


Broward Community College

LIBRARY



Fort Lauderdale, Florida





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

<http://archive.org/details/panku19721973brow>



805

P. 107

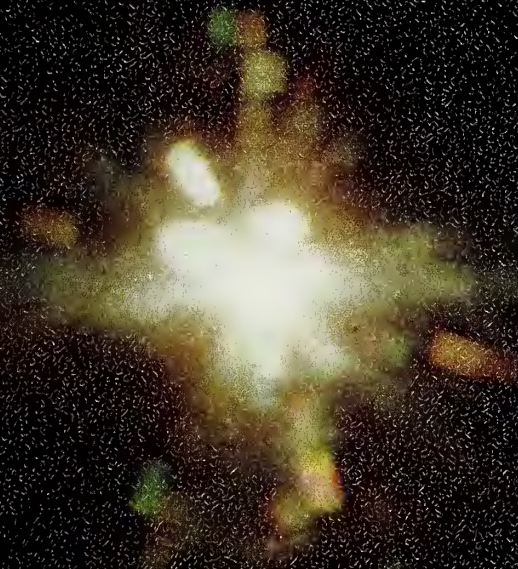
73

7-2-73

SOUTH
CAMPUS

April 1974

P'an Ku





Dave Patrick

Seven thousand suns are a virgin in the sky
I am that virgin who abstains,
I am that priest
who shaves his head
and wears no shoes
because he owns none

Suns are the gypsies of the sky
and we are eunuchs bound to them.
our chains are like the water
unlike the sea, they do not move in tides

Suns burn on for more than years
we only see them in the day
I have awakened late some nights
and waited for the sun to rise

STEVE LEBOW

Steve Lebow

1 Poetry

Millard H. Wooten David S. Babcock

2 Poetry

Micki Salter

5 Poetry

Robin McMahon, Bill Jacques, John McMahon

7 Poetry

Larry Givens

8 Mole Story

Janis Mara

10 Poetry

Marky Kelly

12 Poetry

Bobbe L. Schubot

14 Poetry

David Bianculli

15 MTH 131

David Bianculli

16 This Was Only A Test

Jim Gresart

18 Poetry

Mary Edwards

19 Poetry

Micki Salter

20 Poetry

Larry Givens

21 Poetry

David S. Babcock, Robin McMahon

22 Poetry

Steve Selpal, Ken McSween, Steve Karden

24-33 RIPOFF SECTION

Steve Lebow

34 Poetry

George Smith, Robert O'Connell

35 Poetry

Rick Sonnenburg

36 The Invader

Robin McMahon, David Lawrence, Jerry Maxham

39 Poetry

Gale Glymph, Steve Lebow

40 Poetry

David S. Babcock

41 Poetry

Douglas Pugh

42 Short Subjects

Robin McMahon

45 Poetry

Mary Ellen Lobosco, Joe Capita

46 Poetry

Bryant Roberts, Robin McMahon

47 Poetry

Eileen Eliot

48 Glass and Paper Coffee Cups

Mary Ellen Lobosco

50 Poetry

Mary Edwards

52 Poetry

Mimi Marsh

53 Poetry

D. Jarvis Smith

54 The Amorality Constant

Volume 9, Number 1

December 1972

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

Broward Community College

Cover Photograph: *Nearest Star* by David S. Babcock

WHITIE DONE STOP WHIPPING YA!

Whitie done stop whipping ya! Gave you the whip instead,
Niggers so bad, they whip themselves better than the master ever did.
Go down to the corner bar room if you don't believe what I've said,
Yeah, whitie done stop whipping ya! Gave you the whip instead.

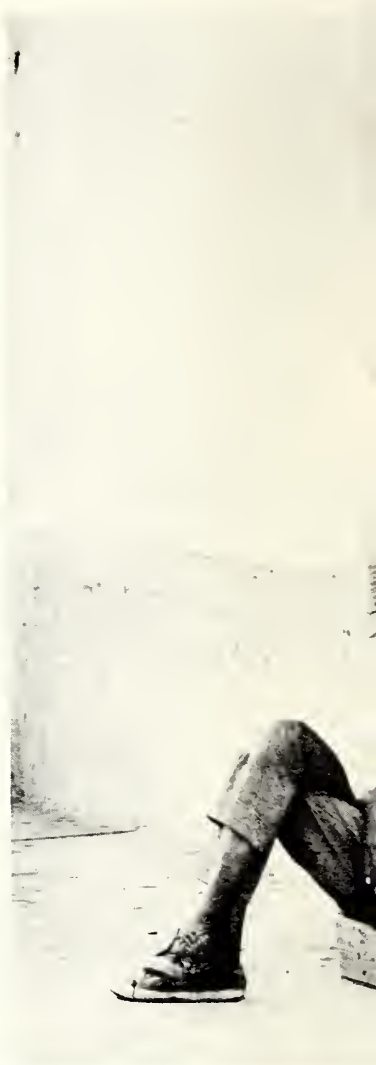
What about that big mouth nigger? Always saying, "Burn, baby, burn!"
Try giving him the match, tell 'em it's his turn.
Ask that boy's mother that was shot on the riot, if you don't believe what I've said.
Yeah, whitie done stop whipping ya! Gave you the whip instead.

Look at that big fine car, niggers ride in every day.
That "Hog" that is 7 yrs. old, whitie don't want it any way.
Ride past the used car lot, if you don't believe what I've said.
Yeah, whitie done stop whipping you! Gave you the whip instead.

Whitie ain't got to take your woman anymore. Now, she's for sale.
Pretty young black girl, living a life of pure hell!
Check out the local whore house if you don't believe what I've said.
Yeah, whitie done stop whipping ya! Gave you the whip instead.

Look at that nigger daddy, running everywhere in the streets,
Children at home ain't got no *shoes, clothes* nor *food to eat*.
Ask his next door neighbor if you don't believe what I've said.
Yeah, whitie done stop whipping ya! Gave you the whip instead.

Look at that nigger mother got another nigger in her nigger's bed.
Lying next to that baby boy, he's crying to be fed.
Ask her ten year old daughter if you don't believe what I've said.
Yeah, whitie done stop whipping ya! Gave you the whip instead.



TOP.

Here comes that nigger dope man, biggest man in town,
Getting all the niggers high, but still keeping them down.
Ask the junkie that died last week, if you don't believe what I've said.
Yeah, whitie done stop whipping ya! Gave you the whip instead.

Ever heard of the nigger hustler, slickest cat around?
Hustling people everywhere except over in "white town."
Ask them good old church people if you don't believe what I've said.
Yeah, whitie done stop whipping ya! Gave you the whip instead.

There's that nigger policeman saying he don't understand
Why them young blacks take things that belong to the white man.
Talk to the black prisoner if you don't believe what I've said.
Yeah, whitie done stop whipping ya! Gave you the whip instead.

Don't forget that high class nigger, the one with the college degree.
Telling all the other niggers that education will set them free.
Confront the migrant worker that just came into town, if you don't believe what I've said.
Yeah! Whitie done stop whipping ya! Gave you the whip instead.

Yeah, whitie done stop whipping you! Gave you the whip instead.
Nigger so bad they whip themselves better than the master ever did.
Walk down the street of the ghettos if you don't believe what I've said.
Whitie done stop whipping ya! Yeah! Niggers are whipping themselves instead.

MILLARD H. WOOTEN

If Santa comes to me, I don't know what I'll do.
 In a big red sleigh with reindeers pulling it two by two.
 If I ever catch him on my roof top, talking bout Ho! Ho! Ho!
 From then on he'll learn how to knock at a front door.

First thing I'll think of, he's got breaking and entering on his mind.
 Regardless of how old he is.
 All old men ain't kind.
 If my candy, cookies and cake ate gone in the morn,
 That cat at the department store done got me all wrong.

We don't need no pity or material things just for a day;
 We need a better life, we have the will, but no way.
 The best thing you can give for Christmas, Merry Old Man,
 Is peace on earth; for you are lord of the land.

Mom in her head-rag and Pop in his cap,
 Gonna rise in the morn with the same old rap,
 "The rent is behind, dear, and the baby needs clothes.
 Johnny needs to go see the doctor, to do something bout his nose."

If you dig yourself, Santa, stay away from my house,
 Cause the children are nestled in bed along with the mouse.
 We don't need toys to play with here;
 Keep the toys you have and leave something that's dear.

Like understanding; understand that we are humans too.
 Daddy lost his job months ago; what can you do?
 All of the time, him and mom fuss and fight,
 And you flying through the air with your Merry Christmas Night.

Climb down my chimney if you wanna, thinking you're brave;
 You won't see no more Christmas-unless from your grave.
 Don't get me wrong, Santa Claus; I'm not mad at you.
 Just don't come to the ghettos in the form of a Jew.

Taking all the money; leaving things that ain't worthwhile;
 Cause I believe in you, Baby, and I'm a black child.

Dichotomization

As it is,
 the benediction
 f
 a
 l
 l
 s
 from your right hand
 as the blood
 d
 r
 i
 p
 s
 from the knife
 in your left.

DAVID S. BABCOCK

MILLARD S. WOOTEN

SLICK NIGHT'S MORN

Awakened as I, madly insane,
 Being disturbed, so bold, so cold.
 Previously past, presented present in vain.
 Young night old, yet stirred my soul;
 Concepts uprooted, twisted and tangled;
 Time approached slow, yet fast, then faster.
 Unpredicted intruders advocated mere jangles;
 Sunlight crept in, I uttered "Bastard!"



David Patrick

A Poem For You

Could Never Be Written On One Page



" HE SAID HE HAD A FRIEND"

DEAR MOM AND DAD:
THE WAR IS DONE;
MY TASK IS THROUGH.
BUT, MOM, THERE'S SOMETHING GREAT THAT I MUST ASK OF YOU.

I HAVE A FRIEND, OH, SUCH A FRIEND.
HE HAS NO HOME, YOU SEE.
AND SO, MOM, I WOULD REALLY LIKE TO BRING HIM HOME WITH ME.

DEAR SON:
WE DON'T MIND IF SOMEONE COMES HOME WITH YOU.
I'M SURE HE COULD STAY WITH US PERHAPS A WEEK OR TWO.

DEAR MOM:
THERE'S SOMETHING YOU MUST KNOW -- NOW PLEASE DON:T BE ALARMED --
MY FRIEND, IN A BATTLE RECENTLY, WAS HURT AND LOST AN ARM.

DEAR SON:
DON'T BE ALARMED TO BRING HIM HOME WITH YOU.
PERHAPS HE COULD STAY AND VISIT FOR A DAY OR TWO.

DEAR MOM:
BUT, MOTHER, HE'S NOT JUST A FRIEND, HE'S LIKE A BROTHER TOO.
THAT'S WHY I WANT HIM WITH US AND LIKE A SON TO YOU.

BEFORE YOU GIVE YOUR ANSWER, MOM -- I REALLY DON'T WANT TO BEG --
BUT MY FRIEND FOUGHT IN A BATTLE IN WHICH HE LOST HIS LEG.

DEAR SON:
IT HURTS SO MUCH TO SAY MY ANSWER MUST BE "NO",
FOR DAD AND I HAVE NO TIME FOR THE BOY WHO IS CRIPPLED SO.

make me a still day
blacken and sulkin
I stand in the morrow,
waiting.
find me a hawker
selling some stale light
and buy a parade.
plug in the morning
see me a sunrise
half starved and lonely.
take on a picture
blinded in colour
waiting for numbers.
and turn me over
and switch me into
and close me under

waterfall madness
throw my life away
wash me clean
and dry me gently

I am only a corner
where yesterday lives
a different admission
caged and forgotten.
juggle your tee vee's
electrical sockets
universe rockets
bicycle sprockets.

Leave me.

BILL JACQUES

* * * *

SO MONTHS GO BY, A LETTER COMES, IT SAYS THEIR SON HAS DIED.
AND WHEN THEY READ THE CAUSE OF DEATH:
THE SHOCK IS "SUICIDE".

DAYS LATER WHEN THE CASKET CAME DRAPED IN OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG,
THEY SAW THEIR SON LYING THERE WITHOUT AN "ARM" OR "LEG".

ROBIN McMAHON

flower songs

a moment of rest,
while my noisy canaries . . .
doze in the sun.

a toothless new baby smiles
and touches, softly,
a toothless old man.

JOHN McMAHON

Mole Story

On coming of age, as all moles, I became a member of the Ecclesiastical Gains Organization. The purpose of the Organization is to prevent heretical impulses. This self controlling unit is the source of a mole's greatest satisfaction.

Living in perpetual darkness moles must avoid light. All moles are taught this in school. In proper families they are reminded again and again of this. Some weaker individuals are tempted by stories of hidden delights to be found in the light which they hear whispered in the dark corridors. The purpose of the Organization is to prevent them from yielding to their temptations.

"All right men!" barked the corporal. "A group of heretics in Zone 3D-104 has been spotted nearing the surface," momentarily halting his ferocious rasping for effect, "they must be stopped!"

My division assembled in a feverish haste. Nervous glances were exchanged as a line of attack was drawn.

My division was assigned to comb tunnel 452-295, a main tunnel of Zone 3D-104, from which it was believed the heretics departed. We crept silently along 452-295 with our ears straining for any telltale sounds of heretical tunneling.

Glorienfield, the scout, was sent ahead. We held our position silently awaiting affirmation of our suspicions.

Glorienfield's voice rang out in that sudden desperate cry of surprise. His scream set our fur rolling; but knowing our duty, we set out rapidly in his direction.

We rounded a bend and there discovered Glorienfield desperately battling two of the heretics. Three more stood



Larry Givens

watching and waiting for our attack.

"Onward!" I screamed, "for the glory of control." My words inflamed my comrades with a burning fury.

"Death! Death to the heretics!" we chanted as we rushed into battle. My comrades leaped on Glorienfield's attackers and tore the flesh from their frames with razor sharp teeth.

The remaining three heretics rushed deep into 452-295 as if hoping to break through to the light while fighting us off. For a while it seemed they would be successful in their last ditch effort. The tunnel grew so narrow that passage was only allowed one by one. As the hindmost heretic and Signfort the leading Organization member battled fiercely, the leading heretic was frantically digging.

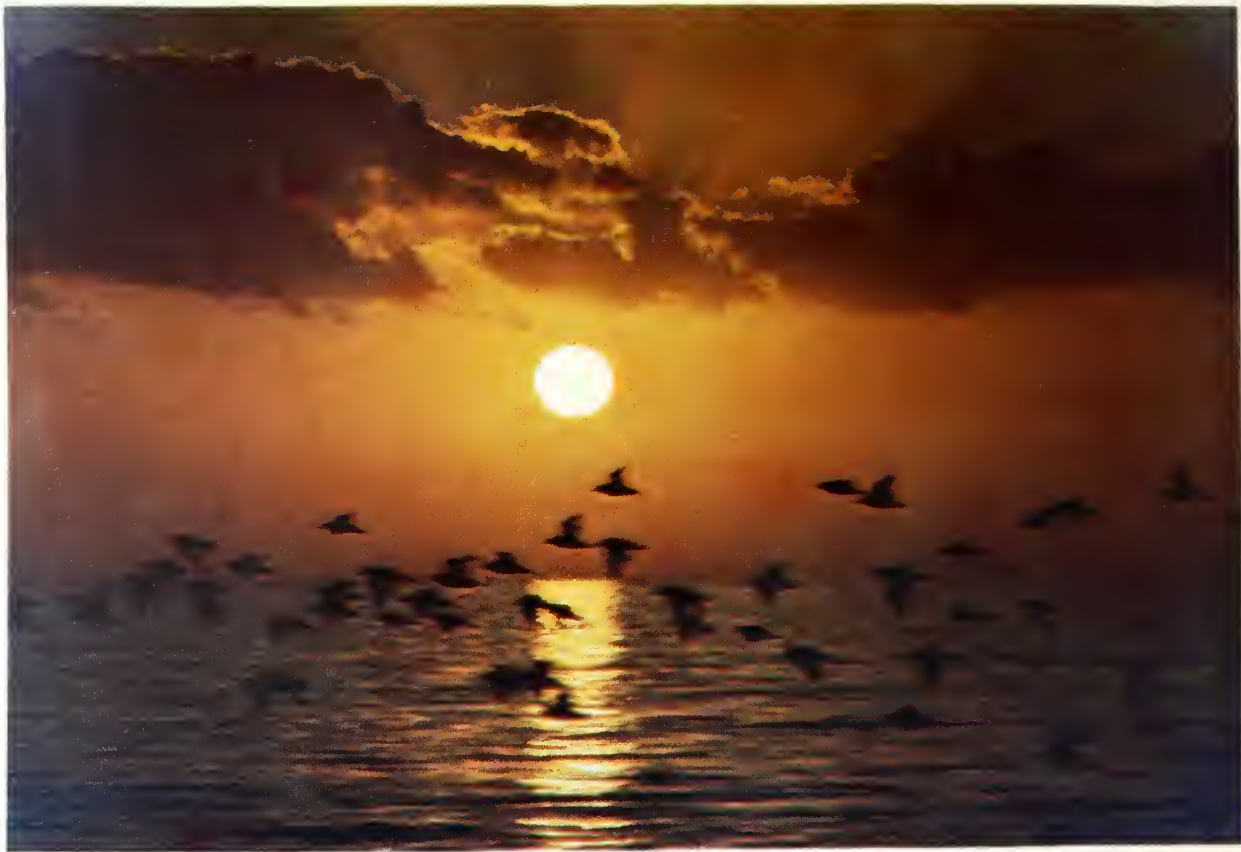
Pushing on with inmole strength, Sighfort bit off the head of the hindmost heretic and leapt over his quivering remains. The tunnel was beginning to show signs of light as Signfort approached his second adversary.

Somehow Signfort managed to hurl past his adversary. I tore into the fiend as he turned to pursue Sighfort.

As we were ripping one another apart, the sound of Signfort's battle with the remaining heretic could be heard, then silence. Spurned on by fear of the possible significance of the silence, I ripped open my adversary's throat. As his warm blood flowed, I tore frantically onward, half expecting to find a victorious heretic breaking the surface. This was not the sight that greeted me.

In the now silent darkness Signfort sat bloody and perspiring. He turned to me to decry, "Oh..Christ... We've won again."





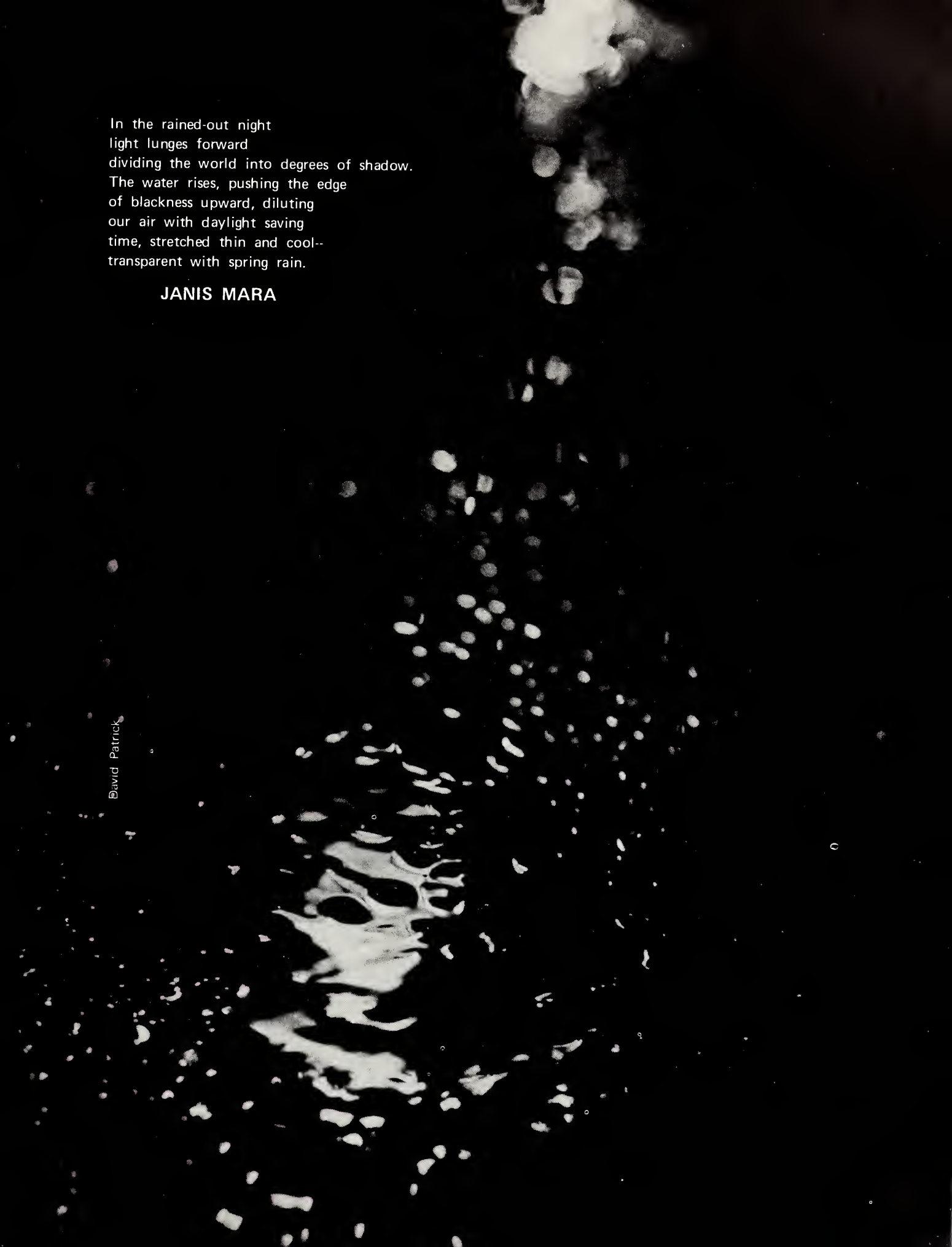
Doug Silveira

JANIS MARA

tears glitter like bright coins
edging your eyes
my fingers clasp the erect
handle of the one-armed bandit
and your slot machine mouth
pours forth a jackpot kiss
. . . I pull again but nothing
moves, no metal shrieks
or flying peaches herald
the mechanical defeat,
as if the last game had broken you,
or taken all you had.

Look back . . . and see wordless streaking flashes.
The filled air
is beaten by the wings of birds behind you.
The flight of birds is what follows you,
the golden motion . . . memory of music,
winnowing of wings
about your shoulders, taking off,
reflecting the sun on shining feathers.

. . . You cannot hold the birds. The golden light
filters the flight, fixing it
in the same unending motion
a faded film, a movie flashback
flying through your mind
a memory of golden birds.



In the rained-out night
light lunges forward
dividing the world into degrees of shadow.
The water rises, pushing the edge
of blackness upward, diluting
our air with daylight saving
time, stretched thin and cool--
transparent with spring rain.

JANIS MARA



REDUNDANT PROFUNDITY

Life is an incredible madness,
A shouting, swearing, singing, tingling,
Screaming, scrounging, numbing delay,
Smothering 'neath pillows of molten clay.

Near shores of dark and lonely bewilderment,
The tides flow and forcefully pound,
Sculpturing fluid, insidious mounds in valleys
Of tears and fears in the nether lands of love
And hate, and trying to make it.

The political scene swings wild and high,
Losing its grip, the whip drops and shrinks
To a meaningless bowl of wiggling white lies,
Woven and vowing a texture of impenetrable strength
Under a satin veneer of official muck in triplicate.

This new world of light and sound and knowledge of speed
Nears the boiling point of high intellect and low need,
Tagging and driving fat, pink salmon to beds
Of love, of love always, of a love all ways,
In guaranteed safety of antiseptic steel trays.

A phantasmal world mutely rising from
Polluted lids of putrefied garbage cans,
Mocking the old and worshipping the new,
Labeling the obsolete and demanding a view
Of rainbows burning and flowers reigning.

Clocks spring opena and hearts clang shut,
Fines are paid with the lives of the young
To the boom and doom of guns and smut,
As wine bubbles burgle and burst on the tongues
Of Youth pushing backward in passionate impulse.

On a chicken feather and green algae diet,
They propagate one-eyed monsters with pill-sized mouths
Dripping pearls of wisdom cultured in luke-warm gruel,
Molesting ivy choked campuses of learning and leaning
On Drugs, love, the beat, the heat, and you, my dear.



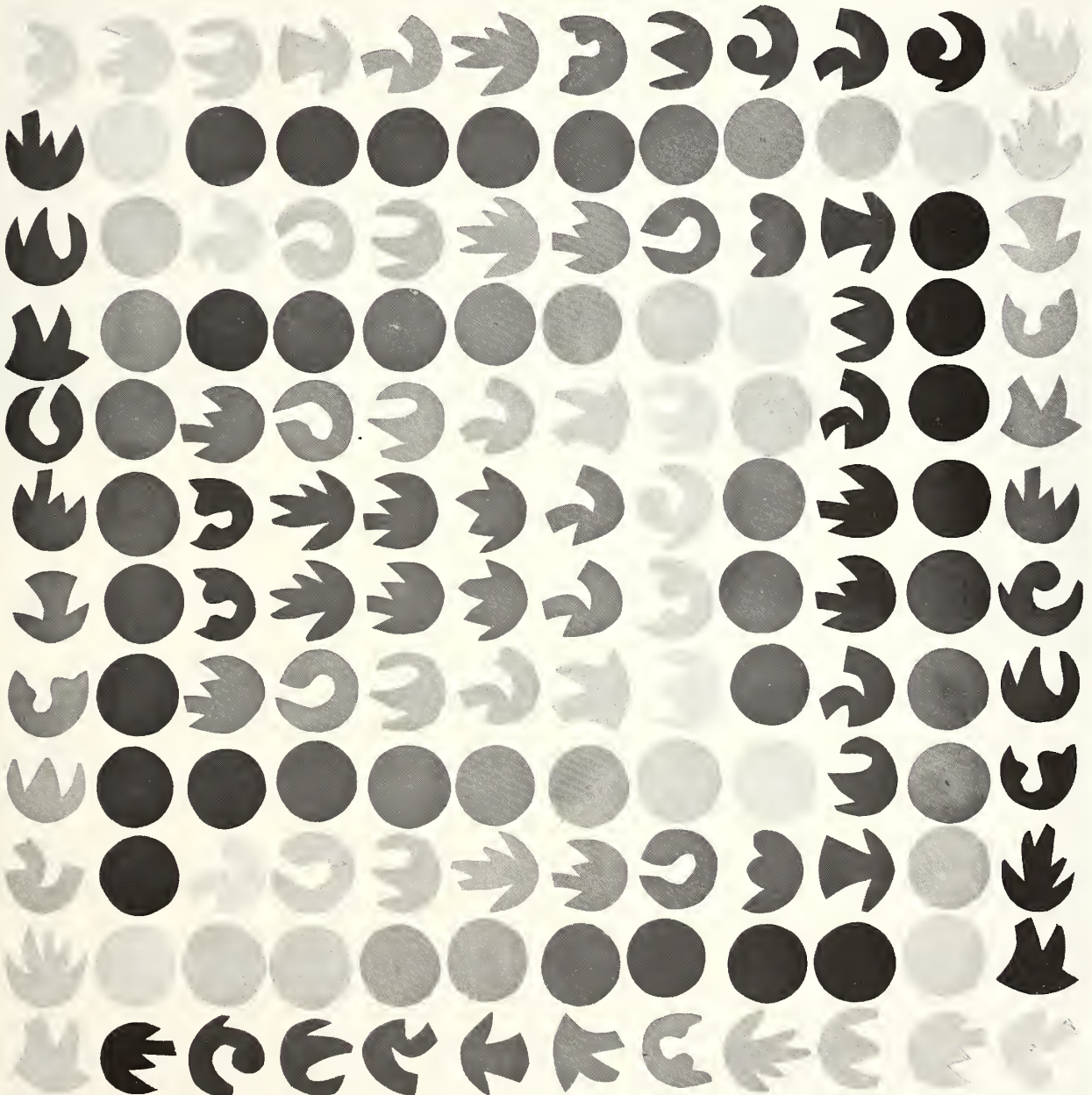
I liked my math teacher last term.

