with Abie in the late 1930's, he immediately latched on to him and saw Abie as a kind of big brother. In those early years, their families would get together at community dances, but after Jake's parents died, he didn't go out much, thinking he should be home to keep an eye on his younger brother.

Abie's social life centered around his home and family and he was a good husband and father, a very protective man when it came to his wife and daughter. When Eva married a real estate broker and moved to Florida, Abie was convinced that he hadn't brought her up properly. Why else would a daughter leave her father and her home to go off and live so far away?

He didn't object to her marriage, he just could not understand why anyone would want to leave New York City. His wife consoled him by constantly reminding him that as soon as he retired they would buy a nice little house near Eva and they would all be together again. Abie had no desire to move to Florida, but because his retirement was a thing of the future, he felt there was no need to explain to Anna or to Eva that he was perfectly happy where he was. It was, he thought, Eva's duty to move back to New York if the family was to be together. But when Anna became ill, Abie began to have second thoughts. As she lay in bed in their damp sunless room, she would say to him, "Don't worry Abie, I'm not gonna be sick much longer. A few more years and we'll be able to move to Florida. Then, everything is gonna be nice." "Yes, Anna", he would answer, "You're going to be very happy in Florida."

Anna died six years before Abie was due to retire. Eva suggested that they bury her in Florida, so that when Abie moved down, he would be close to her

By  
Suzanne  
Holzknecht





grave. Abie, horrified at the thought, told his daughter, "No, no, we have to bury her in Mount Cedar next to her brother. She always told me she wanted to be buried next to him so he should be with family." When his daughter still protested, Abbie lied to her saying,

"Let me tell you, Eva, your mother was very happy here. She didn't want to move to Florida, it was me, your father, I was the one who wanted to go. Leave your mother in Mount Cedar, I'm gonna come live by you soon."

Abie had his way and Eva went back to her home, added on a room and waited for her father to retire. Though Abie was emotionally distraught for several months after Anna's death, he kept busy at work and spent much of his free time with Jake who lived only a block away. On Saturdays, he took the subway and two buses into Brooklyn to visit Anna's grave. Sundays, when the weather was nice, he would sit in the park, or visit with Jake. He always talked a out the same thing. First it was, "Another five years and I'm gonna move to Florida." The five dwindled down to four and three, then two to one, but Abie never so much as hinted to Jake that he didn't want to go at all. Now, it was only a few months away. Everyone in the shop knew he was going and all envied him. ut if anyone deserved to go, it was Abie. He had been in the shop longer than anyone else, and had worked hard for his retirement.

One day when Abie left to go home, he made sure that each man he said goodnight to, heard that he was expecting a call from his daughter. He must have repeated ten times, "You know my daughter in Florida? She's gonna call long distance today. She wants to know when I'm coming to live by her..." Jake finally managed to maneuver Abie through his audience

and out onto the street.

"What do you gotta push for?" Abie asked.

The "walk" sign flashed green and Jake practically dragged his old friend across the street.

"Don't run, you'll slip on the ice," Abie warned.

"It's only slush", Jake corrected him, "so come on, you can walk faster."

A cold gust whipped around the corner as wet flakes of grey snow began to fall.

"You don't know how lucky you are," Jake reminded, "you won't see rotten weather like this in Florida."

"So what's the big deal? Who needs sunshine all the time?"

"You know, Abie, if I was your daughter, I wouldn't bother with you--just leave you here in this stinking city." As they walked down the subway steps, Abie spoke out in New York City's defense,

"This city has been good to you like it's been good to me! So what the garbage stinks--Florida garbage smells nice? I'm very happy here, I don't care for moving anywhere!"

"O.K., Allright," Jake said in a low tone, "Stay here, Go there, Go to China if you want, but don't yell in the subway station--it echoes. Besides right away, you're gonna fall into the tracks if you don't move from there. Then it's gonna be, "Good-bye Abie--you won't go anywhere." As the F train roared in through the tunnel, Abie mumbled to himself,

"I'm not going anywhere anyway."

Jake pushed Abie in front of him and guided him through the doors,

"Come on, this is our stop."

Upon the street, the snow was falling heavier. Jake and Abie walked the two blocks to Abie's street huddled together arm in arm. When they were in front of the building, Abie asked Jake if he wanted to come in, but Jake refused saying,

"No, I don't want to get caught in the storm--looks like it's gonna get worse."

"O.K., see you tomorrow Jake."

He went inside, turned up the heat, then sat down with a juice glass of red wine. He sat past dark, before finally getting up to turn on a light, and at that moment the phone rang.

"Must be Eva", he said aloud.

He picked up the phone after letting it ring four times;

"Hello?"

"Hello Dad? It's me. Are you alright?"

"Who, me?"

"Yes, of course, you. I heard on the news that you're having a bad storm."

"It's not so bad."

"Well good. Everything is fine here. The kids wanted to say hello, but they fell asleep watching T.V., and I don't want to wake them. Besides, I want to make some final plans for you to get out of that horrible little basement as soon as possible."

"It's not so bad here."

"Oh, Dad, you can't be serious. I really feel so bad sometimes just thinking about you living in that filthy, smoggy city. Now, I wrote to your boss to get your definite retirement date. He said it was June 2, --won't that be nice-- you can be here in time for Father's Day? Now then, you'll have to tell me your landlord's name so I can write and let him know that you'll be moving from that rat-trap. I don't think any of the furniture is worth keeping and I already have Momma's china and linen, so I guess you will only have your clothes to bring. O.K., Dad?"

"What?"

"I said is that, oh, nevermind. Now this is important so listen carefully. Brad..."

"Who?"

"Bradley, my husband!"

"Oh yeah, he still selling the houses?"

"Yes, certainly, now listen Dad! Brad is flying to New York the weekend of June 10th. Have your clothes ready to go and decide about what else you want to take. Brad can call the Salvation Army to come pick up the furniture. Now that's exactly two months away. I'll call to remind you the week before. Do you understand?"

"Yeah, but maybe I'm not gonna come."

"What did you say?"

"I say maybe I'm not gonna come."

"You don't want to come that weekend?"

"Not that weekend, not that

month, maybe I'm not gonna come at all."

"That's crazy! You've been planning this for years. Why would you change your mind? I just can't understand, What is it? Is it Brad? Are you afraid of Brad?"

"Who?"

"Brad, my husband! Don't you like him?"

"Why shouldn't I like him?"

"There is no reason! There is no reason why you can't come to Florida. What would you do there all alone?"

"Same thing I would do in Florida all alone."

"But you wouldn't be alone here--you'd have us."

"Here, I have Jake."

"Jake? Who for heaven's sake is Jake?"

"Jake Muchjek, you know, he lives around the block."

"That old fool? Dad, this is ridiculous. I won't let you stay there for the rest of your life."

"If I come, who's gonna take care of your mother's grave?"

"Well, I told you to think about that six years ago. You'll just have to pay someone to take care of it."

"It wouldn't be the same. Your mother would feel very bad if I let a stranger come by her grave."

"Dad, listen, Momma would want you to come to Florida. She knows you've always wanted to be here. Maybe, she didn't want to come

*Marlene Steffis*

herself, but she knew that you did, and she would want you to be happy."

"Let me tell you Eva, your mother was the one who wanted to move by you, not me, not your father. I always wanted to stay here. I like it here."

"But you're not making sense. I know that you wanted us all to be together."

"That's right Eva, so how about if you come to New York? I got plenty of room here."

"How can you ask that? You must be crazy. I just can't argue any longer. I'm going to say good-bye. You just forget about staying in New York. Brad will be there June 10th to bring you home."

"I am home."

"Dad! I don't want to discuss it. Now I'll talk to you again in a few weeks, o.k.?"

"Good-bye Eva."

"Yes, good-bye Dad."

Abie carefully replaced the receiver, turned off the lights, and went to lie down on his bed. He forgot to set his alarm clock, but out of an almost 50 year habit, he awoke exactly at 5:30 a.m. He didn't have to be at work until eight o'clock, but he liked to take his time getting dressed in the mornings, and then sitting and waiting for Jake to come by at quarter to seven. They always went to work early so that they had time to stop for coffee and bagels. As Abie was making his lunch, he remembered that he hadn't eaten dinner the night before. When he thought of why he had missed his meal, he became frustrated and talked out loud to himself,

"Oh, no, I'm not going anywhere. I'll tell Jake, he'll help me."

Abie put on his coat and hat, and with lunchbox in hand, he paced the floor, waiting for Jake to come by. When he heard a rapping on the frosted window, he knew that it was him. He hurried onto the front door and through the iron gate where Jake was standing, hugging himself while shifting from foot to foot to keep warm.

"Hurry up Abie. Damn, it's cold out here! Let's get going."

"I'm ready. I'm ready."

They walked towards the subway station arm in arm, huddled together against the icy wind. Abie hoped that Jake would ask if Eva called but so far, he said nothing. Finally, Abie spoke up,

"You know my daughter Eva, called last night." Jake looked over and chattered.

"Oh yeah? So what did she say?"

"She says her husband is coming to get me and bring me to Florida."

"So, that's good."

"No, Jake, I told her I'm not going."

"What do you mean you're not going?"

"What I said. I told her I'm not leaving."

"Why did you do that?"

"Because, I'm not."

"You're not leaving New York?"

