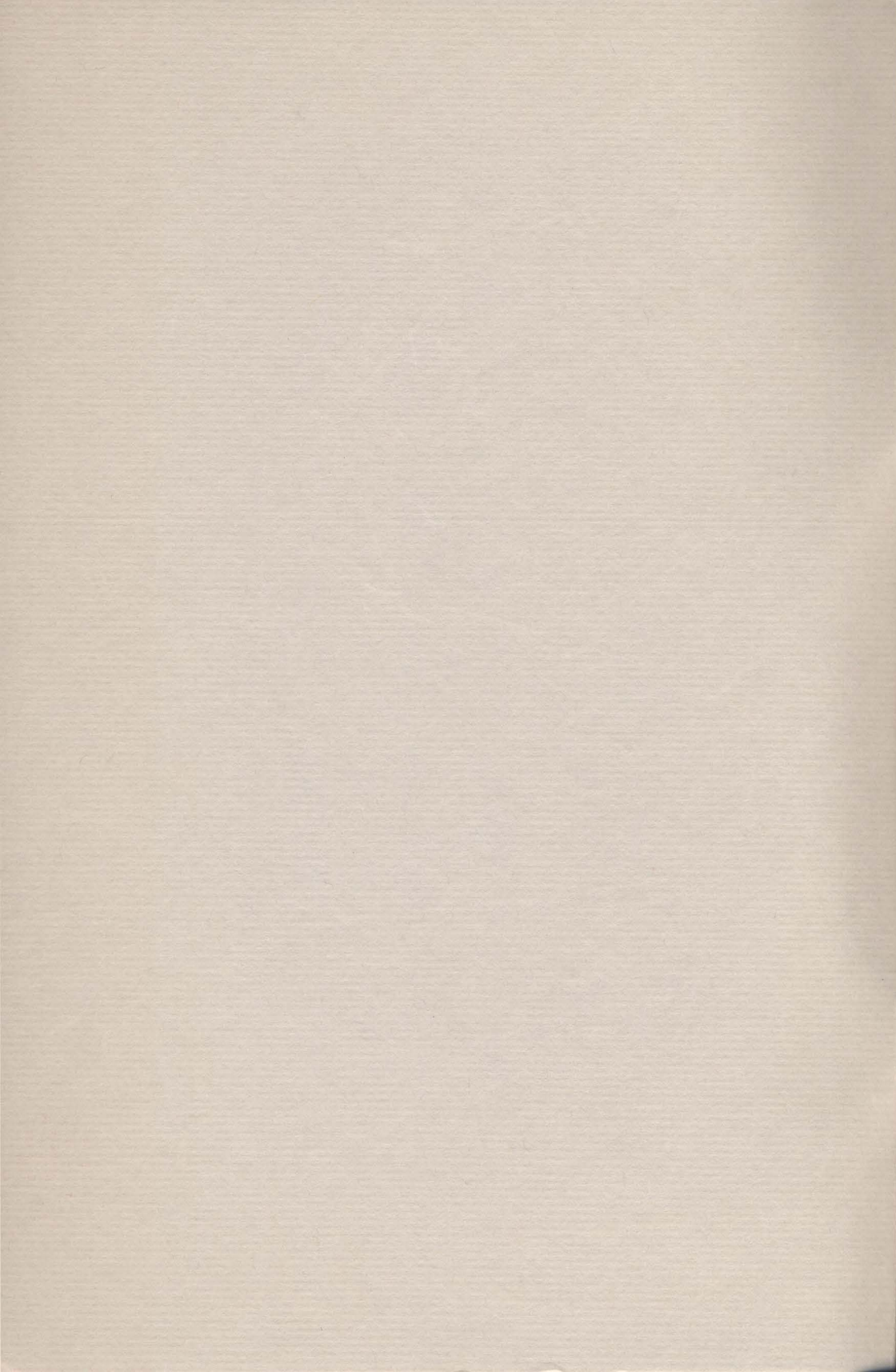


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SPRING — 1969

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The Reflector

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FIRST PLACE AWARD

to

THE REFLECTOR

Shippensburg State College

March, 1969

Columbia Scholastic Press Association

College and University Division

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They shall beat their swords
into plowshares, and their
spears into pruning hooks;
nation shall not lift up sword
against nation, neither shall
they learn war any more.

Isaiah 2:4

As It Was And As It Should Be

. . . FRED GULDEN

"Fields of yellow and the sun glistening off a creek that ran along the edges of the fields, that's what I remember about my childhood. We used to pretend that the hay, I think that's what it was, was loco weed, like you used to hear about on westerns. You know, the hero's faithful horse would eat some while the dude was trying to get on him and the old horse would go bounding off in all directions, the dude draped over the saddle like a sack of grain or a trussed baddie, and just before the beautiful girl that you know is gonna marry the hero, the one that's been to college back east, catches up and grabs Old Paint's reins he jumps over a dignified stone wall and styrofoam rocks go rolling all over the place. Anyways, we used to pretend that this was locoweed, try to feed it to our dogs or if we were fighting try and make the guy on the bottom eat it. Then he'd get really mad, he was usually always the same guy, and start throwing rocks and sticks at us hiding in the grain, which must have been, oh, a good two feet over ourheads. The smell of that grain on a dry day, like the way dirt would smell if it smelled as much as mud does: there was a patch of mud, thick black loam, at the beginning of the road running through the fields to the creek. Remember, some farmer would pick up this mud in his hands and roll it around, take it into his wife who would be in the kitchen glumly looking at this big wood range with the oven door hanging by one hinge, but the farmer would stomp in raising clouds of dust in his passage and stick this in her face and say, "Look at that, Nellie, now that's the good earth, that's what we came west for," and she'd look up at him and drop her eyes, turn and run out the door as stormy music would be playing and poor Jed would be standing there with his mouth open, there'd be a shot of the dirt falling in little chunks on the floor as his hand slowly opened. Locoweed. Funny how things work out. Oh, and the sound the wind made making waves of hay change color and clouds passing swiftly over the sun made everything cool."

He leaned back and held a match to the pipe he'd been lazily gesturing with during the preceding. I signalled and bent over to light a cigarette from the match; straightening up showed a mood of silent interest, waiting.

