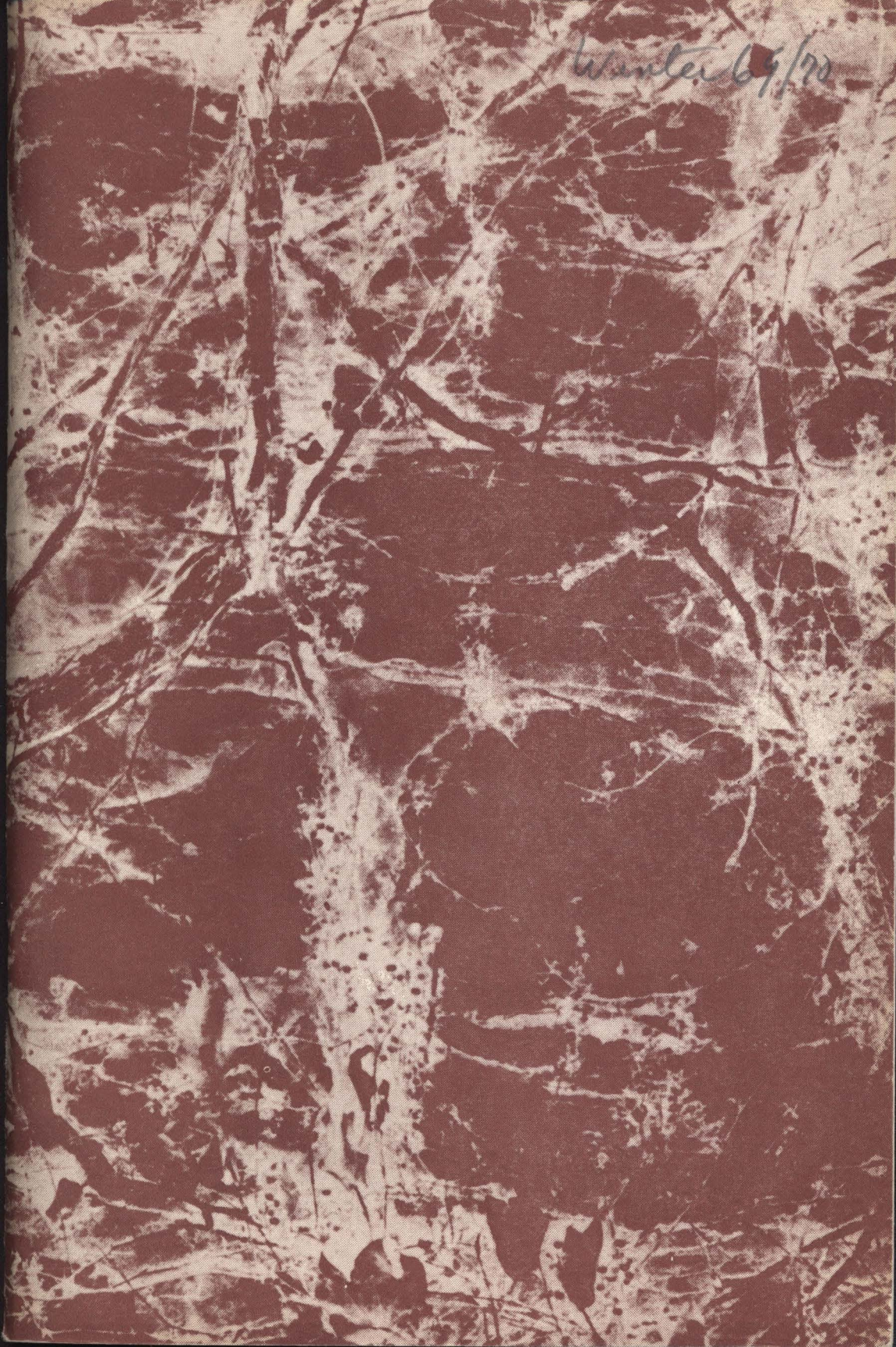
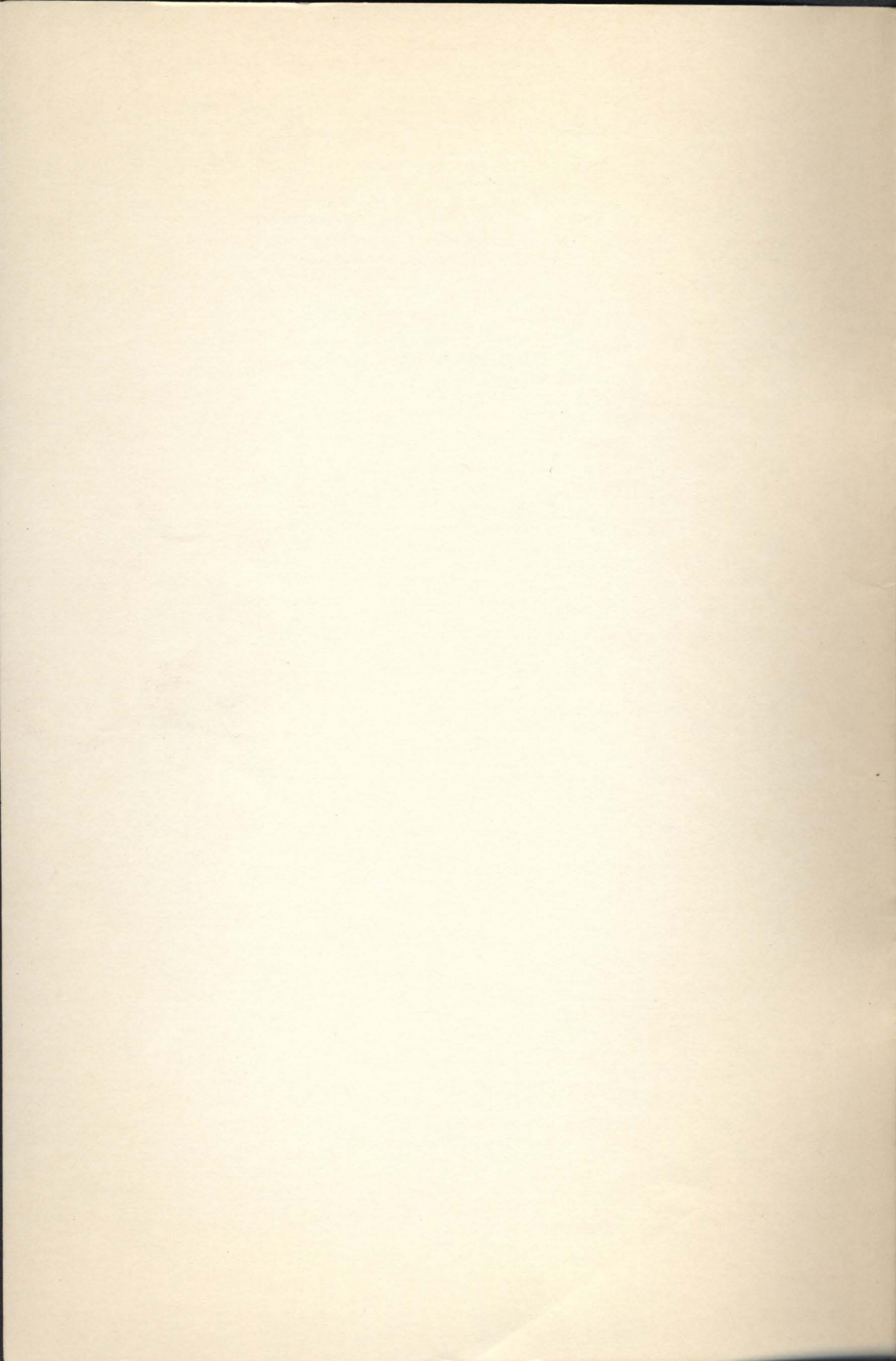