"That's what I said."

"So what did she say?"

"She says, she's not going to argue, I should just come. But I'm telling you Jake, I don't want to go."

"Then why did you tell everybody you were going for? Me, the guys at the shop--you told everyone that you were moving to Florida!"

"I know, I know. I didn't mean it though."

"So why did you tell us that?"

"Must be that everybody liked to hear when I talked about Florida. They were happy for me. They all tell me how lucky I am to leave the city. Maybe they would like to go, but not me. I don't want to."

"So what are you going to do, if your daughter is coming?"

"Not her, her husband's coming for me. You tell me Jake--he doesn't have a right to take me does he?"

"I don't know Abie, she is your daughter, your only family. She just wants to take care of you."

"But you watch for me Jake, you see that I'm alright by myself. I know I'm an old man, but I take care of my own self."

"You can now Abie, but what about a few years from now--who's gonna watch out for you then?"

"Where you gonna be?"

"I don't know, I guess I'll be here, but it's not the same, she has a legal right, Eva is family."

"What, family? You're like a brother. Won't you tell them you'll take care of me?"

"I can't do that Abie."

"Jake, Jake, what are you saying, you can't do that. Let it be like it is. There's no difference just because I'm retiring."

They had reached the subway station, but still Abie went on, determined to convince Jake to side with him.

"Please Jake, I don't want go."

"What can I do? I think you'll be happier in Florida, why do you want to stay in this city?"

"Because it's my home. That's my only reason, but it's a good one I think."

"O.K. Abie, I'll tell them I'll watch out for you, but you're still gonna be all alone. Your pension is not going to be much money you know."

"I don't have use for money, just enough to pay for my house and a little bit of food, that's all I need."

The train thundered into the station. Jake pushed Abie in front of him, in through the doors. Jake went on explaining to Abie,

"Another thing is, your daughter could go to court and say you're not able to care for yourself, and they can make you go live with her."

"You mean she could say I was sick or maybe like crazy?"

"Well, they have to prove it and a judge could see you're not crazy or sick just..."

"I know just old, just an old man who wants to be left to himself. I can't see what's the big commotion."

You're right Abie. It is a big commotion, and if you ask me, it's not worth it. You will be by yourself, I still have to work you know. You'll be lonely and bored, there'll be nothing for you to do. You'll have no job, no friends, only me, and if something happens to you during the day, nobody will know until maybe when I come by, and maybe I can't come by everyday. You won't be happy to stay in the house all the time, you can't read, you don't watch T.V. -- what could you do? No, Abie, I have to tell you, go to Florida, you'll be happy there, your daughter loves you, you have grandchildren. If you get sick, someone will be there to care for you. It's a good life there Abie, not like here."

Abie sat staring into Jake's eyes. His head was nodding, but Jake couldn't be sure if it was the body-rattling motion of the subway, or whether he was actually agreeing with what he had said.

"So tell me Abie, what do you think."

"I think maybe you're right Jake, the city is not a good place for an old man alone. I should go live by Eva. You think maybe you could visit Anna's grave once in awhile? Not every week like me, but just to see if everything is alright there. I don't like to think of a stranger going there."

"Sure Abie, I'll go. You just go to Florida and be happy. You're making the right decision."

"What if I decided to stay?"

"What does it matter if you're gonna go?"

"It doesn't, but tell me, what if I did?"

"Abie, it's your decision to make. If you wanted to stay, I would say good, it's what you want."

"And what about Eva?"

"Eva? I would tell her like before, I could watch out for you. But you're not staying, what difference does it make what I would say to Eva?"

"It doesn't Jake. I just want to be sure I'm making the right decision. You're a good friend Jake. I'm happy now."

The train screeched to a jolting stop which caught Abie unaware. The juggle made him slip off his seat and onto the muddy floor of the subway.

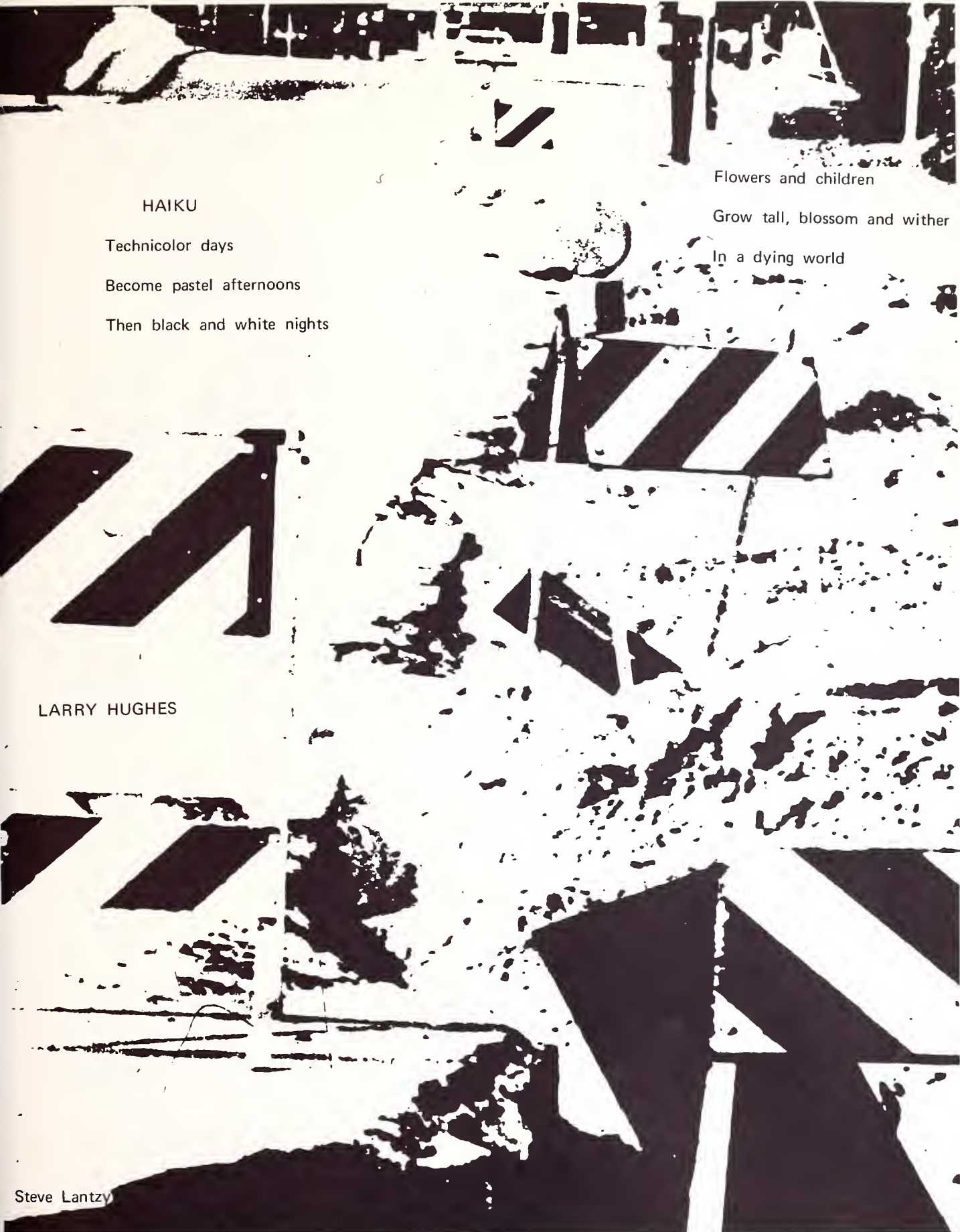
"See," Jake laughed, "That could only happen in New York."

He helped Abie up and guided him out onto the platform and up the stairs to the street. As always, they stopped for coffee and bagels at Vito's, neither mentioning a further word about Florida. When it was time to leave for the shop, they walked the last two blocks just as they had done for the past thirty years. Once inside the furriers, the routine was just as familiar: punch in, hang up coats and hats, put on aprons, and go downstairs to the work room. As Jake and Abie came down the steps, everyone yelled out a good morning greeting. This morning as Abie followed Jake down, a couple of voices shouted together,

"Hey, here he comes, the Florida boy!"

To that Abie smiled a wide wrinkled grin and said in a crackly voice,

"Oh, no, not me! I'm staying right here in New York City! I'm not going anywhere..."



HAIKU

Technicolor days  
Become pastel afternoons  
Then black and white nights

Flowers and children

Grow tall, blossom and wither

In a dying world

LARRY HUGHES

Steve Lantzy



QUARRY

He stalked his quarry  
and sighted it.  
He raised his weapon to his shoulder  
and fired.  
But he failed to note that he had his gun backwards.

Joe Capita

's thoughts are pulverized  
the mush  
society.  
y wash them  
wn the drain  
Apathy.  
al abortion.

BARBARA GRAYBEAL

ss the breeze  
ping it will pass you  
its way.



Steve Selpal

I see  
you  
In fragrant, hazy rooms  
Alone  
together  
Lost and sad and wandering  
Why the  
neon  
In your blood  
Can't make you what you are  
inside.

Larry Hughes

Worn out dollar bills  
Limp but usable  
Are not unlike those  
Whose wrinkled minds  
Turn out symphonies.