"That creek as I've said ran along the edge of the fields, which were wild traces of a farm that had been there once. From the civilized side of the fields, where our homes were, you could see a line of trees stretching in either direction, past the ending of the fields where we didn't go, around a small ramshackle factory whose smokestacks and water tower we called Chicago, and the kid who knew everything, the one we were always beating up, said that there were hunters up there, and that the creek split into two thinner but faster streams, cold.

"You know how a sunbeam shines through dust in an old room, one of those rooms where everything, the walls, the ceiling, the floor even seems to be made out of polished brown wood; well, the sun would shine through the leaves of those trees far above us and filter down like that, somehow too the undersides of the

leaves looked like they were reflecting the water, all glistening all around so it almost hurt your eyes to look up or down. I don't know what kind of trees those were but they didn't have branches 'til a long ways up so you couldn't climb them, and the leaves were all spread out at the top like a canopy. You know, we never did that much swimming; we used to walk up and down the sides of the creek under that roof; there was a path through ferns and skunk cabbage and along this path we built forts, leantos made of branches and hay cut down with a boy scout knife. We'd sit in these forts, dark caves full of little boys sticking their elbows in each other's eyes and whispering, waiting for people to come down the trail so we could jump out and scare them. The fact that no one ever came along never discouraged us. And we had names for all the parts of the creek and of that line of forest that could wear a name: whirlpool rapids, the old tree, the narrows . . .

"One summer the older boys, a whole separate generation, with axes and saws built a huge fort out of a pile of weathered gray trees lying chopped down in the middle of a field. This was right near a big sunken rectangle of yellow earth where in winter collected water frozen over for ice skating; this had been the site of the farmhouse, so the story went, which with forty mules pulling it rolling on logs had been moved to a new site a few blocks down. So you see they had chosen a good site for their fort. They moved some of the longer logs to form a fence around the main pile, and by carefully shifting the wood of that pile hollowed out two rooms, whose roof and walls were thatched with hay cut down from inside the fence. The back of the main room was an overturned stump whose roots had grown around a large rock and pulled it out of the ground with them into the sunlight; one could sit with his back to the rock and his head wouldn't touch the ceiling. There was a smaller room to the side for us little boys; it was reached through a passageway between the ends of big logs which, piled atop one another, formed the walls. All of this that was visible from outside the field was the look-out tower, a slender branch erected as a ladder with bottlecaps nailed into the gray wood for rungs. We spent many nights down there with sodas and cigarettes, transistor radios tuned weakly to big cities, talking, the older boys whispering and laughing among themselves.

"One day I was playing down there by myself, jumping from log to log, when I caught a glimpse of a big person, my father, walking through the high hay to our fort. I ran and hid outside the fence, in the crackling yellow grain, and watched, fearful that he'd say I couldn't go there anymore. He walked around the pile slowly, bent down and stuck his head through the door, tried to move some of the logs and was unable to, stood for a moment rubbing his chin, then suddenly turned and looked directly at me.

"I didn't move, thinking that perhaps he didn't see me, and we neither of us moving stared at each other for some long minutes. Finally he interested himself in a half-chopped log to one side and walked away. When I got home that night he was lying on the couch reading the paper as usual, and nothing was said then or ever about it."

He was silent, mulling over his word flow and choosing his words carefully, drawing on his pipe. I lay on the floor and kept the silence unbroken. When he spoke again the rhythm and tone of his voice had changed, and he began slowly, his gaze concentrated at something outside the room.

"The older boys went off to the middle school outside of the neighborhood, and the fort was seldom visited; one day the roof fell in. There was a fire, a small one outside of the fort proper, but the firemen wrecked the place anyway.

"It was like that to everything. The hay was killed and a housing development placed atop the fields, those orange brick places with tiny kitchens and big two-car garages. The Republicans' great Interstate system destroyed our creek as it split communities across the nation; the creek was dug up and made to run a straight channel along the elevated ridge of the expressway, as a sewer for the drains and for the dye plant up the creek which made the water flow purple, or brown, or a sickly pink. The fish died, and the thin line of trees was methodically torn down; they started at one end and let the sun shine on bare earth. There are no leaves and clear water to reflect each other now.

"But that isn't what I wanted to tell you; there's something, an incident, which I didn't remember like I remember this other stuff until recently. Something brought it out of me like it was waiting for the proper moment to be discovered; now it's sort of like Oriental touchstones or whatever they're called that you can carry in your pocket and hold in your hand, look at; they have something to do with meditation—if you stare at it and around it long enough you can be carried above maya, the delusion of this world, or then again perhaps it's like—but no, I'm only avoiding trying to put this into words. Let me think a moment."

He shut his eyes and folded his legs beneath him in the lotus position, touched his forehead and cheekbone, picked up the pipe but thinking better of it put it down next to the matches. "Listen," he began, speaking deceptively calmly now, a steady flow of words again with an added undertone of intense excitement, and his brow became covered with sweat.

"Listen. It is perhaps a year, maybe two, after the construction began. A stretch of four lane highway a few miles long goes past the former fields and wraps around the neighborhood and the city into which I am just beginning to venture. It is white cement, untraveled since the intersections are not finished, and the boy that knew everything and I walk our bicycles up the dirt ramp to the cement. The sun is shining very brightly; our tires make a not-unpleasant accompanying whine on the pavement. For a mile or two we go smoothly past our neighborhood, sometimes weaving back and forth and making lazy loops of our crossing paths; not racing each other but simply doing some smooth bicycling.

"Far ahead of us something gray seems to squat across the roadway; nearing it effortlessly on the crest of a cold wind we see it grow from a metallic beetle to a storage tower for cement powder; a cloud of particles veils it as we leave our bikes at the abrupt end of the road. We walked up to it silently and half-heartedly tried the doors of the sheds at its base; the wind is slapping us with deceptively slow cold gusts and standing in the shadow of the silo we are cold."

He was involuntarily shivering as at the memory. Realizing the inadequacy of his words he licked his lips and waited for me to make some wisecrack, say and after a long pause he spoke again, in a happier vein as if he had just made something to relieve him of the burden he had taken on. I, however, said nothing some decision or solved a problem that had long been bothering him.