Winter 69/70





REFLECTOR

editor:

paul i. politis.

editorial board:

ed sadtler, craig zumbrun, lin henry, beth teofilak, beverly zimmerman, sandy wolfe.

editorial staff:

beverly kaufman, kathy swanson, carol wity, donna mikula, linda henry, charles dyer, linda gephart, greg russ, rod miller, barbara helder.

art and layout advice:

ed sadtler, lin henry, sandy wolfe, craig zumbrun, beth teofilak, greg russ, beverly kaufman, beverly zimmerman.

inside photography:

craig zumbrun.

faculty adviser:

miss mabel lindner.

©
1970 by
the reflector

cover photo
ivy along basement walls
behind gilbert hall.
high contrast reversal
by
joel giardine.

printed by the beidel printing house, shippensburg, pa. 17257

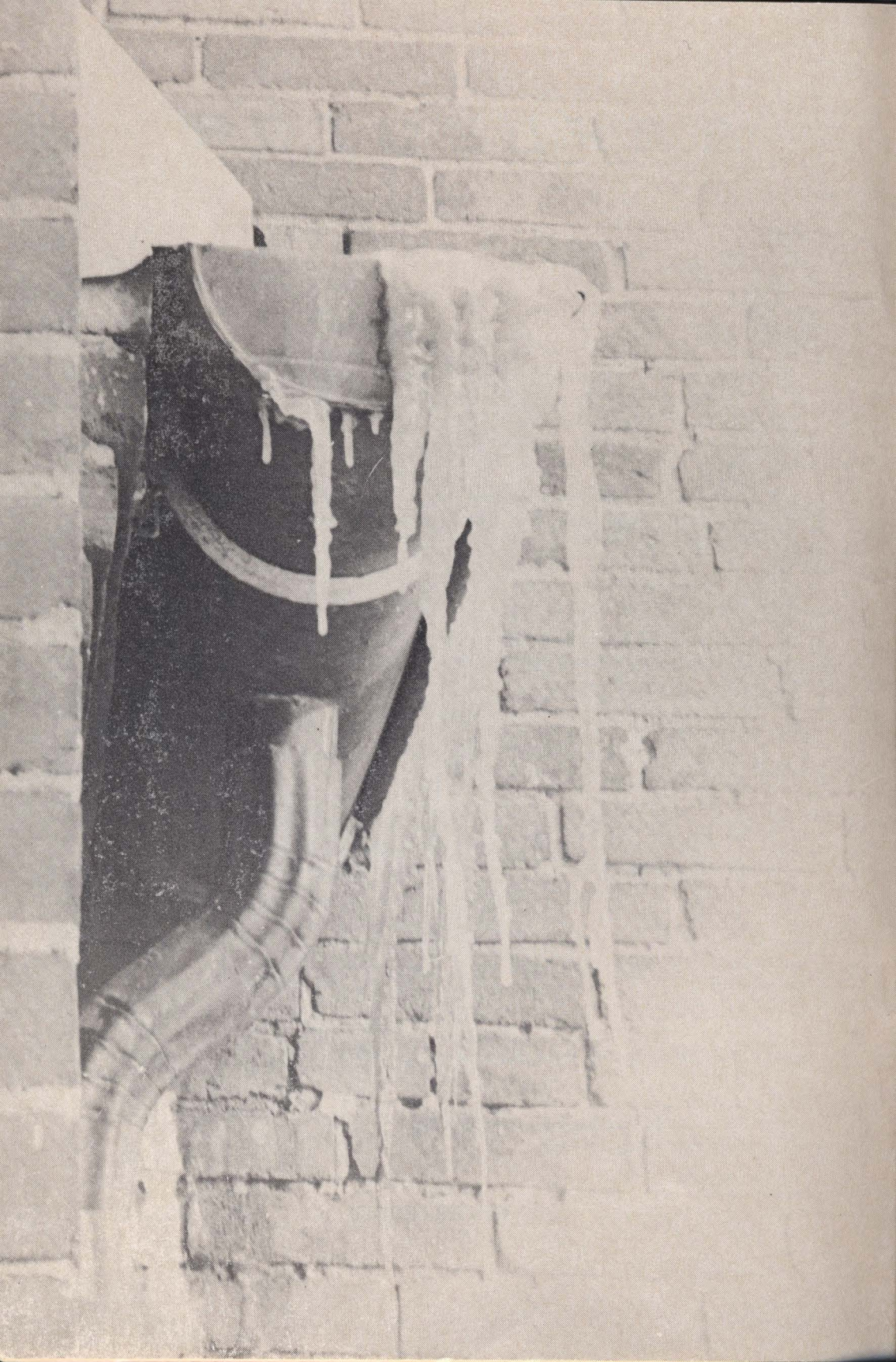
all material in the reflector has been contributed by
shippensburg state college students.

WINTER, 1969-70

S
H
I
P
P
E
N
S
B
U
R
G

S
T
A
T
E

C
O
L
L
E
G
E



- 1 revolution . . . pamela boll
- 2 haunt . . . ed sadtler
- 2 she . . . ed sadtler
- 3 genny . . . thomas a. harner
- 5 reflections . . . l. kenneth williams
- 6 free verses . . . rik hofmann

- 7 two sisters . . . sue smith
- 11 dawn . . . lin henry
- 11 aftermath . . . lin henry
- 12 aforesaid . . . craig zumbrun
- 13 ripe . . . l. kenneth williams
- 14 now . . . mary m. turner

- 15 come softly . . . rod miller
- 17 continuous performance . . . craig zumbrun
- 18 taming . . . lin henry
- 18 sandals . . . lin henry
- 19 some hop on (while others turtle) . . . paul i. politis
- 21 girl . . . paul i. politis

- 22 her . . . john e. wilson
- 24 sure, kid . . . nancy l. decker
- 25 the universal cage . . . brent amoroso
- 26 meadowsweet . . . beth teofilak
- 27 waiting . . . michael byers
- 29 on bad times . . . l. elyce stolp

- 29 on living . . . l. elyce stolp
- 30 the traitor . . . nancy haller
- 31 formula . . . l. kenneth williams
- 32 don't quote me . . . rick stuempfle
- 32 written while waiting . . . rick stuempfle
- 33 the date . . . beverly kaufman

- 38 free verse number 9 . . . rik hofmann
- 40 on proud love . . . craig zumbrun
- 40 september . . . lin henry
- 41 the fate of the little old woman . . . carol miller
- 42 old experiences . . . paul i. politis
- 43 two reporters . . . charles hoover

- 44 losing . . . linda rager
- 45 you know me . . . maryanne donovan
- 47 under . . . ed sadtler
- 48 hangin' . . . ed sadtler
- 49 sygny . . . stanley haas

C
O
N
T
E
N
T
S

"And take me disappearing
through the smoke rings of my mind,
down the foggy ruins of time,
far past the frozen leaves,
the haunted frightened trees,
out to the windy beach,
far from the twisted reach
of crazy sorrow,
Yes,
to dance beneath the diamond sky
with one hand waving free,
silhouetted by the sea,
circled by the circus sands,
with all memory and fate
driven deep beneath the waves,
Let me forget about today
until tomorrow."