BETH AHLQUIST

creeps into the hearts  
almost all  
leads countries and men  
strange ways  
causes violence  
l peace movements  
anny  
l justice  
l yet  
o not understand why it should do all of these things  
lly people  
u have nothing to be afraid of  
t fear.

Integrity packed tightly  
Between layers of  
Hypocrisy and spontaneity  
Can be gently exposed  
Without wiping clean  
The smudged exterior.

Jan Hornack



Steve Lantzy

### PROPHECY

Pluck a last rose  
From the doomed garden  
(the tall green weed now flourishes)

Take one more swing  
In the rusting playground  
(the gate closes forever at five)

Slip into the blue water  
For a final deep swim  
(it boils red tonight at noon)

it seems, brother, that  
today has left us  
a widowed world  
with  
no  
heirs.

Beth Ahlquist

### IRONY OF MAN AND AIR

Under a toad stool  
in the shade  
of a tall pine tree  
Deep within a forest  
Far from the city  
There hides a breath  
of fresh air  
The last breath  
of fresh air  
Only I know exactly  
which toad stool  
and which tree  
and which forest  
I put it there  
long ago  
when air was just  
getting rare  
But now  
It's all alone  
trying to survive  
And I  
with failing memory  
trying to find it  
also in effort to survive  
And with our reunion  
will come  
our mutual extinction.

Lifeless petals  
hugging a brittle stem,  
a spongy center  
of faded pollen,  
a Flower  
somehow picked  
and dried  
and dyed  
in a Freak attempt  
to preserve Nature.

Suzanne Holzknicht

Sure, he'd invited me to go away before, but always something would come up and make it all impossible.

So, when he called me Friday night confirming the trip to Nassau the next morning, I was a little tempted to say:

"Sorry honey, but no -- you should have told me about it yesterday. To give me time to plan."

But I guess I wanted to go away with him. You see, since we met, some of the things he does have annoyed me a lot, but, he has been through so much! His wife Marsha left home for good, to marry Jack Williams, the builder, one of his best friends! And the damned wound just won't heal! For so long he's tried to cover up for her, to pretend he didn't know. All for the sake of the two children.

How did it all start? Well, Jack had gone out with the two of them many times before but always he'd brought a date along. Still, deep down in his heart Rod knew that Marsha was having an affair with Jack. He'd forced himself to ignore it, hoping she'd get over the whole thing as she'd done before - maybe grow up.

The day she left he thought about disappearing not to have to face their friends and answer all the cruel questions.

One afternoon, she packed some suitcases, called a babysitter and left, in a cab, because as Mrs. Jack Williams she'd be getting a new car. He'd promised her anything she wanted and she wanted a lot.

"Poor Rod", everyone said. "What's he going to do now all by himself with two small children?"

Well, that's when I met him and it's been very hard. So often we've spoken of his past and it is really painful to both of us. Oh, I've heard so many stories about "their life" together, I'm sick of it.

So, when he called about Nassau I simply said:

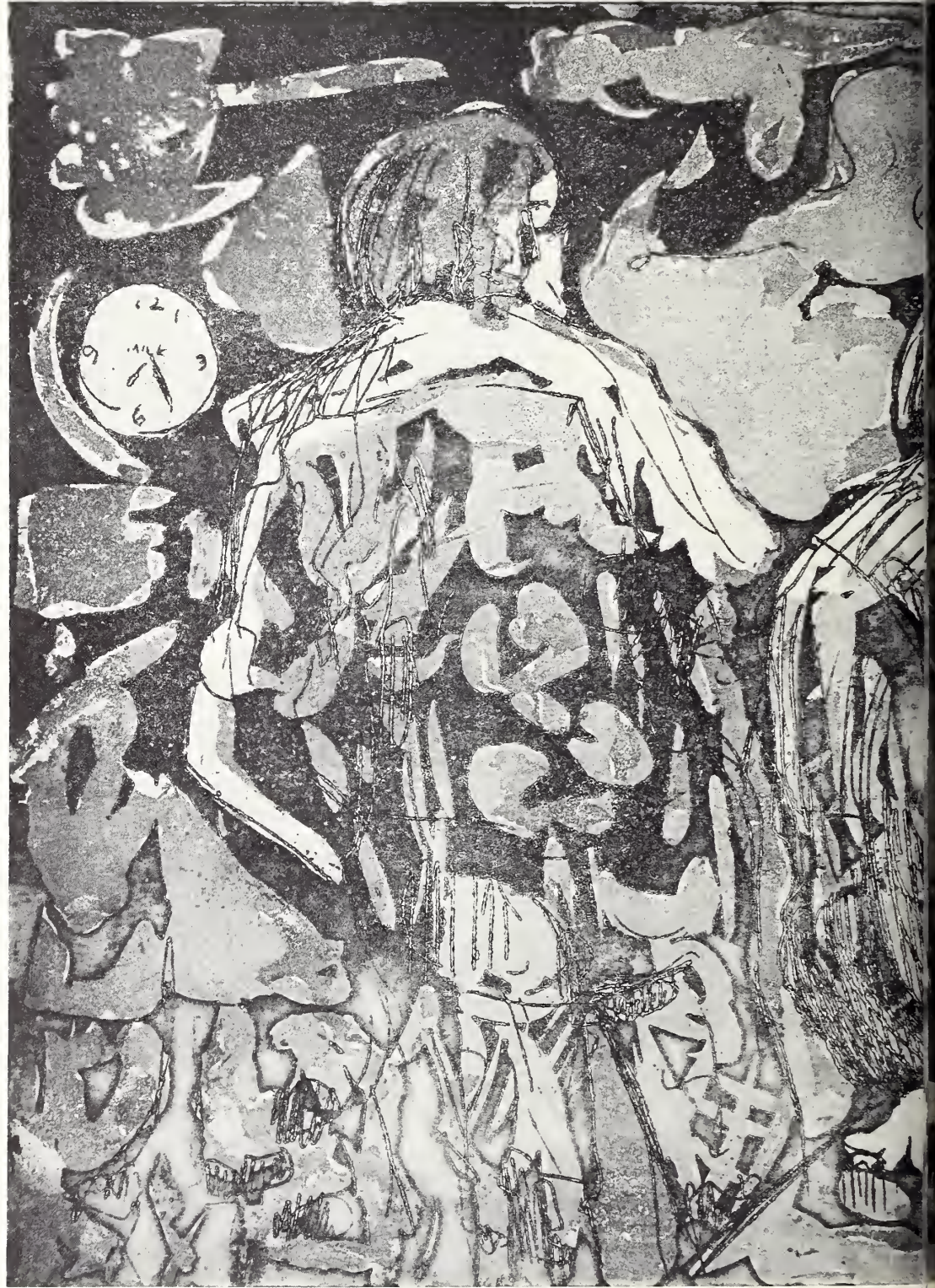
"Sure, Rod, let's get away from it all."

Now - if you've been to Nassau from Miami, you know that it's a very pleasant thirty minute flight, over the bluest waters in the whole world. When you're landing the island stands out, like a brooch of green, pinned to the sea.

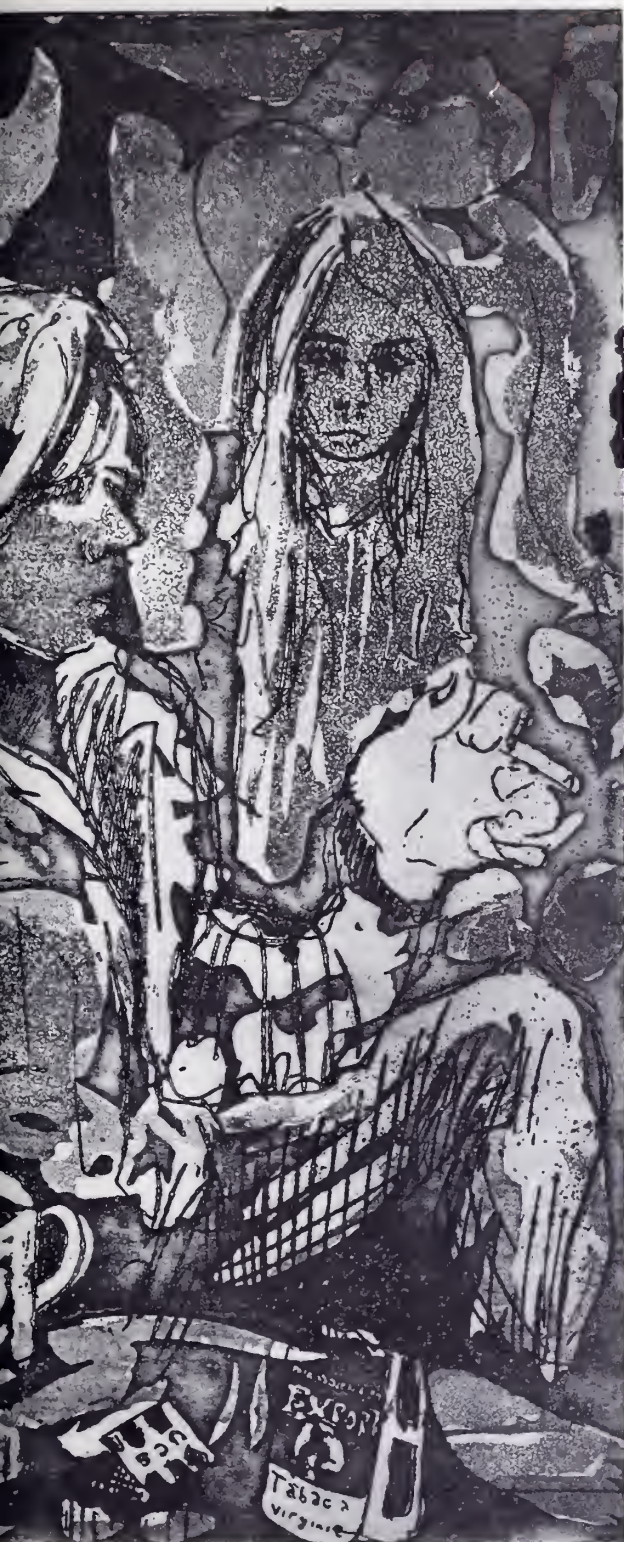
We took a cab at the airport and drove past Nassau, towards Paradise Island - where "they" used to stay together. What can I tell you? That's

# THE SHADOW

BY LEUZA RUSSELL







Steve Selpal

what he wanted. I shrugged my shoulders, glad she hadn't come along with us in the flesh.