"My friend that knew everything dared me to climb the ladder that scaled the tower's side, in the shadow at that hour, and as in a dream and much to the surprise of both of us I accepted. The rungs of the ladder were slippery in my hands as I climbed steadily, not looking down, until I was halfway up the tower. There something passed over me, not fear of heights or of falling but a depression, some knowledge . . . It was still cold and sunless, and my companion's voice reached me from an abyss, but I ignored it and clung desperately to the side of that cylinder, dizzy with that feeling that possessed me and the image of the tower beginning to turn like some obscene carnival ride, turning faster and faster in the cold. . .

"The fit passed, and myself once more and more than myself I calmly ascended again, noting as a point of information that if my hand slipped I could grab the side of the ladder. The sun came; I was blinded, a dazzling wall of whiteness hung in front of me, but I kept on; rising, the wind now caressed me gently, and as my hand groped above the last rung my vision returned; I had reached the top and could see again.

"The countryside hung before me, before me; you should have seen: there were sparkles of white light glinting on the hills beyond, and past these hills were cloudy mountains, all full of castles, and pine trees, and fir, trees and leaves. I felt cold and sunny, a transcendental feeling, and I didn't have to think, just took these huge breaths in which the tingling air ran through my chest and joyously out again. The sun grew even brighter, brighter yet to a cold whiteness that I now welcomed. My eyes were one with the landscape; if I desired to see something behind me I merely contained it within myself. A tiny point of reflection moved across the sky, a jet, cutting out the blue and leaving whiteness, I laughed and laughed standing there and yelled back joyously at the playful wind. . .

"Oh yes, I was up there for a long time. I don't even remember coming down."

I lit a cigarette with a trembling hand as he sat illuminated from within in the lotus position; after a long time he opened his eyes, smiled beatifically, and picked up the pipe, reaching into his pocket, saying merrily the while:

"Well, let's smoke some dope, yes?"

Dream

. . . ALLEN WELCH

I often dream of running
 through a forest of friendly trees
 with feathery legs
 rustling and
 pushing
 the autumn leaves.

I want to run through a forest
 where no one can
 hear me
 or see me
 or see the white rabbits
 that scamper before me,
 leading me to some velvet field
 at the edge of the forest
 where I can eat
 and rest
 with some virgin Diana.

I want to roll
 through this grass,
 riding waves
 while the wind takes my mind
 and my incomplete heart.

And then
 I want to sleep
 in this soft fragrant grass
 where serpents never crawl
 and the sun never burns . . .
 just warms my love.

And when she leaves
 I want to run
 to some crevice

 great
 dark
 ugly
 and call her back
 and know she'll not return
 ever
 and then pretend
 to think of leaping
 complete despair
 my self-pity
 challenged by hidden realisms.

And then I want to turn
 and hopeless
 fall to my knees
 and cry
 low
 lost sobs;
 loud
 bitter screams . . .
 just cry,
 all out there
 where no one
 can hear me
 can see me
 can laugh at me
 except me.

Something

. . . ROBERT S. MADDY

Contained in the abyss between
the realities of thought and
the perplexities of emotion
is a sense of
endless time—

pursuing the trails of
stars falling off to the
entertainment of
neighbors who laugh
at your seriousness
and boast of their
unperturbable
characters.

So let them scoff, for it
is I who will crack an
ever so slight
grin
when their day comes to
find themselves no where—
knowing nothing
doing nothing
being nothing
in
the nothingless world
of the
void of the mind.

The Park, The People, And The Wind

. . . PAUL POLITIS

The park
Rests above the city below.
Cars
Rise to the top
And depart,
Fading down the road
And into the smog,
Just passing through.

The park has
Lots of dogs,
Running after people,
And lots of people,
Holding hands and hips,
Playing baseball,
Walking,
Sitting on benches,
Running after dogs.
"Look, dog,
see the world."
("Look, man,
see the bone.")

People,
Gazing at leaves and trees,
And monuments to men fallen elsewhere,
Not in the park,
Where violence is
But a skinned nose
Or a mugging.

Families with kids,
Eating lunch.
Lovers with kites,
Tangled in the clouds,
Loners,
Searching for togetherness.
Halfway people,
Driving convertibles.

The park,
With litter and litter baskets,
Beauty and eyes.

The wind,
Blowing all the coats
And hair
And kites
Through the world,
In the park.

Examination

. . . ALLEN WELCH

I have examined the hovering darkness
that constantly fills
a seemingly meaningless
portion of my soul,
and have screamed
silent screaming questions
that die
echoless . . .
answerless.

I have seen
rare neon flashes
flooding this crevice
when
lightning bolts flash
and volcanoes flash
and bombs flash
and bodies flash.

I have explored with feathered feet
the length
and breadth
of the Milky Way,

and with carnivorous heart
scaled Olympus' peak
to find short relief
from Bacchus.

I have listened hopefully
(but too soon disgustedly)
to tales of revivers
charmers
warriors
deniers
and crosses . . .
and still no light.

I have been thinking
of matter
to energy
to matter
to infinity,
all somewhere created,
and in all that energy
no light
to fill this crevice of conscience.

I am searching;
only pagodas remain
and remnants
of crosses
of ages forgotten
but now echoing
back to me . . .
answerless.

Colors Of Love

. . . PAUL DeANGELIS

How many colors make up love?
Two? Four?
Maybe just one pure color,
That when slowly melted forms
the shape of
You and I lying on the beach,
Playing in the sun,
Or kissing in shadows.
You and I,
One pure color.
How many colors make up love?

Hunter

. . . PAUL DeANGELIS

A hunter seeking more than I
Has caught my prey and soon will die,
For knowing less than load a gun
He's broke the gate and made her run
This prey to see not by her mind.

Once The Grass Was Green

. . . PAUL DeANGELIS

The grass was brown as we left the ground,
and your gloved hand touched mine.
I took, now have, the quilt of a sound,
did we not share one mind?

Your grey scarf passed, my sense did find
a perfume new to them,
And brushed against my bewildered mind,
my bare skin kissed your hem.

A gift to me from the golden trees
your colors bore a sun.
Tough winter winds, now they play with bees,
destroying all their fun.

Your golden hair, oh how it did run,
between your soul and mine.
And now tied back, it's called a bun,
was I the one struck blind?