—Bob Dylan.

Revolution

. . . PAMELA BOLL

Spring checks her steps with docile pageantry
And meekly shields her fragile offering
While man designs her ritual livery,
Hobbles her passive gait—illicit king
Of earth. To force his sovereignty,
Absently polishing his stolen ring,
He calls the plow—sower of tragedy—
To loose her feeble claim through suffering.

Winter explodes with furious revelry,
And outraged at the madman's cyclic crime,
Spills the pretender from his sister's sway,
Tempers revenge with cleansing anarchy.
Once done, he contemplates the ravages of time
And weeps to know the fool will have his day.

Haunt

. . . ED SADTLER

I remember this place
Its shadows were once blades
They cut me a new face
Now when I walk
I cast my own shadow
And it's not me that breaks.

She

. . . ED SADTLER

She cut her heart out,
Meaning to give it to me, no doubt,
But I had just washed my hands.

Genny

. . . THOMAS A. HARNER

As the clock struck two, I placed my empty scotch glass on the bedside table. Time, which was of the utmost importance to me, was running out.

I looked over at Genny. She was sleeping as soundly as the dark side of the moon. For the last hour I had been asking myself questions to which there were no real answers. How do you explain to a girl that all the love and good times you've had together in the past year have died with no apparent cause or warning? But most of all, how do you explain it to yourself?

The last weekend in New York was when she really caught me off guard. It was the display at Tiffany's. She gazed at the diamond in secret delight, her eyes sparkling. I was noticing how the background of the diamond matched her hair when my mind suddenly intercepted her expression. I guess it was then I discovered we were both acting in an unwritten play.

She stirred and my heart stopped for a moment for fear that she would wake and ask me what was wrong and I wouldn't have an answer. But she slept on, the only product of her efforts being a warm soft hand on the middle of my shoulder. The hand was not as dark now as it had been in the middle of the summer. It brought into my mind memories of the hot summer afternoons at the beach and the cool evenings walking on the boardwalk when it often fell on the same place. I knew that there would come a day when I would want this hand to touch me again, but that day would be very far away. And I knew for sure that it would be at a very inopportune time.

How did it all start anyway? You were born and they told you that someday you would die. Then when you were a few years older you learned what death was, but you knew it couldn't happen to you. A man believes in God until he meets a woman; then he forgets about God until all the women are gone. But sometimes he remembers about God when his arm is blown off, or he has too much to drink and wrecks his new sportscar, or sees the inside of a church for the first time in twenty years. If I die I hope I can remember about God. I guess the love of God is very much like the love of a woman. That is, if there is only one woman, and you know she's the right one, like there's supposed to be only one God.

The childhood of love is like springtime, but in winter your love dies and you want it to be spring all over again. It's the memories of the springtime of love that will hurt the most. I have always associated childhood with summer.

I remember last summer when Genny and I would often wander down the beach in the early morning hours only to be helplessly stranded in the morning sun's rays. Then we would start the long walk back, smiling at each other just because it was morning and we hadn't been to bed yet. We never had to say too much to each other because most of the time we happened to be thinking of the same things. When I was having fun she was effervescent with joy, but when the morning after a bad night found me moody and depressed, every line of her beautiful face was molded in a concerned fashion. I guess that's the way I'll always remember her. The tangibility of understanding will always be that beautiful and concerned face.

She could never be stern. Whenever she tried I would laugh and she would follow. Soon we would be crying with laughter—the way children do when they are crazed from a day of play.

Soon I fell asleep and saw myself as a child. I was playing with a white balloon in a yard shaded by large maple trees. It was the backyard of my childhood. I squeezed the balloon until it broke, when I was interrupted by the opening of the back door. A blue ball came rolling out the door and the door closed with a slam. I ran up to the ball and kicked it. It flew out of sight. Then I remembered the small cement pool where we kept goldfish. I ran up to the pool and looked in. There were twelve goldfish flipping around in an empty pool. I tried to turn on the fountain, but it was dry. I ran into the house for water, but when I got there I forgot what I came for.

Then I remembered my chest of old toys. I ran upstairs and opened up the chest, but the chest was empty. Then I remembered that it was Christmas and mom had sent all my old toys to the orphanage. I ran downstairs to the Christmas tree and there was a present as big as the tree, only it was lying on the floor. I opened the envelope and read it. It was for me. When I took off the wrapping paper there was a chest—like my toy box only larger. I opened the chest and Genny was inside.

Reflections

. . . L. KENNETH WILLIAMS

Hold tight.
We are spinning,
And he who leaves,
Leaves abruptly
And dies in a space
Of unknown and forgotten time.
For death plucks gently
With blood-soaked talons;
And laughs at those who flinch
And cries for those that welcome.
Lips laugh and eyes cry.
We seek escape and find it,
Each in his own ways.
For he lives in uncertainty
He reaches for the flesh of life
And finds but an empty skin —
Meaningless; without love.
Cry, for his self-pity
Is but a reflection;
An image of a cold and false society.

Free Verses

RIK HOFMANN

IV.

Midst mustard gas
And bi-plane strafe
Joyce Kilmer thought of Trees.

Midst jungle rot
And sniper fire
The G.I. ponders Uncle Ben.

VIII.

When Johnny comes
marching (?)
Home again,
Whoru! Whoru!
Hitchhike from the airport.

Two Sisters

. . . SUE SMITH

The taxi cab pulled up in front of a white frame house on the shady street, and a middle-aged woman stepped out. Juggling an overnight bag and a cigarette, she rummaged through her purse and produced enough change to pay the driver. Then as the cab roared away, she crossed the well-kept lawn to the house. On the porch she rang the bell, and when there was no answer, she timidly opened the door.

"Marion? Marion, are you home?" she called.

From the kitchen a younger woman emerged wiping her hands on a faded apron.

"Liz!" the young housewife exclaimed somewhat surprised. "I didn't expect you so soon. I was going to pick you up at the station this evening."

The two sisters embraced momentarily.

"I took an earlier train," the older woman explained. "Gosh, it's good to see you again, Marion! Turn around, honey. Let me look at you. You're so thin! Hasn't Joe been providing for you?"

"You know he has," Marion replied with a laugh as she led Liz into the living room.

Both women sat on the couch.

"Where is Joe?" Liz asked continuing the conversation.

Marion avoided her sister's eyes and fidgeted with the hem of her apron.