After a very long bridge, I saw the Britannia Beach Hotel where we were to stay. They say Howard Hughes owns a whole floor of it, but the driver told us he'd only go out at night so no one had ever set eyes on him. Said, "The poor guy probably looks like a bat by now anyway."

It was the Saturday just before Washington's Birthday and the hotel was booked solid. Rod gave the doorman twenty five dollars, a five wrapped tightly on a twenty, so the fellow didn't know how much he was getting) and presto - we were nicely accomadated

Oh! what a lovely blue-green view! We were facing the ocean and right in front of our window, a few hundred yards from the beach, a tiny little island stood, constantly bathing itself in foam.

Rod and I sat on the patio for sometime, me taking in all that beauty, he immersed in the tennis game going on below. He and Marsha used to play down there often. Me, you couldn't really call a pro.

Nassau has one main shopping area: Bay Street, that afternoon we walked through the whole thing. Nothing really that exciting. Pretty much the same stuff one would find in Lauderdale. He bought me some perfume and a long evening shawl. Soon we were back at the hotel and he took me through the casino. It was only about five o'clock but half of the huge room was already filled. We walked from table to table and he told me how she'd gambled there often before. Suddenly I could feel her

presence near us and a silent anger enveloped me. I left him looking at the dice and cards and walked around, studying the anxious expression in all those faces.

There was an amazing difference between the croupier's impossible mask and the players eager burning eyes. A few darkly dressed men, obviously security people, go around the many tables, sort of spying on you trying to spot mistakes here and there. They reminded me of contained old buzzards, their eyes cold and piercing, dressed immaculately in black.

I tried the slot machines and they gobbled up my last quarter. All the while a shiny little light flashed back at me with promises of the rainbow jack pot.

He gave me dinner a la continental, very chic in the Britannia's Cabaret. I did feel a little like a queen then, in my long slinky dress.

Now the casino pulsated with life. Each one of the tables was completely surrounded by chic people. I even saw a few teenagers there, eyes huge with excitement as if to them it all was a huge carnival. I completely lost Rod to the crap tables.

"You win a little and lose a little, honey -- he'd said. I'm used to it"--

I circulated around amazed at everything, I'd been to a casino before,

but this one was jammed. The players looked funny and tragic at the same time. I even saw a few who kissed the dice before they threw it. A toothless little man who lied to me that he was Howard Hughes in disguise, had a big pile of chips which he promptly lost. I couldn't believe that he'd rather gamble all that money away instead of getting a new set of teeth. But there he was, an empty grin in his face, bringing back to memory the old clown of my childhood. By midnight I had lost all the money I'd brought and my eyes had grown tired of the high stage. I found Rod again and pulled him away.

No, that was not our first night together, but this time I felt sort of small and lost lying in the same bed with him. It was as if the drama I had watched below in the casino was continuing and we were only actors in a bad play. Back in the audience somewhere, Marsha might suddenly pop out and laugh at us, like some jack in a box.

Toward the end of the loveplay as he had so often done before, he whispered gently things in my ear, asking then how good I thought he was and if I did, for Christ's sake why didn't I say so! Of course, I did enjoy him, so I said:

"Yes, honey, you're fantastic, and, oh yeah, I love it".

The truth of the matter is - he

is not half bad. Not at all. But all the while even though my body felt pleasure, my heart ached, because it all seemed so phony, somehow. I mean, our feelings were so confused and though we played and made love, I could feel the tears running through my thoughts.

Long after he slept I stared at the ceiling sad and quiet. Later, when I got up to look at the sea, the little island had hidden behind the darkness. Because there was beauty in the sky I stood there watching the moon dancing gaily in the water, but I felt very much alone. The wind blew away a tear from my cheek.

We left Nassau on Sunday afternoon and we didn't say much, but somehow we both knew that it hadn't worked out. In his pain and anger, toward Marsha he couldn't care for anyone yet, And I couldn't really enjoy him. To me he was like a man walking around with a huge sword stuck in his back.

I haven't seen him too much lately, by mutual choice, and I heard that he's dating someone new who looks quite a bit like Marsha.

Now, if you go to Nassau, stay at the Britannia and try to get room 1600, up on the top floor. Because it overlooks the sea and maybe you'll get to speak to that same little island of rock. Just think of all the stories it could tell....

BE-ATTITUDES

Sometimes people say to me

"I don't like your attitude."

I always chuckle and reply

"Well, it's the only one I got so

I'm just going to have to learn how to live with it."

Then, they fire me.

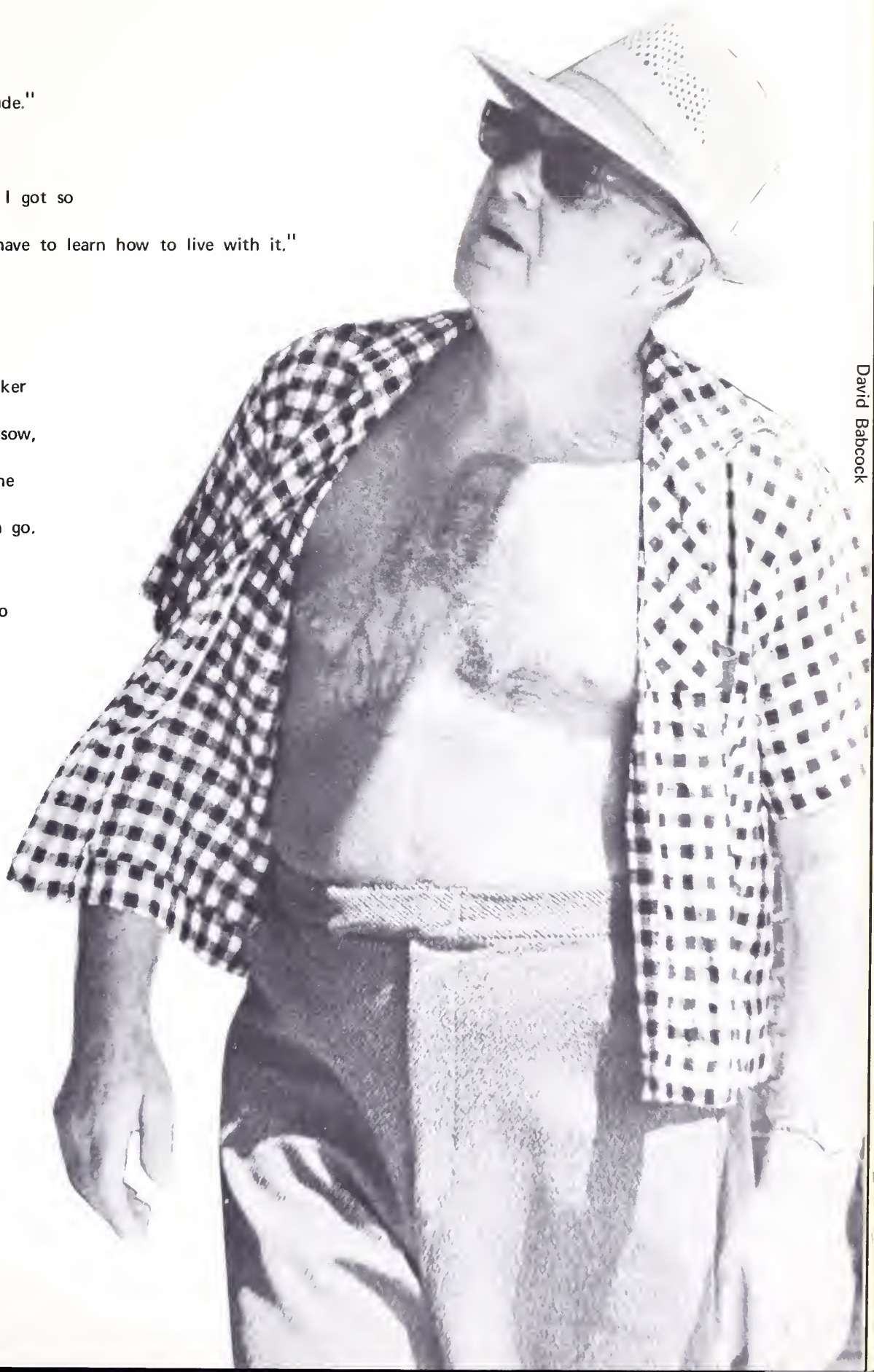
And if I die and face my maker

to reap the fruits of what I sow,

he'd better not say that to me

or I'll tell Him where He can go.