We shared one day the fruit of love
and now I'll dine alone.
The gift we stole was returned above
the grass: straight/still, white/bone.

To See

. . . PAUL DeANGELIS

Wash away, tears, the dirt that has been
implanted by city smog.
For it blinds eyes and I can't see the sun.
Wash away, tears, the glare from the glass
monuments we build.
For they eat the plains and choke the sky.

Wash away the pain and clean the city streets and
avenues of success, lying on which are the pharaohs
of last year.

Wash away, and then put out the fire
Wash away, and then seek a sire
Wash away, and then flood the earth
Wash away, and then seek the birth.

Wash away, tears, so that we may see
the petal of a rose,
the bud on a tree.

Wash away, tears—and then wash away.

Dislocation Of Courage

. . . BARRY ROSS MARTIN

Standing alone amid the forest
Of standing oaks was I
Reminiscing a long-lost Tsarist
As the fog thus floated by
My blurry eyes of silent tears—
Was that a baby's cry?
I soon was enveloped in fears
As the wind-in-willows sigh
For the soldiers who now are dead,
Because this new war looms nigh;
For I do not wish to part
Or become a human fly
Who preys from every start
And finds that he shall die.

January's Search

. . . BARRY ROSS MARTIN

I just cannot understand
Why such a dreamed of
Existing metaphor such as is found
In that so-called Shangri-La
Cannot be found within the realms
Of our government freedom league.

I am unable to comprehend
The grey sky and green leaves
That interchange the tunnel
Of means found throughout
The grave exteriors of cemeteries
That exist the non-existent.

I do not quite understand
The hypocrites who suppress
The greatest of all generations
That are somewhat limited
Under twenty and one
And rewarded just the same.

I am unable to visualize
That for which I want
Like millions of others
Who float like de-headed
Hippos in compact coffins
Through this, the absurd.

Wall Power

. . . PAUL POLITIS

The bare light bulb shines down upon my mind
And blinds my eyes from seeing my four walls
Releases me from thoughts of days behind
And gently ends all love that it recalls.

It leads me through the present where I find
That everyone I've met along the halls
Remains back at the wayside where I dined,
And everything I see, first stands, then falls.

The nearby world is bright and shining out
To tell me that the bulb will never break
And from the unknown crowd a heart will shout
And step outside and share the first snowflake.

The bare light bulb that blinds the present light
And travels with me in my lonesome flight.

The Umbrella At The Crossroads

. . . PAUL POLITIS

If the winds
Were gonna blow you down.
If the rains
Were gonna fall on me.
If it were
That the future was in sight,
Then I might
Love the night.

Then I might see you today
Then I might know what to say
Then I might take you away
From it all.
But as it is
I'm over there
And
As it is
You're over here
To stay.

And everyone's still locked
In his room.

The Wick

. . . LINDA HENRY

Youth's fleshy fantasies
 Properly put in perspective
 Bliss does not exist
 not for long
 been hated, adored
 pursued, ignored
 have struggled, rested
 accepted, rejected
 dejected
 am hard, cold
 am wise
 Erase the years
 the tears
 let autumn flame orange
 red
 gold
 for me again
 if briefly.
 Quick
 before the wick
 turns
 black
 forever.

Cutting

. . . LINDA HENRY

Cutting trees,
 Preparing for a sunless world, perhaps;
 Or an earthless sun.

LTD

. . . LINDA HENRY

and when he'd said
 all the words
 in his **Love Vocabulary, Limited**
 he turned
 was
 child-giddy one moment
 hand-wringing tense the next
 not
 half so afraid of losing me
 as getting me.

Free Verse

. . . DEBBIE GLESSNER

Chromosomes and genes,
Hereditary stuff —
Considering its frequency
It doesn't often muff.

Impression

. . . DEBBIE GLESSNER

weeping
 willow
 wands
wistfully whispering
with
wailing wind
while
wandering, wearily
without
will

The Calf

. . . DEBBIE GLESSNER

The little calf escaped today
Into a world of weather-beaten corn stubble.
His sides heaved heavily
In mid-day heat,
Too domesticated
To enjoy a new freedom.
He bawled to me for comfort.
As I approached crunching stubble—
Like rifle shots they
Cracked—
He bounded away
Unaware of my good intentions.
I changed my rapid pace
And
Knelt and held my hand extended.
On weary legs he came to me
And
Found in my fingers
The pleasure
Of his
Bottle.

February

. . . BIBI

A melted snow-flake
waterdrop on my window
reflecting a white-grey world
A buzzing spring-fly
silently facing the miracle of the water-drop
regards itself.

Tonal

. . . BIBI

Flute-tones
like drops of rain-bows
fall through the wetness of the night.

Bowl

. . . BIBI

I stood on the bank of the river
and saw the white moon's
water-reflection

I held my heart
in my cupped hands
and remembered you

I saw you
in the white moon-reflection in the black water
and my heart slipped out of my hands' bowl.

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EDITOR'S CHOICE

We stood on the cement porch, he
and I, the stars shining
each in his own way,
all whitely, making pathetic
and ugly the baleful radio tower lights.
Inside the Mothers blared Zapp's vision
of an electronic apocalypse—
Ah, God, the transistor's melting!
I'd been reading howling ginsberg
mad ginsberg, moaning the life of
his mother, wooden Naomi, wood not
plastic hair
curlers
bermudas . . .
Naomi belonged to the sorority
of the mad sisters; but enough.
He turned to me and said
(His Day-glo pants quiescent in the darkness)
"I was out here one night
and thought that I came from
the stars." I went inside.
THEN. It all turned bad.
They were shotgunning the smoke
of each other's thin
lives up each other's
nostrils, mouth-to-mouth
for the dead, seekers of that
throw back of the head that
means wow! I almost went
that time, when I sat
unnoticed, thinking of the sound
of the stars moving together,
opening windows to the light
beyond the blackness, and
death waited in the gas
station across the street, slept
in the eyes of angry puzzled
frightened neighbors, the bored
stomachs of cops, not now but
soon, said the stereo
through the four-inch speakers
used as earphones, cardboard
thundering uselessly, playing with
the out ear as the music
the inner.
Later Curt and I moving
down the blank line of