"He's out of town on a business trip . . . something that came up suddenly." She tried to sound casual.

"Oh, I see," Liz said, and then with a hint of bitterness, "Yeah, I see. He didn't want to be around when his old drunken sister-in-law was in town. Afraid I would embarrass him."

Marion tried to protest that it wasn't true, but Liz continued with fervor in her voice. "It's not going to be that way anymore, Marion. I swear to God, it isn't! I know I drink a little too much sometimes, but who doesn't these days? Besides things are going to be different now. I didn't have a chance to tell you why I wanted to come up here this week-end. You see, Paul called me last Sunday. He wanted to drive down to the city to see me. Said he had been doing a lot of thinking and wanted to talk." Liz's voice rose in intensity, "Oh Marion, I am sure that everything is going to be all right now. I know he wants to patch things up between us. Anyway, I thought it would be best if I came up here. You know, we were married here and lived here so long. Well, I figured if we're going to start over, it should be right here. Besides, you don't know how I hate that city! When Paul left me, I thought I would die. It was mostly my fault, I know, I guess I wasn't the best wife, but I was too proud to admit my mistakes then. So what did I do? Packed up everything and went to that damned city. I was going to show him that I could manage anywhere. He wasn't the only man in the world. But Marion, all this time it's been hell. I haven't been happy. You see, I still love him. I still love Paul. Now I'm sure he still loves me and wants me back." There were tears in Liz's eyes, but she was

smiling as she continued, "I am going to start all over. Paul's going to be proud of me . . . you all are. You'll see. Everything will be fine when Paul and I are together again. Why, I practically gave up my apartment before I left this morning."

"Liz, you didn't!" Marion injected with alarm, "But you're not sure about" She stopped as a small blond-haired boy wearing over-sized cowboy boots stumbled into the living room.

Liz's face broke into a wide grin. "Jimmy!" she cried, "This can't be little Jimmy!"

Marion smiled and called to her son, "Come say hello to your Auna Liz."

The boy looked at her in a vague way and continued through the room.

"Jimmy," his mother called sharply. "Jimmy, come back here." But he had already gone out the front door.

Marion shook her head.

"I swear I don't know what gets into that boy sometimes. He acts like he doesn't hear me—like I don't even exist."

Liz laughed. "You were that same way when you were a kid, Marion. Always in world of your own . . . a princess in a dream world." Then her voice became quiet, "Not that I blamed you, though. Things were tough then with Mama sick and Daddy . . . well Daddy wasn't well either."

"Daddy was drunk," Marion said with sudden bitterness.

For a moment Liz was too shocked to speak. When she recovered, her voice was calm and subdued. "Let's not talk about that now," she said, avoiding Marion's eyes.

"I'm sorry," Marion replied. "I shouldn't have said that. We all had a rough time in those days. I know how hard you worked keeping the family together. You were both mother and father to all us younger kids—always sacrificing so we could have things."

She stopped for a moment and then continued, "I am grateful, Liz. You know that, don't you?"

"Sure, Honey, I know."

There was a period of embarrassed silence. Then Liz smiled, "Look, Marion, tomorrow night with Paul is going to be special, and I was wondering . . . well, I am a little short of cash and I thought maybe if you could lend me some, I would run downtown and look for a new dress this evening."

Marion looked uneasy and said slowly, "I would like to lend you the money, but I don't have it right now. Our washing machine broke down again last month, and we had to get a new one. It really knocked our budget out of balance. Joe says that I'll have to watch my spending from now on."

Liz appeared crestfallen.

Marion was thoughtful for a moment, and then suddenly brightened, "I know what you can do. You can wear my new dress—the one Joe got me for my birthday. It's beautiful, Liz. Joe spent a small fortune for it. I told him it was too much, but he insisted that I should have it. It's brand new too—never been worn. I was going to wear it to the dance at the club, but then Jimmy got sick and we couldn't go."

"No, Honey," Liz replied. "I can't wear your dress. Joe won't like it."

"Nonsense!" Marion lied. "If he was here, he would tell you the same thing."

"Okay, Kid," Liz said with a smile. "You win."

It was very late the following night when Marion was awakened by a noise from downstairs. She stiffened with fear for a second and then remembered that it was probably Liz just coming home. It was funny, though, that she hadn't heard Paul's car in the driveway. Certainly he would have brought her home. She glanced at the clock. It was five a.m. On an impulse, she grabbed her robe and started out into the hall. There she found Liz half sitting and half lying at the top of the stairs. She was very drunk.

"Oh, Liz, not again!" Marion said with disgust. "How could you?"

Liz lashed out savagely, "I'm all right. Jus' leave me alone. You and every-one else, leave me alone."

"But what about Paul?" Marion questioned and then realized too late that she shouldn't have asked.

"Paul. Yeah, what about good old Paul?" Liz mocked bitterly and became very angry. "You know what that son of a . . ."

"Liz!" Marion cried sharply glancing at Jimmy's room.

Her sister continued, ". . . wants a divorce. That unselfish pig wants a divorce. After all I did for him. Well, I'll give him his damn divorce. Then wait and see. He'll come back . . . he'll come crawling back to good ol' Liz. But good ol' Liz isn't going to take him back. No, sir. Good ol' Liz is going to look out for herself from now on. I'll show him. I'll make the no good jerk suffer. I'll . . . I'll . . ."

Liz broke into tears. And resisting Marion's help, she managed to pull herself to her feet and stagger down the hall to the guest room.

Marion watched her go but instead of following her, she went into her own room and cried quietly to herself.

It was nearly noon that day when Marion finally did tiptoe into the guest room. There she found Liz curled upon the bed sound asleep. On the floor in a heap was the new dress. Marion picked it up. In her drunken state and impatience to take it off, Liz had broken the zipper, and the dress smelled strongly of cheap liquor.

Holding the once beautiful cloth close to her, all of Marion's suppressed anger suddenly came to the surface. She had an impulse to grab her sister and slap her with all her strength. She wanted to shake Liz until she hurt just as much as she had hurt her family. But the innocent almost child-like expression on her sleeping sister's face stopped her, and Marion checked her anger.

"What's the use?" she thought, "All the shaking and beating in the world isn't going to change Liz." She looked at the dress again. Joe was going to be awfully mad about that. If she was lucky, she could have the zipper repaired and have it cleaned before he noticed that it was gone. She straightened up the room, pulled a blanket around her sleeping sister, and quietly went out.

Late in the afternoon a tired looking Liz appeared in the kitchen where Marion was preparing dinner.

"About last night," she stammered, "I'm sorry . . . I . . ." She was nearly in tears, "I'm really sorry Marion. It won't ever happen again. I promise."

"It's all right, Liz. I understand." Marion replied, but she didn't look up from the pan of gravy she was stirring on the stove.

"I called a cab. I'm going to take a train back this evening." Liz said regaining her composure.

It was then that Marion noticed the overnight bag on the floor behind Liz.

"You will have a place to stay when you get back, won't you?" she asked with concern. "I mean you said that you were giving up your apartment the other night. You . . . you could stay here for a while."

"I still have the apartment," Liz replied. "Besides I have to get back to look for another job."