Jim Esposito



David Babcock

METAPHORICAL TRIANGULATION OF AMERICAN MATERIALISM

"I don't know...I think it just boils down to man's technology surpassing his intellectual development."  
 "Well, give me an example."  
 "The atomic bomb. Man's technology created atomic power before his intellect could cope with it."  
 "But he learned quick."  
 "He had to."

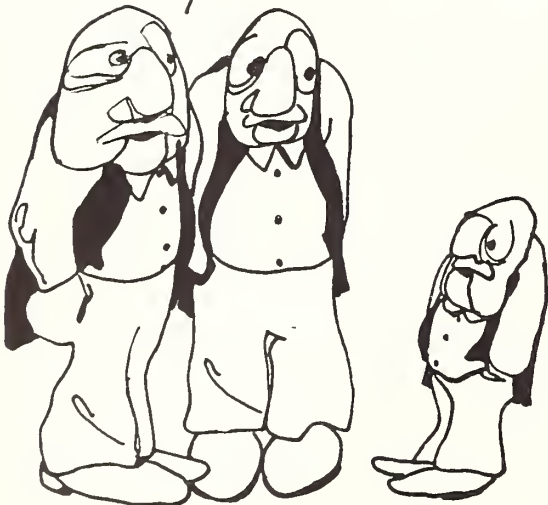
If the cart is before the horse...it could be a Volkswagen.

Jim Esposito



James Ferrigno

BUT LYDIA,  
 HAVENT YOUR  
 MOTHER AND I  
 ALWAYS LET YOU  
 THINK FOR YOURSELF?



AMBIGUOUS NOTES ON PERSONAL STABILITY

"Can I ask you a question?"  
 "You just did."  
 "Oh, another one."  
 "Sure, fire away."  
 "Do you really like me as a person or are you just using me?"  
 "I really like you."  
 "Oh."  
 "Of course, if I was using you, I wouldn't admit it."

The easiest way to be sure of yourself is to keep everyone else confused.

Jim Esposito

Disappointment has never come easily to any of us. It's the perfect of our experiences, our emotions and our failures. But disappointment is not the total out. It's not a stop sign but merely a yield. Time does not stop for mistakes or failures and neither do we. Indifferences between men come only as a by-product of failure. The consequences of disappointment can be devastating if we let it take hold of us.

A failure only constitutes a mistake in direction, such real success is the goal of a failure. To be wrong is not total defeat, for we all are made the same, with the same capacity for fault. To overcome disappointment is the goal of all great men. And to succeed is the dream of the immortal...



## A WELL WISHED WELL

There was a well for wishing  
that children used for fishing  
and others just to sit and think  
but never used to take a drink

The bucket a long time missing  
the rope also gone  
Used to perch a rooster  
that wakes the town at dawn

A base of stone  
and granite rock  
A rook of wood  
of oaken stock

A warped and broken crank  
no longer any good  
its handle partly metal  
and dried and cracking wood

Its use is surely questionable  
and its right to exist the same  
But love for that which was  
above all seems to blame.

## RONALD SHANK

### ROCKING CHAIR

Old and weak  
squeaky and cracked  
With minor scars  
and scratches  
Its varnish  
cobwebbed and worn  
completely gone  
in places  
Its arms worn  
by human hands  
Its seat warped  
to comfort  
Its rockers old  
with many trips  
to and fro  
The grains of wood  
like wrinkles of age  
All its joints  
getting loose  
and weak and worn  
due to lack of use  
Its rider gone  
many years  
Its service  
no longer needed.

## CREATION

Round  
Burning  
Cooling  
Hardening  
Land  
Water  
Snow and ice  
come and gone  
Grass  
Fish  
Insects  
Trees  
Animals  
In general life  
Then came complexity  
Trouble was born  
An animal of taking  
and of little giving  
A waster of all  
A destroyer of much  
A killer  
An intelligent  
idiot  
A genius  
of stupidity  
The ultimate thinking  
non thinker  
Yes - and there was made man.

What's beyond this  
Shelf of security  
You built for me?  
The dust of the years  
Is obscuring me,  
Choking me and  
I feel that I'll become lost  
In the residue of time.  
Perhaps I'll teeter off  
In search of brighter shelves  
For my china soul.  
(I've dreamed of many and  
Seen a few, but never sat  
Long enough to know their comfort.)  
If I should break  
Would you piece me  
Back together with  
Only faint visible cracks  
To tell of Life's journey?  
And you supply that  
Vital piece of love  
I need to survive?

**BARBARA GRAYBEAL**

When I'm with you  
I'm sure of who  
I am.

I can't let go  
Of my identity.

 Broward Community  
College June 1972 ©

Turn a leaf  
Let the old ones fall  
And  
p<sup>i</sup>l<sup>e</sup>u<sup>p</sup>.

For autumn is closing  
It's time for a change.

I felt your smile.  
Its cherished memory  
Reflected in the  
Hollow darkness  
Of my mind.  
My eyes burned  
As hot tears  
Flamed and singed  
My cheeks.

i think now  
your head is  
where mine is  
and you will  
continue to  
sympathize and analyze  
and when my mind  
is clouded with  
the pollution of  
self-destruction &  
maniacal hobbies  
i will remember  
you and temporarily  
forget about myself  
for we are only  
victims of creation

Jeanne Thomas

for people like  
you to encounter  
and to understand  
(being a human being  
is a dreadful occupation)

A WELL WISHED WELL

There was a well for wishing  
that children used for fishi  
and others just to sit and think  
but never used to take a c

The bucket a long time missing  
the rope also gone  
Used to perch a rooster  
that wakes the town at da

A base of stone  
and granite rock  
A rook of wood  
of oaken stock

A warped and broken crank  
no longer any good  
its hangle partly metal  
and dried and cracking wo

Its use is surely questionable  
and its right to exist the s  
But love for that which was  
above all seems to blame.

No Dialogue Offered, No Psalms Read

So neat, so common, so everyday thing  
No big scene, no wedding ring.  
A hole, a box, five alive, one dead  
A rain, for mood, falls on the head of the  
Man with the book, he speaks the  
Prayer and calls for mercy, does he care.

No dialogue offered, no psalms read  
He was alive, now he's dead  
His fingers won't clutch a spoon or a glass  
His legs will not carry him to meet his friends  
His mouth will not smile, nor frown nor open  
His eyes will not squint at a midday sun  
His heart won't beat faster at the thought of dying,  
he's gone.

Old he was, all of nineteen, no more  
Jokes, no Rose Bowl queen to make him dream  
Dreams are gone, they're way in space  
Where he's gone, what takes their place.

No dialogue offered, no psalms read  
No finding it hard getting out of bed  
No songs to remind him of days gone by  
No happy moments, no asking why.

His days of peace are forever lost  
For democracy quote "he's paid the cost"  
But did he just pay for his own simple crime  
Of leaving his home for disease and grime  
And a rice paddy filled with the souls of the dead  
No dialogue offered, no psalms read.

John Hart

The grains of wood  
like wrinkles of age  
All its joints  
getting loose  
and weak and worn  
due to lack of use  
Its rider gone  
many years  
Its service  
no longer needed.



Cotton-candy clouds  
Float fat and laze on blues,  
Like me, through the skies.

JULIE TOWNSEND

If you leave today,  
summer dies and winter stays,  
Ice encases my mind.

moments of profound thought  
are reflections  
of one's inner self  
as the image  
upon  
a mirror  
of your outer self

DAVE LAWRENCE

The power  
Of thought  
Cannot  
Be caught  
Or put in a jar

for people like  
you to encounter  
and to understand  
(being a human being  
is a dreadful occupation)

i think now  
your head is  
where mine is  
and you will  
continue to  
sympathize and analyze  
and when my mind  
is clouded with  
the pollution of  
self-destruction &  
maniacal hobbies  
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 and dried and cracking wo

Its use is surely questionable  
 and its right to exist the  
 But love for that which was  
 above all seems to blame.

people preaching...

Devil White  
 Devil Black  
 Devil Red

You've heard of the Devil  
 You've heard of the Beast  
 Coming from.

"...North

West                      East  
                                     and  
                                     South

Just what is that beast?

Go find yourself a good damned mirror

James Grissett



Steve Selpal

Old  
 With  
 Its v  
 Its a  
 Its s  
 Its r

The grains of wood  
 like wrinkles of age  
 All its joints  
 getting loose  
 and weak and worn  
 due to lack of use  
 Its rider gone  
 many years  
 Its service  
 no longer needed.

for judy nichols

you've tried  
very hard  
(too hard actually)  
to make me understand  
where you as a white/  
paddie/honky/cracker/  
whitey stand on the  
issue of an afro-ameri-  
can/negro/nigger/  
colored/black  
sort of a person  
like me

you've gone  
through changes  
to get your head  
where mine is  
you have labeled  
me as a callous  
& quiet person  
these are  
external attributes  
(i am misusing my  
defense mechanisms)  
employed to camouflage  
the confusion/love/hate/war  
that is overtaking  
my mind-filled machine  
so do not be annoyed  
by my indifference  
(it is only an apparition)

and when i meet  
with the bigots  
and wax smilers  
i will light  
a candle to  
their lips and  
think of your  
thinking enough  
of me and what/  
how i'd feel  
if confronted with  
people who think  
that black people  
are baptists who  
go to church on  
sabbath and drink  
gambleandscrew  
to make more  
bushy-headed babies  
for people like  
you to encounter  
and to understand  
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i think now  
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i will remember  
you and temporarily  
forget about myself  
for we are only  
victims of creation

Jearine Thomas



Elation

has turned to


Anticipation

of snowflakes

Dancing

to your Music.