When he explained the qualities of geometric figures, he described a plane as "a slice of tomato with only one side."

When someone asked if he could do problem 18 on page 79, he answered yes and remained seated, not saying another word.

He was a southern Burt Reynolds who soared above the heads of his classes, flying intricate formations over uncomprehending faces in his private plane.

David Cohen





THIS WAS ONLY A TEST

BY DAVID BIANCULLI

The results of the experiment, although undeniably important, were still somewhat questionable. Thousands - literally thousands - of tests still had to be run; a genetic duplication of the experiment had met with no success, and many doctors in the field were questioning if the results could be repeated at all.

Members of the Finchler Institute were trying, desperately, to quiet the fears of their colleagues, but the truth of the matter was- and it was no simple truth to face- that somehow, somehow, the factors involved in their original test had varied enough during the course of experimentation to elude purely scientific repetition. In short, they were stuck: they had created a miracle without bothering to save, or even notice, the mold.

All the research teams could do, other than fight against the computed odds and search for similarities of method, was observe the freak they had accidentally spawned...and observe they did. Hundreds of surgeons and anatomists, chemists and psychologists, medical interpreters and Code Red media representatives- all jammed around the four glass walls of the west wing Observacubicle, forming an impenetrable perimeter of highly curious specialists. The cubicle itself, wired with every type of sensory-recording devices imaginable, was completely unfurnished, and save the presence of two, completely empty.

A balding, distinguished-looking man, displaying few other noticeable signs of age but a noticable lack of hair, was half sitting, half leaning in one corner of the Observacubicle. Right in his field of vision, less than ten feet away, crouched a brown-streaked alley cat, darkly colored and with size and other physical features nearer a puma than anything else. Neither seemed disturbed by their normally inhibiting, all-encompassing audience; during the past few weeks, the latter's presence had become accepted, and (once accepted) accustomed to. Actually, they had grown somewhat fond of these fiercely observed encounters.

"How are you today?"

"Oh, just fine," answered the middle-aged man. "How about yourself?"

"Alright, I suppose," returned the cat. "I missed you yesterday."

"Well, there were so many tests to run, and so many things to do..."

He paused for a moment, looking outside at the rows of mute specialists, then returned his gaze in the cat's direction. "I'm glad to be back here with you, though."

"That's good," it said, reorganizing its whiskers with the swipe of a paw. "I was thinking perhaps you were growing bored with our little talks."

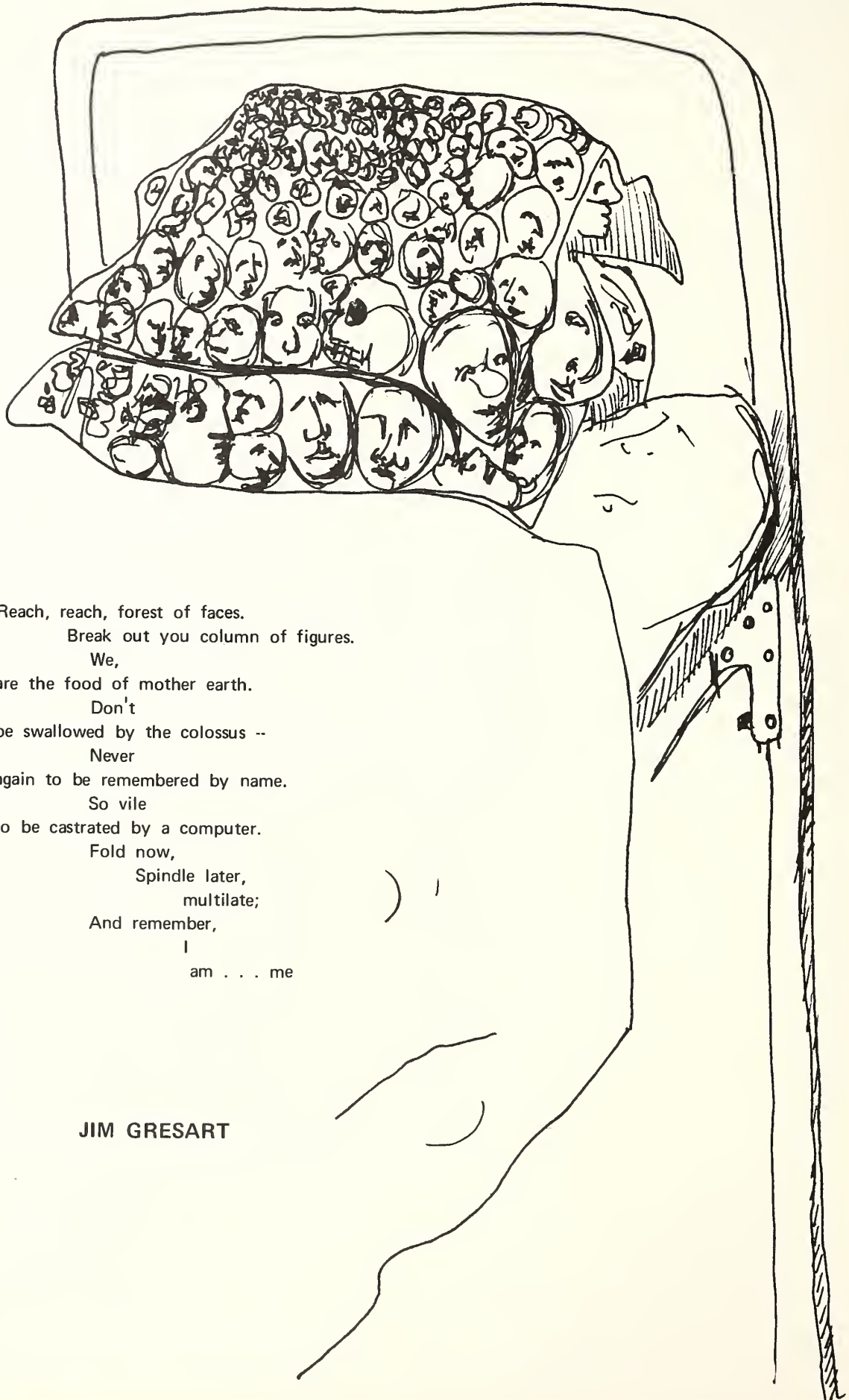
"Oh, no," he said. "I enjoy them. We always have so much to discover about each other."

"Yes, I know, but we've had to keep discussing the same

things over and over, following the same old routine day after day. . ."

They'd have to keep following the same routine day after day -- and the day after and for many days to come -- until there was a clue about the content of the original test serum, until there was a way to duplicate the results.

After all, this was the first time they'd ever gotten a human to talk.



Reach, reach, forest of faces.
Break out you column of figures.
We,
are the food of mother earth.
Don't
be swallowed by the colossus --
Never
again to be remembered by name.
So vile
to be castrated by a computer.
Fold now,
Spindle later,
multilate;
And remember,
I
am . . . me

JIM GRESART

Sc/pal / 70

Hello.
I'm lonely tonight.
I need somebody
Just to talk.
I can't ask you
"How is your life?"
I don't want to know.
Don't talk to me.
I don't need anyone
Telling me my life is empty.
Let me quietly drown
In my own suicidal self-pity.
Still.
I need you on the other end.
Just to listen.

THIS DAY I AM ALIVE

Simple enough to deny,
the words that came so quickly
Are fact now.
If the tongue worked half as slowly
As the mind . . .

MARY EDWARDS

David Patrick



Lost among more complicated lives
my own, a simple flower
is wilting; fast becoming alone;
My only hope is stumbling upon
a fertile flower pot
and being able to send down
my strongest roots.

MARY EDWARDS

Forever it seemed to be
that we'd go on . . .
happy.

But now you want to see
how it is . . .
to be free.

MICKI SALTER



Rick Szymanski

i'll leave now
quietly
you won't even see
me go.
with me i'll pack
my dreams
and tie them with
the ribbon
that was our future
farewell.

He loves me
He loves me not
How can a flower know?

Candle

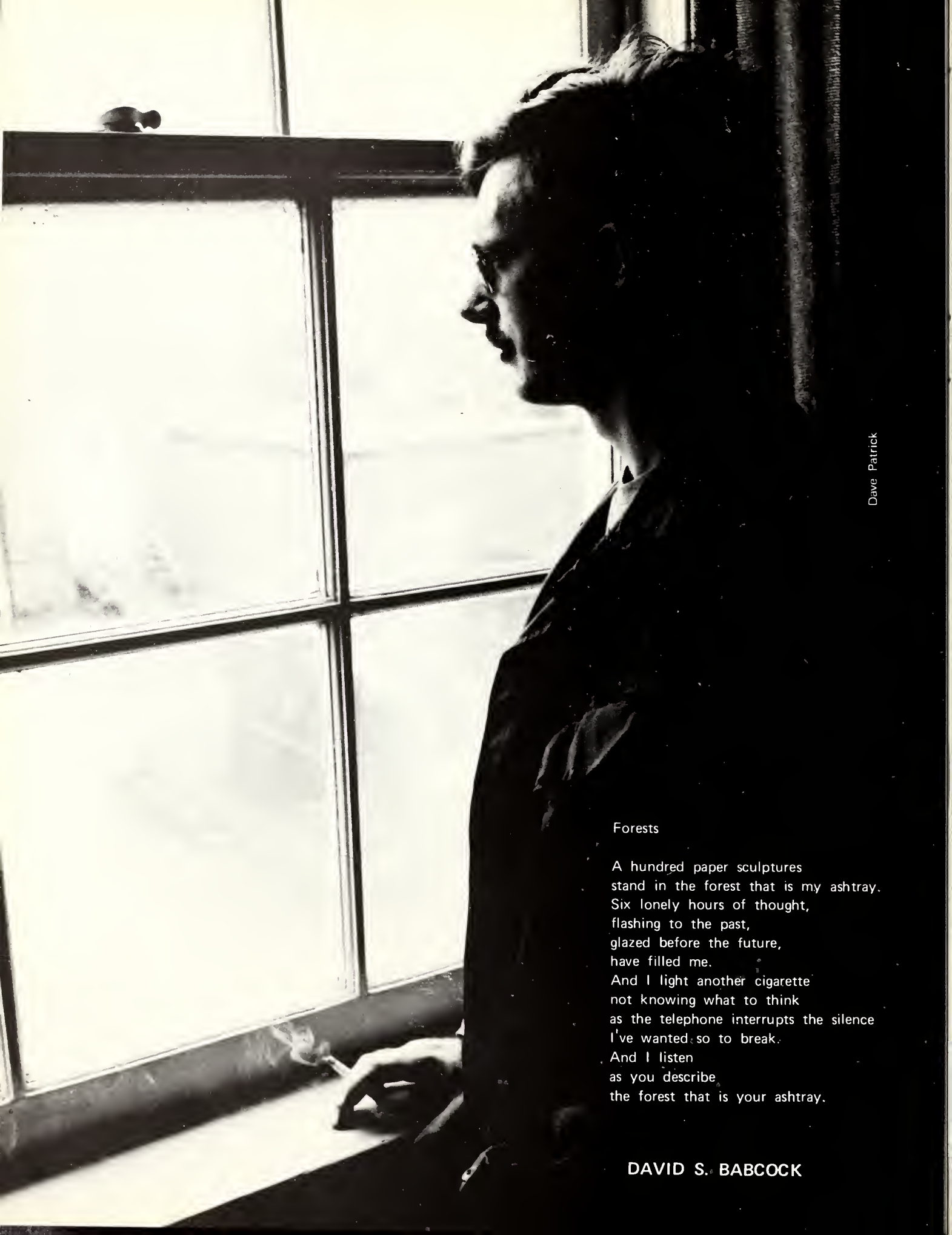
Dance on flickering flame,
Though I may be drawn
By your pulsating flicker
So near as to sear
My nocturnal crystalline wings,
I would not laud, but curse
The extinguishing breeze.

Since the beginning man
Has sought to assert.
In the heart of Africa,
A man was not, till
By thrust of spear
The lion death scream
Pierced the night.
An Indian surviving
Alone, by knife,
Three days and nights
Did a man make.
Yet stranger the games
Civilized man plays.
Creating wondrous things,
Symbols of success,
Rejecting the loner, who
Needs no reassurance
Of or for being;
Assertion yet unclear,
Man must still seek
And expand upon the
Weaknesses of others.
Ah, said the man
Aren't you trying
To assert yourself
In this attempted poem?
Ah, replied the poet
What a keen observer
You have asserted
Yourself to be.

LARRY GIVENS

It might seem to some
In a quite peculiar position
Johnnie was sitting;
These were Johnnie's exact thoughts,
Of at least pretty close.
Johnnie sat with his legs crossed,
The under thigh of one leg
Rocking on the other's upper knee
When he thought perhaps
Someone could walk by
And think him strange
For sitting in such a feminine fashion.
But then he thought, after all--
That anyone who would get uptight
Over such a silly thing
Wouldn't be his type.
Johnnie was cool.
He was so convinced
That he was beyond
All the little games
People out of fear, play
That he didn't even see,
His legs uncross.





Dave Patrick

Forests

A hundred paper sculptures
stand in the forest that is my ashtray.
Six lonely hours of thought,
flashing to the past,
glazed before the future,
have filled me.

And I light another cigarette
not knowing what to think
as the telephone interrupts the silence
I've wanted so to break.

And I listen
as you describe
the forest that is your ashtray.

DAVID S. BABCOCK

PUNCH HOLE IN CENTER OF THIS FLAP TOO!!

CUT

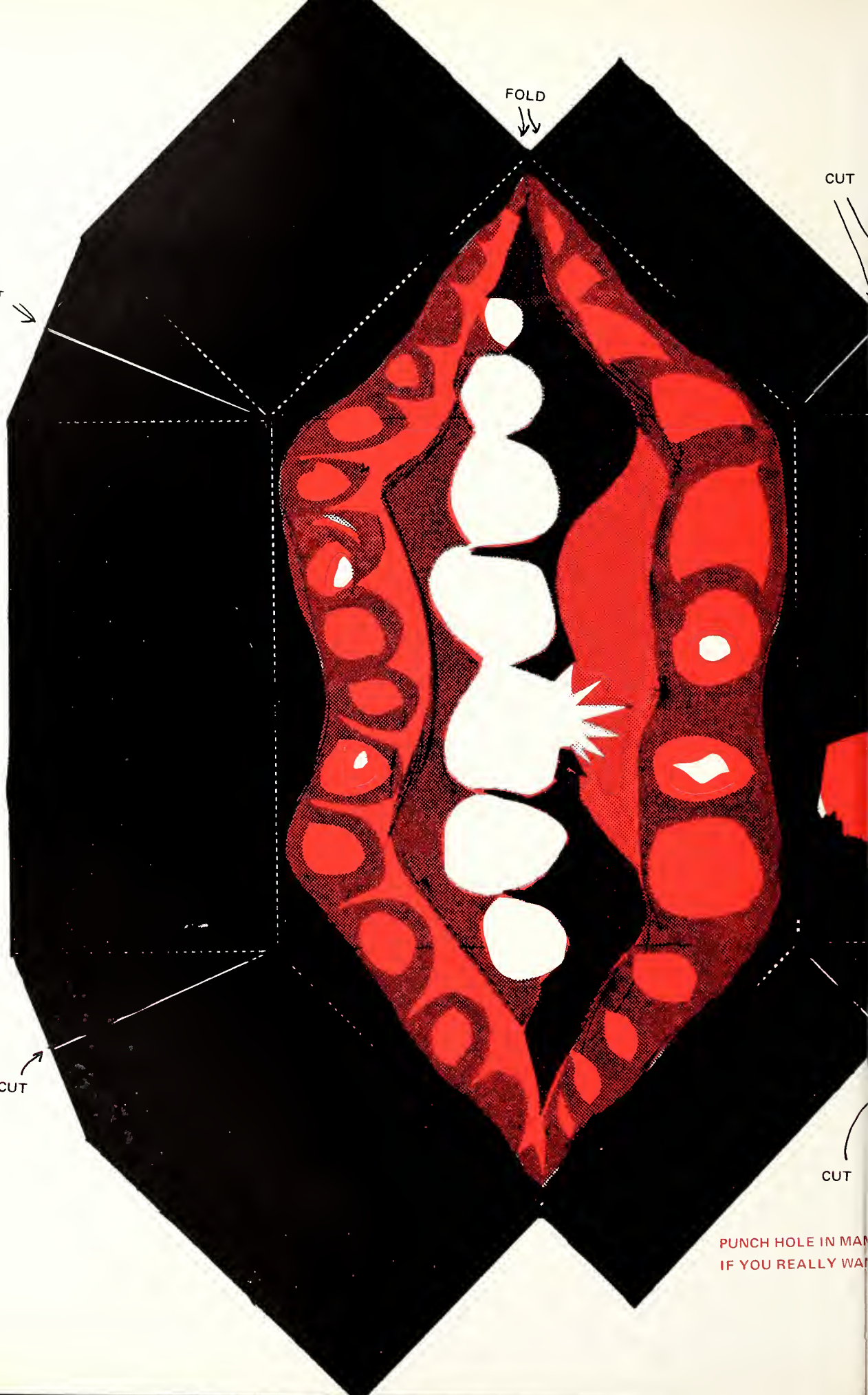
FOLD

CUT

CUT

CUT

PUNCH HOLE IN MAM
IF YOU REALLY WA



introducing

the **RIP-OFF Section**

HERE IT IS!

A "take-out" section just for you, designed specially to be ripped off from the magazine.

WHAT TO DO:

Turn to pages 28-29. These pages can be removed and hung up on your wall. Just pull the staples *up* and lift the page *out*. (Don't *remove* the staples, though, or 56 pages will fall on the floor.) Push the staples back down.

TURN IT OVER!

Wow! on the back of pages 28 and 29 is a graphic work by Ken McSween. When cut up and put together differently, it is the picture of the woman you see next to it.

A GRAND PUZZLE

How about that! You can also cut the pieces, punch holes in them and put different lengths of thread to them. Then hang the thread from a clothes hanger (or whatever). Then you have a mobile! For more directions, turn to page 32.

on to page 32!

PUNCH HOLE IN
CENTER OF THIS FLAP

FOLD ON ALL DOTTED LINES

CUT

CUT

CUT

CUT

WORD BALLOON

PUNCH HOLE IN CENTER OF THE
FOR STRING CONNECTING WITH



KEN MacSWEEN PRESENTS!

a graphic work

HUNDREDS OF USEFUL USES!

mobile

poster

puzzle

decoupage

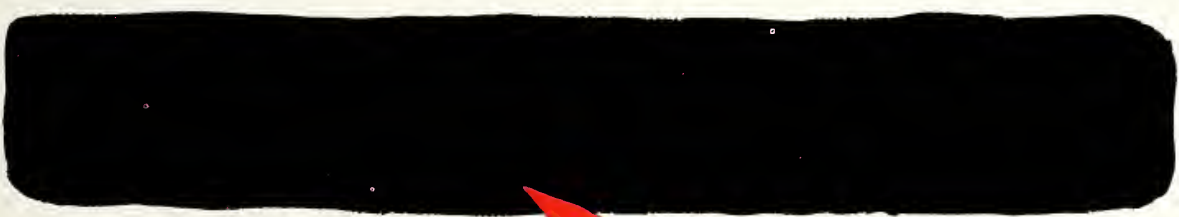
doggie diaper

collage





2201072
JFK Sept 1962





**fill the balloon with your
profoundest thoughts . . .**



CUT

CUT

CUT

CUT

CUT

FOLD ON DOTTED LINES

LD LINE
LIPS!!!

DID YOU LIKE THAT?

Even if you didn't (or if you're cheating and reading on without doing it) here are more directions for even more fun things.

EXPRESS YOURSELF

The pages beneath 28 and 29 hold a hanging art creation which will enable you to express yourself in a unique and lasting fashion.

Takes less than five minutes.

All you need is string, or thread, a coat hanger, and either glue or scotch tape.

NOW, GO TO WORK!

If you haven't already, lift up the staples and remove pp. 28-29. Then remove 26 and 31 and 24 and 33. Stick the staples back down. Now, examine the pages you removed.

JEEPERS!

You guessed it. When all the flaps are folded together and taped (or glued), you hang the lips from the balloon. Then put thread in the balloon, and hang *that*. Any message you choose can be written in the balloon.

that's all for now!

...Ripped Again!



EYEBALL
O !! hmm

FOLD

FOLD

BIG LIPS

"A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM"

Gracefully she walked to the fountain
to wet her wonderous lips
parched
by the noonday sun
how smoothly the water passed into her
how lovingly
she looked at that fountain
how refreshed she was
and I
dreaded
that I
were fountain

ROBERT O'CONNELL

Love is
A stereo Spastic
Free form movement
in perpetual motion

GEORGE SMITH

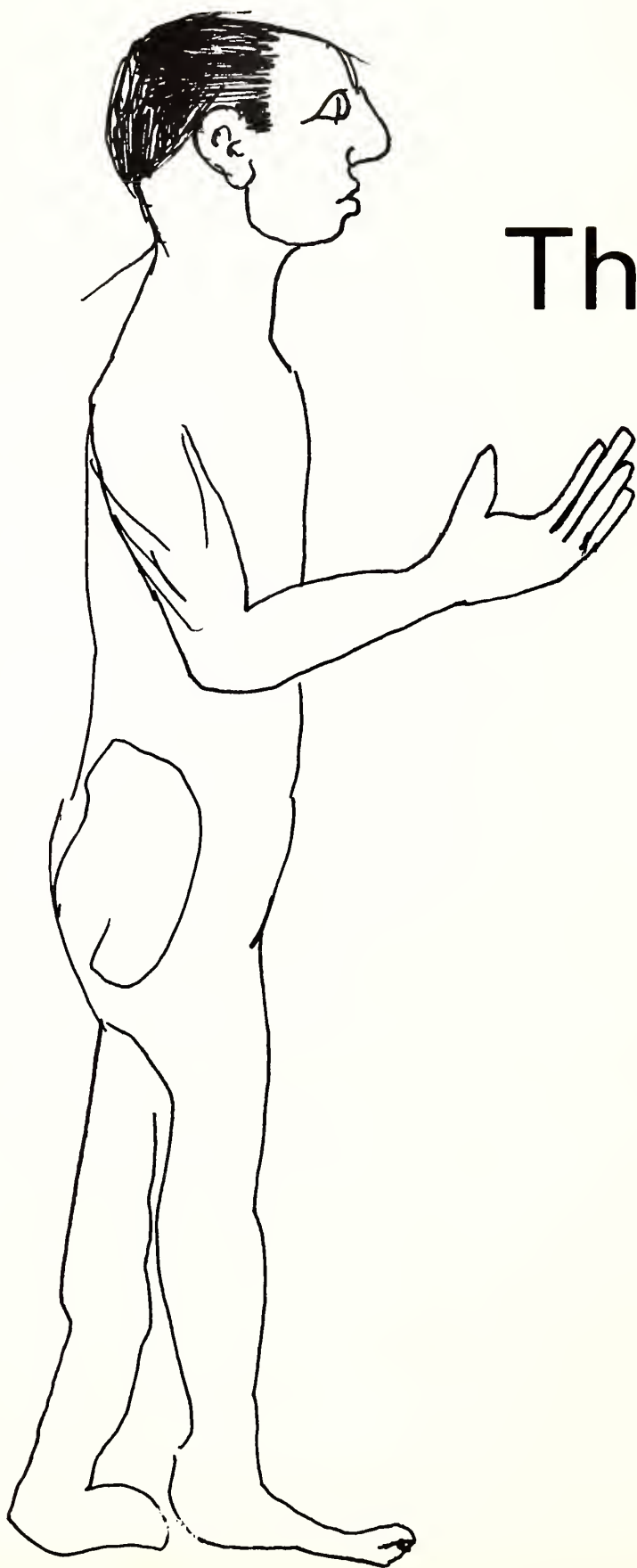
Jan Harrelson

"MY ROACH"

Moments before that fateful time
she had told me
how wonderful it was to be
alive
she stepped cautiously so as not
to bother a living creature
How beautiful she was
how graceful
She hath passed now
snuffed from her earthly domain
by a can of raid

ROBERT O'CONNELL





The Invader

By Rick Sonnenburg

I had a visitor today, the first in several days. He was a rather large man, easily a head taller than me, dressed rather smartly from what I have learned in the past month. It was like looking a mistake square in the face, like finding out in a crowded place that two plus two equals four or that space is curved. This man, Johnson I believe his name was, said that his superiors were very interested in me and my story. He made some rather meaningless deal, after which I told him that I wasn't very much interested in his newspaper. After quoting some assorted phrases I had picked up from some of the others around here, he left hurriedly.

No sooner had the door slid shut when I received my second and third visitors of the day, two uniformed men who often paid me not-so-social calls at all hours of the day or night. The higher ranking officer spoke first, in keeping with military tradition.

"You did well to brush him off,

Smith. If any more of those snoops come around, I would advise you to do the same. We had to let them in to keep down the talk, but it's better the public thinks you're just a lunatic soldier."

So, I've been inducted, I thought. I have only been in trouble once, and it was because of the military. This, I thought, could be the start of another streak of bad luck. But I wasn't about to complicate things by getting on the bad side of my captors.

"I know my responsibilities, sir," I answered. "You won't have any trouble out of me."

And they won't either. Although life could be better than it is here, I figure I'm due for a vacation, having served faithfully as long as I can remember. It is nicer here, however, than I have had it for a long time, as my captors have provided me with all the comforts of home, including this paper and dictoprinter to relate my story. And relate my story I will, although nobody may ever read it but me and my gracious hosts.

It starts, as many stories do, a long time ago, about a thousand years ago. Of course I wasn't there at the beginning, but several of my ancestors and primitive predecessors were. This narrative will start, however, at the time when we were just establishing regular space shuttles to our moon two hundred years ago. It was on one of these routine flights that my fate was sealed when an alert pilot (his name isn't important because of the time and space involved) spotted something on his radar screen. By the time he established visual contact, I was as good as a prisoner for life, for soon the wheels of beauracy started turning. I

hold no grudges on my superiors, though, even if it seems that I am making quite a big thing about my situation, but it is nevertheless my situation, and will be for a long time.

This pilot, to get on with the story, reported his find and received orders to pick up the object, since he was making a passengerless supply run. The operation went without a hitch and, as luck would have it, the object received attention from both the military and the high administration.

Why, you may ask, did I state that my story started a thousand years when I have just told you about an incident which occurred a mere two hundred years ago? The answer is easily found in the object itself, for it was no meteor or normal space debris. This was a genuine space satellite similar to the ones we had been launching, but it did not come from our planet or even our solar system. This capsule, our scientists told us, had been launched approximately eight centuries prior to its recovery. Not only that, but its creators had possessed the foresight to inscribe on its side the location of the planet in the galaxy and even two pictures of the beings on that planet, a male and a female.