"Another job!" Marion was shocked. "But you have a job."

"Did have, you mean." Liz said with a smile. "The boss told me that they were going to put in a computer or something. Anyway, they don't need me anymore. It wasn't anything personal, though. It doesn't matter; I really didn't like that kind of work, and besides, I know where I can get a much better job. Things are going to get better now, Marion." She became serious. "I'm going to forget about Paul, start over, and make something of myself this time. You wait and see. Things will be different. Honest to God, Marion."

Marion didn't reply; she kept stirring the gravy.

A cab pulled in front of the house, and together the two sisters walked to the door.

"Say good-bye to Aunt Liz, Jimmy." Marion called to her son whose eyes were glued to the television set. The boy ignored her.

"I just don't know what to do with him," she said to her sister.

"He is in a world of his own," Liz laughed as she kissed Marion and started out the door. "Just like you when you were a kid, Marion. Always in a dream world."

Ripe

L. KENNEDY WILLIAMS

"Yes, did most. Where does Arno's family live?"

"Arno's family? Why, he's a migrant. Working there?"

dawn

. . . LIN HENRY

Well, Arno really liked the . . . the bottom of a tomato. Had it with . . .

late the night's nonsound
comes forth disturbed
and
disquieted looks
for light.

Well, Arno really liked the . . . the bottom of a tomato. Had it with . . .

Arno really liked the . . . the bottom of a tomato. Had it with . . .

Arno really liked the . . . the bottom of a tomato. Had it with . . .

Well, one day Arno caught . . . the bottom of a tomato. Had it with . . .

Aftermath

. . . . LIN HENRY

That night, Carolyn . . . the bottom of a tomato. Had it with . . .

That was the night I was . . . the bottom of a tomato. Had it with . . .

Well, his father . . . the bottom of a tomato. Had it with . . .

if the night was right
uncorked champagne
or
warm coke
is not flat at 11 a.m.

Ye know, there's some . . . the bottom of a tomato. Had it with . . .

It's really strange how the . . . the bottom of a tomato. Had it with . . .

I guess you'll want to know something about the family, huh? Course there's Arno and his wife Marge. Then there's the baby, their only one with brown hair and eyes. Was born 'bout half a year after Arno left, and Marge insisted on naming it after him. Then there's Faye, then the skinny baby, Jim and John, above him, then there's Carol, Mary Jane, Jean, and of course, the oldest girl, Barb. She's eighteen now, strong and funny, and ripe for a man."

Aforesaid

. . . CRAIG ZUMBRUN

Out out brief rabbit
 life is but a walking dove or
 that's how one poet would have it
 yet seems that
 now none of the readers
 (dear readers)
 ever once scattered even chicken
 feed
 course then again
 even that is
 chicken feed
 to a rabbit and
 a dove seemed to be
 quite less gross,
 as the Elizabethans would have it
 then that food
 (aforesaid)
 So the wings and rabbit
 sniffed
 and
 became unconscious
 after a head-on collision in a
 nearby poultry producing area.

Ripe

. . . L. KENNETH WILLIAMS

"Hey, old man! Where does Amos Barnes live?"

"Amos Barnes? Why, he lives down the road 'bout a mile er so. You a migrant? Gonna work there? Ain't that funny? He swore two years ago he was never going to have another migrant on the place. Had one two years ago. Good worker. Worked like hell. Got a lot done. Amos really trusted 'im. Was even talkin' about keepin' him on over the winter. Reckon he would of too, if'n Benji, that was his name—if'n Benji hadn't a got in trouble.

Well, Amos really liked Benji. Ya know, most migrants'll stuff the bottom of a tomato basket with a stalk so they can fill it up faster. Get paid more like that, you see. Or else when they tally up the baskets at the end of the day they'll give themselves a couple more than they really picked. But not Benji. Real honest guy. Never got more than he really picked.

Well, Amos really liked Benji. You kin see why. Even left Benji eat with the family. Yeah, right at the family table! Twas kinda crowded, too, what with Amos, nine kids and all.

Benji really had an eye for wimmin. Liked the strong, farmy type. You know the type. Really liked his wimmin. Can't blame 'im, of course, but it shur got him in hot water, so to speak.

Benji liked 'is likor, too. Every other weekend he used ter buy a fifth of Schenley's and take it to his hut and really git bombed. Oh, he got up on Monday rarin' ta work, mind ya. Good ol' Benji really worked.

Well, one day Amos caught Benji comin' down from the haymow pullin' up his fly. Amos didn't 'preciate that. Told Benji not to wet the hay, made it rot an' all.

That night Caroline—Caroline was Amos' oldest girl; eighteen, strong and farmy, and ripe for a man—well, she was all starry-eyed and couldn't keep her eyes off-a Benji at the table. That very night Benji put a ladder up to her window and off they went. Eloped, just like that.

That same night I was walkin' home from Jack's Bar. I clearly heard two shot-blasts from over Amos' way. When I asked Amos later what it was, he said it was a 'coon got in his chickens. Funny, I never knew Amos to miss, but I never seen that 'coon either.

Well, his dotter runnin' off like that and that 'coon gettin' in his chickens all in one night really upset Amos. He musta been plowin' his north field half the night 'cause he was gettin' done when the sun peeked up over the hills over there.

Ya know, there's somethin' funny about that north field. There's one spot about in the middle that's grown powerful good terbacca the last couple years. It's really strange how the land acts sometimes.

I guess you'll wanta know somethin' about the family, huh? 'Course there's Amos and his wife Maggie. Then there's the baby, their only kid with brown hair and eyes. Was born 'bout half a year after Benji left, and Maggie insisted on namin' it after him. Then there's Pete, then the scrawny twins, Jim and John, above him, then there's Carol, Mary, Jane, Joan, and of course, the oldest girl, Barb. She's eighteen now; strong and farmy, and ripe for a man."

Ripe

J. KENNETH WILLIAMS

Now

MARY M. TURNER

We are the children of now
 Living without the world of yesterday
 We are the generation born of tomorrow
 Always sort of somewhere bound.

People made of plexiglass and rubber, of cellophane and steel
 Prance round us, chanting slogans
 Mouthing words without meaning
 Their voices forming tangles of strange fears.

Secure and cluttered lives are ours for the unasking
 Offered up by those who cannot see and do not listen.
 We are born into existence fitting molds of plastic people
 And we shatter visions into living dreams.

Come Softly

. . . ROD MILLER

Changes come slowly
but stay long.
Only yesterday in fields
did I run,
knowing nothing of the world
and caring little.

Changes come softly,
but speak when they arrive.
For all those about me,
voice something I knew not
in the yesterday of my mind.

But, change is not evil,
nor should it bring sorrow.
It is only a short step
on a journey of many.



Continuous Performance

. . . CRAIG ZUMBRUN

A big hassle arose over pizza
and two small cokes and
a large or vice versa
The real white light
 so some say who fail to really bring others to the table
well about the fishes
 was it such a lased eye or was in chemistry
the molecules no doubt diverged and there wasn't even
a Super bowl then or beer and yet
we brought up the
fact that it seems down right unkind to so
unsharingly not shed that light or so it has been said
that the light never got into the heads of
the teachers as they would have themselves
 so if I too would pity them but as a one that was never
an underground underdog except in later history
I'm meaning that maybe the old wash basin hands trick
was genuine and the truth
Could he have washed them then or could we, are we to
Now.
 Christ. . . .