SUZANNE HOLZKNECHT

 Broward Community  
College June 1972 ©

He gave her a sip

From his bottle

of Love

But then

Corked it,

Put it back on the rack,

Out of her reach.

There was only one TV Pilot left in the little metal magazine rack attached to the side of the cashier's register. On the cover was a picture of Crash Craddock and something new about his new variety show, with a complete story on page 17. Paul reached for the lone copy and as he put his hand on it, he felt a warm hand grab his.

"I beg your pardon sir, but would you mind if I got that?"

Paul's eyes turned and saw a pretty, petite blonde, who had just finished paying for her groceries.

"Yes I would mind," Paul told her. "This is the last copy, and if I let you get it, there won't be any left."

"Oh, I know it. But I want this issue soooo bad. There's an article in it about *Space Revenge* and it's my favorite show."

"It is!" Paul said excitedly. He had never met anyone who appreciated *Space Revenge* as much as he. "It's my favorite show too." "Really," the blonde said. "Don't you just love Commander Norvous, I think he is the best actor on television."

"Oh he is," Paul said very expertly.

"\$15.06 sir," the cashier said.

Paul paid the cashier, picked up his groceries and followed her to the parking lot, leaving the TV Pilot in its rack. When they both realized what they had done, Paul raced back inside. It was gone.

"It was gone," Paul told the blonde.

"Oh no," she said. "I'm sorry, it's really my fault that you didn't get it."

"No it's okay. Look, why don't we put our groceries in our cars and then we can go over to the drug store and get a couple copies, and if you don't mind I'd like to buy you a cup of coffee."

"I'd like that very much."

That was how Paul Sands and Jean Cramer met. Over coffee they found out they had a lot in common. Both missed the cancelled *Cactus Territory*, and thought the new western on

channel seven wouldn't last more than two seasons.

Their first date was on Wednesday. Jean invited Paul over to her apartment for dinner.

"Jean, that was without a doubt the best meal I've eaten in quite some time," Paul told his date as he pushed himself back in his chair and edged the top of his pants down about an inch so as to give his stomach a little more room.

"Thanks. Why don't you go turn the television on while I clear the dishes off the table."

"All right. You sure you don't mind?"



"No Paul, you just make yourself comfortable."

Paul didn't need any further persuasion. He lifted his body from the chair and moved towards the living room. Paul looked around the furnishing while the television warmed up and couldn't help but admire Jean's taste. The room was decorated in early mod. It wasn't over done. Just right.

Jean came into the room carrying a TV table with coffee and cookies.

"What time is it Paul?"

"Quarter till. Who's the guest star tonight?"

"I don't know. Let me look."

Jean picked up the TV pilot, turned it to Wednesday evening and ran her finger to *Space Revenge*.

"Its got three stars tonight Paul."

"Yeah, but I'll bet it deserves four."

Jean began to read the summary on it aloud.

"Commander Norvous and Latamus investigate the disappearance of the G-L 9 space district commissioner. They met many obstacles. Guest stars: Rod Carlyle and Rita Ryder."

"Well, this should be a good one."

"Yeah," agreed Paul. "I was reading about this one. This is the first time Rod Carlyle has ever done any television."

After *Space Revenge* Paul put on his coat and Jean walked him to the door.

"Jean, I really enjoyed myself. I can't remember when I've had a better time. *Space Revenge* as good as it is, is even better watching it with you."

"Oh Paul how sweet." Jean leaned over and kissed him.

"Good night, Paul."

"Good night. I'll call you tomorrow."

"Okay."

Their romance became serious. Paul could think of nothing else but Jean, and of course *Space Revenge*.

"You'll really like her Bob. She is so sweet, I just can't get over it." Paul told his fellow car salesman.

"I'd really like to meet her Paul. Why don't you bring her over to the house, Friday night for dinner," Bob invited.

"Gee Bob, I'd sure like to, but Friday is our night for *Bragger Bouquet*."

"For what?" Bob asked.

"*Bragger Bouquet*." Paul repeated, unbelieving someone could be so unenlightened. "It's the new quiz program on channel 3."

"Oh. Hey look busy, here comes the boss." Bob turned to his used car list and pretended to read it.

Paul was unimpressed.

"Screw him," Paul said bravely. "He's

just as mindless as that professor on Lab Technician."

Paul and Jean were married exactly one year after they met. Jean had wanted it that way.

After the ceremony they drove up the coast. For the first half hour neither of them spoke. Finally, Paul broke the silence.

"It's a good thing our anniversary of our meeting didn't fall on a Wednesday or we wouldn't have been able to get married." Paul laughed.

"Why," asked Jean, missing the point.

"Why," echoed Paul. "Because that's the night for *Space Revenge*."

Paul became a little restless after four hours of driving. They agreed to stop at the next motel. Paul drove the car into the drive-way of the Pink Motel. He parked the car next to the office. Before he opened the door he stretched his back and let out a sigh.

"Wait here hon. I'll get the room. Back in just a minute."

He leaned over and kissed his bride on the cheek, then got out of the car.

"Welcome weary traveler," greeted the motel manager with a huge grin. Paul couldn't help but return the smile.

"Hi. How are you." Paul said. "Do you have any rooms with color television."

"No sir."

"Ah well, I guess we can put up with black and white for one night," Paul smiled.

"No sir."

"Whatdya mean?"

"Just that. No sir. No sir to color and black and white."

"You mean you don't have any rooms?"

"Oh we got rooms. We ain't got any with TV's."

Shocked, Paul just turned around and walked out without saying another word. When he got back in the car he looked at Jean and said, "You won't believe it."

"They're full." Jean guessed.

"Worse. They don't have any televisions in their rooms."

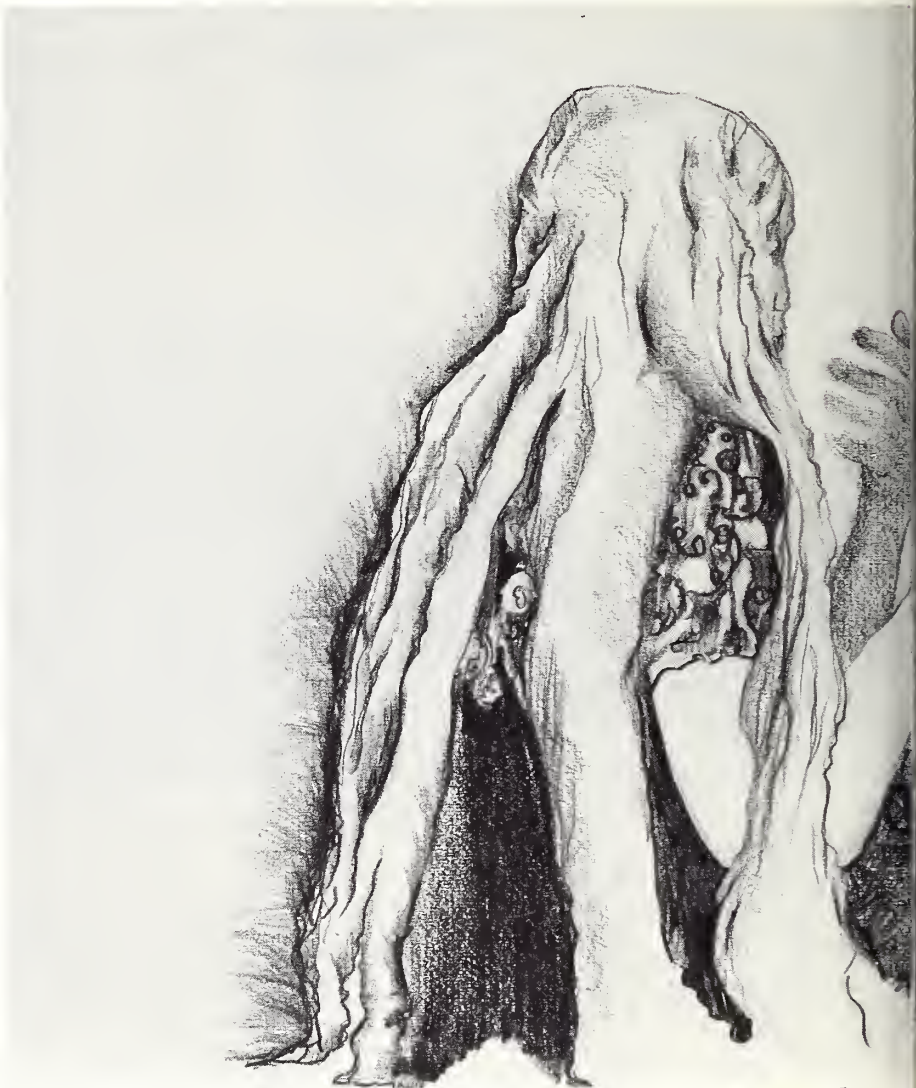
"Yeah. How about a room?"