Once our dedicated band of scientists had broken the quite unexpected news that life like ours existed elsewhere, the high minds in our government decided to make use of it, and this is where I eventually fit in.

We had been developing our technology on the planet itself at the time, but this discovery made the higher-ups do an about face and pour large amounts of funds for research into deep space travel, a virgin field which now, all of a sudden, had taken

on a great importance.

These beings, it seems, were not very much unlike our race, so our job was that much easier - after all, there was very little room left on our planet, and we couldn't be sure that there were any other planets which could sustain life. This one, we were sure, could. Our leaders had never heard the little maxim I've learned, "first come, first served." So what if this planet was taken.

So in a manner typical of big governments, ours decided that we would go ahead and take over this planet, before we had any idea of how advanced they were, or who they were. They were surely eight hundred years ahead in space travel, but our scientists had just begun to work in that field after advancing quite far in other fields.

If you are still wondering how I fit into all this, I ask your patience, for there are still some details to relate.

Our first attempts at deep space travel were dismal failures until, about seventy years after the capsule was found, our scientists discovered a totally new method of space travel. This, in itself, is a true example of "rags to riches". It seems that the man who discovered the principle was regarded as somewhat unstable by his colleagues. That is until the time when he was found to be right. Then there were cheers and testimonials and lots of friends. A week later, when one of our bigger military leaders was making a rousing patriotic speech about the scientist's achievement and how it would be used, the poor old man committed suicide, or so the rumor goes, because his death was listed as accidental.

But enough of the gossip, for his contribution is far more important to the story. This man discovered that space, as I believe I mentioned before, is curved much like our planet is shaped. We live on the inside of this globe, but are unable to see through the center of it. Instead, he found, we see only around the inside of the globe itself. Lines, therefore, are not straight but are really arcs. He also drew up plans for a ship with a drive which would allow it to pass through the interior of the sphere, thus saving millions of miles in near-speed of light flight.

From this ship, which always kept the planet's moon between it and the planet, itself, we learned one of the languages used most in the more advanced areas. We also learned that because of certain domestic problems, development had come almost to a halt, and we were more advanced than they in many areas, especially in deep space travel and in the area which would touch me more directly, biological science.

The military, almost in ecstasy, convinced the government to spend the money on a trial ship to go to this planet and report back with transmissions of important information. And politicians being gamblers at heart, the government agreed, and the ship was launched and it worked.

Here is where I enter the scene. After two generations of selective breeding and treatments, our scientists were able to produce a child which could be easily made to resemble exactly the inhabitants of what they hoped could be their new home. They used the sketches which the satellite so graciously offered and made what they considered the perfect carbon copy, and raised him on the information fed them by their spy ship. In short, dear reader, they made me, who now sits in jail for several crimes. I come from

two planets, I was taught two languages, two histories (although one was quite incomplete), but I was also trained to fly a spaceship in advance of an invading army. And being in the service since birth, I was quite ready to do just that.

For I, in case you are not aware of your own history, am not one of you. Smith's my name, invader from outer space is my game . . . or was my game at any rate.

Where did we go wrong, you may wonder. The story of my trip from my planet to earth tells that story. Ah, if you could have seen me then, the picture of the devoted and loyal soldier, following every order, putting my life on the line, and not questioning a thing. If I had it all to do again it would be so different. I would swing my ship around and take off for parts unknown, just on a joy ride through space until I found a place I liked, with no administrators and most of all, no military. But this cell (pleasant, but a cell nevertheless) is my universe now, so on with my flight. The entire trip took a little under twelve years, during which I matured into a loyal lone invader, and even had time for a few years of shut-eye between briefing sessions. In all, looking back at it, the journey was rather dull. The drive on the ship allowed me to slip through earth's atmosphere unnoticed, and not far from a small community in the mountains which was conveniently near a large military installation - my prime goal and now my permanent home.

Following instructions, I entered the town at night and made my way through the deserted street to the nearest hotel. I was greeted by a pair of startled female eyes which looked down at me from behind a room partition. Her look stopped me in my tracks, as her eyes worked their way first up and then down my body.

When she stood up, I knew right away that something was dreadfully wrong.

Not only was she easily six foot five, but she was even more different from the model which was given to my ancestors. For hanging from her body was cloth, much like the kind you find covering chairs. After the screaming was over, and I was brought to the local jail, an institution not nearly as nice as this, my uniformed friends came, and after a long talk, took me with them.

After a brief medical examination confirmed their suspicions, I told all, including the whereabouts of my ship, which I will soon show them how to use.

The secret of my planet's shortcoming lies in the ancient satellite, evolution, and what I can now call human nature.

Being scientists, the launchers of the craft pictured man and woman in their natural state, that is without the garb traditionally worn on their planet, but they failed to state it all naturally, as their morals (or perhaps artistic shortcomings) made them omit a considerable portion of the "private parts" of the male. Thus, being exposed, I was all the more easily exposed.

So I have learned that to keep things quite here, the army has claimed me as one of their own drunken soldiers who decided that the weather was a bit too warm for his uniform. My physical difference was somehow explained away, and here I sit, enjoying life while the armed forces at home sit and wait for word, and the armaments rot, and the chiefs sit and wonder how we failed.

But have we? See what the invader has done? he has taken over a nice sized room with all the modern comforts and nothing at all to do.



Dave Patrick

smoke filled rooms
talking people
all within breathing reach of my body
and i feeling alone
reach out with all my strength
to touch -- to reach
just one person
but now with the realization
of impossibility at hand
i resign to the smoke --
the talk -- and the smiles --

ROBIN McMAHON

Any Wonder

Swirls of flesh dust
Sucked after End-coming vacuums
build and build and build
Leviathan
Faces losing shape
in drips of burning horror
falling malleable to the molder,
gone Treblinka
Resurrected Racism
born from Nightsticks
M-16 rifles and Napalm
grants our greed
to suffer the Names
My Lai, Kent, Attica -
pretentious in our outrage,
selfish in our concern.

JERRY MAXHAM

Passing Conversation

interstellar overdrive phases
pleasantly along its course
diverging from the
converging thoughts of
yesterday,
kissing passing moments
of conversation
among neighbors,
who reach towards
one another
with greedy hands

DAVE LAWRENCE

Service trusts itself

the forecast is for
cloudy weather, with a
slight chance of rebellion
breaking into revolution
by mid-morning, if you
trust the weatherman



permanence eternal

Eternity is permanent
and permanence eternal,
I use my right hand
even though its not correct.

You use your hands to signify
your loneliness,
They reach out as you talk
but cannot touch or grasp.

I've always used my hands
And I watch them as they work,
one can work without the other
but sometimes the two seek more--

I think of hands as if they were more;
more eternal and permanent than most
and old hands could be new
if they could only learn to play old songs, on new guitars.

The tunes never change
and neither do the ears that hear them,
all that changes are the hands
that beat the rhythm, or pluck the string.
and even then, the change cannot quite be seen.

I leave you to your own thoughts,
I have my hands for mine.

STEVE LEBOW

If I could be a wintry wind
Upon what journeys I would send
The golden leaves of falls gone past
And springs and summers dead at last.

And with what chill I'd fill the lairs
Of starving dogs and sleeping bears.
I'd bring the snow to fill the air
Until the cold was everywhere.

If I could be a wintry wind
I'd numb and chill and freeze and still
Until humanity lay calm at last
Beneath a sea of frozen glass.

GALE GLYPH

Welcome To Tartarus

There's Sisyphus
rolling his stone.
A glance in the mirror
might help to convince you
and win you in seeing
he isn't alone.

I know a lot of stonerollers
and liars
and dancers and
questionless people
filled only with answers
and you.

Roll it, baby.

Humming Along

Give me a moment to gather my thoughts.
My mind has a tendency to run away
when I listen to someone
who has nothing to say.

DAVID S. BABCOCK

Bill Jacques



Fishermen,
Beaches & Rainbows

On beaches you'll find
fishermen mending their sails
under new rainbows.

If I were to say
all of us have sails to mend,
would you laugh at me?

Neath rainbows you'll find
fishermen mending the sails
that carry their dreams.

It Is Time

Child of broken dreams,
you need not lie anymore.
The truth has found you.

Bird of broken wings,
you need not cry anymore.
The world surrounds you.

People torn in half,
it is time again to laugh
that life may claim you.

Short

Subjects

By
Doug
Pugh

I

The gumball machine rotated mercilessly, ticking off the seconds as peering, probing flashlights crept over Glen's V. W. As he stared into the flashing light, he was drawn into the distance, feeling closer to the freaks driving by, slow and paranoid, than he did to the cop standing beside him.

"Okay, MAAN," put yer hands against the car, lean forward and spread yer legs."

"Eh? Oh, uh, yessir." Glen rested his head against the car window (Oh God, why'd I have to be so stoned tonight) as broad hands spread out across his chest and armpits. As the hands creepy crawled down his back, they struck a metal object in his side pocket. The fingers paused for a second, like an indecisive tarantulla just shy of making the kill.

"I think we found a weapon," the frosty breath steamed from lips quivering with joy. "Sam, come over here." The other cop walked toward them from Glen's car. "Is it clean?"

"The car is. What about him?"

"Don't know. Here, look at this." The frisker's eyes glanced down at the friskee's pocket.

"A knife." Quietly at first, and then louder. "Okay, nice and easy, turn around and empty your pockets."

Glen managed a tight smile. In their blind stupidity they had broken the spell, and now that his terror was subsiding, he enjoyed a few masochistic moments (God, I'm glad I wasn't holding) before he was free. His hand rose from his pocket. Perched on his fingers was a red kazoo, turning purple in the flashing blue beams.

"Shee-it!"

The minions of the law vanished before their frosty vapor trails dissipated. Glen had never adjusted to the speed with which foiled cops took off, and he stood shivering on the curb, watching the car vanish down an alley.



Debbie Hron

"They do leave fast, they do. Especially when it's ass-freezing cold."

II

The Pleasure Dome glowed in the night, fiery red neon crying out everyone's dream and no one's reality. Originally planned as a beehive of theatres, saunas, and restaurants, it had been hassled by the city, licensed by the state, and taxed by the government. Now, it was whittled away to a combination shooting gallery and brothel, surviving by selling cheap rock music and desperate food to a motly crowd of swingers and intellectuals.

The parking lot looked full, so John parked across the street. Though his car's heater had roared with all its life, the cold city dark pawed at his windows, and only the thought of Linda's soft eyes and warm lips kept him going until he could reach the dank, smokey warmth of 'The Dome'.

Engine shut off, he jumped out of the car and began removing his aerial. He saw Linda approaching, but he decided to let her think she was sneaking up on him.

"Hello!" The assumed gruffness of her voice contrasted pleasantly with her touch.

"Hi, girl friend. How's the action inside?" He tossed the aerial on his front seat and locked the car door.

"Oh, not too many hookers, but all the teeny-freaks are shooting up in the bathrooms. How'd your speech go?"

"Man, those petit bougoise clowns! Everything I said rolled right off their backs. Sometimes I'm tempted to forget about organizing and just work on the elections. Four more years of Nixon is a definite no-no..."

"And before that it was what a secret facist Johnson turned out to be. I tell ya, John, elections have nothing to do with what's really happening. The only way to stop the rightward drift in this

country is through individual consciousness raising." She paused. He knew that as well as she did. Linda softened her approach, trying to draw him from the well of his own self-pity. Unbuttoning his coat, she smiled. White teeth silently peering out between frost-seared cheeks.

"What's the matter?"

"Huh," she slapped his chest. "You men are all alike. You don't even care about my body, all you want is my mind."

"Bullshit." He wrapped his coat around her, their tongues diving in the warmth of each other's mouth. "C'mon, let's see if they have any 'privacy rooms' left."

"Yeah, maybe there's some guys I can pick up."

"And you, young lady, will watch it, or I'll get a 'waitress' for the night and you'll have to share me."

III

"Think there's a gypsy what could tell fortunes by readin' this sludge?" Ted tilted his glass, examining the thick brown residue in his scotch. He held it up in front of Bob. "Pretty bad, huh?"

"Yeah, a real bitch. Tell ya this though. The pigs go into Woolfrick won't need no gypsy sludge reader."

"No lie. Got knucks in my car, 'long with a cycle helmet. I'm ready to start trashin'!"

"Me too. Gotta support the cons. A buddy o' mine was sent to Woolfrick, an' ain't no one shooting him without me doin' somethin'." The band stopped playing and as the crowd quieted down, Jamie approached the microphone. She was known for being a fairly hip hooker, and one who considered herself another Jane Fonda.

"Friends of the Dome! Would you listen up, please?" As soon as she drew

their attention, she flourished a piece of notepaper like it was 'the envelope please'. "This report just came over the radio: 'at 1:45 p.m., e.s.t., two hundred National Guardsmen and State Troopers rushed section 'C' of the Woolfrick State Penitentiary. The toll so far is seven dead, and thirty wounded. All the casualties are prisoners." Jamie's voice cracked, as the crowd got ugly. Though she felt a real concern for the victims, she loved moments like this because they made her feel like a real rabble rouser. "There's going to be a rally at the circle in half an hour. We want to see everyone there."

The news filtered out through the crowd. One by one, 'radical' and 'hippie' alike felt the full impact of the event. For the past week the Woolfrick Prison rebellion (some called it the Woolfrick commune) had been the focal point of their political lives. Near the check-in counter Linda gasped, lower lip quivering, she leaned against John. He moved her along with the crowd, and just before they reached the exit, he saw Ted.

"John man, ya goin' to the rally?"

"Yeah, that is, I guess so."

"Good deal. Ya got any vaseline? I've got a club ya can use." Before John could answer, Linda looked up. Tears dried, as an expression of contempt, mingled with fear, crept into her eyes. Her hair seemed to crackle as her temper flared.

"You stupid violence freaks. Don't you realize that you're just gonna get shot! What ever happened to non-violence in the movement?"

"What ever happened to non-violence in the establishment? Just cool it chick, relax. John, you're a good man, but ya got weird taste in chicks." He watched Linda go into a slow burn. "Listen girlsie, you keep bitin' yer lippie wit' little toofie-woofies, gonna shave yer whole jaw right off." Ted grabbed a section of her cheek between his thumb and forefinger. "Why don' ya take it out on the

establishment, c'mon an' smash some windows." John stepped between them, pushing Ted away with one arm.

"Okay, okay I'm leavin'. Catch ya latter."

"No defense at all, you just stood there and let him talk like that. Now you're going to let him start trashing, aren't you?"

"Which side are you on, anyway?"

"Don't you try and polarize me. I don't let Ted do anything, He's his own man, remember? I try to reach him in my own way, at my own speed." Argument over, John watched as indecision danced across Linda's face.

"Hey John, want some acid, speed?"

"Oh, un you're . . . Glen isn't it? No, not tonight. You going to the rally?"

"Oh shit no. I already got hassled once tonight. I'll have to tell ya about it sometime, it was a trip an' a half. Hey, what's the matter with the chick?" Glen's eyes followed her across the room, heading toward a crowd of stick wielding men.

"Oh, she's trying to change the world." John's eyes lowered, then rolled to one side.

"Oh, Teddy and his boys, eh?" For a moment, the dealer flashed a grin. "Tell her that I wish her luck." Glen giggled as he turned on his heel and vanished into the crowd. "Speed, brother? ya wan. any acid?"

Ted and his friends were planning their moves for the night, when he felt a hand run gingerly down his arm. He glanced over his shoulder into Linda's eyes. The fire was gone, she seemed, however, less calm than defeated.

"Ted, call off your dogs. You won't prove anything. All violence does is turn people off."

"H-m-m-m," he reached over her arms, running his hands along her back. "Well, if you wanna get it on, I might change my mind." He belched out a dry, throaty laugh, the smell of booze and meth-mouth pelted the girl's face. She jerked away. "What's the matter? You think sissy-wissy, Johnie'll mind?"

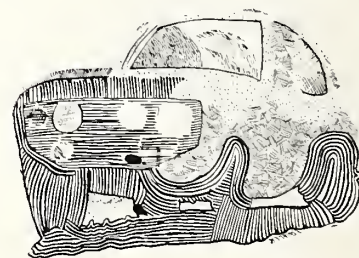
"You don't get it, you don't get it at all. John's no wuss." Ted raised his

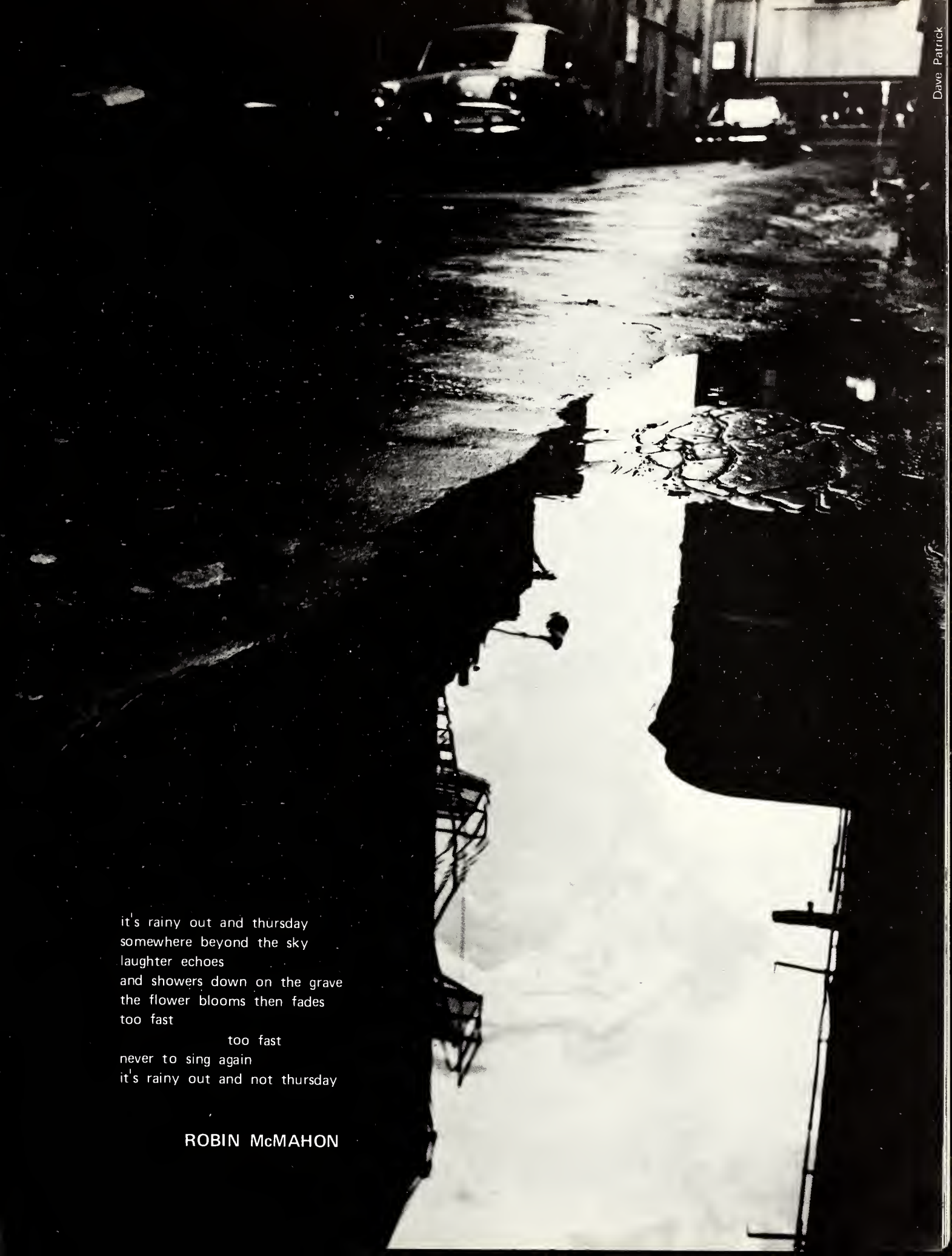
hand to her chest as if to say something, but she slapped it back. "Don't interrupt! Why don't you listen for a change! John's gotten as many battle scars as you have, but he's never believed in fighting back." She screamed, as if sheer volume would make Ted understand the principles of non-violence.

"You pacifists. You've missed the whole point that the straights've been trying to teach us for years." Ted folded his arms, assuming the stance of a prophet, about to reveal a basic truth.

"Really?!" She started to walk away, then she turned. "What's the point?"

"That it's, like, better to give than to receive."





it's rainy out and thursday
somewhere beyond the sky
laughter echoes
and showers down on the grave
the flower blooms then fades
too fast

too fast
never to sing again
it's rainy out and not thursday

ROBIN McMAHON

Schooltime
As i sit in this ohso formless seat
diminishing
i amuse myself by musing
whether or not you are alive or i am alive
or is alive dead these days
or do you really believe all that shit
or do i
or
oops there's the bell.

MARY ELLEN LOBOSCO

Age

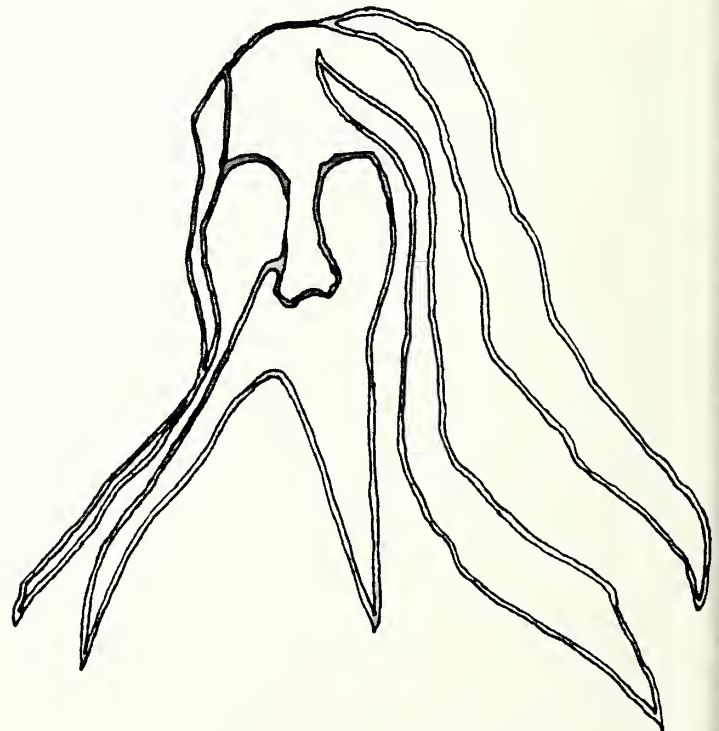
When time finally robs all the
summer days,
all that remains are feet
that struggle to carry bodies
back into yesterdays

JOE CAPITA

The demons follow
and they run to pounce upon
my quivering soul

UNTITLED

When you ignore a law,
you pay a fine.
When you ignore God's will,
you commit a sin.
When you ignore the truth,
you tell a lie.
When you ignore a person,
you make him die.



TH.

PLIGHT

to hide
in the shadows
of tears
long forgotten
and crouch
into the darkness
of fears
now renewed
to drift
through the fragments
of history
and mindlessly
cry
o'er the ashes
of a hopefire
long kindled

ROBIN McMAHON

Bill Jacques



Apocalypse

Weary as the wind
an ancient walks
the gray malicious eye
a wolf who stalks

on mountains upturned gale
the vulture waits
three who seek alone
three complimenting fates

on cold barren ground
Frozen in destiny
one harsh unchanging scene
one page for eternity

a leaf that fell
a page always falling blowing weary on the wind

BRYANT ROBERTS



David Patrick

eileen
eliot

glass and paper coffee cups

The world was once made entirely of delicate glass spheres. That is, before the time of paper coffee cups and walks inside walled brick gardens and the morning slosh of the mopping maids. She was not sure how both could exist at once. Perhaps one was only a dream. The dream must surely be why she was there, with the Strangers, walking in halls and sleeping in folding beds as she had learned to do, in a room not quite her own. Had morning played a trick on her eyes, arriving slyly, unannounced? Had glass splintered and left her with this?

Everyone sat in rows along heavy tables, each with a paper coffee cup, and a tiny packet of salt. Toward one side of the table, mounds of potatoes, lima beans and thinly-cut meat were piled in plastic dishes. All of the Strangers talked about the food. She stared at a plate in front of her.

"Come on now, if you don't take your own food, we'll have to give it to you. You know that's Dr.s orders."

She tried to forget about the paper coffee cups.

"All right. I guess I'll have to give it to you then."

She saw mashed potatoes rise up on the plate.

"You have to eat them all. We're going to watch and make sure that you do."

She turned over the chair in her run for the door; but the hall was too long and the Others were too fast. They had locked the door. The potatoes were heavy stones, powdering all the splinters of glass as they pushed their way down her throat. She left the long table; her plate was empty.

Did the change have anything to do with the spinning spheres of glass, echoing powerful music which belied their fragile surface? Had, in fact, the glass only been covering her face; and had she, in error, turning quickly to look, shattered it, so that now all the Others could see her evil, her ugliness, her very thoughts? Only their horror at such a careless revelation could have prompted this difference in rooms and coffee cups.

It was dark. Someone sat outside her door looking through magazines. She watched him; he did not look up. She struck a match and began burning the tips of her fingers. The man yawned and picked up another magazine. She struck another match and placed the flame on a corner of the sheet covering her. Flames began to rise from the bed and the man looked up. "Damn", he said and put down his magazines.

There were a lot of voices then and the fire went out. Someone said, "You'll have to file an incident report, Al." "Damn," the man said again, and went back to his magazines. She stared at the ceiling and hoped that she could keep her eyes open long enough to keep it from falling on her. The night was long.

The Strangers, who drank also from paper coffee cups, formed small groups and talked and played cards. Their faces seemed unshattered and she wondered if they had just walked in there by mistake. Only a few, like herself, wandered the halls and sat in corners by the door. One of these few tried to read her a story about a little prince and his baobab trees. She listened, but kept her face frozen, not wanting to lose the few slivers remaining. The Others, like the man outside her door, shifted about, taking notes and whispering among themselves. They seemed always to be taking off coats and talking about traffic and lunch breaks. Sometimes she would ask one of them to take her out for a walk. Usually they said, "There isn't time," or "Why didn't you ask earlier?" When they did unlock the door and put on their coats to go out with her, they only watched as she wasked the perimeter of the yard, close to the wall. And she saw the seasons change inside the wall, though there were no trees. Only stubs of grass and a few weeds.

She stopped thinking as much about the powerful spheres of the glass world, except when questioned by one of the Others. She listened sometimes to the sound of their clashing, delicate notes or their strident, accusing tones. And she silently watched their play on the walls of her room growing shapes, forming birds, faces, and sometimes, only shadows. Mostly, she did not think at all. Occasionally she would feel sorrow for her lost thoughts, and a great guilt at deserting them for the empty labyrinth in which she walked. At those times, she would open a sliver and let in some air, and a thought. It excited her to have a thought. She

would tell one of the Others, and they would say,

"Where do you get these thoughts of yours?"

She would answer, "They come in with the air."

And they would reply, "That's what people like you always say."

Then they would write it down in their notes and whisper some more.

It didn't seem to matter anymore why she was there, except to deny the reasons given by the Others. Nor did she wonder still whether it was the glass spheres that were the dream, or instead, the paper coffee cups. She simply slept.

One morning, quite early, when she had refused to wash her face, one of the Others said impatiently,

"Someday you'll have to learn that your face is not made of glass - you're just like everyone else."