interstate, cables and posts
cutting a white swath out of
the countryside, when Curt
slammed on the brakes. What's
wrong, I said in the silence,
and he: Two things ran
across the road. I laughed,
and said: Two more ran
alongside a while ago. We
drove on, and I was
sad with meaning, for
such times do not come
often nowadays: the garbage
of our schools and daily news
radio reports buries the
hidden life of our past lives
in those days when we knew
who we were, and why, and
for whom. But now drugged
by coke and beer and endless
cigarettes we talk with ourselves
so little, and suffer others
to tell us who we are, and
for America, and the greatest
con of them all is
the flag, worthless five and dime
store's trinket of a banner, unstained
by the blood of those who gave
their pallid lives for another
chance at the game, so hard to
win these days, to find the
wheel and to spin it so that
our piece moves into that peace
which we all seek, and which
is too little found these days—
the others wait contented there
for us to make the whole,
and begin the world again.
So I ponder as we sped
past gas stations and
restaurants, signs and lights,
an occasional other wanderer
in that night, the stars above
unseen, as if hidden by some
large plastic roof, painted black
when it was found that
the players couldn't see

the ball thrown by the politicians,
con masters of it all, blinded
by those hints at the bright
biggest ball of them all.

long time I lay awake in the
silent valley of night's unknown hours, until
dawn brought breakfast, and the town's keepers,
cops, truck drivers, milkmen, and me, into the restaurant.

. . . FRED GULDEN

I Know A Doctor

. . . JUDITH FRANK

Finally, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I pulled away.

"Hey!" Richard said. He was angry. "What gives?"

My hands were twisting in my lap. The words burned my throat. "Richard, I have to talk to you. I'm going to have a baby."

For a moment I thought he was going to hit me. Then he sank back against the car seat. "When?" he asked as he picked up the pack of cigarettes that had fallen out of his pocket.

I took the cigarette he handed me. "I don't know."

"Oh, come off it." He was angry again. "You must have some idea."

I was a little angry myself. "You know as much as I do. What's your idea?"

He was quiet, and then his lighter clicked and he lit my cigarette. "Sorry," he said. "Didn't mean to clobber you like that."

I started to apologize and then stopped. What the hell? I mean, I'd already started what I was doing so why prolong it? "We'll have to get married," I said abruptly.

He sighed. "I thought that's what you were leading up to."

"Well," I snapped, "what's so wrong about that? It's a pretty logical answer."

"Not necessarily." His tone was cautious. "There are other answers, you know."

I'd expected this. I didn't answer him.

He waited a minute and then went on. "Look," he said carefully. "It's not that I don't like you. I like you a lot, you know that." He shook his head. "We have to be practical about this."

I watched him. His brow was wet, and he wiped it absently with his forearm.

"Katherine, you have to believe me, I really care about you. But I'm not ready to get married yet. I need time." He paused. "Christ, what a mess."

I kept thinking I ought to say something, but I didn't know what. Either he wanted me to be an unwed mother or he didn't.

Some farce, this. I would have laughed, but I didn't know how he'd take it.

"What I'm trying to say, Katherine, is that I'm not going to marry you. I can't." He held up his hand to stop the hysteria he anticipated. "But I'm going to help you out of this."

"Well, you've been a marvelous help so far." I put out the cigarette. "Tell me, what noble gesture are you planning now?"

He grabbed my arm. "O.K., stop that. I'll help you, but I'm not putting up with any crap, so knock it off."

I started to say something. "Just shut up!" Richard screamed, and then he let go of my arm. "I know a doctor who can take care of this," he said after a minute.

"I know one, too," I said.

"Is he good?"

"Yes," I told him, "but he charges five hundred dollars."

On Foot

. . . JUDITH FRANK

My God, I'm tired, so very, very tired. How much longer is this going to go on? Walking, walking, walking. I am sick and tired of walking.

I'd like to lie down somewhere and sleep. Anywhere. I'd like to find a place with a little grass, and maybe a tree, and rest. And some water. I'd want some water. Then I think I'd be happy.

I wonder how long I've been walking. Quite a while, I guess. An hour or two. Too long, I can tell you that.

All this walking and for what?

I'd like to know how much longer this is going to last. My God, I'm tired. And thirsty. If you ask me, this is ridiculous. I don't think it's accomplishing a thing, not a thing.

And I'll just bet I'm getting a blister. Right there, on my left foot. Beneath the little toe. Great. Just what I needed. And with my luck, I'll probably burst it. Oh well. What else can you expect when you're walking like this? I must have been out of my mind when I said I'd do this.

Lord, though, it's tender.

I wish all these people would leave. Or at least that they'd go walk somewhere else. I hate crowds. Well, maybe not all crowds. But this one is bad. Packed together and squirming like snakes. Today I hate crowds. It's hot. It's hot enough already, and then these people all packed together. God.

My back feels like it's breaking. And my neck is getting pretty stiff, too. No wonder, considering the position I'm in; anybody would be stiff. I'll just bet I'm going to be in one beaut of a condition before this is all over.

God, what I wouldn't give for a drink of water. Better yet, for a nice, cool lake to go swimming in. Get away from all this heat. My throat feels like parchment. Boy, what a day. Heat like this should be made illegal.

Unless I miss my guess, I've now got matching blisters. One on each foot. See, I'm limping to prove it. Ah, joy. Maybe I should kick off these sandals and let the air get to it. But, if I do, I'll probably rub the blisters off. And these stones are probably so hot it isn't funny. I guess I'd better leave the sandals on.

Brother, is it dusty. All these people walking. No wonder. But still, it shouldn't be all this dusty. It's absolutely inhuman that it should be so hot. Especially with all this dust.

Lord of love, my back hurts. If you ask me, this is just about enough. I have had it up to here. In about one minute I'm going to call off this whole silly game and sit down. I've got one beaut of a headache and I'm getting another blister, I can feel it. Plus my back hurts. I must have been crazy when I said I'd do this. I must have been out of my everloving mind.

And this crazy cross is so heavy. . .