Taming

. . . LIN HENRY

before that sexy prince
gets away i'll marry him
and wash his mind in Chlorox
and late shows
and make his bed so soft
he can't escape.
he'll bow and bring orange juice
and go after the Sunday **Times** himself
he'll feed the goldfish
and learn to love kids
and I'll take off for L. A.

Sandials

. . . LIN HENRY

should that professor be lecturing
in my ocean
in his grey suit?
I hear screechchalkslate
but i smell the salt
before the people come
and my naked feet
are warm in winter sand.

Some Hop On (while others turtle)

PAUL I. POLITIS

"I'd like to thank you all for coming here tonight to listen, but I didn't come here to talk," said the reader, and they walked briskly off the stage. It was okay though. No one had heard.

"We're loudest when we're drunk, you know," said the arther.

"I didn't come here to drink, either," said the reader. "I came to think."

"I can remember when it was just like old times," the reader thought. "When everybody used to drive around in old cars (some hopped up) and around, and around, and around again. The biggest thing in the world was sneaking into a bar by the front door. Sixteen years old!

"And at lunch there'd be a guard over every commode and guards at the door, so that whenever Mr. Greenwald started toward the place the system would swing into action and all the butts would be safely flushed away by the time he opened the door. But the smoke was always there so somebody'd always say to Mr. Greenwald, 'Sure is smoky in here. 'School oughta do somethin' about that.' And Greenwald would always say 'Yep' and walk out.

"Cool cars were maroon and convertible. We used to go out after the dances and steal apples out in the woods at the edge of the city. We never really got too many apples. I mean, we didn't want them. One o'clock in the morning. We just went up for the hell of it. Some guy'd always get some girl caught up a tree or somethin'. Man, an' there were always twice as many of us as the car was supposed to hold. One time we got caught in the mud. Jesus, what a time!

(Look at that girl over there. She's kinda nice.) "Christ, back in elementary school we used to fight to get on chair patrol, 'cause after we had all the chairs set up, we'd go over in an empty corner and toss baseball cards for the rest of the period."

"So what?" the arther broke in. "I mean it's not that way any more, so get with it."

"Yes, but what about the girl," the reader came back. "I can remember a girl I knew in high school. (It was so ridiculous.) I was in love with her, ya know? I mean, one time I had this wheelbarrow that we needed for a school play that I worked backstage on. So I went to the janitor's room, got the 'barrow, dragged it up to the third floor, and paraded past her room. I knew she'd see me 'cause she sat in the last seat in the row, right by the back door, and it was always open. Sure enough, when I passed she was there, smiling and waving.

"Man, that got me going, so I went down the hall and picked up this cowbell that we needed for the play, too, and came back up the hall past her room, pushing the wheelbarrow and ringin' the cowbell. 'Cept this time her teacher heard and came out in the hall and gave me hell. Wanted to know what I was doin' on the third floor with a wheelbarrow and a cowbell.

"That made me feel good. I'd done something for her, sacrificed something—my peace."

"You're dreamin'," the arther interrupted again.

"You're havin' a nightmare," the reader yelled back and his mind picked up again. "I mean, one time I was gonna ask her out. So I called her up. The

whole thing was planned—rehearsed on commodes and all that. So the fifth time I dialed, I waited for somebody to answer. And her mother answered. The first tomato had hit. Splat! When I did get to talk to her, she told me she already had a date. Curtain.

"One time, though, after we graduated from high school, I met her on the street, and we talked, and finally, she told me to write to her, and asked me why I hadn't. I didn't expect that, but I told her I would, and so I did, but nothing ever really came of it."

"I'm tellin' ya, she was a bum." It was the arther again.

"Oh, get out! You don't know what you're writing," the reader screamed and resumed his reflections.

"As the day of the play came closer, we needed more props—a deer head from the biology department. So me and this other guy, Eddie, went up to the biology room and borrowed the head off the wall. Man, it looked real! So we decided to have a little fun on the way down, ya know?

"The doors to all the classrooms were wood on the bottom and mostly glass on the upper half.) So we just took this deer's head and held it in front of the door of classes where we knew the teacher had a sense of humor. You shoulda heard the girls especially! They'd scream 'Look!' and the whole class'd go crazy like there was a deer on the prowl in the halls."

"Really!" the arther said scornfully. "A deer! Humph!"

"But, man," the reader defended, "the school was in the middle of the city. It was really cool to have everybody thinkin' there was a deer loose in town."

"I suppose you displayed your mammal head to that girl you were talkin' about, too."

"Well, sure, why not? I mean, it was funny, different. She liked it."

"Man, you gotta be kiddin'. If she liked it so much, where is she now?"

The arther had hit home. Where was she now? The reader didn't know. And so he stammered, "Well, I don't know. I mean, she was just another girl. I never made it with her, that's all. She never made it with me, either. I mean, we never really had a chance. Never got together. I'll probably never even see her again. So what."

"So what he says," the arther was ribbing him. "Well, you're right about one thing. You'll never see her again. You don't even know where she is. Might even be married by now, ah? Moved away? Maybe even has kids, too. No? Yes. Yes, reader, yes.

"Why else would you be here now—sitting at the bar, not drinking anything, just reading this—these old memories. Huh?"

The reader didn't answer. He just looked around the bar, and at the girls along the wall. The band was starting to play. Heavy beat. The pulse of the music was too much for the reader's mood, and he rose from the bar stool and walked onto the dance floor. His eyes chose a girl, about 5'4", long dirty blonde hair. Looked kinda like the girl in the story. "Not bad," said his mind, and they began to dance.

About midway through the song, the arther tried to cut in by tapping the reader on the shoulder and saying, "Excuse me, but aren't you supposed to be reading?"

But the reader simply turned to him and said, "I don't want to read any more of your stuff, arther. You can't even spell!"

Girl

. . . PAUL I. POLITIS

I recognized the face
of the girl
on the corner
on the day
before Christmas.
Not that I was used to seeing her
in green winter coats,
or with her arms laden with packages,
or standing on corners;
It was just the face
that reached out
to turn back time
for a moment
as I whisked by whistling
a Christmas carol,
not even hesitating
to notice if she was engaged
or married,
or anything.
Had it been three years?
or six.
My arms were too laden with packages
to know, I guess.
I remembered her
as a prospect,
but saw her only
as a memory.

Her

JOHN E. WILSON

The first time I saw her
 I wanted to please her;
 to woo her,
 to squeeze her;
 to know her,
 to show her I had what she wanted,
 and wanted to love her.

However, our meeting was no more than casual,
 and I, by the next meet,
 had turned up a side street,
 forgotten the passion
 which once I had conjured
 for such a frail creature of pure female flesh.