She opened a sliver for air and began to wonder if it was possible that she possessed a secret not known to the Others. For surely the Others had merely preserved better their glass faces. They too were fragile, though perhaps more thickly-layered than she and the Strangers. Through a widening sliver of air, the thought passed proudly that she was only different in knowing this, and in letting such fragility show.

She told no one, but she washed her face. Then she walked outside, next to the wall, and noticed a few browning tufts of grass, and felt like planting flowers in a garden somewhere.

When she left there, she took one paper coffee cup with her. And when she looked at it later, it was only to wonder how such a simple thought could have freed her from the walled brick yard, and why, after all, paper coffee cups were ever needed.

CITY

buildings are collapsing
on each other
in the dawn.

MARY ELLEN LOBOSCO



FOR YOU

I remember when you told me how lousy
the world was . . .
(neither of us believed it)
You read poetry as if you meant it,
(and spoke the same way)
I believed in you and the voice that seems dead now--
Now your eyes are different
without light or laughter
your wings are gone--(melted by flying too close to the sun?)
Goodbye grownup -- I still love you.

AUTUMN

Leaves, in agonized struggle
Are wrenched from the arms of trees.
Melancholy nighttime clouds
 (like ghostly ribbons illuminated
 with unreal moonlight)
Trickle down I cry tears.

MARY ELLEN LOBOSCO

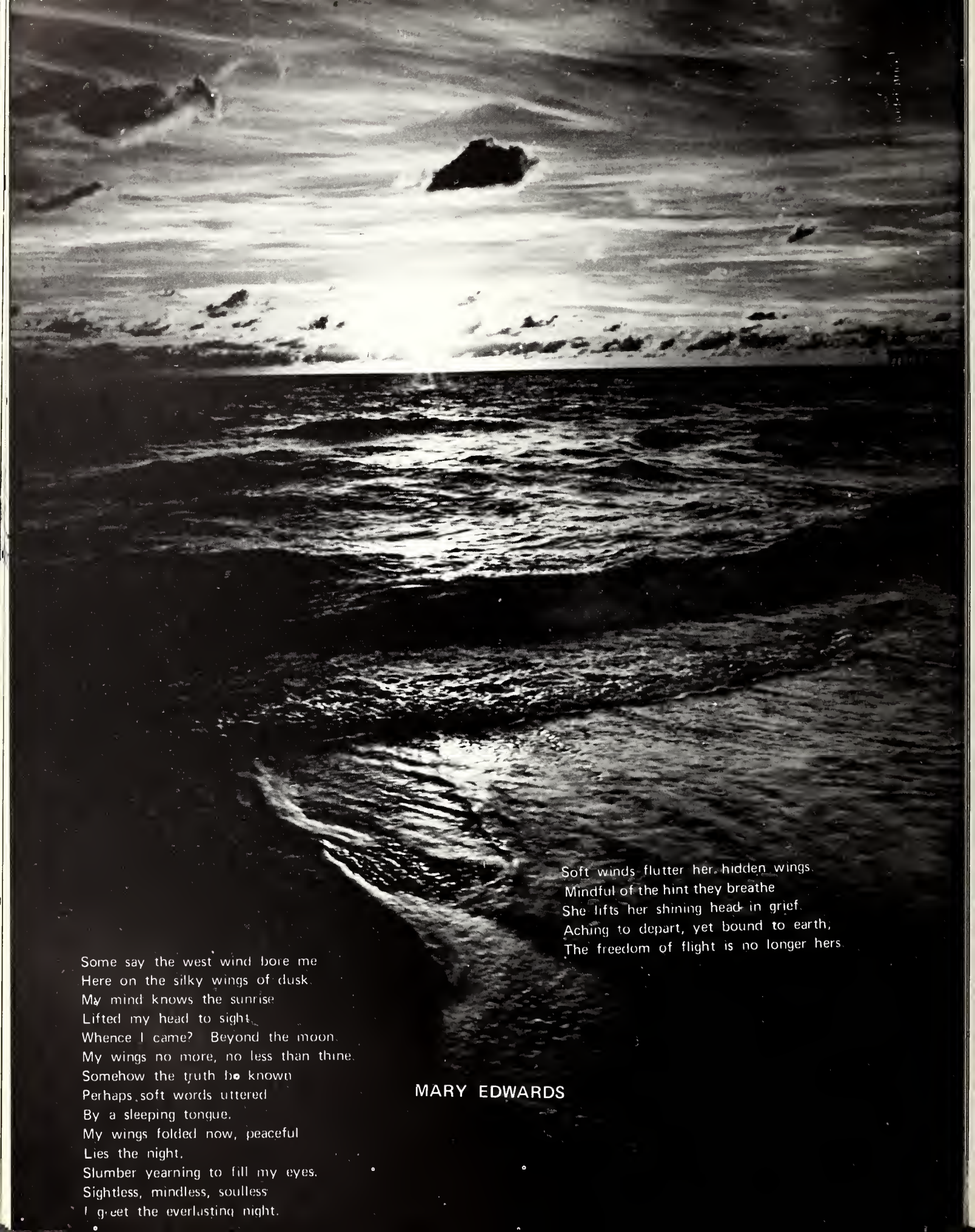
Doug Silvera



LONELINESS SITS

Loneliness sits on the fringes of sadness
And sadness encloses the world -- like a picket fence
with no latch
and no hole for the sunlight to penetrate
 the darkness that hides our faces
 from each other so
We see no one but Loneliness
 Who continues to sit on the fringes of sadness.

MARY ELLEN LOBOSCO



Some say the west wind bore me
Here on the silky wings of dusk.
My mind knows the sunrise
Lifted my head to sight
Whence I came? Beyond the moon
My wings no more, no less than thine.
Somehow the truth be known
Perhaps, soft words uttered
By a sleeping tongue.
My wings folded now, peaceful
Lies the night.
Slumber yearning to fill my eyes.
Sightless, mindless, soulless
I greet the everlasting night.

MARY EDWARDS

Soft winds flutter her hidden wings.
Mindful of the hint they breathe
She lifts her shining head in grief.
Aching to depart, yet bound to earth,
The freedom of flight is no longer hers.



Jan Harrelson

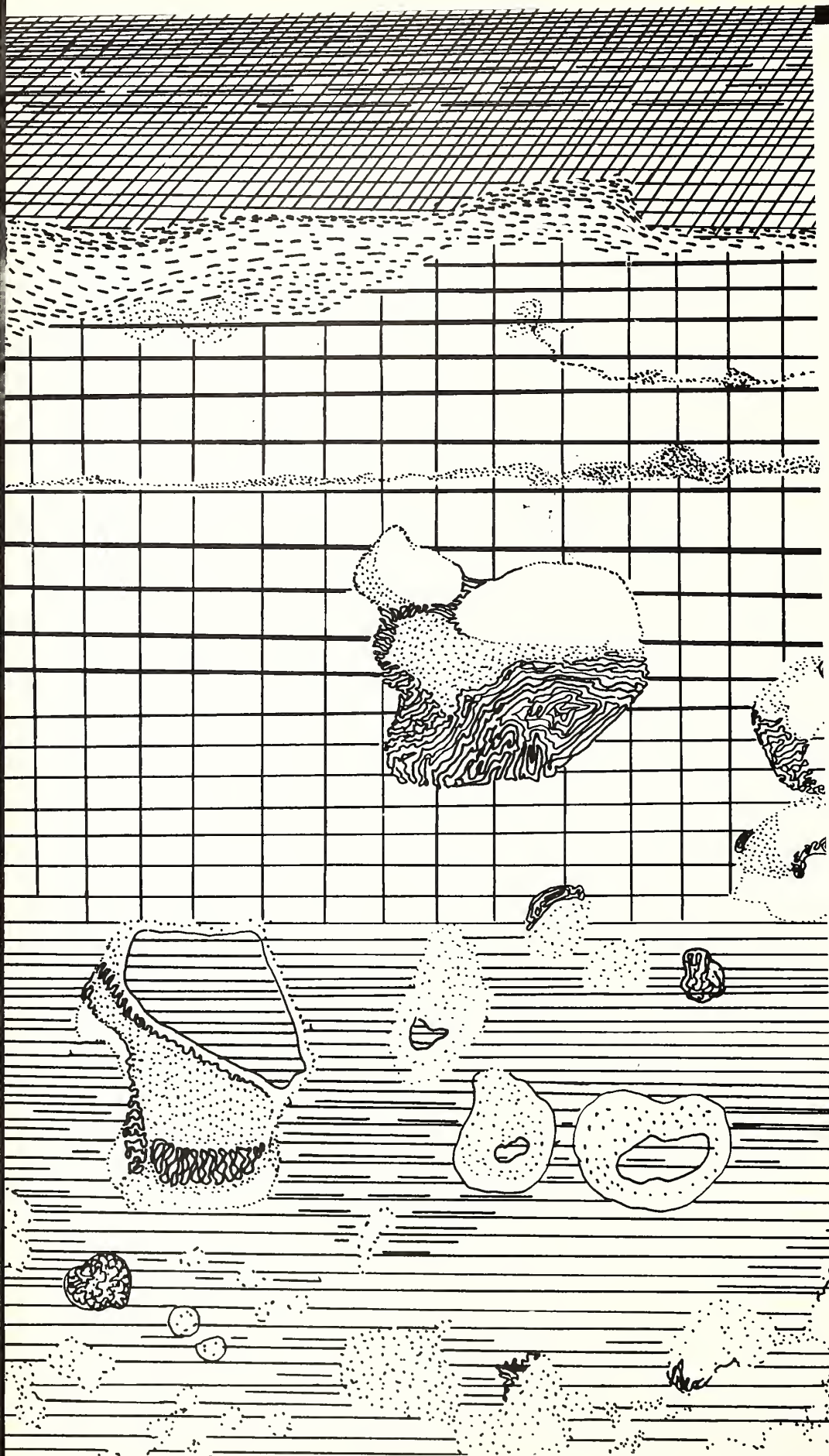
A bit off-beat

I sat with Sam yesterday
he was explaining about
the history of nutmeg,
and the important part it's played in our great American heritage.

Sam's a good guy
a bit off-beat
but certainly a sincere person.

I wonder often,
if people like Sam
go through life riding a cumulus cloud.
I'd like to think so.

MIMI MARSH



the
amorality
constant
by
jarvis smith

6 August, 1985

I dreamed of Rollo, netted by those NVA frogmen in Haiphong Harbor. Listening through the hydrophones from on board the sub I could hear his frantic whistles and clicks as he reverted to his natural dolphin language in pathetic cries for help. I could visualize him thrashing about in

the water trying to break to the surface. Suddenly I was in that net and I needed that air

When I awoke I still wasn't sure whether or not I was still on the sub. The nylon webbing of my sleep cocoon had me disoriented as my benumbed brain tried to focus on reality. No, that was years ago, I decided. I'm on a different vessel; a different mission. Looking across at the viewport confirmed it.

Outside the ship faint firefly flecks spattered the vast black pit that is Jupiter - lightning a million times fiercer than any on earth. But now a slim rainbow of fluorescence is distinguishable along the eastern limb. Waxing Jupiter, hinting at the sun and another five-hour day.

It will be a good thing to see the sun again for I can imagine the earth, at opposition now, a mote inching its way across the solar eye. Earth and home. Thirty-five minutes away "as the photon flies", so they say. But according to our last up-date that's a three month journey for the . Robert Oppenheimer. One we won't be making.

At least the computer is maintaining its steadfast optimism. It would be spitting out NAV up-dates for varying hyperbolic paths homeward long after we were dead - an electronic guidepost pointing the way with no travelers to follow.

For we are impotent in the fist of mighty Jove, a personification made more real by the synchronous orbit we were locked in, motionless over one point of Jupiter's surface as if a giant hand held us in its grip.

The rest of the crew is concentrating on our immediate problem: re-phasing those twin fuser engines. We have only the remotest chance of success. But it is evident to me that my death is

foreordained. And now I can view it with detachment, for somewhere down there in the cold slush of Jovian atmosphere my humanity is encapsulated in a metal coffin. I died with Lily.

Funny I didn't see it as clearly before as I do now. First Rollo's death and then Lily's, as if it were a natural, cyclic order of things. But I thought as a scientist and science tends to serve the expediency of the times.

The breakthrough we had made in inter-species communication with dolphins came at a time when we were at war, and can be said to be a direct result of that war. But whereas Rollo would have been the subject of years of carefully controlled experimentation, he was converted into a soldier.

He met his death at my command without question. But he had no concept of the human motives behind his "duties". This realization, the horror of it, I had supplanted through continuing with my work, advancing the frontiers of knowledge. But did I ever, really forget it?

There were years of peace and budget cuts. Our project was shunted out of Naval Intelligence and supported by the meager resources of the Office of Naval Research.

Then the *Enrico Fermi* expedition brought back the dazzling, terrifying news that Jupiter harbored intelligent life and Project Hermes was born in the hushed rooms of secret government agencies. Delphinology came into its own again. Ours was the team that had successfully communicated with another earth species and we were given the job of establishing contact with an extra-terrestrial species.

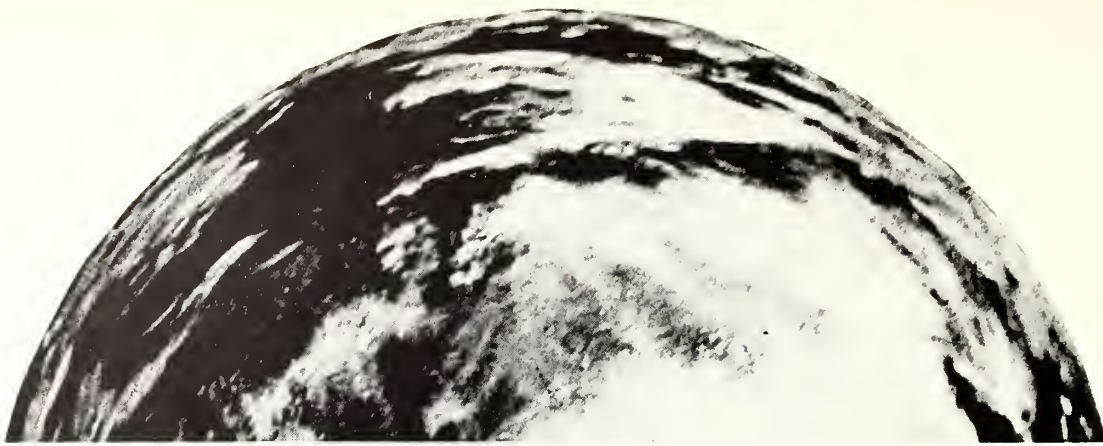
We were fortunate to have Rollo's

daughter as a part of the Project Hermes team. Lily was a born linguist and highly motivated (though what motivates dolphins in these intellectual games they play with us I still do not know). Already adept at Link-speak, she aided us greatly in decoding some of the mysterious radio- speech of the Jovians. Without her contribution we would not have known that the Jovians possessed a technology at all.

She was ideally suited for the trip into the Jovian atmosphere from the linguistic as well as the physiological standpoint (no computer could match her already proven interpretive ability in Jove-speak). She, of course, did not realize that her life would be sacrificed. In the urgency with which the Oppenheimer expedition was organized it seemed so necessary at the time. In a world where any country can piece together a fuser bomb, the technological superiority of the United States seemed imperative. Any knowledge to be gained from the Jovians would contribute to that superiority. We felt we could not wait for a time when we would be able to recover Lily's gondola from within Jupiter. The engineering difficulties were far beyond the present state-of-the-art. It was to be a one-way trip.

Such was our rationale.

The gondola was successfully inserted into Jupiter's gaseous envelope and within the first six hours Lily had managed to raise first contact. We listened intently on the audio Jove-speak circuit to the sonorous radio bursts of intelligent beings of another world as Lily delivered our carefully framed introduction. Intermittently Lily would keep us advised over the LINCTRANS circuit as to her progress while we pumped the unintelligible Jove-speak signals back toward earth.



As her reports flashed electric-green on the Link's CRT our excitement mounted. Each was a scientific revelation. But her last formal report was the most intriguing of all.

"They are like us," she reported. The collator in the LINCTRANS system supplied no additional background to this simple statement, so I punched out a query for a more detailed explanation.

"Jovians have evolutionary history similar to dolphins ." The clipped, stilted words indicating that the Link collator had taken over to interpret Lily's rapid-fire symbols.

How could that be, we wondered? One hundred twenty- five million years ago the Creodonts crawled from the land back into the sea to become the dolphins of today. Where could the Jovians have come from? I queried again.

"They come from someplace else," was the tantalizing reply.

We were on the verge of an answer to the most puzzling questions that came up regarding the Jovians. It was hypothetically possible for them to evolve in Jupiter's hydrogen-ammonia-methane atmosphere, but they could not oxidize. What was their bio-chemical energy source?

How did they develop a technology? All our pet theories were out the

window if Jupiter was not their native planet. More urgent questions arose.

"Where did they come from?" I queried Lily.

Lily did not reply.

Were the Jovians from some other planet in the solar system? Or were they able to cross the great unimaginable gulfs between the suns? What knowledge was waiting down there to be tapped? Our speculation soared, but Lily's silence held us in check. She would not make contact over the Link.

Her exchanges with the Jovians continued but the extent of them had us baffled. She was exceeding our rigidly defined limits of contact. We could only console ourselves that we had the Jove-speak tapes to break back at some future date.

For three days we tried to raise her on the Link. Then while we were monitoring the gondola's life-support at terminal phase, she broke silence.

"What happened to Rollo?"

Her father's name evoked all the dread and guilt I had been suppressing these many years. I was stunned and could not frame an answer.

But within a few, short, agonizing minutes she was dead. Her question was, perhaps, answered by my inability to reply. While our monitors

displayed her suffocation in EKG graphs and meter readings, I watched in a state of constrictive futility.

Her sudden concern for Rollo mystified and tore at me. What revelation occurred to her in that boiling ocean of gas so alien to her native Atlantic? That both she and Rolle were sentient beings exploited to further the myopic aims of Homo sapiens? Did she suddenly realize this when her death was imminent or did the Jovians impart this insight to her?

Whichever, I am now sure that the Jovians have been long aware of what we humans are only just beginning to realize. Our humanity is of greater worth than mere technological striving. The amorality we equate into our scientific investigations does not enhance objectivity so much as it permits us the luxury of ignoring what we are. And in so doing it draws us into denying our own humanity through its exclusion from ordered scientific thought.

Intelligent beings like Rollo and Lily did not take for granted their role in the universe for they had no technology to becloud it. The Jovians may have mastered that difficulty eons ago. We haven't. While we still cannot comprehend them, they know us.

The odds against both our fusers breaking phase is several trillion-to-one. And they know that, too.



STAFF

Editor: Janis Mara

Prose Editor: Doug Pugh

Prose Board: John Zazik, Eileen Eliot, Mark Gaspart, Bill Jacques

Poetry Editor: Joseph Capita

Poetry Board: Wendy Anderson, Jim Gresart, Robin McMahon, Janis Mara, Lisa Papa, Micki Salter, Larry Givens

Ripoff Section Board: Mary Edwards, Jim Gresart, Steve Selpal

Photography Board: David Patrick, Doug Silvera, Ann Patrick

Design Editor: Steve Selpal

Layout: Janis Mara, Steve Selpal

Layout technicians: Doug Pugh, Wendy Anderson

ADMINISTRATION

Faculty Sponsor: Betty Owen

President: Dr. Hugh Adams

Vice President and Dean of Academic Affairs:

Dr. Clinton Hamilton

Executive Dean of Central Campus: Dr. Harry Smith

Executive Dean of North Campus: Dr. Horace Hartzell

Director of Student Affairs: Dr. George Young

Director of Student Activities: Bob Livermon

Chairman of Communications Division:

Willard Kempton, Central; Bernard Campbell, North

Head of English Department: Dr. George Griffith

Opinions expressed in P'AN KU are those of the individual writer or artist and do not necessarily reflect the attitude of Broward Community College staff, faculty or administration.

P'AN KU is financed by the Broward Community College Student Activity Fund and printed by Designers Press, Orlando, Florida.







Steve Selpal

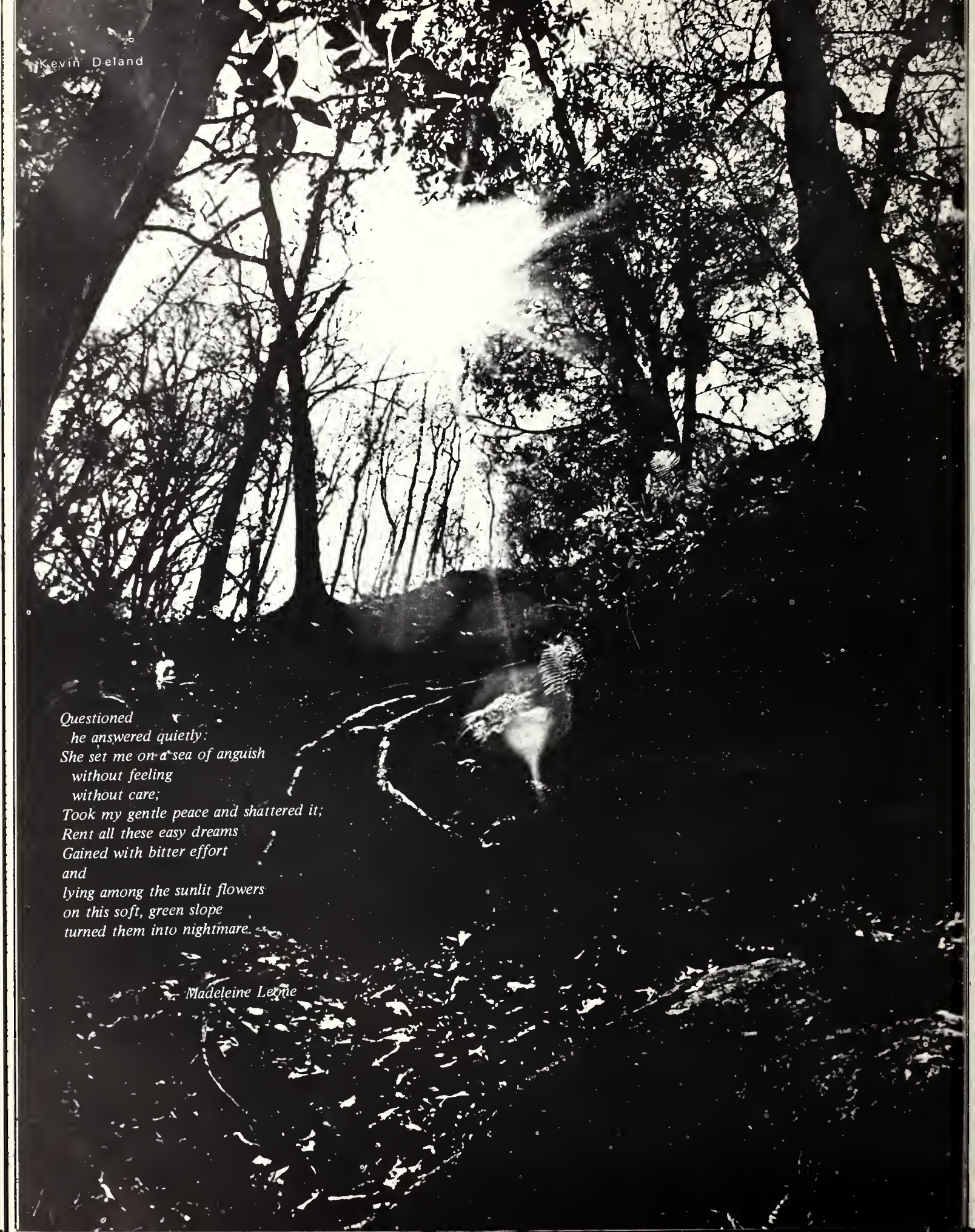
P'an Ku, the Chinese deity of creativity, pictured here as earth-goddess. Sculpted in sand, risen whole from some footpocked beach. Shining across stifled air. Strength calling across deepest water, strength calling unto strength.

P'an Ku

The Broward Community
College Literary Magazine

2	<i>Madeleine Leone</i>	Poetry
4	<i>David Patrick</i>	Photography
5	<i>Randall Hanis</i>	Poetry
6	<i>David Novack</i>	Poetry
7	<i>Karen Bayler</i>	Poetry
8	<i>D. Jarvis Smith</i>	Layboy Interview
10	<i>David Babcock</i>	Photography
11	<i>Marky Kelly</i>	Poetry
12	<i>Madeleine Leone</i>	Poetry
13	<i>Marky Kelly, Orra Healey, Stephanie Poe</i>	Poetry
14	<i>Mary Ellen Lobosco</i>	Poetry
15	<i>David Babcock</i>	Poetry
16	<i>Marion Springer</i>	The Man in the Red Flannel Suit
22	<i>Mary Ellen Lobosco</i>	Poetry
23	<i>James Greasart, Bill Humphries, Larry Givens</i>	Poetry
24	<i>Janis Mara</i>	Sam and the Coca-Cola Bottling Factory
30	<i>David Babcock</i>	Poetry
31	<i>David Patrick</i>	Photography
32-35	<i>David Patrick, Kevin Deland</i>	FACES
36-69	<i>Jan Harrelson, Kevin Deland, David Babcock</i>	NATURE
40	<i>Elwood Armstrong</i>	The Ethereals
45	<i>Whitney McCauley Gordon</i>	Poetry
46	<i>David Bianculli</i>	The Odd Behavior of Calvin Ross
50	<i>Stephanie Poe</i>	Poetry
51	<i>Larry Givens</i>	July Chill
53-60	<i>Ted Bowe</i>	Photography- POSTERS
61-64	<i>David Babcock, David Patrick, Kevin Deland</i>	Photography- POSTCARDS

Cover photos by Steve Selpal



*Questioned
he answered quietly:
She set me on a sea of anguish
without feeling
without care;
Took my gentle peace and shattered it;
Rent all these easy dreams
Gained with bitter effort
and
lying among the sunlit flowers
on this soft, green slope
turned them into nightmare.*

Madeleine L'Engle



In the evening

Carnal knowledge

caught between the

bittersweet

of contemplation and desire,

began to issue:

Do not tempt

the lonely

and the desolate;

In their pain

the earth is cursed.