As I Sat By Myself

. . . SUZY MILLER

As I sat by myself

(which I often did then)

Like pillicock sitting on pillicock hill
behind the metal and cement bars
used to protect others from my mind
behind the codeine and amphetamine bars
used to protect my mind from itself
high in the tower of my

"secular institution of higher security"

(which is a nice way to say fun house)

my mind

frozen amidst the sweet marjoram

A tall elegant Elven — king

rode toward me upon a misty gray

unicorn

with a silver horn

An elf

with silver hair that looked

not unlike a soft web

(spun by a very young spider)

in the early evening dew

and

with eyes

of a light indeterminate color

which were like mirrors

unless looked into

by the right frame of reference

He wore a mantle

yes

a long mantle spun of moonsilk

clasped at the left shoulder

with what looked like

a dragon's tooth

yes a white ivory dragon's tooth

upon a sea blue mantle

He bade me come with him

though not with words

for words are the creation of mortals

and therefore

inadequate

but with his eyes

for deep within his eyes I saw a light

which stirred me to some

Jung-like archetypal emotions

for a land where I had never been

perhaps

He bade me come with him
 to a land where I belonged
 a land of all peter pans and wise un-adult elves
 and fairies who only sing
 very sad slow songs
 odes to a life and land
 to which most of us can never return
 having been touched by
 witch-hunting cotton mathers
 and leprechaun-hunting irishmen
 and tinkerbelle-hunting captain hookes on cbs

And he bade me
 for the third and final time
 come with him
 with his eyes

and I did

To a beautiful land
 where the sky is like an opaque painting of Stillness
 in various but complementary shades of blue and
 the only clouds are a few lambs for some of the
 incurable cloud watchers to dream under

To a small land
 where one can easily meet others if one wishes to
 or just as easily stay alone if one wishes to

To a natural land
 where golden fleece still hangs unstolen from the trees
 and the trees themselves stand quiet and moody like
 tall solid soldiers who watch over the immortal elves
 and whose ancient branches laden with silver and gold leaves
 lean over to protect their Elven charges during their
 nightmare-less sleep
 and the trees undulate slowly to the rhythm set by
 the ever-moving river which flows beneath in violet
 even though the surface is ever smooth as glass
 (if one listens closely with elven-ears one hears
 the soft murmurings of mortals whose ships have sunk
 deeply beneath the river's surface in their vain attempts
 to invade our land)

The unicorn's golden hooves
 silently clattered across
 the glass surface
 of the river which surrounds the land

Upon its enchanted shores
 the Elven-king sat me down

and
 not without a final look
 rode away

And the air was filled
with the silent singing of birds
But I could hear it
And i could smell the elf-clean fragrance
of eternally blooming
flowers
And i was clothed in an
unhampering gown
of soft blue mist
spun at the silent looms
of the elf-queens
And my hair blew freely
in the still wind
as i walked barefoot through
the land
and greeted other members
of our race
who had been exiled into the
outer land
by jealous humans
who force us to conform
in our minds
but our king had recalled us
freeing us from the bondage
of humanity
which classifies
free minds as insane and
dead minds as patriotic
they also serve
who do nothing
and he kissed me upon the eyes
and i saw
and i understood
and i stayed

Request Of An Unwilling Agnostic

. . . C. WILLIAMS

Soul, conscious, God — to whom it may concern:
From the nadir of the depths within myself
And from within this corporeal urn
Of souls forgotten or misunderstood,
I plead my case of disbelief.
Doubting Thomas is my real analogy;
I, too, cannot perceive the seeming truth
Of faith I cannot see.
To whom it may concern I raise . . . two questions:
Which of the three most powerful and how?
My soul, I judge, determines my finality.
Concern within disguise of conscience
Contributes my share in humanity.
The third, God — believers say — Omnipotent in Word and Deed.

. . . So I by reasoning and by faith request
That this Divine strength rule my soul and conscience,
And I, like true believers, can believe
The greatest qualities are offered of Himself:
His immortal insight and unerring guidance—
Giv'n to whom it may concern.

A Thinking Place

. . . DONNA HARPSTER

When I was young and trying
to grow up, things puzzled me.
So, on a sunny afternoon off
I'd go with a dog to a place
I know down by the stream.
The dog did more than I did.

Hate was familiar, but was love
Only the feeling I had for the dog
Coming to rest, panting, at my feet—
What was the secret of the forest
Warming me fearless there—

It was a pretty place when I
Was young: a bank on the opposite
Side, a curve, and a log, over.
A treetoad cheeped; freckled
Light filtered through the leaves.
The dog did more than I did.

Eternity, Infinite

. . . DONNA L. HARPSTER

The hawk swooped,
A baby robin fell,
Then suddenly I felt
You here inside me,
Your palm in mine.
A whispered phrase, I
Heard not what, then
Free I lay afloat above
A wave pulling into itself
All the water on earth.
Below, swelling, arching
It grew to me, in me,
Through me, a million
Atoms each pul-sing
To a different song.
Informing it left, and
Gathering together all
The cords of birth,
Set me back on earth.

The Shell

. . . DONNA L. HARPSTER

The shell, gleaming pink,
Lay on the warm sand;
The ocean pounded, high tide and low;
Gulls, overhead and on the shore,
Shrieked raking scavenger, raking scavenger.
The shell lay in the sun on the warm sand,
And waiting—
Held tight its roar.

To The Spirit Killers

. . . DONNA L. HARPSTER

YOU SAY THAT GOD IS DEAD,
SOMEONE'S CHOPPED OFF HIS HEAD;
THEN WE'RE ALL IN A HELL OF A FIX!

ME, I HAVE CONTRADICTS TO TELL
AND THINK YOU SNAFFLED, NIXED,
IN A MURKY SUBTERRANEAN CELL
BY YOUR PERSONAL FIX OF A HELL.

Soma

. . . DONNA L. HARPSTER

Is the I that is me,
The me that you see,
The headless trunk
It seems to be?

No, on passing a mirror I see
A face. Can that be me?
It's most unprepossessing;
Guess I expected a rarity.

Mmmm

Every I that's behind a me
Thinks of that I before a we—
Maybe never thinks of a you at all!

All yous were put behind a me;
Could this have been done intentionally—
That each I would see only you?

Sea Morn

. . . ANNE YOUNG

The silent grayness of the early morn
Was broken; screeches from a circling gull
And through the fog strong blasts from nearing horn
Awoke the fisherman from heavy lull.