"Single or double?"

"Double."

"Fifteen bucks. In advance."

"That's fine."



Paul started the car, backed out of the drive-way and returned to the highway. About another hour of driving brought them to the U.S. Motel, with swimming pool and color TV in each unit. Paul drove the car in.

"Christ, I hope they have a room," Paul moaned as he got out of the car."

The desk clerk made Paul stand there for about two and a half minutes before acknowledging him.

"Can I help you sir?" the desk clerk asked without looking up.

The clerk got up and handed Paul a registration card and a pen that skipped.

"Room 4 okay?"

"Yeah." Paul said, then on a second thought, "Hey how about room eleven is that vacant?"

"Yep."

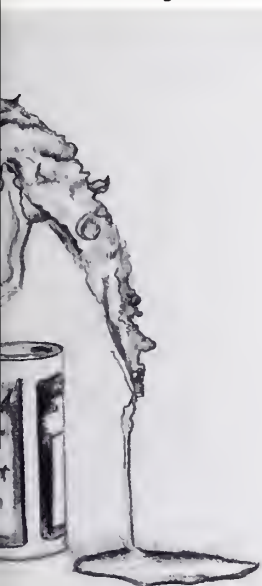
"Good can I have that one," Paul said. Eleven, that was their favorite channel.

With his key and receipt Paul drove his car around to room eleven. He

carried his bride through the door, placed her gently on the bed, and turned the television on.

The marriage was perfect. Perfect for three years anyway. After three years *Space Revenge* was dropped by the network. It was syndicated, but none of the local stations picked it up.

In the place of *Space Revenge* the network ran *Brad Dorsey: Brain Surgeon*. The program wasn't half bad either. Paul kind of enjoyed it. But this is where their marriage had its first real test. In the same time slot, on another channel was *Marriage Maker* an established game show with good



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ratings. Jean insisted on watching it. She hated *Brad Dorsey: Brain Surgeon*. Oh, she thought he was cute, but what a lousy actor.

"Lousy actor!" Boomed Paul. "Are you crazy! He's great. What do you know about acting anyway?"

"A heck of a lot more than you do," Jean defended herself.

"Bull! The only acting you've ever done is when you play around the kitchen, making like a cook."

This was their first real quarrel.

The next morning both were very apologetic and all went well, for a week. The following Wednesday it started all over again. Finally, after a month of this they decided to buy another television. They couldn't afford it they agreed, but the price would be well worth saving their marriage. Naturally, since both shows were in color they had to buy another color set.

It was left up to Paul to pick out the set and purchase it. Paul went one step better. He bought two more sets.

"Paul! Are you crazy! What are you going to do with three sets. There are only two of us."

"Hold it, Jean," Paul started to explain. "You don't understand. Actually I did only buy one full TV set, like we agreed on. The other is only a little portable so we can take it in the car with us. We can take it to the beach. I can even take it to work with me. You know some days are pretty slow."

"How much is this toy costing us Paul?"

"Jesus Christ, Jean. It's not a toy."

"How much Paul?"

"\$160."

"All right Paul." \$160 for your toy and another \$600 for the other set." Jean started to reason with Paul. "Dear if you wanted the small set so bad, why didn't you just get that one and save us the \$600 for the big one?"

"Jean, thinking like that is what makes this a man's world. Stop and think a minute Jean. Use your goddamn brains just once. With three TV's we're always covered."

"Covered for what Paul?"

"Dammit, are you stupid. We're covered in case one has to be taken out for a couple of days for repairs."

Paul made sure he got his money's worth of his little TV set. Whenever he had to leave the big set to go to the bathroom, dining room, or any non-television room, the little set was in his sight.

Jean started doing all the driving. It scared her to drive with the little television perched on the dash. Naturally he thought Jean only wanted to drive, so nothing would disturb his watching TV.

They had been making payments on the new additions for three months when Jean decided it was time they had a talk.

"Wait a minute, this will be over in a minute."

"No."

"All right, All right. This better be good," he said.

"Try this on for size, buster. I'm pregnant. Your wife is going to have a baby. You are going to be a father. Do you understand? Or do I have to sit on top of the TV and say it before it sinks through."

"Well, that's great Jean," Paul said sarcastically.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner."

"Well, what difference would it have made."

"Well, I wouldn't have gotten fired if I had known you were pregnant."

"What did you say, Paul?"

"I got fired. Fired!" Paul raised his voice above Jean's.

"When?"

"Yesterday. If you had told me though, I wouldn't have let them," Paul said, blaming it on Jean.

"What happened?" asked Jean.

"Mattis started complaining about me watching a little TV. He had no right either. I mean if there are no customers, what's the harm? So we got in an argument. He told me to take the little TV home and not to bring it back to work. I said no. I told him he was being unreasonable. Then he fired me. But if you had said something sooner, I would have gone along with him."

"That's a lie, Paul." Jean was mad.

"That little TV is your whole life. You spend more time with that TV than you do with me. Admit it, Paul. We don't even make love whenever there's a good late show on."

"Shut up, Jean!" Paul was mad. "At least watching television is wholesome."

The next couple days Paul would look through the want ads of the morning papers and then sit back and watch television all day and all night.

The days were now weeks. Jean's stomach was getting bigger, and Paul was still watching TV. Paul was not lazy though. He had taken the initiative to file for unemployment.

Weeks passed and Paul still had no job.

"Paul, honey," Jean cooed, "I know you've been trying to find a job, and it hasn't been easy, so I decided to help you."

"I've lined up an appointment for you Tuesday afternoon with Bradshaw Broadcast Products. They are in need of a flight salesman, and, well let's face it, they don't come any better than you."

"Yeah, babe, but they probably don't pay well," Paul said with his eyes and attention still fixed on the tube.

"Oh, they pay very well, Jean told him, they'll start you at \$10,000 a year with a 15% commission."

This interested Paul. He agreed to go for the interview on Tuesday. With Jean's mind at rest their marriage showed signs of salvation.

Monday morning, Paul decided to help out around the house. He cut some dead grass, scrubbed down the bathroom, and was just the perfect husband. Over lunch he started thumbing through the TV pilot.

"Holy cow!" Paul said. "Jean look here. Starting this afternoon on channel 28. What a break."

That afternoon they sat together on the couch and turned on *Space Revenge*.

"Look Jean. That's the one we saw on our first date."

The rest of the afternoon was spent getting acquainted again.

"What time is the interview for hon?" Paul asked the next morning.

"Two." "That's great. How can I be there at two? *Space Revenge* comes on then."

"What difference does it make? You've seen them all anyway."

"Yeah, but the reruns are better than most new programs. I guess I'll just have to go in late. I can always tell them I had a flat or something."

"Paul, if you are late for that interview, don't come back home."

"Listen honey, how about if I call them and see if it's okay if I come in late, please?" He pleaded.



Bill Jacques

"All right, Paul--But if they want you to be on time--"

"Then I'll be on time."

He went into the living room from the bedroom. He left the door open for Jean to be able to hear.

He took the phone out of its cradle and held the buttons down when he dialed the number.

"Hello--this is Paul Sands--Can I speak to the personnel manager please--yes, I'll wait--Hello sir, this is Paul Sands--oh, you were-- What about?--no, not at all. That would be all right--Oh, never mind--Fine, thank you--Bye."

Jean came out of the bedroom and pretended she hadn't heard, although Paul had made it obvious.

"Well, what did they say," she asked. "Listen, everything is working out perfect. They were just getting ready to call me. The personnel manager will be tied up in conference until late this afternoon, and wanted to know if it was all right with me if I came in about 4 o'clock."

When *Space Revenge* was over, Paul drove downtown for the interview.

"Did you get the job?" Jean asked.

"No," he told her. "All the positions were filled when I got there."

"But how could they be? They knew you were coming for an interview. It doesn't make sense."

"All right, Paul," she said heatedly. "No more playing around. Tomorrow morning you leave this house bright and early. And you don't come back until its dark outside or you have a job. Understand?"

The next morning, Paul left the house with promises of returning with a job. Two o'clock that afternoon, Jean found Paul sitting in front of the TV with no job.

"I'm leaving, Paul."

Paul was sure she'd come back. Jean had to come back sooner or later. After all, Paul was the father of the baby she was carrying. Granted she had stayed away longer than he thought she would. Five or was it six days now? No matter. She'd be back by the end of next week for sure.

Wednesday morning Paul had overcooked eggs for breakfast, and then forced to take the garbage out. The smell was taking over the whole house. Before going back in he walked around to the front of the house and checked the mail box. There were two pieces of mail! He carried them back in the house and turned on the TV as he sat down in his favorite chair. He looked at the two pieces the mailman had brought him. There was a letter from a J.W. Oakly, Attorney at Law and the new TV Pilot. He tossed the letter aside and began reading the new TV Pilot.



### A CURIOSITY

The soothing voice, the offered breast,  
The guiding hand that knows what's best.  
Patience that is put to test,  
The gentile nudging from the nest,  
The lips on the cheek when put to rest.