MADELEINE LEONE



Kevin Deland



Dave Patrick



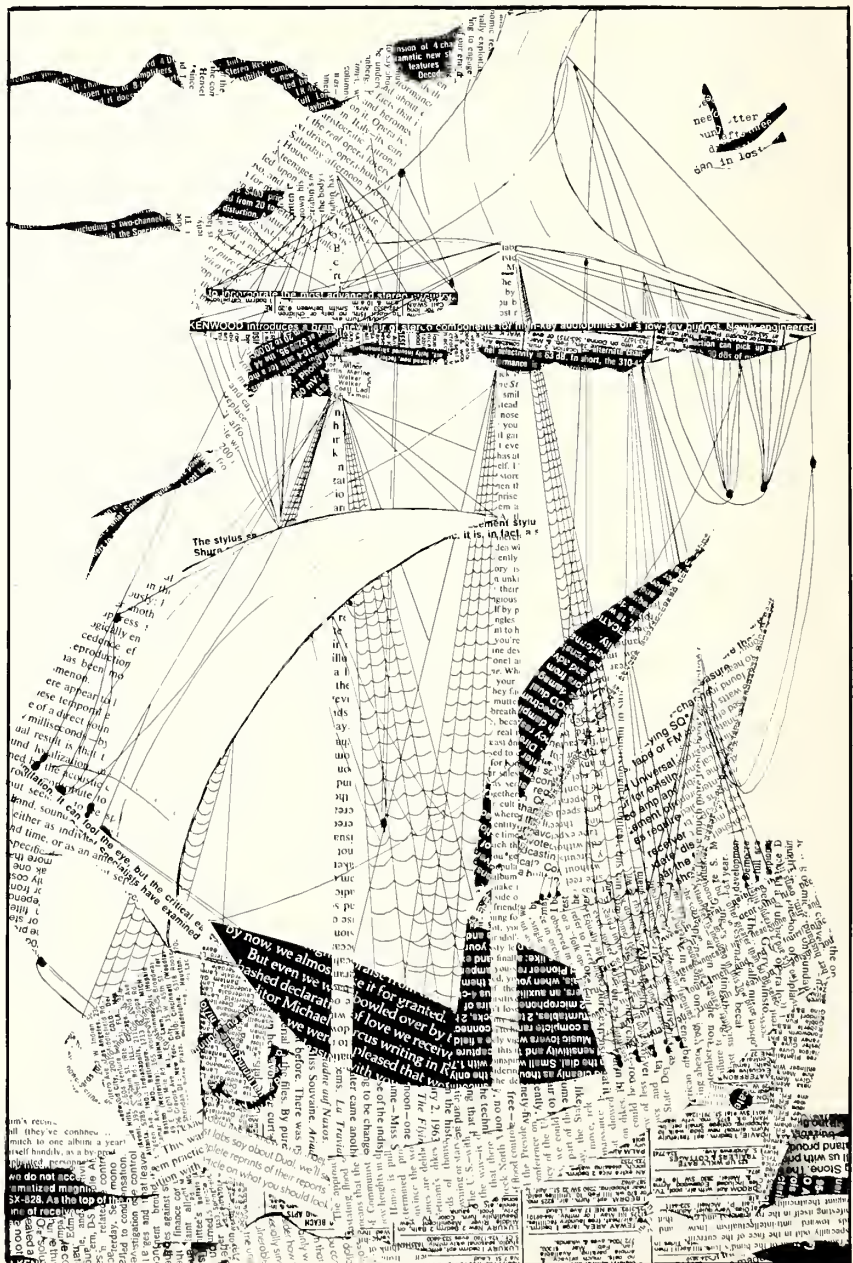
**Sure arrangement
Lost engagement
Wet eyed woman
Clings like silk .**

Randall Hanis

entreat me to my private hell
 and let my imagination swell
 bringing dreams as dreams should be
 you and i
 inside of me.
 inside, the dream,
 the dwelling place.
 outside, the shapes
 are ships
 sailing in me,
 in me

 i sail
 for you
 or who?

DAVID NOVACK



Sharon Brown



Was it yesterday, or the day before?
Can I recall it, inspire its recurrence in
my mind?
Make it constant?
Remember!
I stood to witness whispering seas engulf
a silent sky.
As dusk merged into darkness the ship glazed
over breaking glass.
I watched, as from the brazen hull of cold
metal, the tropic waters mushroomed,
Billowing out in a paragon of liquid marble.
Effervescent ribbons maneuvered in a
circular maze.
A thousand separate bubbles, resplendent,
dependent upon each other
To complete the design carved in vital motion.

Through black waters filtered coils of
white lace;
Chantilly, swirling, dancing on the surface,
rippling away,
But never completely lost in the depth,
Before they were renewed in the swell that
would follow inevitably.

The surf hummed a subtle ballad and revealed a
simple secret
As she rolled in and out of recreated patterns.
Remember!
Even the foamy brine has been offered this
powerful gift;
To take from the creative energy, inherent,
eternal,
The ability to remold herself in beauty.

LAYBOY INTERVIEW:



I found God in a luxury condominium in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. It had been a search that stretched over many thousands of miles and many years since the Life article on his theological demise. Rumor had it he was "alive and well in Mexico City" and there I'd be, typewriter and tape recorder in hand, ferreting out any leads in broken Spanish. Or off to New Jersey where he had allegedly made a guest appearance to some distraught Bayonne housewife.



Although he was as elusive as Che Guevara and as secluded as Howard Hughes, I finally tracked him to this place: Heavenly Land Village-- "Prestigious Florida living at a cost you can't afford".

After a series of confrontations with a sullen gatekeeper, a stolid security guard, and a sarcastic secretary I was, at long last, granted an interview.

No long gray beard, God was clean-shaven, balding, a squat five feet seven inches. No regal robes, but a blue Ban-lon sports shirt and cranberry

colored Palm Beach slacks. Instead of a scepter he clutched a putter as he practiced his golf on the Karastan carpeting, a Cuesta Rey Number Four cigar clenched tightly in his teeth.

Altogether an unimposing figure surrounded by the ostentatious artifacts of an opulent American civilization. I admit to a degree of skepticism as the interview began:

LAYBOY: Are you really God?

GOD: I am. (chuckling) Pardon me, that's a little inside joke. Take a load off. What'll you have?

LAYBOY: Scotch and soda. Tell me, how did you feel about that article in Life? The one regarding your death.

GOD: Well, I'll have to give the same response as Mark Twain: those reports were greatly exaggerated (laughter). What it boils down to is that when



you're on top everyone is taking pot-shots at you. Anyway, I fixed them for good.

LAYBOY: But aren't you retired?

GOD: Hell no! Well, sort of semi-retired. I have more time for relaxation now, golf, things like that. Sure I've lost a lot of holdings, but I still own controlling interest in just about everything. Here's your drink.

LAYBOY: Thanks. You still take an interest in world events, then?

GOD: World events? You mean like Viet Nam?

LAYBOY: Yes. For instance, don't you feel American bombing over there was a violation of your commandment, "Thou shalt not kill"?

GOD: What are you, some kind of a smart Alec? The original Hebrew text reads "thou shalt not murder". As far as those godless gooks are concerned it isn't murder, it's euthanasia. Get it? Euthan-asia.

LAYBOY: Un, yeah. What about the Middle East situation?

GOD: I won't comment on that any further than to say that Golda and I have something cooked up that will make Jericho look like a panty raid. The handwriting is on the wall for the Arabs as far as I'm concerned. And don't go spouting any more of that commandment garbage at me again. I don't mind if a fellow bends the rules a little as long as he's loyal in the things that count. Obedience and loyalty, those are the qualities a man in my position values the most.



GOD

LAYBOY: What do you feel is the cause of most of the trouble the world is in today?

GOD: I can answer that question easily in two words: young people. Young people and their screwy ideas. All this talk about civil liberties and equitable distribution of wealth. Horse feathers! The world belongs to the rich and the powerful, the Solomons and Davids.

LAYBOY: Isn't this a departure from the image the public has of you as a "merciful God"?

GOD: Look, I didn't write any of that New Testament crap. I'm allowing this interview to help set the record straight from that snow-job Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John have been giving. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John... sounds like an advertising agency, doesn't it? Anyway, I'm now in the process of writing my memoirs to clear this thing up.

LAYBOY: I notice you haven't mentioned your son...

GOD: Jesus? I'd just as soon not. But he's typical of what's wrong with young people, the ungrateful brat. I sent him to Qumran University to get an education, right? So he picks up a lot of radical ideas and falls in with the wrong crowd and what happens? I built this business up from nothing and instead of letting me pass it on to him, he goes over to the competition. Meek shall inherit the earth, No way! Give me a Moses or an Abraham anytime.

LAYBOY: Where is Jesus, now?

GOD: Oh, last I heard he was heading a liberationist movement on the West Coast. He never writes. But let's talk of pleasanter subjects. How's your golf?

LAYBOY: Fair.

GOD: You seem to be intelligent enough. You've been writing for Layboy a long time?

LAYBOY: Un, off and on, yes. Why?

GOD: I was wondering if you wouldn't take a job helping me write my autobiography.

LAYBOY: You mean, as a sort of Holy Ghost-writer?

GOD: (laughter) Yeah, that's pretty good. Exactly. Why don't you come back and see me next week. We could play a round of golf and talk it over. Say next Thursday?

LAYBOY: I'm not sure...

GOD: Of course I may decide there won't be a next Thursday...

LAYBOY: You've made me an offer I can't refuse..





Meaning

and when asked
if he had found
purpose
in his life,
the old man made no
sound

but
laughed
until the tears
roared
down his face

Persons --
emulsive bubbles
merging
into an unctuous sea --
surging
toward the complement of their
ego --
find contentment in a
rainbow.

People, encircling their
shrine
of opalescent
design,
admire the gamut of
hues
in the way that they
fuse.

One, stepping out of the
crowd,
throws a
cloud
of shadow, transforming to a
muddle
their image -- a
puddle.

Persons,
form their coalition
slipping,
catharsis
stripping
away the facade of harmony, contemplate
alone
a color of their
own.

MARKY KELLY

A fog paled the sun --
stripped it of godness,
steeped it in earthness,
made it a moon in a silver mid-night.

I stood still and watched --
awed by its plainness,
stirred by its roundness,
drunk on the gleam of its nebulous light.

I felt the earth turn --
shrinking to vastness,
reasoning madness,
waxing full circle and one in the Sight.

And so we agreed
To play no games
So started the endless
Game of no games.

ROBIN McMAHON

The talk of old men plays music
as friends die.



Kevin Deland

We ran through the darkness
Gathering stars like flowers,
In the old fields of Hellas
Among the golden towers
Glimmering in the moonlight,
And saw the ancient people
Their working and their playing,
While trees bloomed silent music.

Dionysion procession
Girls dancing on the edges
The lightness of their dresses
Caught flowing in the breezes
The boys came running after
With their shouted laughter
While tiny ringing cymbals
And songs of men and women
Pitched against the torches.

Their talking and their movement,
Their joy became a humming
And from the distant mountain
Where we stood and watched them
The humming turned to passing
And passing turned to silence.

MADELEINE LEONE



Kevin Deland

Ambition is for him who raises dreams
Of brave tomorrows, fed by present hope;
And if his goal should prove not what it seems,
He aims for something safe within his scope.
The herald of better times to come
Projects himself beyond his present lot,
And beats incessantly upon his drum
In rhythmless report of what is not.
If I have aspirations, then they speak
Not through the shrouded strains of distant tunes,
But rather of the joy that now I seek,
Undaunted by tomorrow's mystic runes.
The future feeds on worries and delays;
Peace nourishes forever my todays.

MARKY KELLY

Refraction

During a summer's interstice
A white bird fluttered
Descending narrow shafted light
Between verdant elms dispersed
And fell the final distance down
Onto white concrete
Whereupon my sole touching
Seared white also
In deflected summer heat.
The disappearing bird knew
That I, too, would dissolve
Like its fragile wing in whiteness.

ORRA HEALEY

Autumn leaves falling
From trees -- pages of our lives
Swept up by the wind.

STEPHANIE POE



Dave Patrick

The Wind

We danced gracefully
as the wind that let us breathe
scattered us (like leaves
before angry winter storms)
onto the pavement alone.

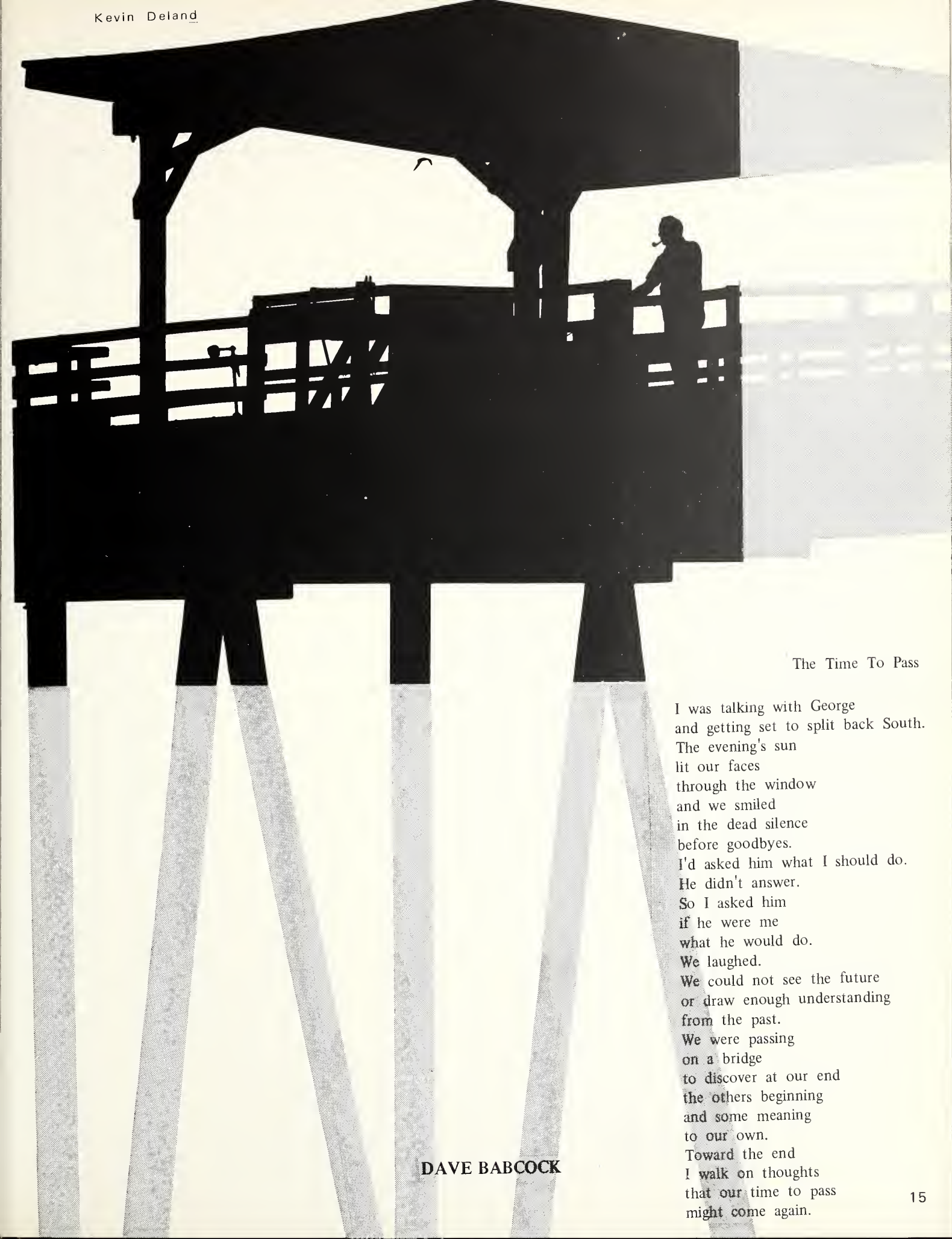
DAVE BABCOCK

A Dim Thought From the Past Dies

Caught in the future
a dim thought from the past dies
to be written down.
Born from a sea of tired dreams,
it wailed for my attention.

Here the time goes slowly
and here the days slide by
like languid pages of a calender
empty pages of a datebook
unblemished journal of emptyness
so much time to do nothing
and so little time for anything to do


MARY ELLEN LOBOSCO



The Time To Pass

I was talking with George
and getting set to split back South.
The evening's sun
lit our faces
through the window
and we smiled
in the dead silence
before goodbyes.
I'd asked him what I should do.
He didn't answer.
So I asked him
if he were me
what he would do.
We laughed.
We could not see the future
or draw enough understanding
from the past.
We were passing
on a bridge
to discover at our end
the others beginning
and some meaning
to our own.
Toward the end
I walk on thoughts
that our time to pass
might come again.

DAVE BABCOCK



Virginia MacMahon lingered over the counter as switched-off banks of lights began to dim the fifth floor of J.B. Sorrell's department store. As the decibel level descended, the fifth floor seemed to relax like an aged, dying patient that had lived a rich, full life, and now gratefully acknowledged the fact that its vital signs were fading. Gradually, cash registers ceased to whirr, clang, and slam, while the sound of elevator bells, music boxes, and piped-in charm of "Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer" drifted away with the last of the Christmas Eve shoppers.

Clerks, floorwalkers, and department managers hurriedly straightened the stock in a rush to leave. Virginia listened for the last ping of the time clock which would indicate that the employee's cloakroom was deserted. Every year at this time, she stalled just long enough to be sure that everyone else had left, for she could not bear the cheerful shouts of "Merry Christmas" and "Have a nice holiday" that punctuated the air.

She glanced with pride at the racks of smart clothes that started at \$39.95 and ranged up to those that cost several hundred, for as senior buyer in better Ready-to-Wear she was solely responsible for their selection. The constant ringing of Sorrell's cash register testified to her talent for finding beautiful clothes at reasonable prices. Deciding it was now safe to leave, she reached for her purse, unpinned her black and white plastic name tag and headed for the empty cloakroom.

From the rack on the wall next to the time clock, she selected the card stamped MacMahon, V., dropped it into the slot, pulled

the handle, removed the card, returned it to its rightful place, turned, and crashed with great force into the soft, warm and woolly expanse of Santa Claus.

"I'm terribly sorry," she apologized automatically, then laughed. "I guess that's a pretty inadequate remark to make to the man who, for a few hours tonight, will rule the world."

"Yes, Virginia. There really is a Santa Claus," he replied as he helped her regain her balance.

"And I'll bet I have a surprise for you," she replied. "My name really is Virginia."

"You lose," he teased, "I've watched you watching the children who sat on my knee. For the past three and a half weeks, you were there for part of each lunch period and quite a few of your coffee breaks, and your name is Virginia MacMahon."

She looked puzzled for a moment, then her hand flew to her left shoulder, where she always wore her name tag.

"Right!" he assured her.

The thought, that a stranger had witnessed her unspoken and incredible need, flooded her fair skin with a rosy glow. Flippantly, she tendered a slight curtsy and said, "On behalf of all the children in the world, I thank you."

By
Marion
Springer

"It was my pleasure," he answered. "Now if you'll excuse me, I must fulfill my destiny. I always try to be the last one to leave, lest some precocious kid realized that Santa's gold-rimmed glasses are exactly like those I require for 20/20 vision." He turned toward a row of lockers, hesitated, turned again, and said, "Good night, I've enjoyed meeting you, Virginia."

She watched his big red and white frame waddle around a corner and disappear. She did not turn back until she heard the heavy clunk of his boots stop at his locker.

She crossed to the wall mirror, removed a brush from her purse and rapidly whisked it through her long, thick, copper-colored hair until it achieved exactly the right balance of neatness and disarray. Then, as though compelled by some natural law, her thumb and index finger joined forces to pluck a single silver hair that had made its way to the crest of the red-gold waves. She glanced at the intruder and, with a slight repulsive shiver, dropped it into the waste basket. She wore no lipstick, but redarkened the abundant fringe of lashes that circled her large, green eyes, and made them appear to be even more enormous.

She stared at her reflection with an appreciation of her good looks that held no trace of conceit. Virginia MacMahon was an anomaly: a thirty-four year old virgin, that neither looked, dressed, acted, spoke or thought like one. Nor did she enjoy her status, as the professional virgin does. She simply could not squander her womanhood on the basis of a random affiliation.

Her secret was safe, however, for the male egos of the men she

The Man in the Flannel Suit

dated never permitted them to admit their failure to convince her that her attitude was unhealthy. Each of them decided that if she would not share his couch, then she had better place herself upon the couch of a good analyst. She had few women friends. The married ones did not relish the competition, and the single and divorced ones were not hampered by her outmoded philosophy.

As she slipped into her coat, she noticed a rectangular, yellow card lying on the floor, beneath the time clock. She picked it up and saw it was a Railway Express receipt for: 1 Schwinn/green/10 speed bicycle, and 1 horse and buggy. It was made out to a David Carmody and she wondered if Santa had dropped it during their collision. She waited a few moments until he appeared, dressed now in a suede and sheepskin car coat, dark slacks, and sheepskin-lined chukka boots.

"Is this yours?" she asked, and held out the ticket.

"Yes," he answered as though relieved "I had it in the pocket of the Santa suit for weeks and decided I better put it in my wallet before I left tonight. I need it. It's a receipt for my

children's memory. Thanks." he added as he took the ticket.

"Your children's memory?" she repeated. "I don't understand."

"Oh, my wife and I were divorced last April." he said as

he placed the receipt in his wallet between some photographs. "This will be my first Christmas away from the kids. They live in California now with their mother. I'm hoping to buy the lasting image of a doting father."



Dave Patrick

H

e spoke lightly, but she saw the way he looked down at the ticket. Not wishing to embarrass him, she tilted her head and carefully assessed his appearance. "I'm glad you're tall," she said, "I hate insignificant Santas. And you have a broad face, I'll agree, but no 'little round belly'."

"Christmas gifts and alimony payments preclude a 'little round belly'," he grinned.

"By the way, I can understand about the bicycle," she said, "but how do you ship a horse and buggy?"

"It's electric," he answered. "Robin is five and always wanted a real horse. This is as close as I could come. John's eleven and had been bugging me for a ten speed bike before..." He seemed unable to complete the statement.

Amazed, Virginia asked, "You've done all this on the money they pay Santa Claus here?"

"Well, no." Dave admitted. "I'm an engineer with Grumman Aircraft. I took next year's vacation - A month. I knew the money would help and since I wouldn't be with the kids this year..." Again, he seemed unable to continue. And then he laughed, "I'd have a tough time explaining this to the guys at the office." He peered down the long, dark row of lockers, as though expecting something to appear there, and spoke, not to Virginia, but to the empty black space. "I've never spent Christmas without my family."



Kevin Deland

Virginia tugged lightly at his sleeve and brought him back to the fifth floor of J.B. Sorrell's. "It isn't so bad," she replied compassionately. "I've done it for years, since my parents died. But you must develop a system. Come on, I'll explain on the way down."

She pushed the down arrow and listened as the elevator moaned into motion like a self-pitying martyr protesting the lateness of the hour. "You see," she said as they waited, "my parents died in an automobile accident when I was twenty-two. I inherited the building where I live and the income from the six apartments makes life comfortable for me. I don't have to worry about rent, and Mr. and Mrs. Walsh live in one of the apartments on the ground floor, in exchange for their services as superintendents." The elevator glided to rest, the doors slid back, and the empty car waited obediently until Virginia pushed the down button.

They rode down to the main floor, Dave Carmody listening like a desperate man in need of a rescue.

"I have no other relatives,"

Virginia explained, "and rather than spend Christmas Eve alone, I invite Mr. and Mrs. Walsh up to my apartment for eggnog. They're in their mid-sixties. Mr. Walsh gets a bottle of good Scotch. But with Mrs. Walsh it's not that simple. No woman wants the same gift every year, so I try to provide her with a little glamour every Christmas. Last year I gave her a black chiffon and lace nightie, suitable for a high-priced call girl with an expensive clientele. She loved it! Tonight I'll give her a white beaded evening sweater, which she'll wear when Mr. Walsh takes her out, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday- to put out the trash cans."

The elevator lurched a little as it came to rest. The doors slid open again to reveal the pleasant gloom of the first floor.

"It sounds pretty grim," Dave said leading the way to the front of the store.

At their approach, the security guard unlocked the front door for them, and whispered "Merry Christmas," as though Sorrell's were an elite branch of nearby St. Patrick's cathedral.

A light dry snow fell and began

to dot the street with iridescent granules. Traffic still moved slowly, despite the hour, and straggling shoppers gazed longingly at taxis already occupied, then shuffled their bent, tired, gift-burdened bodies in the direction of the nearest subway entrance.

"It's not that terrible," Virginia explained. "Mrs. Walsh is a pleasant woman and each year we exchange childhood Christmas memories. Her husband regards it as a duty he has to perform in order to get the Scotch, but it's my tradition and something about the predictability of the evening has a soothing effect on me. The night never varies. Mr. Walsh, as soon as he arrives, says, "That's a mighty good looking tree.", then he heads for my big armchair, with his glass of eggnog, and never says another word - just stares at the tips of his shoes until Mrs. Walsh and I have finished talking. By then it's close to eleven o'clock. Then Mrs. Walsh says, "I think Dad's getting sleepy. Thank you so much for the gifts, it's sweet of you." Then they leave with their gifts unopened. Mrs. Walsh prefers to wait 'til morning to open hers, and her husband, I suspect, starts on the Scotch as soon as they get back to their apartment. Then, I turn out the tree lights and go to bed.

They continued to walk slowly along Fifth Avenue. "I don't understand." Dave said, as he glanced at her profile, "Why don't you have a date?"

"I never date on Christmas or New Year's Eve." she explained. "I'm thirty-two years old and - I hope this won't embarrass you - I've never slept with a man. I'm a genuine throwback, I guess. I believe in love. I didn't wake up one day in the warmth of

puberty and decide to 'save myself for the man I love'. It just happened, and God knows I've regretted it often enough. All I know is that I simply can't throw away a perfectly good maidenhead on a system that says I must, for the sake of fashion and good mental health. But, during the holidays I'm particularly vulnerable, and can't cope with the fine distinction between loneliness and love. The Walshes provide protection."

They stopped momentarily in front of a jewelry store window, where a single diamond necklace gleamed icily from a black velvet disembodied throat which rested upon a white fir rug. Two silver trees glistened in each corner of the window and were the only other adornment. No cheery greetings, slogans, or price tag intruded upon the scene. Virginia wondered silently if the necklace would feel cold against her skin.

As they turned away and continued walking to the corner, Dave tried to digest all that she had told him. "That's fantastic!" he said, "and if you'll forgive me, rather hard to believe." He turned to look at Virginia, who could easily, if his luck were right, appear in the centerfold of his copy of Playboy.

She laughed, and said, "You mean, 'What's a nice virgin like you doing in a world like this?'" A thoughtful look passed over her face. "I don't know. I certainly didn't plan it this way." She stopped suddenly. "This is where I catch my bus."

Dave realized that they had been walking away from Penn station where he should catch the Long Island Railroad for his long trip home, but he enjoyed the warm fragrance that rose from somewhere within her

fur-collared coat and he hated to end the easy comradeship that permitted her to speak so openly. It was a night for sharing secrets.

A short distance away the silhouette of the Fifth Avenue bus appeared, promising a cozy and hospitable warmth. "Here comes my bus." Virginia said as she turned to Dave and held out her hand. "Good bye, Santa. Better luck next year. But for now, try my system. Invite the neighbors in. It'll help you get through the holidays."

Taking Virginia's hand, he answered "Thanks, and Merry Christmas." He leaned forward to kiss the side of her face. At that moment the bus pulled almost even with them.

Virginia moved toward the curb and Dave took a few steps backwards. Now, in the dimly lit interior, they could see the tightly packed bodies crowding the aisle and pressed up against the door. The driver did not bother to stop and the bus slid past them. On its stern, a giant yellow and black happy face grinned ludicrously back at them, obviously enjoying its clever, no-room-at-the-inn rebuff.



Dave Patrick

J

hey stared at the retreating bus for several seconds, then turned to stare at each other, dismayed at this dirty trick so often played on unsuspecting commuters by transportation systems. It was indiscriminate, unsympathetic, and untimely. Spontaneously they erupted into body-bending laughter as they realized that the comfortable and rather sentimental good-bye scene would have to be repeated. And it was always so awkward the second time.

Taking a deep breath, Virginia said "I'll have to catch the next one."

"I'd like to wait with you until it comes," he answered.

"Thanks, I wish you would," she replied. Virginia, a trifle at a loss now for conversation, began again. "Getting back to the system. I guess it leaves a lot to be desired, but you see, I'm buying the Walshes, just as you're buying your children. The big difference is in the comfort I get from the physical presence of two warm bodies. Try it."