In his old shanty doorway he appeared
With seaboots and his drab sou'wester on.
The craggy visage told of nothing feared,
As only furrows deep from age were drawn.

Along the wharf with weighted tread he clumped,
Then climbed aboard his trawler moored secure.
Onto a wooden locker there he slumped
And mended a torn net with fingers sure.

The daylight hours so swiftly slipped away.
"A catch tomorrow, then," I heard him say.

Small

. . . LAUREN ELYCE STOLP

Autumn-fallen leaves,
beautiful garbage of life.

Tincture Of Rainbow

. . . LINDA GUNNET

Daisies embroidered,
Overlaid,
In hieroglyphs of words,
On meadows, once green,
Where thrushes used to pipe.
Charmed by a new world,
Sung to the tattoo
Of crickets' staccato.
One moon
Not enough for Jupiter.
Seven-times-seven times
I knocked at the door.
And the snow fell
And the frost painted new hieroglyphs
On the window-pane.

Moment

. . . ED SADTLER

A moment tiptoes
Round the corner
Consuming itself
Screaming, "Help!"
It knows
And I know
I'm helpless.

Shadow

. . . ED SADTLER

Shadow
Drag me into your mouth
Chew me up and spit me out
Maybe I'll be
Sunsports.

Somebody

. . . ED SADTLER

Somebody walking over my face
Woke me up.
Resenting the pain
I ate his foot.

I Will Travel

. . . ED SADTLER

I will travel down a long road, out of
shadow into sunset.
And if my arm is strong enough and the
sun is not too hot,
I will keep it from falling for one
more second.

Genesis

JUDITH FRANK

Adam and Eve in a garden and
 Eve ate an apple.
 So much for the garden.
 Adam and Eve.
 Alone.
 Except for God, of course,
 but He was the one who kicked them out of the garden
 so He shouldn't count.
 Give Him the benefit of the doubt.
 He counts.
 Adam and Eve and God.
 And a couple of fig leaves,
 strategically placed.
 You take it from there.
 Adam and Eve did.

Dirt

. . . ROY THOMAS SAGER

I watched a man turn over a spade of dirt;
And then another, and more;
Until it seemed the world
Was beside him:
He stood upon a crust, a shell, a grave.
I asked, "Wouldn't a man have long since
Reached his goal?"
He answered, "I'll take just one more shovelful
Of dirt."

Mind's Eye

. . . ROBERT S. MADDY

Billowing clouds buffeted the
caverns of his thoughts,
Blanketing the muddled and
bludgeoning confusion of
the eternal process,
Grasping the entities in
the gaps of conscious
and unconscious reflection.
Allowing him to remain
impregnable to the
omnipotence of life.

Love

. . . HAROLD S. BEECHER, JR.

Love can't be understood in whispered crowds,
Like a student with his lessons.
Only by experience up in the clouds,
As a pupil in a never-ending session.

Haiku

. . . HARRY GUYER

A pea-green turtle . . .
Floating in a deep, blue lagoon . . .
Splash! It is gone.

6:15 A.M.

. . . WILLIAM J. PRINSKET

dawn
I waded into the sun
the new sea of dew lapped against my spirit
vernal oceans of crabgrass beyond
swimming in forgotten joy . . .
 seeing a worm
 thanking God
I was not a hungry sparrow.

The Death Of The Novel

. . . FRED GULDEN

Wolfe came grinning to the funeral,
shaking hands with his dapper brother
Tom, who had been inclined to stalk
the streets of America ferally;
Tolstoy brought a roast beef sandwich,
big in wax paper; Fyodor gnawed
a raw hamburger, and sat with
Kafka, both uneasily watching
the other's clutching fingers.
There was a to-do at the door,
Melville had arrived, bringing
a large white whale of suspicious
origin, that winked at Hawthorne
who sat austere with the Transcendentalists.
See! Kesey passes a hash pipe to
Pynchon, who shrugs and gives his cheap
wine to Mailer, who holds it in one
hand and gestures with his bourbon in the other,
To Twain, who is bumming a cigar from Clemens.
In the coffin in its lies, big and
awkward as in life, tended
tenderly by Jane Austen,
who slips a pillow under its head
and puts the finishing touch on

her neat epitaph (Mailer wanted
to dynamite the damn thing, and
hold a three day Irish wake,
but Joyce didn't approve. He
sat in a corner and watched TV)
Now they are gathered around the
coffin, pious Salinger reads the Zen
lines; Dickens weeps. Capote stands
ignored, the light glinting on his
thick glasses, hiding his colorless face.
Now they place it underground,
Hemingway with his shirt off
dug the hole, while Kerouac
dug the whole scene, man, and
now Kesey plays the harmonica
and throws some grass in with
the dirt, and Mailer chucks in
his glass, and Wolfe the elder
has a lump in his throat, and
Miller is leading Miss Austen
down to the woods, saying he's got a
mechanical pen that just might
do the job. Beagle smiles, pulling
his mustache, and figures he better
plan on leaving the cemetery open
that night.

Prison Music

. . . MARY STOUT

Between the mountain slopes, the red sun set slowly, coloring the sky with a rainbow of hues. In the fertile valley along the Ruhr River, a small, isolated village nestled in quiet repose. As darkness settled over the valley, one by one the houses began to gleam brightly as lights were lit by the returning German workers. This was the customary time for the members of each family in Gelsenkirchen to meet together at the end of a working day.

Although eager to be with his family, Herr Schlosser, hurrying home from the Menken Coal Mines, could think only about the weekly letter that awaited him at home. He knew that it had arrived earlier in the afternoon; in fact, every week for the past three years, a letter had come early Tuesday afternoon. He knew, too, that neither his wife nor his daughters had dared open it. His footsteps quickened perceptively as he caught the first glimpse of the friendly lights that emanated from the front room of his house.

The sound of laughter floated from the tiny kitchen in the back as Herr Schlosser entered the main doorway. Immediately one small, blond girl, screeching loudly, came running into his arms. "Daddy, daddy! Vera is chasing me. Tell her to stop tickling me!"

Looking at his daughter fondly, Hans gave her a quick squeeze and set her down on her feet. "Tina, honey, you go play quietly with your sister. Daddy has to read Emil's letter."