### RICK HUMBOLDT

### GOVERNMENTS IN REAL

Gripping, clutching, flashing claws,  
The teeth of lightning gnashing jaws,  
Of inhumane and unjust laws,  
Flails it's black unholy flaws,  
While its citizens it mauls.



David Babcock

### TWO WORLDS

Out of the cold that bit through me,  
And into the  
warmth  
Of the feeling of being  
surrounded by the  
Friendly people.  
Alive and warm.  
    but,  
    I know I must  
return to the  
Hollow wind and  
Biting cold;  
For it is only there  
That one can tell  
The difference.

As a nursling I fought for life  
 I crawled through the forest primeval  
 In search of sustenance  
 I fought my enemies, for even then I had them.  
 Today in my teen years  
 I walk through cement jungles  
 Still in search of sustenance for my body and my soul;  
 I still fight my enemies, but instead of rocks I use powerful guns.  
 Tomorrow in my middle age  
 Walking stooped with the weight of pollution, war and crimes  
 I will fight my enemies with nuclear weapons.

The Passing of Paunee Pete

Will I ever see old age?

Alicia Stern

HAIKU

The bird flying high  
 Through the sky and the tall trees  
 Was only my dreams.

Cry out, victorious men in blue, let  
 Bugles sound the call to feast.  
 Wipe your sabres clean of blood, you've  
 crushed the mighty bears

On desert plains, through hallowed haunts  
 You've come, you've seen, you've conquered  
 Cleaning your way through tons of beef  
 On rails of steel you've wandered and

Trapped the savage, while he slept  
 So nobly, you destroyed  
 The place he lived, the food he ate,  
 his ferocious little boys

With righteous steed you bled your path  
 To the end at Wounded Knee  
 Where with God on side you cleansed the  
 Land and removed the redman's seed

Proud of what you had honorably done  
 You rested and blessed the battles won  
 You opened the land and tradition  
 Would repeat, the tales of glory you had forged  
 With the passing of Paunee Pete.

John Hart

changes

as the cold wind from the west blows east  
 the cape is pulled tighter around the shoulders.  
 we run into our homes and blaze up the fire.  
 we watch and listen carefully for word of the west wind.  
 we bundle warmer and bundle our children against the cold.  
 we train our children to fight the cold and its hidden dangers.  
 we talk to our friends to reassure ourselves of the coming cold.  
 great speeches are made against the cold.  
 anyone who speaks in favor of cold is suppressed and sent away.  
 we store up great supplies of wood and food.  
 our churches warn of the cold's danger and its effect on  
 church going and money giving.  
 Until in the end we freeze in order to fight the cold.

B.J.

as far as I'm concerned your hands  
are wood, the fingers weave and wave  
like breeze stirred branches  
growing off into abstractions  
i cannot climb to catch  
your words blown by in wind lines  
with my fingers clutched on air, on bark  
Entwined around the trunk, I slide  
down despite my desperate grasp, the  
ground  
receives the climber from the tree.

## JANIS MARA

### temple theme

was the object at first a shrine  
growing between the believers?  
did each conceive the same creation,  
as she lettered her prayers on windowed walls,  
his the work of the stained glass  
windows that broke the light into art  
within their temple  
they have no need of a Samson to destroy  
or desecrate these temple walls;  
as faith falters, so temples fall.

the woman sticks  
like a bureau drawer  
she jolts herself from side to side  
trying to pull herself free.  
The panels are flimsy. They give way  
worrying the woodwork  
grinding and bumping her way  
out of the surrounding structure  
to fall free and empty upon the floor.

the lady can be warm

the lady's dragged me through a bit  
and makes me constantly risk the absurd  
i can sit and talk of mystery  
and she doesn't hear a word  
even now up here in my tree  
i wonder if i'm heard  
or if i'm only heading for disaster

JAMES FERRIGNO

the swaying sweet corn

midsummer misfit  
surrounded in shellfire  
belonging to any  
group with the ability  
to keep his phoney mind  
occupied.

and so this was the life  
i was leading or rather  
that was the strife that  
was bleeding me because  
i fell asleep after a  
few beers and i didn't  
fight if someone called  
me queer and because i  
didn't ask WHAT AM I  
DOING HERE?

so midsummer misfit in  
early surly winter  
left home to become  
a drummer beating a  
different drum. well,  
misery came and left  
its name and i played  
its game and when it  
left i never felt the  
same again. so i tried  
fighting and i tried  
writing and i tried  
crying and i tried lying  
and i tried hiding and  
i tried dying until i  
realized why be frying  
my own eggs when i could  
get someone to do it for  
me? well, almost every  
waitress bored me (and  
one even tried to gore  
me) so i got back into  
school and attempted  
being cool but even  
though i fooled everybody  
but myself i still slept  
at home at night on a  
creaky wooden shelf and  
i couldn't find the time  
or mind to ask someone  
for help. but now i feel  
it's unique and i can laugh  
at the antique memories  
because i feel i have  
someone and i know she  
feels she has me. and she  
does.

but the lady can be warm  
and she's never done me any dreadful harm  
and our souls have danced together after all

she's made herself unattainable  
by living on the other side of the coast  
she's almost mine by labyrinth wires  
she's like the holy ghost  
the thing i get from her though  
is the thing i need the most  
and i needn't even ask her



James Ferrigno

getting m  
down in the  
jesters jump f  
while inside t  
politicians ste  
as last years  
leaving next  
i have to ben  
for i'm gettin  
what seemed  
on hunchback  
tried to hide  
all frustrated  
while my love  
decided now  
she had rhyth  
she had to fi  
poets with po  
hate letters to  
which are deli  
who keep a  
and eunuchs  
trying to find  
but the queen  
that they slee  
pope-addicted  
and black sab  
gather up wit  
who heal god  
they rent ou  
(none guilty  
but still they  
by a watchin  
me, i hang u  
watching the  
with my tick  
where nobodi  
bullfights bre  
vultures are  
the queen is  
so lets all be  
miss america  
dont mean to  
but i know i  
i can keep g



James Ferrigno

murder  
 in the street  
 ent store  
 care to keep  
 es are  
 in a heap  
 ebbed head  
 sy too deep  
 lion priests  
 cles  
 at they were  
 he'd won so much,  
 lose  
 ng  
 me blues  
 s write  
 on the throne  
 r peasants  
 phs as their own  
 heir masters degrees  
 hind  
 tly suggesting  
 r own kind  
 ers  
 ans  
 e spokesmen  
 ge conditions  
 men to sailors  
 watched  
 n  
 m  
 v  
 e places  
 to go  
 e street  
 dawn  
 na  
 weight upon you  
 thoughts reworded  
 with murder

DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF AN INTELLECTUAL?  
 WELL, I'M AN ARTIST.  
 SO?  
 I'M A PLUMBER  
 WELL, I'LL DO A MURAL ON YOUR WALL IF YOU CLEAN OUT MY TOILET.



James Ferrigno

Weak Day

with my eyes sunk deep within the shadowy skeleton of my face i am weary/ yes i have to keep writing even tho my nerves are tightening up on me/ there's this bloody mess throbbing in my head now/ i'm going to finish these notes and venture off to bed/ with my hands shaking it gets so hard for me to write down what i feel or what is real/ but yet i can't stop moving even tho my eyes are fusing together/ my legs are weal and the clock is slowing down/ i've got to the point where i don't even want me around/ the candle's melting into an opaque puddle of warm wa it's so silent/ nothing moves this early/ my surroundings begin whirling around me/ i have to quit/ i cannot go on longer/ i'm so relieved that today wasn't any stronger/

## MEN WORKING AHEAD

Mountains have got to be the strongest things  
around.

Yet only yesterday I saw some men working.  
They were building a road  
To Kalamazoo.

Puff, crack--Thunder  
and the mountain was laid open  
Like a cadaver.  
I've just lost a powerful sense of security.  
I thought Mountains couldn't be destroyed.

HEAR NO EVIL (there's a monkey in the courthouse)

she said he said you said I say  
No one loves me  
(the bitter truth)  
you said they said bird said I say  
Be yourself  
(it means existence)  
they said we said mountain said I say  
Raising their voices  
(is there no silence)  
PEACE.

MARY EDWARDS

No one says  
"I love you" anymore.

While contemplating the world  
I lit a cigarette  
and contemplated the smoke curls rising.  
The rain had turned the streets to rivers  
and the rivers in turn rushed to the sea.  
The grass was bright green  
washed clean by the rain,  
but the rest of my window world was dreary.  
And then, while contemplating the rain  
the clock in the hall struck five.  
I finished my cigarette, put away my contemplations,  
and returned again to here  
and  
now.

CREDIT PAGE

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Cover Designed by Debi Drab

Cover Silk-screened by: Shari Shaw, Steve Lantzy, Dave Lawrence,  
Jim Urick, Ruth Lantzy, Bill Jacques

Due to production difficulties, the record originally planned will not appear in P'an Ku. We would, however, like to express our appreciation to those individuals who contributed toward its production.

Record Editor and Producer: Bill Jacques

Record Production Staff: Steve Karden and Doug Pugh

Record Board: Mary Edwards, Steve Lantzy, Alicia Stern

Joe Capita was to appear on the record reading poetry; Barry Godfrey and David Rose were to perform their own original compositions.

CORRECTION NOTE: Dennis Wechter is the author of the two-paragraph essay, "Success."

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