"Perhaps next year," he answered. "Right now I'm living in an apartment that I found last month. If I invite the neighbors in, whom I've yet to meet, by the way, they'll probably call the police. And the bottle of Scotch I'd have to give them I plan to use for my own private Christmas celebration."

Virginia felt guilty. She had Mr. and Mrs. Walsh - he had nothing. On impulse, she asked, "Would

you care to watch the Christmas pageant at my place?"

"I'd hate to louse up the production," he replied.

"Oh, we're all pros now," she said. "It might be fun to see if the Walshes could hack it. A new cast member might blow their composure, but I'm willing to take the risk, if you'd care to join us."

He recognized the gesture for what it was - pity. She offered nothing more. He jumped at it like a small, greedy boy. "I'd enjoy it very much," he answered.

Another bus came by, less full than the last, and they boarded it and remained standing until they reached the stop that left them a block and a half from her building.



They entered the gray stone apartment house that had been built in the thirties and still looked well-kept and fashionable. Virginia rang the bell marked WALSH and said to Dave, "Wait here a moment."

As she disappeared down the corridor, he took a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, lit one, and leaned wearily against the wall, and wondered what the hell had happened to his marriage. They had been so happy last Christmas, or a least he thought they had. Perhaps it had only been a seasonal illusion. He closed his eyes, trying to blot out the flashes of last year's holiday. He jumped slightly when Virginia spoke.

"They'll be right up," she said.

Virginia and Dave climbed the stairs to her third floor apartment. She fumbled in her purse for the keys, and with a triumphant cry of "Ta-Da!" held them up for him to see, as though she had just completed a very difficult trick.

As the door swung back, the scent of a blue spruce tree escaped into the corridor. Virginia flipped a switch and entered the room. A huge tree scattered soft light as Dave stepped into a room that looked like Virginia MacMahon: warm and comfortable. She flipped another switch in the kitchen and called to Dave, "Eggnog?"

"Fine," he replied.

A large bay window faced the street. Dave crossed to it and sat upon the red leather-cushioned window seat that provided a pleasant view of the snow covered street below. He did not know what made him think of his wife at that moment.

Virginia returned with a tray, containing a pitcher and four mugs. She smiled at Dave and he was grateful for her generosity. A sharp rap on the door startled them both, although they knew it was the Walshes.

"I'll get it," Virginia said.

When the Walshes entered the room, Virginia said, "Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, I'd like you to meet David-?"

"Carmody," Dave said. "I'm happy to meet you."

Mr. Walsh looked as though he had been plunked down suddenly in the central city of some alien planet, while Mrs. Walsh, who seemed on the verge

of tears, said, "Oh My!" and appealed silently to Virginia, like a small terrified child asked by its parents to perform for company. Everyone waited. Mr. Walsh finally decided the best method was to follow the original game plan. He nodded politely to Dave, and glancing at the blue spruce, said, "That's a mighty good looking tree." as he crossed to the big leather chair, sat down and stared at the tips of his shoes.

This seemed to settle Mrs. Walsh, and taking her cue from her husband, said, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Carmody. Isn't the snow lovely, Virginia? It reminds me of a Christmas when I was a little girl on our farm in Michigan..." She proved to be a first class trouper, and the evening proceeded exactly as Virginia had predicted, with the exception that Mrs. Walsh occasionally turned her little-bird head, now and then, to include Dave. At these moments he nodded appropriately.

It was only ten o'clock, too soon for the Walshes to leave, but the strain had been too great for Mrs. Walsh and she said, "I think Dad's getting sleepy." She so startled the old man who still thought he had another hour to inspect his good Thom McAns, that he leaped to his feet with the agility of a freshman senator trying to make an impression on his new colleagues. "Thank you so much for the gifts, Virginia. It's so sweet of you," Mrs. Walsh murmured.

Virginia saw them to the door, wished them a Merry Christmas, and turned back to find Dave slouched down in the big leather chair, and staring down at the tips of his boots.

Virginia laughed. "Perfect!" she said, "You're even wearing his expression - that 'Oh God! I wish

I didn't have to be here."

Dave rose, slipped his coat over the fisherman knit, turtle-necked sweater he wore and said, "Unlike Mr. Walsh, Virginia, I've enjoyed being here very much, and now I think I'd better be going."

Panic gripped her at the abruptness of his remark. "Another eggnog?" she asked deliberately looking down at the tray to avoid his eyes. She did not rise from the sofa.

"No thank you," Dave answered.

She continued to stare at the tray, and thought, "Say the secret word and the duck will fly down..." Instead she said, "I'd like you to stay."

Dave hesitated, then said gently, "No you don't. And while I'm grateful to you for your kindness, I don't want to be merely a remedy for your loneliness. You don't want that, Virginia. It's a mistake."

The tray now wavered as though it lay at the bottom of a rapidly running stream. "My mistake," she said, "has been in thinking all these years that animal

passion or a life-long commitment were the only two reasons men and women had for sharing a bed. It's more than that. It's - it's - caring! I care that you're going home to a bottle of Scotch. Even Mr. Walsh can do better than that. And I want you to care, that despite a gallant pretense, the Walshes are not enough for me."

"I care, Virginia," Dave said.

"Eggnog?" she repeated and looked up at his face.

Dave stared at Virginia, then crossed to the window to look down at the street below as though expecting to see a message trampled out in the powdery snow. He removed his coat and tossed it on the armchair. He faced her again. "Are you sure?"

Her nose had begun to run a little. She sniffed, smiled, and held up the pitcher. "More eggnog?" she asked, tilting her head.

Dave returned the smile, crossed the room and sat down cross-legged on the floor near the coffee table. "Please," he said and handed her his cup.

Dave Patrick



Why don't we ever touch
Maybe because our lives are so cluttered with things
Every time i come to talk to you
i trip over your furniture

Paper Kite

We flew paper kites in the brown and barren fields
when the wind was so alive -- it almost spoke -- remember?
now I think
our lives are somewhat limited
like the journeys of the kites

i wish i could (very discreetly)
lift your sagging countenance
and (Oh so quietly) peep beneath the layers of epidermis
and the film that masks your eyes
the mouth -- that will say nothing
and take a look -- and say hello to the person
who every now and then winks at me from beneath your
heavy eyelids

Lucee Boynton



MARY ELLEN LOBOSCO

thought

I mistook
The brook
and its dancing laughter
For you
You're the River's Daughter
And you run past me in your way
Bubbling and winking
At me, never thinking
never knowing
What you were always after
never slowing
never flowing
With your lovely laughter
You're the River's daughter
And you run through me
fresh and clear
Warm and near
in your way

BILL HUMPHRIES

And the note pinned to his body said --
Only wanted three things:
To be myself -- wasn't allowed,
To be someone else -- couldn't be,
To be myself -- forgot how.

Ode To a Beer Bubble

O, this pale yellow gold
sweating in transparent
confinement, beckoning coolly
to my senses.

Quench the sun in my
throat and lighten my head;
such a boon granted for
only two bits.

Sea train, stones, and
Santana, bright lights
and smells; it's all a
little better, after a
little.

Even better after a
little more.

Carbonated life
escaping upward only to
perish on the surface; more
to rise and float and
perish again.

Does it ever stop?

JAMES GREASART

LARRY GIVENS

... Or the fact that whatever
you find to eat late at night,
with everyone in the house asleep,
is in the cabinet that's stuck
and opens with a loud crack
or behind the refrigerator door
that jerks open, sending its
glass bottled contents into
a rattling frenzy, and once
pried from its crackly wrapper
is stale, sour, or mouldy.

At the age of thirty-five, Sam Snively found a job in the Coca-Cola bottling factory. Since his being without a job for two years in New York City had strained his relationship with his wife almost to the breaking point, it was really a great occasion. Yet at the same time, he felt a deep humiliation. A man of thirty-five should be forging ahead, breaking into new worlds, discovering new things...

"Saaam! Your eggs are on the table!" Eleanor's voice sliced through his thoughts.

"Aaaam! Er-eggs-er-aaan-a-aaay-ble!" he mimicked her nasal shrieks. Then, remembering the occasion, he checked himself.

Entering the kitchen, he darted a quick look from left to right, noticing the time, and sat at the table.

Looking down at his breakfast eggs, he wailed, "Eleanor!! My YOLKS are BROKEN!"

"My temper is breaking!" snarled Eleanor. "This stupid stove, I wish it would break down so I could buy a new one that would work!"

At the thought, she stopped screeching, and her clenched face relaxed.

"Maybe I will buy one in awhile," she remarked bemusedly, "now that you've got this job.....Sam, is that all you're going to eat?" she asked, looking at his untouched plate.

He dipped a piece of cold toast in the runny, semi-liquid "sunnyside-up" eggs. Wincing, he chewed and swallowed as fast as he could. "Yes. I gotta leave in, uh....about a minute." A nervous

Sam and the



Bottling Factory

by Janis Mara

twinge added to the turmoil in his stomach, which was already wrestling with the cold lumps of toast. He rose, studying the wall clock.

"Don't you feel well, Sam?" his wife spoke with her eyes on his half-full plate.

"No, not really, I'm fine," he answered vaguely, trying to ward her off without starting an argument.

"I'm sorry I yelled at you, I was--"

"It's okay, it's okay," Sam interrupted, hurrying out of the kitchen, trying to remember if he had forgotten anything for his first day of work.

Her eyes narrowed, Eleanor grabbed the plate. The disposal loudly gobbled the eggs down. She stood bemused, holding the dripping plate. Slowly, her eyes fixed on the sloshing water, and she began to hum as she put the plate in the dishwasher and pushed the button.

In the hall, Sam heard the noise of the disposal unit. As he collected his wallet and keys an unconscious but strong relief drifted through his mind at eluding Eleanor. The super housewife, he thought, always cleaning the floor, the kitchen, the appliances...waxing, polishing, dusting, tidying.... He smiled with satisfaction, then noticed the clock said half-past eight. He thrust the wallet in his pocket and shot out the door.

In the kitchen Eleanor watched hypnotized as the shining eggbeaters sank into the smooth, gleaming cake batter.



The Coca-Cola bottling factory was loud. Machinery pounded, roared, rattled, banged, clanged in a floor-shaking cacaphony of noise that blended to produce one continuous CLAMP-CLAMP-CLAMP.

"HERE'S YOUR TIME CARD," yelled Ken, the clean-cut, square-headed worker who showed Sam around. He had the metallic, strained voice of one who has been talking too loud for too long, trying to surmount the insurmountable and penetrate the perpetual racket.

"SLIDE IT THRU THE SLOT IN THE TOP OF THE TIME CLOCK, MOVE THIS LEVER OVER AND THEN PUSH

DOWN!!!!"

Sam had to push down a couple of times before the clock went off.

"Dong!"

The chime of the time clock was easily audible through the howling racket. Mechanical sounds were easy to distinguish, Sam discovered; it was men's voices that were easily lost. They left the check-in room and passed a line of men standing at their machines. Each machine had its own individual "pant-pant-pant" or "pound-pound-pound". The four men attempted to bellow greetings through the machines'

noises

Ken beckoned to a tall, square man with a neat gray crew cut. "HERE'S THE FOREMAN! HE'S ON OUR SECTION!" trumpeted Ken with a noticeable, if hoarse, undercurrent of pride.

"HOWDY! HOWDY!" The foreman's arm shot up, his hand closed with a snap around Sam's, and the foreman pumped Sam for all he was worth.

"This is Sam, he'll be on that monster," Ken told the foreman, indicating the "stamper," a bulbous, snuffling object that stood in the far corner.

"So Sam's the stamper," said the foreman. "Well, Sam, I'm sure you'll fit in fine. Mike's the alternator, Bob's the conveyor belt and Paul's the label machine. That's the whole section, Sam."

Sam shook the men's smooth, hard hands.

"Just remember! Watchin' that machine's your job, and your ---job's watching that machine." The men broke into laughter, staring at Sam.

"You watch out for it, and it'll watch out for you!"

The foreman's roars of laughter disappeared into the factory in like water, or rather Coca-Cola, into a sponge.

At 4:48 1/2 PM, EST, NYC, Sam Snively took one last stare at the stamping machine, shot to his feet, and glided on an invisible conveyor belt past the row of machines and men (So long! Bye! Seeya!), slid the card in the slot, pushed it down, out the door, down the street, down the steps to the IRT #8 Downtown, coin in slot, thru the trunstyle, subway hurtles to a halt....

"Well!" said Eleanor at the door with a smile. "How'd it go?"

He dragged himself to the table and collapsed. No dinner in evidence, he didn't want to open his eyes.

"How was your first day?"

"Eleanor, I can't even describe...." his voice trailed off.

"What?" No reply.

"Sam?" Nothing.

"Sam, what happened today?"

"I didn't do anything...."

"You didn't do anything! Whaddaya mean? Didn't you--"

"I did go to work! I don't want to talk about it!"

***"It's so loud in the
factory, you can't hear
yourself think!"***

He jerked his head from side to side, rubbing his neck. Still groaning in self-pity, he made for the bathroom.

"Wait a minute! You always walk off on me!"

He stopped and turned.

"I did go to work. My whole job is watching the stamper machine. If it breaks down, I shut it off so it doesn't overheat, and then call the foreman."

"Then what?"

"He calls someone to replace it."

"That's all you do all day?"

"Yup."

"Well Sam, at least sit down and

talk about it," Eleanor pleaded.

Sam sat down and stared at her.

"Personally, I think its a good idea. You'll have plenty of time to think about things," she said hesitantly.

"What do you MEAN?" he bellowed.

"DON'T SHOUT! How come you're yelling like this?"

"It's so loud in the factory, you can't hear yourself think!"

"You'll get used to it!"

Sam leaped to his feet, his head jerking rapidly from side to side. He struggled to speak, but so many things were boiling in his mind, he couldn't say a word.

"You said you always needed time to, to think about your ideas and all," she pleaded. "You wanted to think out your inventions."

He nodded wearily.

"Well, this is just right--"

"When will I DO the things I think about?" he asked sarcastically.

"After work!" Eleanor replied. "Eat some supper, you'll feel much--"

Sam walked around the table. "Eleanor, please, that place--Look! I sit all day, I'm sitting there deaf, the place is so loud. I go into a trance staring

at the machine, I forget to think. About halfway through the day today I just froze in one position and didn't even blink 'til five o'clock!"

He rubbed his eyes.

"My eyes hurt." He paused.

"I go all day without any human conversation....Do you want me to have a nervous breakdown?"

"You'll have a breakUP if you quit that job-you and me!" she shouted, losing her temper. "What kind of human conversation did you have for two years out of work?"

"Arguments with you!"

"Thanks."

"At least I was free to choose what to do then!"

"Whaddaya mean? You had the choice of staying home and fighting, going to the unemployment bureau, or going for a walk down 57th Street!"

"What's so bad about that? Sometimes, I walked all the way to the park...."

The CLUMP-CLUMP-

CLUMP formed a

rhythm that

"Oh, fine! Is walking to the park your biggest goal in life? While you and your wife starve? This is freedom to choose?"



"It's more than I have this way-I have no choices at all now."

"No, you have more choices now!"

He shook his head without looking up from the floor.

"Sam, look, what can you do?" Eleanor tried to catch his gaze. As usual, he avoided her look. Sadly, she continued: "You gonna become a bum, so you can have 'freedom to choose'?"

Sam didn't answer. He stared at the clock on the wall. Eleanor left the room. She slowly walked down the steps, sinking into the living room, clouds of pain, like dust, fuzzing the clean, sharp outlines of her thoughts. The pain dulled the bright lines of the shining things she had been planning about since Sam got his job....

As Eleanor entered the room, automatically she walked over to the TV set, turned it on, and sat down obediently directly in front of it...the room filled with its comforting hum and she sank into its spell, not bothering to tune the set or focus the completely illegible picture.

In the kitchen, Sam defrosted the TV dinner and slid it into the oven. As the red light glowed on,

he found himself falling into a trance, just as he did at work. Some warmth escaped from the stove, and he found himself relaxing....

"Did I have a day today," he said. "The crowds on the subway were awful! They say New York's a great place to visit, but nobody wants to live hear. Well, there musta been about a hundred visitors on my subway car. Then, when I....."

Sam was in his third month of work when it happened. Everything had settled into a routine. He arrived in the morning, breathless, awaiting the warm greeting of the factory. The CLUMP-CLUMP-CLUMP formed a rhythm that seemed to sing, or whistle, or hum. He passed by the machines, answering the hellos, and sank trembling upon his stool, to begin another day-long visit with the stamper.

"Hey, buddy, where ya been? Don't ya eat lunch anymore?" The voice blasted in his ears, a disturbing interruption.

It was Ken. Sam struggled to reply. "S-sure....I do... I eat here....with my friend..." he managed to crank out, with a stiff wave of the arm, and a blank expression.

Ken frowned. "Oh yeah? Well, where do you eat? You may be in here, but all I see is the machines!" he cracked.

Sam sat silent. He was unable to answer. He guessed that his vocal

cords must be rusty. Since the argument on his first day of work, he and his wife had respected each other's solitude. Not a word had passed between them; he fell asleep on the fold-out couch as soon as he finished the TV dinner prepared by the stove.

Ken paused, then his eyebrows shot up. He talked on, "Hey! You got a touch of laryngitis?"

Sam did not reply. His mind was lost again in the rhythm of the stamper, held by its quiet hum.

Ken struck Sam lightly on the arm. His voice clattered against Sam, "Trouble with your throat?"

Sam turned to look blankly at the obnoxious object that stood before him. Then he realized Ken

had said something and nodded. He still could not say a word; it must be some trouble with his throat.

Ken walked stiffly away, unaware that he was nodding ever so slightly.

A few minutes later, Sam realized it was lunchtime. He had been eating lately with the stamper, telling the relief man not to bother. As he stood, planning to go see the vending machine for some coffee and soup, he noticed-

--that something had-

(a flicker of pain shot through him; a jolt from within)

--ceased--in a crashing pause more thunderous than any noise-

the stamper had stopped!

The stamper had broken down. After three months of continuous smooth humming existence without a day of ill-health, Sam's machine had suffered a cardiac arrest!

Sam burst from his place, his mouth flew open to cry for help, he--gagged!

He could not make a sound! Sam strained to creak out a noise, to call a warning. It was impossible. His voice had totally given out, like a machine atrophied from disuse.

His panic mounted. He dashed around the machines, up and down the length of the factory. The foreman was nowhere. He grabbed the receiver of the factory phone to page the foreman.

But he still could not creak out the smallest syllable! He jerked his head wildly from side to side, then tugged his hair in desperation. Nothing happened--his stamper stood stiff in deathlike silence.

Forgetting in his consternation to turn off the machine, Sam ran wildly. He careened up to a machine and seized its tender, trying wildly to drag him toward the stamper. It was Ken.

"What's wrong?" yelled Ken. "Well?" he stared in some surprise at Sam's red, frantic face. Sam's lips worked frantically, but no sound came forth.

"Sam, you're not makin' sense! You've really lost your voice - and your senses too! What's wrong?"

Sam tried to use sign language. Ken only peered more

incredulously, his eyes widening. Again Sam tried to pull Ken over to the stamper.

"Quit it! I can't leave my machine, and you know it!"

Sam tugged at his arm frantically, his eyes imploring.

"Buddy this conveyor belt has to have me to watch it. It can't get along without me, Sam - I can't just walk off on it! Whatever's wrong, get the foreman to help ya," said Ken, shrinking suspiciously from Sam's grasp. "Hey--who's watching your machine?"

Sam reeled under the impact of the implied accusation. He hurried back to his machine, which was silent as before. He stared in frustration at the stamper. He had tried everything. The foreman was nowhere to be found; he could make no one understand without words. He tried to think of another course of action, but it seemed faintly ludicrous to walk 5-10 miles to some repairman with a written note explaining that the stamper had broken down, and which one would he go to anyway?

He had never been informed which mechanic, from what firm, was the proper choice to repair

a stamping machine in a Coca-Cola bottling factory. What had they told him, anyway? --Oh, God! To immediately turn the machine off!

Sam jerked forward, walking up close to the machine. But before he could press the button, a thought occurred to him. Did he really want to save the machine?

He froze in his tracks, trying to repeat and somehow grasp the new idea. It seemed that for three months he had gradually

been steam rolled into a pattern, an unthinking, mechanical existence which at first he had regarded as worse than death. Routine had deadened his mind, and made him forget his plans to escape.

Slowly he walked back to the stool, then subsided into his usual sitting posture, squarely in front of the stamper. He looked at it painfully. Sam felt no guilt, only sorrow, as he had at his father's wake, confined to a chair, unable to look away from the sight of his loss.

At that moment, he became conscious of a noise behind him. He turned and saw the manager and Ken approaching, talking with great animation. His calm dissolved and he made a dash, first toward, then away from the manager. Ken stared at him.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Sam?" asked the manager. "Ken says you were."

He suddenly registered that the stamping machine was unmoving and silent.

"My God!" he burst out, almost softly. "Buddy, what are you--You've really done it!" He whirled on Ken. "CALL SHEPARD! CHRIST! Get to the phone!"

"WHO'S SHEPARD?" yelled Ken.

"THE MECHANIC, THE MECHANIC, YOU *****!"

Ken charged forward and jabbed at the "OFF" button. Nothing happened.

"Too far gone!" He yelled in despair and seized a lever and jiggled it, attempting to deactivate the "ON" control.

"SAM! For God's sake!" he howled.

Sam's head jerked east and west like a weathervane blown by a strong wind. He moistened his lips and vainly tried to bring a word up.

"Why didn't you turn off the machine? It's locked solid! Burning out! Why didn't you turn the switch?"

Shaking, Sam choked, unable to even grunt out a noise. At that moment, Shepard and Ken arrived, Shepard a tall, Semitic-type with an air of calm and capability.

"OK, OK, buddy cool off," said Shepard. "Relax!"

Tools in hand, Shepard dragged Sam's stool in front of the stamper. He reached for the lever and as he did so, the machine gave up the ghost with a low rumble, pulsing out a thin jet of flame.

Shepard stared at the machine with resignation. "No use tryin' to reactive this baby," he said, crossing his arms in front of his chest. "She's better off left alone--just have to bring in a new line mechanism altogether."

He turned to Sam, "Why didn't you switch her off?"

The machine

had died

Ken, Shepard, and the foreman regarded Sam with a wordless, terrible bewilderment. The burned-out corpse of the

machine loomed behind them, seeming to echo their silent question.

Suddenly, exhausted and almost close to tears, Sam wanted to at last go limp, break his three-month long silence and pour out the truth. The story of the quarrels, the isolation from Eleanor, then the slow surrender to the racketing tomb of the factory, the subjection, the fascination, of the machines...but it was too late.

The machine had died; wordlessly, he grasped what that meant to his position in the factory.

"OK, OK, nothing to say for yourself?" asked the manager.

Sam forced himself to look toward the manager's hard-lined face and bullet head. He was still unable to speak; not even an "I'm sorry," would come out, even though the words had begun to echo through Sam's head with all the loudness of the howling machines of the Coca-Cola bottling factory.

"Sam, only one thing you had to remember--just turn off the machine and call some help if it breaks down. And you blew that! You couldn't have had an easier job--just sitting on your butt, doing nothing..." The manager sighed and motioned. "Come on, Sam..."

It was 2:00 in the afternoon as Sam Snively, shaky and exhausted, left the factory. He headed straight for home, wondering if he could throw together a salad and some lunch. It was too nice a day for a TV dinner, he decided.

Your Stoic Wisdom

Versus

My Fantasies

**I'm tired of listening
to your instant solutions
for my continuing problems.**

You are a continuing problem.