It wasn't much more than a slight conversation
 of petty importance
 except to each other
 for varying reasons,
 or so it appeared,

That set my mind straight on a question of motive.
 I found my ambition
 was just to be near her,
 to talk with, then walk with
 this angel of goodness,
 this combine of beauty and brain I admire.

As my luck would have it—
 the lady was smiling—
 chance would soon toss us
 alone in my car
 to quickly be joined
 by a mutual acquaintance

For an evening of pleasure and saucy spaghetti
 and saucier records
 til time had to part us
 and I resolved never
 to let my light dim.

In less than a week there remained but a flicker
 when I again saw her
 the flame was rekindled
 the fire grew so hot that
 my stomach was growling
 but two meatloaf sandwiches
 muted the roar.

And now it's been five days since last I have looked on
 her tiny-formed figure
 with skirt micro-mini
 and sharp comely chin
 and I'm wondering

Why it is one-thirty and I am not sleeping
 like ev'ryone else is
 except my own mother
 who thinks that I study
 while really I'm ending

a poem I don't even know why I wrote.

Sure, Kid

. . . NANCY L. DECKER

"Hey, kid!"

"Yeah?"

"Whatcha thinkin' about?"

"Home. What else?"

"Well, what about home? Ya got a girl?"

"Yeah. She's homely, but kinda pretty, too. Ya know? Sloppy dresser, too, but I love her anyhow."

"Why?"

"Why? She's got brains—she can talk me out of any mood, and oh, her lovin' . . ."

"Good, huh?"

"Yea. Real good."

"Were ya gonna marry her?"

"Yep. I gave her a ring before I left. Half-carat."

"Ya must be a moneybags."

"Nope. Insurance from Pop's death."

"How'd your pa die?"

"Like I'm gonna die."

"Or, come on, kid, you ain't gonna die. You're too husky."

"Sure I'll die. Only pop had it worse—the VC carved a peace symbol on his chest. His buddy told mom and me. A lot of gore."

"Stop it, kid."

"No! I gotta talk; it stops me from feeling it."

"There ain't nothin' to feel!"

"Don't lie to me! I can see it, can't I?"

"Sure, kid, sure. You can see it."

"At least I got one, didn't I?"

"Yep, you got one all right, right where it hurt him."

"Mom'll be proud. Tell her for me, huh? Karen too. I got one."

The whisper died. The sergeant in his sweaty, grimy uniform closed the private's glazed eyes. The monsoon rains descended.

The Universal Cage

. . . BRENT AMOROSO

I.

Mourners of the night—I know why you whimper so.
Repercussions of the hate in this world lead you to
doors of discontent and maneuver minds to states of
chagrin of confusion.

II.

Some of you are impoverished, some forlorn,
Some queasy with war and racial apartheid.
Yet the world continues to age—without taking
applaudible notice of your troubled hearts and minds.

III.

Behold yourself—lingering in the darkness—
in your indoor cage.
You have been secluded from the shining sun and even
the reflected light of the moon. To you is bequeathed
the cloudy realities of time immemorial.

IV.

Society's mechanical men keep repeating—
"I am selfish—I am proud—Money and fame
are the goals toward which I strive. The means
to the end are belligerence and exploitation.
Sacrifice your fraternalism—fence off conscience.
You too could be a part of our chimerical Elysian field."

V.

Is this to exist or perish? I pray to God
that faith and reason be restored to a dying
human race—and I aspire to dreams of the
prodigal sons of mankind returning home to
a better life.

VI.

Let us all leap from the wagon of the devil—
Ascend from all fours and live as man should live.
Virtue and truth are not injurious. Deliver
us from human frailty and fraudulence, Oh God.

VII.

But if we choose to sustain war and abhorrence—
usurp justice, reason, faith and equality—We shall
fall to those mortal gods of money, notoriety and pride.
But don't cage me in your zoo. Let me saunter down
my own road—permit me to live rationally—tolerate
my prayers to an immortal God and return me to
the innocence of my childhood.

Meadowsweet

BETH TEOFILAK

Lie down

beneath

underneath

the world of flowers

sway about

in luring

lurid movement

to the pulsating beat

stemming from the green ground

beneath

underneath

the world of flowers

lean towards

the right but fall

to the left with the wind

fall in the meadow

of wild daisies

yellow petals turn gold

reflecting the brilliant sun

beneath

underneath

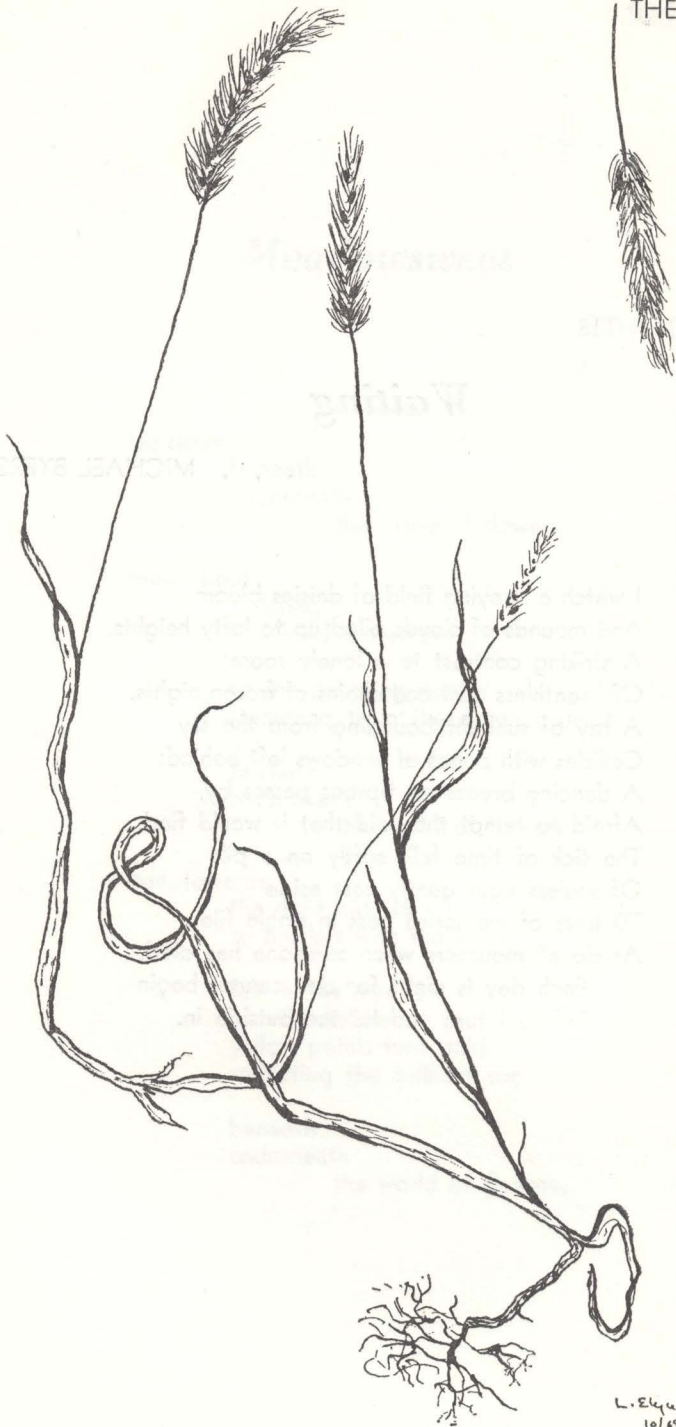
the world of flowers.