"But, daddy! Why won't you play with us? You never do! Besides, you can't read that letter," she continued teasingly, "because mommy dropped it into the fire!" Looking coyly upward at her father with her big blue eyes, Tina was suddenly frightened by the stern look that masked her father's usual gay, happy expression. His eyes grew cold, and his mouth stretched tightly across his uneven teeth.

"Tina," he spoke harshly, "you do not make jokes about Emil's letters. Mommy would not drop any of them in the fire! Now go play." Not eager to be yelled at again, Tina hurried to the kitchen as Hans took from the mantle a white envelope stuffed with thin sheets of paper. The writing on the sheets was small and cramped, and occasionally a few ink smudges blotted out a letter or two; despite this, Hans was able to decipher the meaning of the sentences.

Considering each word carefully, he began to feel more relaxed. The harsh lines left his face and were replaced by crinkles at the edges of his upturned lips. He was so engrossed in the letter that he was unaware that his wife had entered the room and was reading over his shoulder. She said nothing, however, for she, too, was concerned only with the letter.

As the last page fell to his lap, Hans smiled at his wife and then spoke a little haltingly, "He sounds good, doesn't he? Such a nice boy, Emil. He always could play the violin good. Think, mamma, he must be very good now; for seven years he has been in the United States, studying and playing in concerts. He will win many wards!" he finally said dreamily.

Both Hans's excitement and his dreams stimulated his wife's imagination. She, too, was eager to see the day when her son would be famous. He had been

only eighteen when he had gone to the States to live with his uncle, who then taught in a large university. With his uncle's help, the boy had studied under an excellent musician and had become a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He had always written his parents to tell them about his experiences except for . . . Yes, there had been maybe a whole year, about four years ago when they had heard nothing from him at all. It had been a strange occurrence, no letters for a year! Hans had been in bad health for months because he had never received any answers to his long letters. But those were days to forget; everything was fine now!

Thinking about the many experiences and triumphs she had shared with Emil through his letters, she realized how much the family now depended upon his weekly newsletters, each postmarked from a different American city. Skimming over the words again, she finally called her husband's attention to a few lines. "Hans, look here! Read how well he is doing."

Hans read carefully. "Mama and papa, my concerts are becoming more numerous. At least once a week, I play before a large crowd who are always appreciative of my talents. Most of my concerts are attended by men from many varied occupational fields. Oh, mama, you will be glad to hear that recently I have been given an official escort from the concert back to my private dressing room. Only special people get these considerations." Coming to the end of the page, Hans stopped reading and stared ahead.

Both he and his wife sat quietly, wrapped in their own thoughts as their son, Emil, also sat thinking a thousand miles away in a dreary room furnished only with a chair, table, bed, and washstand. A violin lay at his side on the bed. The young man sat stiffly; only his eyes moved, focusing first on the concrete walls, then on the lock on the door, and finally resting on his worn violin. Reaching for the instrument gingerly, he began to play a tune reminiscent of his German homeland. The music swelled loudly and then stopped, only to begin again more softly in a mournful tone.

The haunting melody pervaded the prison as a guard approached the isolated cell. With him he carried white stationery and some stamps. He had come this way every Wednesday now for the last three years; he had seen the young man often; he had heard his music many times in the prison concerts presented once every week. Yet he was always moved by the young man's ability to express his feelings through music. For a moment the guard stood in silence and listened to the hopes and sorrows of a promising musician fly into oblivion. Tears sprang to his eyes, but he quickly dashed them away; he was too tough to let his sentiments affect his logic and the logic of the law. The law had declared the young man guilty of murder. Whether the guard agreed with the decision or not made little difference now.

With determined steps, he walked to the cell and handed in the paper and envelopes. "Emil Schlosser, here is your paper!"

The music stopped. The young man turned his head and stared at the guard. Slowly he put down the violin and with a slight smile took the box of paper. "Thank you," he said. "If my parents knew the service you were doing for me, they would thank you too."

Sadly the guard considered Emil's glazed blue eyes, his sunken cheeks, and his graying hair. The musician's life would end, he thought, before anyone would ever know his worth, except for perhaps his parents. Thoughtfully, the guard asked, "By the way, how are your parents in the old country? Are you still writing them about your 'big' concerts in the mess hall and your large audiences of men with numbers printed on their uniforms?"

With downcast eyes, Emil answered quietly, "Yes, they must never know the truth. They will not understand that I will never be a famous musician." With tears in his eyes, Emil met the gaze of the guard. "You see, I'm their only son! How can they understand what happened four years ago. At the most they would be convinced of my innocence as I am; yet that seems to make little difference now anyway. No . . . they will never know." His tone was firm, but his eyes blinked back large tears.

The guard left quickly, only to return an hour later to take the sealed envelope from the young musician. With the envelope in his hand, he entered the warden's office and laid the letter on the desk. "Emil Schlosser's letter, Warden Kirk. He requests that you have this one postmarked Chicago since the last one was sent from Cleveland. The Boston Symphony is doing a tour of the Midwest."

Love

. . . JAMES W. BERRY

Love is like a day in spring
that now is bright with flowers,
But later on is dark and gray
with local thunder showers.

Bodhisattva Kuanyin

. . . P. B. FRANK

Here. The wind cannot touch us.
Crouch like the moss blown tight,
Stretch across the brick.
Smell it.

Ga! All right! Hunhn!
I could leave you;
Were it not for me, you would smell
No brick, no moss.

Ha!
So now, reflective, turning,
You reach out for my hand!
With what?
With tears?
With wide-eyed fright to pierce the darkness?
If it's tears that brings your hand to mine
Then grasp a fist of clay
And mold it, hold it to your hotted mind;
Form a golden chalice,
Fill it to the brim with tears.
But if it's fear that brings your spastic hand
To clutch my arm
Then know, remember,
Stretch, smell, become
The moss that eats these bricks.

Hush! The wind cannot touch us.

Stop your ceaseless moaning!
The wound is not so great that you can't stand
For some short hours against these moss-grown walls.

Ah! Stand up you fool;
Unless you want this bloody blade
Between your ribs again,
Up!

Your mouth fouls the moss;
Yet blood and phlegm
Will nourish these uncaring roots.
So die; die; die,
You dead thing lie
against the moss and die!