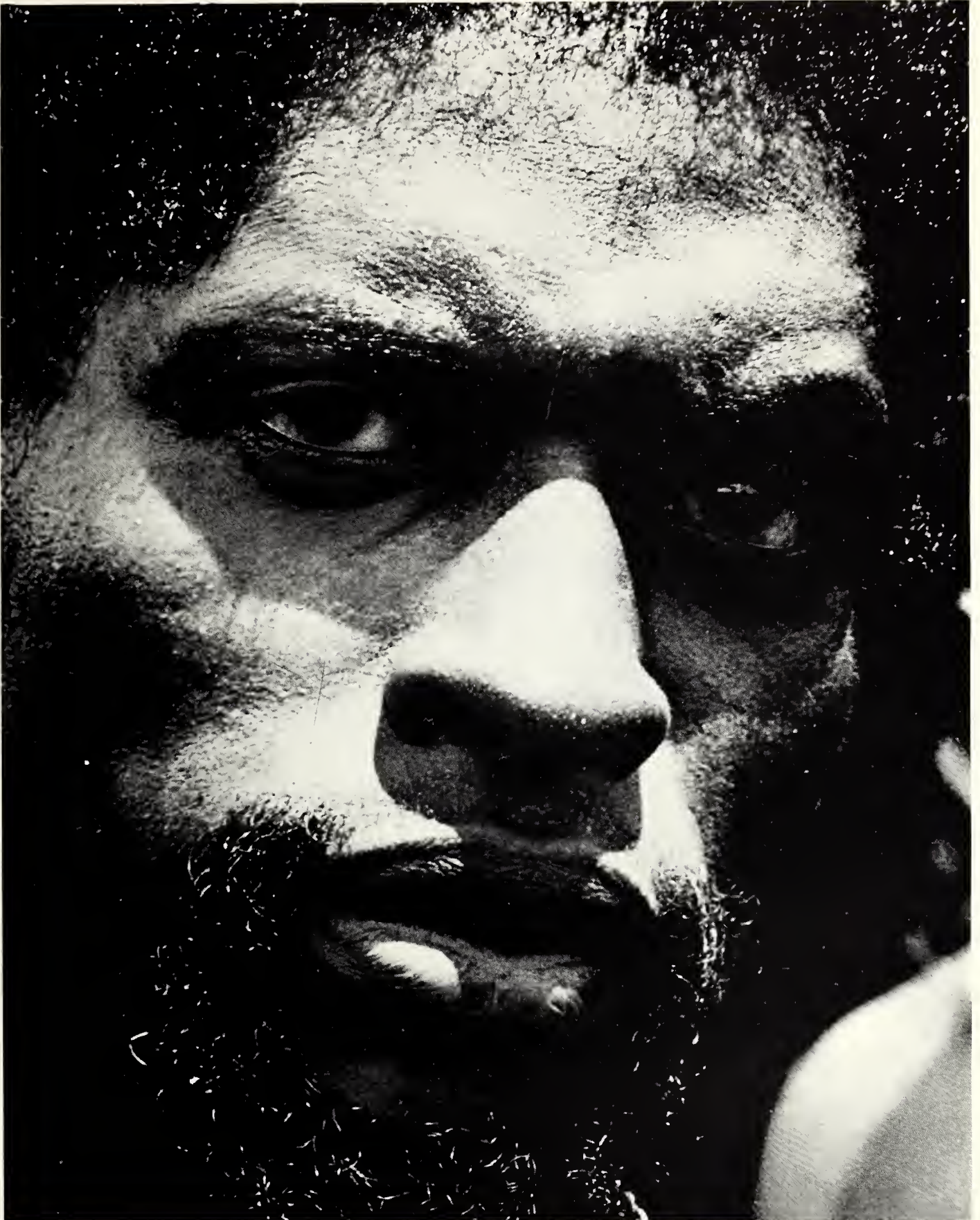
.....Dave Babcock

Dave Patrick

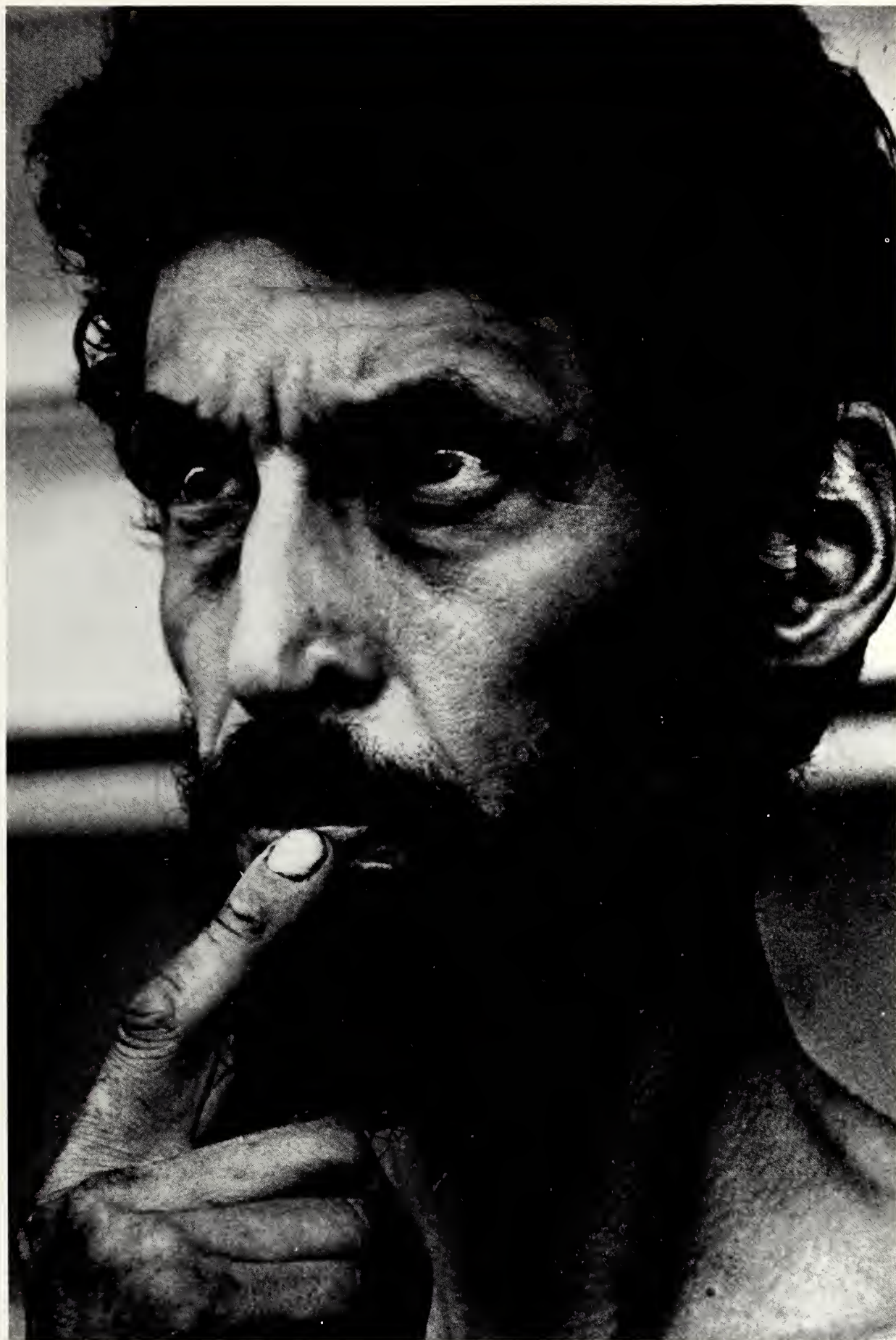


JACQUES JACQUES JACQUES













NATUREREYNATURE







THE ETHEREALS

BY ELWOOD ARMSTRONG

"CQ GALAXY, CQ GALAXY, CQ GALAXY THIS IS W Z 2 N Y X CALLING WILLY ZEBRA TWO NEW YORK EXTROVERT CALLING CQ GALAXY. COME IN, PLEASE"

John had been an amateur radio operator for more years than he cared to remember, but he still enjoyed his hobby as much as when he had first started. With his first "rig" he had contacted all the states for his "WAS" or "Worked All States" award, then had gone ahead to "Work All Zones" for his "WAZ" award, which required contacting at least one amateur radio station in each separate amateur area in the world, then, after changing to a larger, more powerful "rig", he had finally received his "WAC" - "Worked All Countries" award. These hung on the wall of his "shack", as "hams" affectionately call their radio rooms, or positions, whether they consist of a cracker barrel out in a storage shed, or a plush den or library in a penthouse. This is the radio amateur's hideaway, where he is king for a while, and woe unto the wife or kiddy who disturbs him at his hobby.

After having garnered most of the available certificates for amateur operation, at last John had something new and exciting to look forward to. The Interstellar Radio Institute had finally authorized amateur transmission exchanges between amateurs on earth and amateurs on other planets, or elsewhere in the universe, in order to further our knowledge of the worlds beyond our own. Man had already visited the Moon many times, had even started a colony there of hardy adventurers and explorers. Man had landed instruments on Mars and Jupiter, and was on the verge of further manned space exploration, but still more information was needed, and it was decided that much information could be obtained through the use of amateur radio. Primarily, funds were scarce for further space exploration, with the clamor of the man in the street for more funds to care for the citizenry. It was becoming more and more difficult to find a decent apartment below the fiftieth floor of the skyscraper communities, and most families had moved up to the suburbs.

Those in the lower floors were demanding slum clearance, with present buildings being demolished in favor of lateral dwellings, where one could escape the smog clouds, which always hovered above the fifth floor level. Radio amateurs would perform their work without charge, and at the same time enjoy it. This would leave more funds available for such projects.

John, as well as most other "hams", had already had two-way contact with the Moon, had logged the incoming signals from the various satellites sent abroad into the universe, and had recorded signals from the Mars and Jupiter instruments. They were now engaged in trying to establish contact with other space entities. In its authorization statement, the Interstellar Radio Institute had carefully avoided setting any definite description of just what would constitute an "amateur" radio station on other planets, secure in the knowledge that the inherent "know-how" of the average amateur would allow him to get around that touchy subject, and find some way of

THE ETHERALS

establishing contact, if such contact were possible.

Amateurs, as well as government and scientific stations, had already monitored many radio signals in our radio bands that were definitely not of earth origin, nor from any known communications satellite. Although mostly consisting of beeps and pulses, some definitely had a voice-like quality. These had been recorded, replayed at various speeds and at various pitches, with no useful information being garnered. Most were of the opinion that they were uttered by a "mouth" form, due to the definite sounds of vowel and consonant forms, but nothing conforming to our own vowels and consonants.

It was hoped that amateurs could establish contact with these stations from outer space, and gradually work out some type of "language" for mutual conversation. It was also reasoned that if men from outer space had developed so far as to use radio in the same form as on earth, that is, for transmission of voice intelligence, that there was surely a chance that the "language" barrier could be broken, just as it existed among hams on earth, with most amateurs in the world conversing in English, even though they knew little of the language outside of the phrases needed to inform each other of their location, the type of equipment used, their name, and their occupation. In this advanced age of amateur radio, with the radio bands so crowded, there was usually no time for much more than this, then the ham was off to another contact, to exchange the same information with another ham in another country, perhaps.

John, as well as many other hams, was now searching the bands for any hint of a signal that was not of earth origin. He knew that it was unlikely that he would receive any response to his call, but such is the determination of the ham. John thought back to the days when he first went on the air as a "novice". He was confined to a single frequency, as novices had to use crystal controlled transmitters to ensure that they stayed within the band limits. He called for days before finally receiving a reply. That first contact was worth all the fuming and cursing he had gone through up to that time. He felt some of the futility again, but fought against despair, knowing that he now had equipment of the most modern design, able to contact any place on earth, and surely capable of contacting any place in the universe that any other ham on earth could contact. He had an even chance, and with perseverance could possibly be the first man on earth to establish radio contact with a man from outer space.

"CQ GALAXY, CQ GALAXY, CQ GALAXY THIS IS W 2 N Y X CALLING WILLY ZEBRA TWO NEW YORK EXTROVERT CALLING CQ GALAXY. COME IN, PLEASE"

John had tried another frequency, He had taken some interest in the scientific reports of extra-terrestrial radio signals, and had heard a few himself that he was positive were not of this earth. He had carefully noted the exact frequencies on the logging dial of his receiver, and was skipping from one to another in hopes that he might contact one of them. Before transmitting, he listened carefully on each frequency, but noted no activity. Perhaps he had to wake them up. Let them know that he was interested in talking with them. If he could only get a reply, even if unintelligible, it would be something, a starting point. He tried one frequency after another, hour after hour, without hope. Almost time to knock off and get ready for work. Try one more time.



Dave Patrick



"CQ GALAXY, CQ GALAXY, CQ GALAXY THIS IS W 2 N Y X CALLING WILLY ZEBRA TWO NEW YORK EXTROVERT CALLING CQ GALAXY. COME IN, PLEASE"

A pulse. John had distinctly heard a pulse. Sweat standing out on his forehead, heart pounding so that he could hear it in the veins in his head, John listened, ear to the speaker. Nothing. One minute...two minutes...nothing. Then a faintly discernible audio pitch, raising slowly, steadily in frequency and intensity, until it could be plainly heard. Stopped. Nothing. Another minute, then it started again, same as before. Then it stopped at a set pitch and volume. Another pitch heard alongside the first pitch, varying in intensity, just as John remembered the explanation of audio waves modulating radio waves, but this was an audio wave modulating an audio wave. Interesting. Concentration. Something (what was it?) told John to turn on his video scanner, an instrument that allowed him to see the wave-form of his signal in relation to other signals on the band. John could now see, as well as hear, the signal coming from who-knows-where. Throughout this session, John had his tape recorder turned on, on the off chance that he actually would make contact, or at least hear one of these alien signals. He now switched on his video-corder in order to get a record of the video scan at the same time. This would help to back up his story, in case he was lucky enough to make contact.

The wave-form appearing on the video scanner was like nothing John had seen before. While the signal coming from his loudspeaker was growing more intense, with a multitude of signals now superimposed on each other, the picture on the scanner was also composed of many lines in various shapes, all swirling about in a myriad of designs. Off to the right side of the screen was a blip jumping erratically up and down, reminding John of the old movies featuring the sing-alongs, in which a bouncing ball touched down

on the word that was to be sung, as the audience sang along with the singers on the screen. John noted at the same time another sound in his speaker, set aside from the rest, barely discernible, but definitely not of the central theme of the audio pattern. It suddenly came to John that this was similar to a sound movie film, with the pictures appearing in the main frame, and the sound track a display of wavy lines off to one side.



The video scanner display was now settling down into more definite patterns, reminding John of ghosts and shrouds. At the same time, the "sound track" was settling down, emitting guttural noises, something like a phonograph running at less than normal speed. Silence. Abruptly, the signal had gone off. Nothing from the speaker, nothing on the video scanner. One minute...two minutes...now, the original pitch, starting slowly upward in frequency and volume, like a siren, until John was afraid that the sound might bother the neighbors, so he disconnected the speaker and put on his headphones. The pitch was increasing, the volume too, and, although John kept lowering the volume on his receiver, the intensity remained at a high level.

" W 2 N Y X, W 2 N Y X THIS IS GALAXY CALLING COME IN PLEASE"

The sound startled John. Not because it was calling him, but because it was his own voice coming back to him. John reasoned that the receivers of his call had understood it, but were not able to reply in their own tongue, at least not so that he could understand, but had recorded his call, then had altered the recording in a reverse manner, so that "Galaxy" was calling John. Of course, they probably didn't know the English meaning of Galaxy, and presumed that this was our name for them, since John was obviously calling them, as he was on their frequency. Feverish, John had forgotten all about going to work. This was a discovery of the first magnitude, and he was going to see it through, putting all else out of his mind.

"GALAXY THIS IS W2NYX CALLING. I READ YOUR SIGNALS AND HAVE YOU ON MY VIDEO SCANNER. HOW DO YOU READ ME? MY NAME IS JOHN, AND MY LOCATION IS NEW YORK, U.S.A., ON PLANET EARTH. OVER."

After some more silence, probably, John reasoned, for re-recording, the varying siren started again, then...

"JOHN THIS IS GALAXY. I READ YOUR SIGNALS. YOU MUST HELP ME. YOU MUST HELP ME. OVER."

This last line was not in John's voice. He realized that they had obviously recorded much of what they had heard on the radio bands, just as we had, and had drawn on their recorded library to come up with this new transmission.

"GALAXY THIS IS W2NYX CALLING. I READ YOU OKAY. WHAT IS YOUR NAME AND YOUR LOCATION, I REPEAT, WHAT IS YOUR NAME AND YOUR LOCATION? OVER."

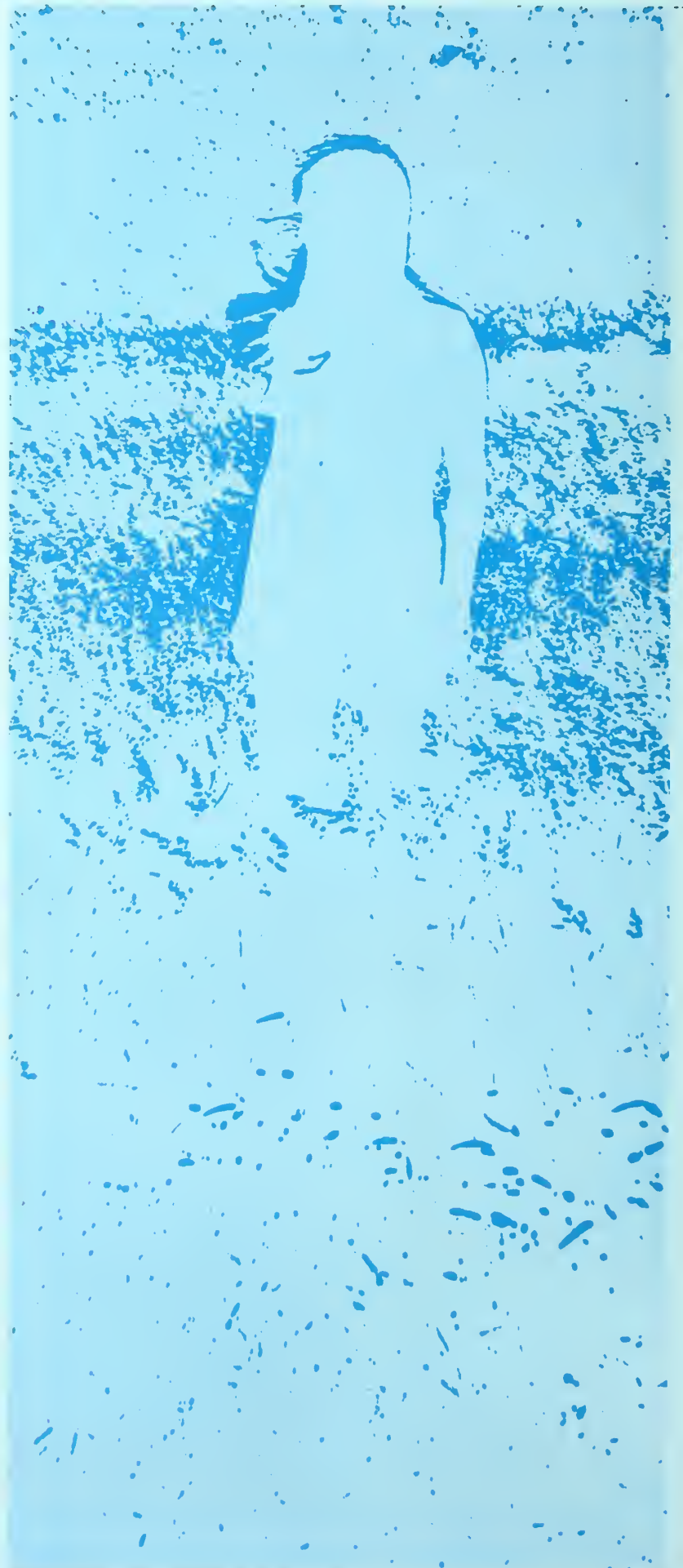
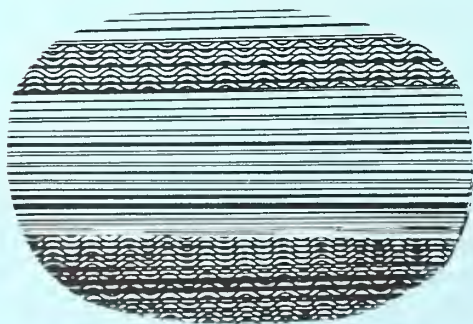
John needed this information for his radio log, but, above all, wanted to get it on the recorder for posterity. The first radio contact with outer space, other than earth stations put there by man.

THE ETHERALS

" JOHN THIS IS GALAXY. YOU MUST HELP ME. YOU MUST HELP ME. I CANNOT GIVE YOU MY NAME. IT IS UNTRANSLATABLE INTO YOUR LANGUAGE. MY LOCATION IS NOT KNOWN TO YOUR WORLD. WE ARE ETHERALS, AND TRAVEL BY VIDEO RADIO WAVES. YOU MUST HELP ME SO THAT I CAN COME VISIT YOUR EARTH. I WILL INFORM YOU OF CHANGES YOU MUST MAKE IN YOUR VIDEO SCANNER SO THAT I MAY ENTER YOUR WORLD THROUGH YOUR SCANNER. YOU ARE NOW SEEING MY ETHERAL FORM IN YOUR SCANNER. STUDY IT WELL. NOTICE HOW IT FLOWS GENTLY, SLOWLY, BACK AND FORTH, BACK AND FORTH, BACK AND FORTH. SLOWLY, GENTLY, BACK AND FORTH. YOU WILL CLOSE YOUR EYES AND I WILL TELL YOU OF THE CHANGES NEEDED IN YOUR VIDEO SCANNER, JOHN. YOU MUST HELP ME VISIT YOUR PLANET. SLEEP, JOHN."

"John, you're going to miss work. I wish you'd stay away from that crazy ham outfit. Wake up, John, and get to work. Why don't you pay more attention to me and the kids, instead of this crazy radio shack?"

After John played his recordings for the highest officials of the Interstellar Radio Institute, the use of video scanners was permanently outlawed in all radio stations.





Je ne suis q'un lezard
don't forget me
She winks and turns,
tests, tastes and settles
For the night, turning to stone --
Tomorrow she'll introduce me
to the morning
that stops me with its broken wings
-- I must make the necessary repairs --
It is as quiet as a consonant
I see again that I am not
the manufacturer
Of my smiling beasts,
there is a silence filled with birds,
I whisper into her sleeping --
Je suis ton serviteur
I am at home with our secret
It is a mystery we
carry in our smiles.
I sleep
Vous ne lirez jamais mon oeuvre clandestine.

-- Whitney McCauley Gordon



Van Woerden



The Odd Behavior

Of Calvin Ross

At the Thirty-first

Regular Season War

By David Bianculli

Kevin Deland

. . . feature . . . feature . . .

THE AMERICANS were ready. Issued two twenty-pound tanks apiece, each member had been provided more than enough oxygen to finish the match outside the main stadium. The five-man team came highly trained, highly touted, and highly drugged. The USA was taking little for granted; their opponents, the West Germans, were taking no chances. Their representatives were prime examples of genetic perfection, chosen and produced for the sole purpose of competition. Thus far in the semifinals, the West Germans had lifeceased thirty-two challengers, the Americans twenty-nine. Both teams came very well qualified.

***CUBICLE.ONE.REPORT..

No return tape feed.

***CUBICLE.ONE.REPORT..

Still no tape feed.

***RECOMMENDATION.REFER.VOICEOVER.TRANSFER

.. .. .

A switch is flipped.

"Cubicle One, report."

Nothing.

"This is Chad, Rich. Report."

Again, nothing. Another switch is flipped.

"Two?"

An answer: "Yeah?"

"Greg, can you get anything from CI?"

"Don't think so. Why?"

"Can't raise Rich. Computer's live, so is voiceover. Who has the portatanks?"

"Steve and I. He couldn't have left CI- not without air."

"We're about to start. May have to cover with two units."

"It'll look bad..."

"It already looks bad."

J. Hart McKay was shaving. His time alarm buzzed; looking up, he disconnected the sonic regulator and sank down in his multimedia tank. Like everyone else left in the world, he dropped what he was doing and focused on the transmission.

ure . . . feature . . . feature . . .

PRELIMINARY ROUNDS went unexpectedly well for the young American team. Reducing the West German team by three contenders during the opening hour of field activity, the USA seemed assured of an easy victory. Their only casualty after three hours of competition was former team captain Willard Dexter, 31, who was playing despite his overprime age. Cubicle 3, the closest of ABC's airtight camera facilities to the action, reported that the Americans had been much more conservative in their use of ammunition than the West Germans; C3 claimed that Calvin Ross, at seventeen the youngest competitor in US history (and world history, for that matter), had yet to fire a shot.

"Pull in tighter."

"That's it...I'm out of range."

"Iris open?"

"Wide. That's in Rick's area-no way I can get it."

"All right...close up for now, switch to radar."

"Check."

"Two, you there?"

"Yeah, Chad...listen, you want me to float out and check on Rich?"

"No, don't move-you're on line."

"Yeah, with a bad shot. Why not pipe in a feature-shouldn't take me long to get on CI and back."

"No, Greg, you're the best angle I've got."

"I'll go, then."

"What? That you, Steve?"

"Uh-huh. I'm free, and I've got the other portatank-"

"No, you'd better stay put. If the action-"

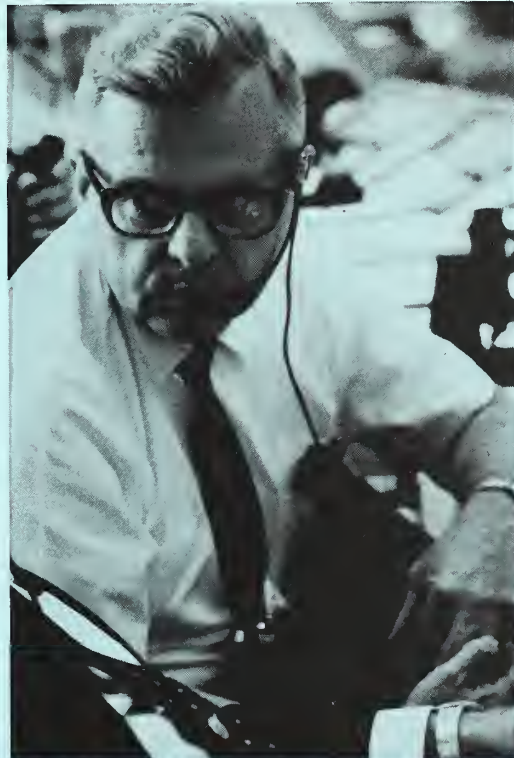
"The action's all in Rich's area anyway, Chad. This way we've only got halfassed coverage. I could get out-"

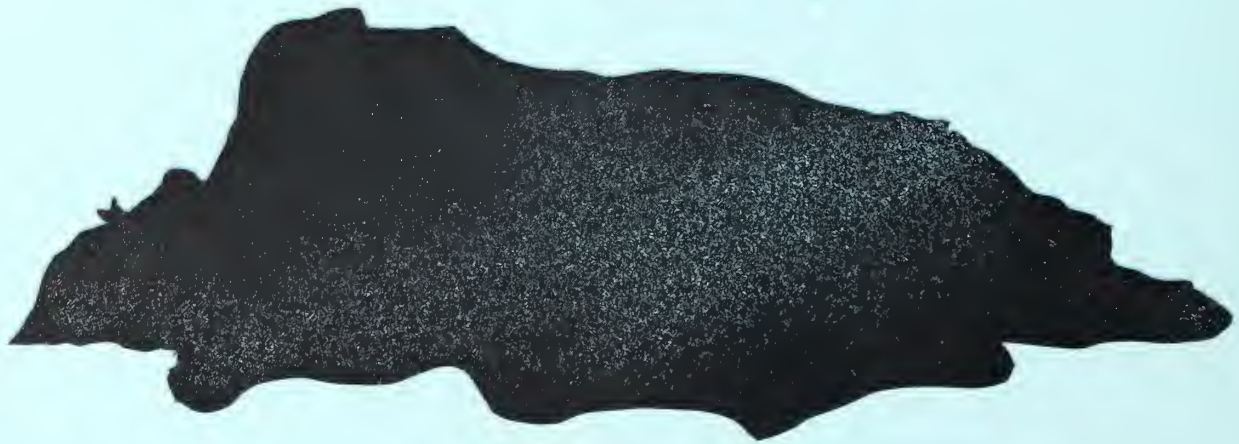
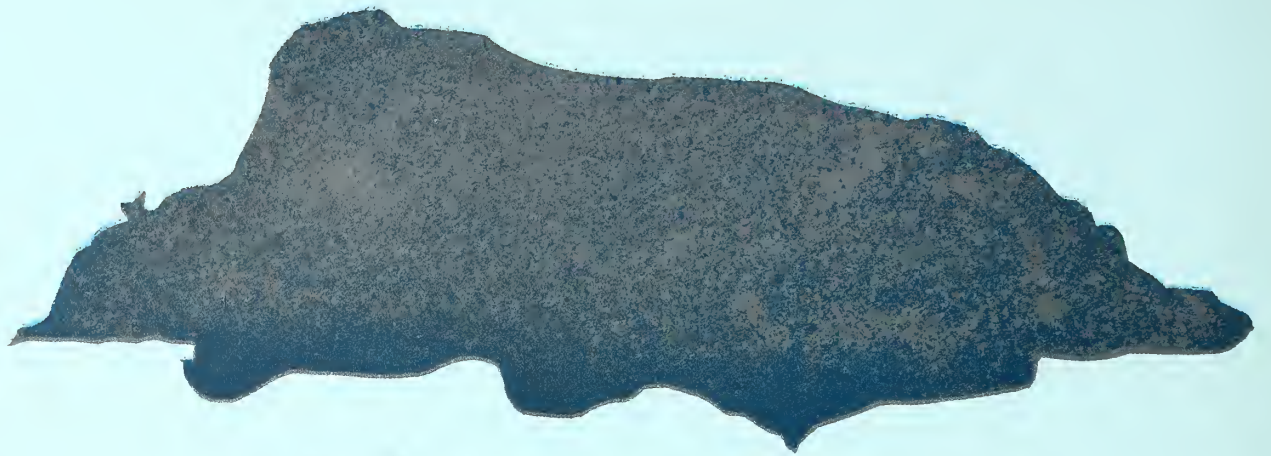
"Okay, go, for Christ's sake! But stay out of camera range, and hurry- I can't stick with two forever!"

J. Hart McKay was smiling. From the looks of things, he stood to win a small fortune. The 12-5 odds against the Americans could prove to be the financial break he'd been waiting for. He shot up, sank down, and enjoyed the activities.

. . . feature . . . feature . . .

THE WEST Germans executed an incredible turnover,





Jan Harrelson/Steve Seipal

lifeceasing four of the American team in a record 14:26. Details were sketchy, as technical difficulties in the immediate area allowed only minimal coverage of the competition, but new odds- 20 to 1- were immediately released upon statistical notification. The slim hope for those fighting the steep odds lay in young Calvin Ross, who had gone undetected by either cubicle transmission since the second hour of field activity.

The voice transmission was cracked and distant. "Dead."
"What?"
"He's dead," Steve reported. "Burned, like the others."
"Badly?"
"Horribly."

"You sure it's Rick, then?"
"Positive...no tank, no uniform."
"Great," he said. "You got your camera?" "Small Conrac unit, yeah. Why?"
"Start transmitting. Give me tight face shots, slow pans, complete coverage..."
"You sure you want this, Chad? It's pretty gruesome..."
"All the better. Need a backup?"
"No, I got it. You want a voiceover?"
"Not yet- just video. And time your tanks. Two, stay wide."

J. Hart McKay was perplexed. What the hell were they

focusing in on a lifeceased cameraman for? He obviously wasn't part of the competition... what if something important happened while the director was shitting around with some stupid unit crewman? He had a good mind to change channels, but he had a lot of money riding on the outcome. And besides, there were no other channels to change to.

... feature ... feature ...

ANOTHER FIRST for the Thirty-first Regular Season Was: Investigation by the field proctors uncovered that the clever West Germans had overtaken an ABC Camera Cubicle in the playing area, using the monitors to disclose the locations of their opponents. Utilizing the American video facilities until their discovery by another ABC technician, the West Germans made easy prey of all but one of the USA team; the West German coaching staff refused to comment on whether or not the strategy was premeditated.

"I don't believe it!"

"I don't either, Chad, but he did it."

"Christ, what the hell for?"

"No idea. He had 'em both- God knows what'll happen now!"

"Well, stay on your shot, for Christ's sake!"

"I will, I will!"

"Greg, you on?"

"Yeah- what do you want me to do?"

"Give me a voiceover."

"Now?"

"In a second, when I switch to feed tape. Could you see what just happened?"

"All of it, yeah. What are you tapping into outside?"

"Crowd reactions, stuff from out computer cameras. Just watch on preview, adlib as you go."

"Okay. Now?"

"Now. Three, stay down there."

A switch is flipped.

***VTR.CIRCUIT.CROSSOVER.

SET.SHOT.AA:OUTSIDE.ARENA.

AUDIO.OVER.

CUE..

"This is Steve Harrelson, reporting live from ABC Sports. A chain of unusual events has disrupted the usually disciplined atmosphere of the Regular Season Wars. The latest, and oddest, action, came from the last remaining American team member, young Calvin Ross." ***FADE.

MOBILE.C3.IN:THREE.SHOT.

AUDIO.CUE..

"Ross, forced outside by enemy fire, outlasted the West German ammunition stores and cornered them, weapon ready for game-point confirmation." ***CUT.

VTR.REPLAY.CIRCUIT.

LOW.SETTING.FEED.

AUDIO.CUE..

"Rather than lifecease his opponents and end the match, you can see Ross...there- right there- Calvin Ross throws his weapon down to the ground." ***FADE.

SET.SHOT.AD:VIEWING.AREA.

AUDIO.CUE..

"If the West Germans were shocked, the spectators were outraged. Demonstrations and protests sprang up immediately, with most of the people in the viewing area screaming for the competition to stop. Less verbal antagonists put their thoughts to posters, instantly displaying signs such as 'War-Not Sport' and 'Stop the Wars Now.'" ***FADE.

MOBILE.C3.IN:THREE.SHOT.

AUDIO.CUE..

"The action, however, continues..."



J. Hart McKay was pissed. He didn't understand any of it. Why hadn't Ross killed the two West Germans when he had the chance? Why the hell had he thrown his weapon away? And now, with the Germans on top of him using physical violence, why wasn't he resisting? A moment later, it all seemed to make sense. First one German, than the other, collapsed on the ground next to Ross; an ABC closeup indicated that the two had overextended their tank supply. The American was apparently the victor.

Then, to the horror of J. Hart McKay and everyone else witnessing the event, Calvin Ross ripped off his own oxygen mask, saluted the camera, and fell limply next to his opponents.

J. Hart McKay didn't understand any of it. What had happened to the Olympic Games?

Cancer Moon

emotions
ebb and
flow
like moontides;
swelling
waves
break
on rocks
into tears
so salty
the crabs
feel thirsty.

STEPHANIE POE



Steve Selpal

July Chill

Larry Givens



Sam's well placed kick caught the new patient squarely in the ribs. He collapsed with pain as Sam thought, "He'll learn".

Sam, with three years duty as guard in the Bellview State Institute for the Mentally Disturbed under his belt, had taught quite a few. A patient that didn't learn to move when he said move paid dearly.

The new patient was getting to Sam. The cold, unfearing, yet vulnerable look in his eyes really troubled Sam.

Sam's massive frame - he stood 6'3" and weighed an even 250 - was usually effective in establishing his authority. The new patient, though, did not fear Sam. He did not hate or defy him either. He just stared at Sam and never said a word.

Sam's every motion was very deliberate. Usually Sam dealt quickly with problem patients; they quit being problems or they became statistics. But, it had been three very long months since the new patient had arrived. Sam still thought of him as "the new patient".

Sam could in no way establish authority over him. The other patients were quick in noticing it. One day the new patient stopped eating and Sam, in a rage, forced food down his throat. The other patients all refused to eat.

The inspection, coming up in three days, was putting Sam exceptionally on edge. Sam knew if his ward was disorderly

it could affect his chance of promotion to floor supervisor, which he knew from inside sources he was being considered for.

Sam found the new patient, as he often did, lying prostrate and rolling back and forth on his cell floor. Sometimes Sam would watch him roll and mumble for hours.

Sam pulled the patient to his feet and lead him out of the cell. Patients who had fits were rolled in damp sheets and placed in a cold storage vault and allowed to "cool off". In time a patient always calmed down.

Sam had often found the cooler useful for other purposes. He placed his problem patients in the cooler, wrapped them in soaked sheets, and let them freeze. The cause of death was always listed as "adverse reaction to standard therapy".

After the new patient was secured and liberally doused with icy water, Sam left the cooler and began his rounds.

It was over eight hours later when Sam returned to the cooler. After he had secured the new patient, he had decided that the next time the new patient stared at him it would be with frozen, dead eyes.

Sam opened the door and could only stare. An icy chill cut through him; it was not the cold air that chilled him, but the undisturbed frozen sheets forming the shape of the body that was no longer there.



Dave Patrick

Ho Hum, time for another . . .

P'an Ku pictorial

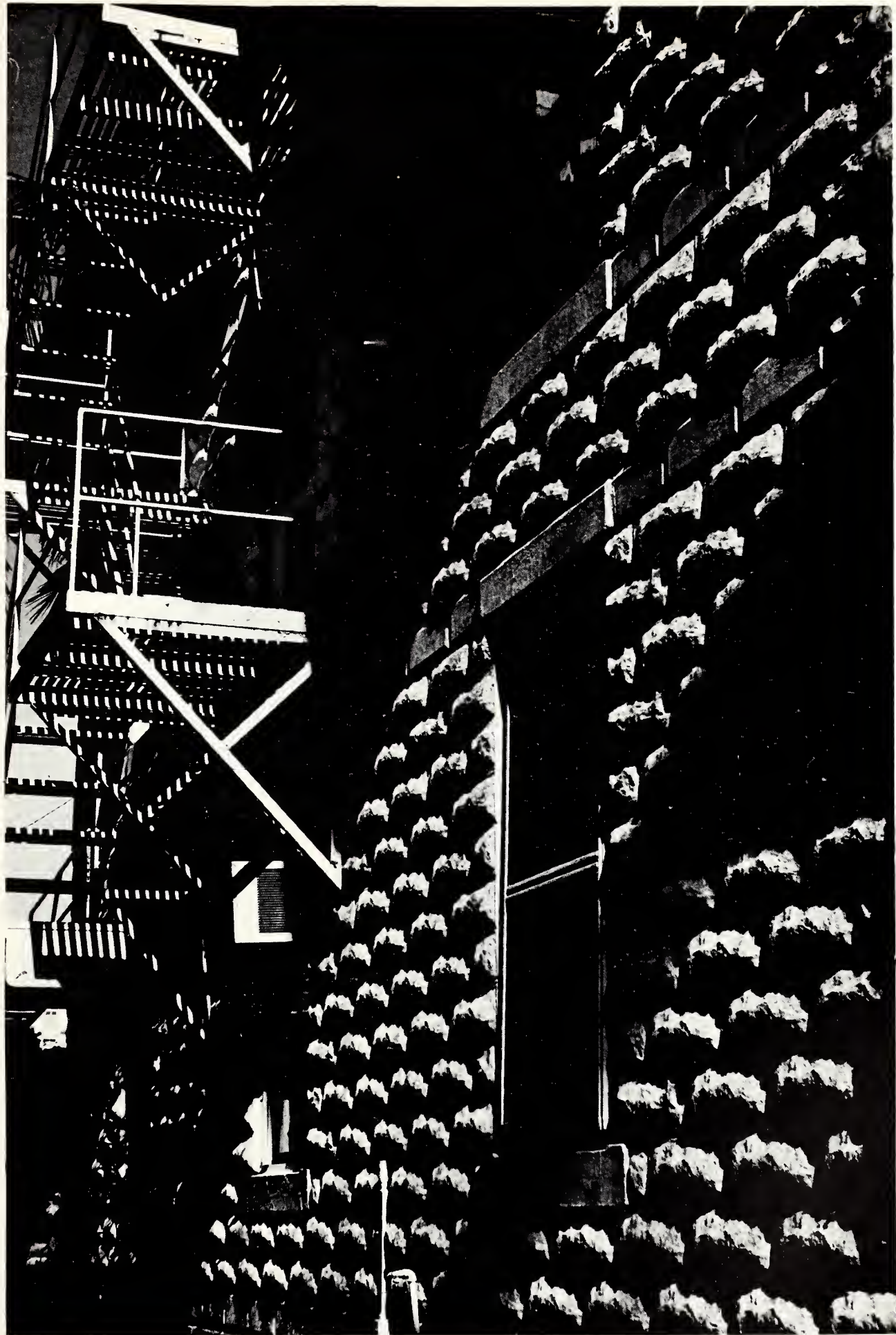
On the following six pages, P'an Ku presents a selection of photographs by BCC students. The first four pages are full-sized photographs by Ted Bowe, ready to be detached and hung. Next are six postcards which you can tear out and send, compliments of P'an Ku.



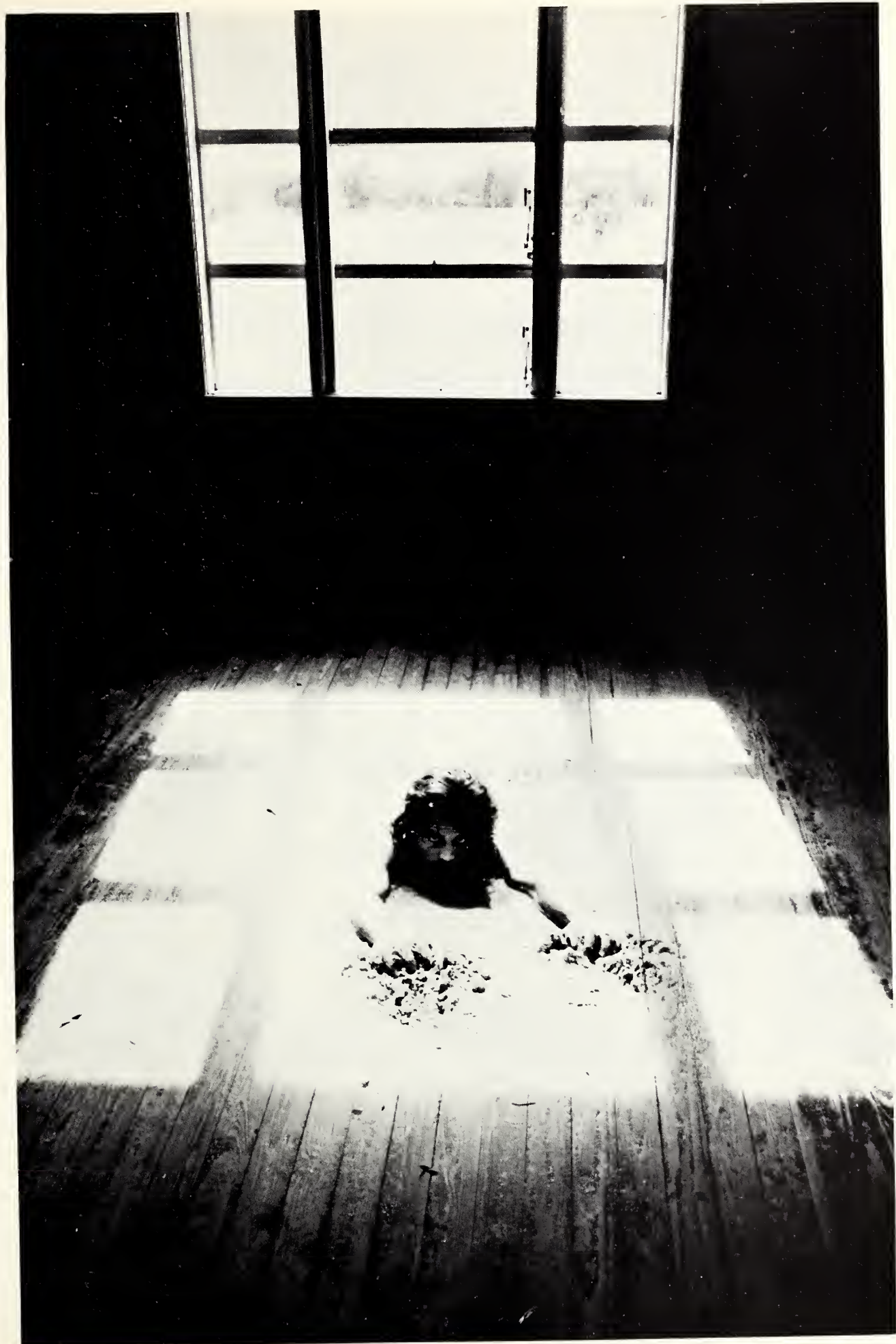
P'an Ku Pictorial
Broward Community College
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida



P'an Ku Pictorial
Broward Community College
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

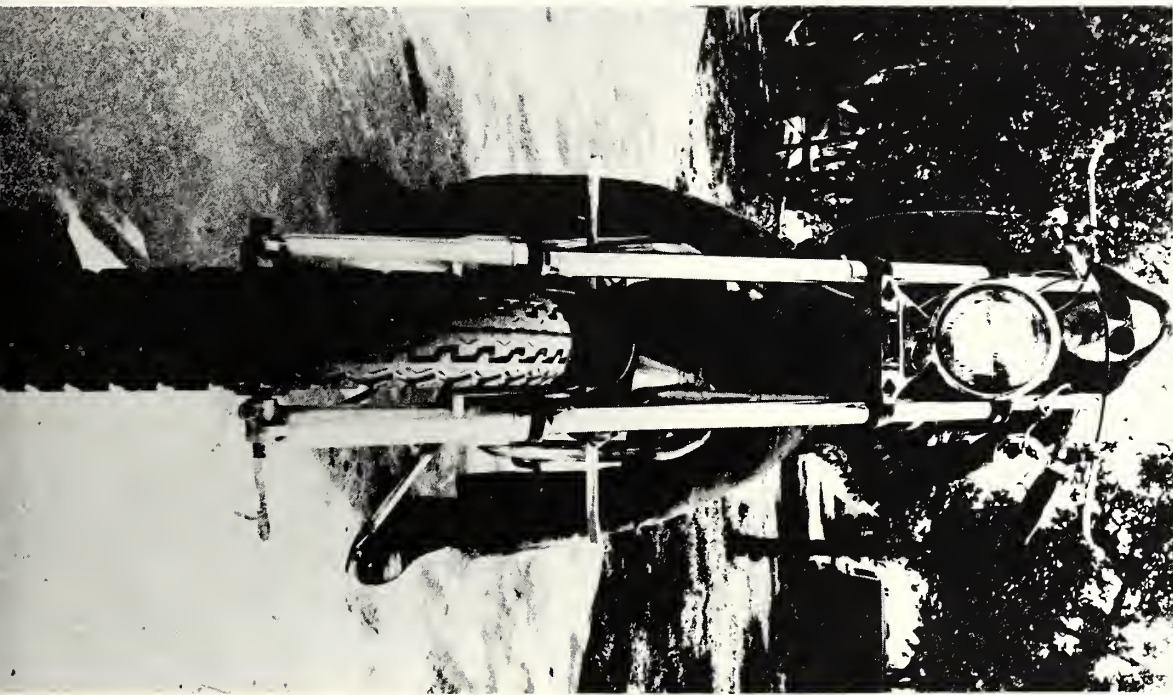
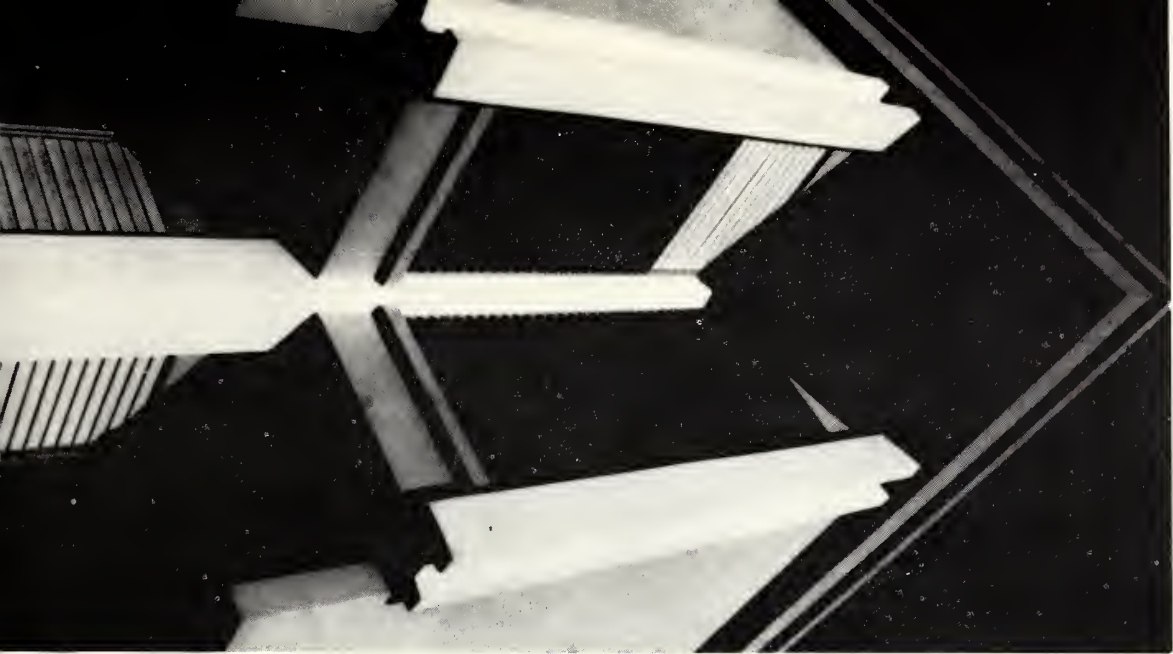


P'an Ku Pictorial
Broward Community College
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida



P'an Ku Pictorial
Broward Community College
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

POSTCARDSP





BCC Classroom Building
Photo by Dave Patrick

P'AN KU The Literary Magazine of
Broward Community College



Photo by Kevin Deland

P'AN KU The Literary Magazine of
Broward Community College



POSTCARDSP

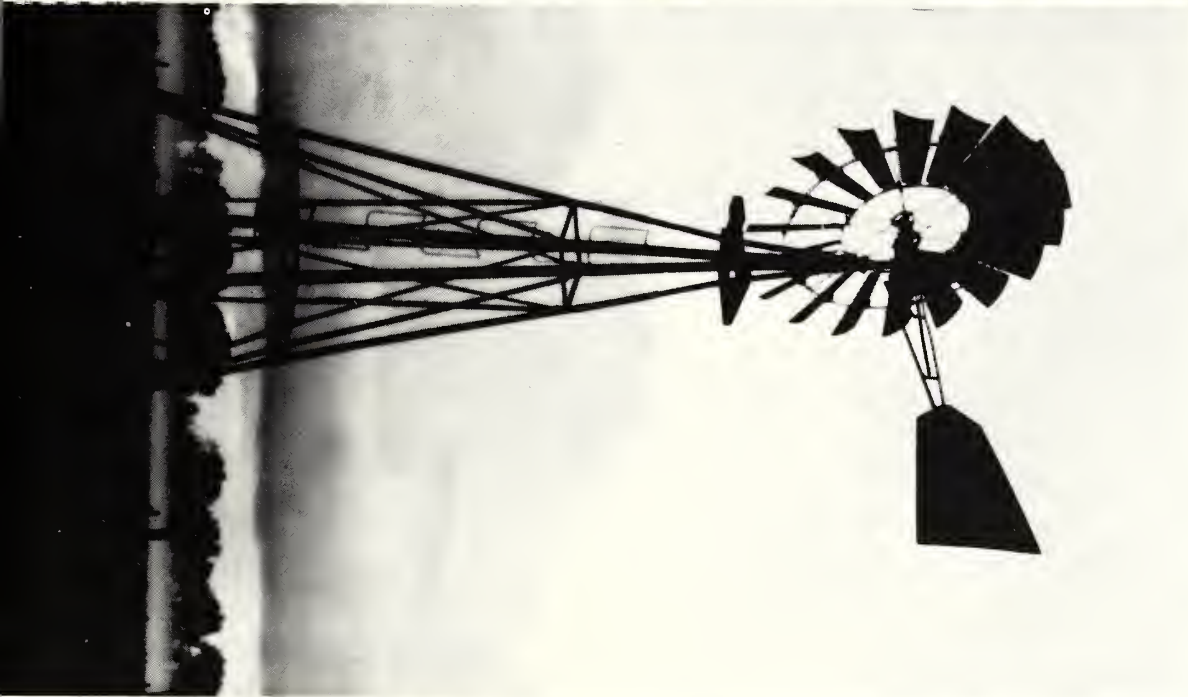




Photo by Dave Babcock

P'AN KU The Literary Magazine of
Broward Community College



Photo by Dave Babcock

P'AN KU The Literary Magazine of
Broward Community College



STAFF

Editor Janis Mara

Poetry Editor Jim Greasart

Poetry Board Madeleine Leone, Robin McMahon, Larry Givens, Pamela Mara, Doug Pugh,
Micki Salter, Joe Capita, Mary Ellen Lobosco, Janis Mara

Prose Editor Larry Givens

Prose Board David Smith, Rose Smith, Madeleine Leone, Robin McMahon, Bill Newman,
Wendy Anderson, Cindy Klees, Jim Greasart, Tim Roxey

Design Editor Steve Selpal

Layout and Special Effects Steve Selpal, Janis Mara

Copy Preparation Pat Rooney, Supervisor, BCC Word Processing

ADMINISTRATION

Faculty Adviser Betty Owen

President Dr. Hugh Adams

Vice President and Dean of Student Affairs

Vice President and Dean of Academic Affairs Dr. Clinton Hamilton

Executive Dean of Central Campus Dr. Harry Smith

Executive Dean of North Campus Dr. Horace Hartzell

Dean of Student Affairs Dr. George Young

Director of Student Activities Bob Livermon

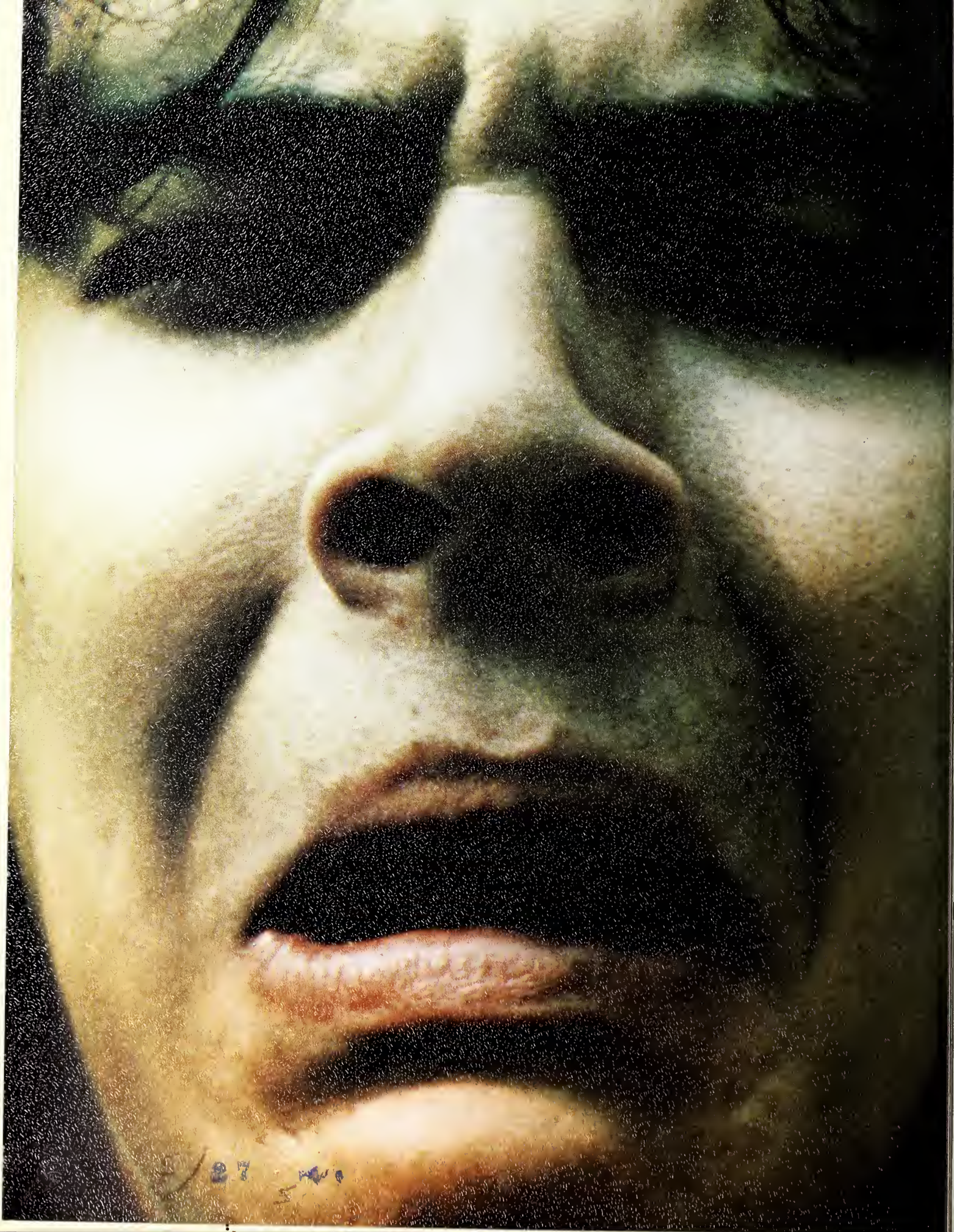
Chairman of Communications Division

Willard Kempton, Central Bernard Campbell, North

Chairman of English Department Dr. George Griffith

P'AN KU is financed by the Broward Community College Student Activity Fund and printed by Designers Press, Orlando, Florida.

Opinions expressed in P'AN KU are those of the individual writer or artist and do not necessarily reflect the attitude of Broward Community College staff, faculty or administration.







R00150 50963

805

805

805

1972-73

SOUTH
CAMPUS

SR

broward county
library

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA 33310

LIBRARY
BROWARD COMMUNITY COLLEGE
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