Waiting

. . . . MICHAEL BYERS

I watch a swaying field of daisies bloom
And mounds of clouds piled up to lofty heights,
A striking contrast to a lonely room
Of breathless dust and chains of frozen nights.
A ray of sunlight bounding from the sky
Collides with panes of windows left behind;
A dancing breeze on tiptoes passes by,
Afraid to tempt the void that it would find.
The tick of time falls softly on a pile
Of useless ages gently cast aside
Till lines of memories pass in single file
As do all mourners when someone has died.
 Each day is night for day cannot begin
 Before I turn and let the outside in.



L. Elze Stuleg
10/09

On Bad Times

. . . L. ELYCE STOLP

Hide and you will be forgotten,
Seek and you will forget.

On Living

. . . L. ELYCE STOLP

To exist for the future
is to look back
and find no past.

The Traitor

. . . NANCY HALLER

Three figures journeyed in darkness
Through empty space . . . searching.
At last they saw light.

With greed and haste the third ran,
Trampling the others down.
But the light blinded him.

The second grasped the outstretched hand
of the first,

And each removed the ache from the
other's heart.

With tightly joined hands and
cautious minds,
They moved together towards it,
step by step . . . slowly.

The road's end held not light for them
But soft choirs of music
And a bed of leaves on which to rest.

Formula

. . . L. KENNETH WILLIAMS

He had come. They had known he would. They stood facing him, a one-armed bearded man in shabby farm clothes; he stood facing them, twenty-four bare-faced kids with shaggy hair, shabby clothes, and shiny rifles. The formula was simple. They were twenty-four kids with rifles and no leader. He was a leader with no followers. A leader with brains plus followers with brawn made a fighting group.

This was the proposition they had made to him. He didn't want to lead this group. He only wanted to forget.

But how could he forget. Every time he looked at his arm, sawed off half-way between the elbow and shoulder, he remembered. He remembered the new dictator that had risen to power. The man who was a super-Hitler; super-ambitious, super-sadistic, and super-powerful. Unlike Hitler, he had not gone insane; unlike Hitler, he made no mistakes. One after one, the great nations of the world had fallen. One after one, their armies were massacred. No country was spared.

This man, facing these kids, had been lucky. His arm had been blown off, and he was sent home to his wife's arms only days before his armies had been wiped from the earth.

He had been home, happy in his own small way, when even the little he had was taken from him. He was in the woods behind the house at the time trying, with his one-arm swing, to cut some firewood. He had heard the shots, and seen the fire. By the time he reached the house, the madman's army was gone. His wife and child lay dead on the trampled front yard; his house was ablaze. They had come for the firearms they knew he had. He, always a law-abiding citizen, had registered them with the government. But his wife hadn't known where the guns were. He had hidden them and not thought it important to tell her where. The enemy, not finding the firearms, and knowing that guns in and of themselves are but useless hunks of wood and metal, had destroyed two human beings, for only they could give the firearms power to kill.

He had wandered around several weeks with a rifle in his hands. He had killed the enemy when they were foolish enough to be alone.

And then these kids had contacted him. He came, entered this littered cellar of an old farmhouse, and faced these kids. They wanted him to lead them.

"It's useless. What can you do that the great armies of the world couldn't do. Even the French Underground during the Second World War had friends outside her boundaries. But you're alone. There's no one. We can create a stir for a while, but eventually we'll all be caught and killed."

He looked up. No one was smiling. This wasn't a game. No one was afraid; no one was leaving. They held their rifles, and looked at him.

And he looked at his stub of an arm. He looked at twenty-four armed kids. He looked through the cellar wall toward his blackened shell of a house. He looked beyond to a conquered world.

"O. K., first raid tomorrow night. You two with scopes . . ."

Formula

L. KENNETH WILLIAMS

Don't Quote Me

RICK STUEMPFLE

Great Quotations come from
deranged minds

Written While Waiting

RICK STUEMPFLE

Is death really worth
Waiting for?

The Date

. . . BEVERLY KAUFMAN

"I don't believe you're going through with this."

"Damn straight I'm going through with it. I gotta have some fun, you know."

"But you don't know anything about this guy. There's no telling what he might do."

Chris sat cross-legged on the bed and anxiously watched her roommate prepare for a date. Jo stood at the mirror, frowned at herself, and inserted an earring. She was a tall girl with a face that showed more spunk than beauty. She grinned at her image and flicked her earrings to hear them jiggle.

"I mean why take chances? Jesus, you could get yourself in an awful mess. No, really, if he decides to try something, what are you going to do?"

"He'll get a fist in the jaw. Damn it, the zipper's stuck. There."

"Listen, Jo. You may think you're strong enough to handle a guy, but you're not."

"Oh, I don't know. Anyway, I told you he was scrawny."

She pulled her belt tight to give the impression of a waist, then grimaced and loosened it for comfort. She dropped to her knees and burrowed halfway under the bed.

"He's not good-looking?" pursued her roommate.

"Heck no! He's got a head like a bullet, and he looks like a seed." She emerged with a pair of dust-covered moccasins. She suddenly looked alarmed. "Gee, I hope he shaves!"

"Oh, he will, I'm sure of it." reassured Linda, who had just stepped in.

"Yeah, I guess so. If only he didn't look so . . . You know what I mean."

"Well, if he looks that bad, why are you going out with him?"

"Because he asked me, and with my looks, I can't afford to be choosy."

"How'd ya meet him, again?"

Jo sat down eagerly to retell the day's adventure. "Well, I was hitch-hiking to Hop Bottom this morning, and this guy gave me a lift. I wasn't in that car two minutes before he had asked me out. And—"

"And you accepted just like that?" said Linda incredulously.

"No, I didn't accept until a half hour ago. Anyway, he turned off into a short cut, you know, along back roads, and was I scared! Did you ever read **Anatomy of a Murder**, what happened to that girl when she was taken home by a short cut? I tell you I wanted to jump out."

"Well, what d'ya do?"

"Nothing. And as it turned out, it really was a short cut. It cut five miles off the trip. And, get this, through the whole ride, we talked about love, sex, and marriage."

"Are you kidding?"

"No, he wanted to know what my own views were on the subject, and he told me his views. He's a nice guy, loves his wife, loves his three kids, . . ."

"Back up," said Chris, "he's got a **wife**?"

"Divorced."

"Oh, Jesus, and you're going out with him? Good luck."

"Yeah. Anyway, this is the weird part. He starts telling me how he could fix up his trailer real nice, you know, cozy-like. Just like Eddie did when he was hinting at marriage. And all the while I'm sort of edging away, you know, 'that's nice, just stay away from me.' I tell you it was weird. How do I get myself in these messes?"

"I don't know, but I think you should wiggle out of it."

"Maybe I will, but I did accept the date, and I've never stood a guy up before. Not that I've had that much opportunity, but still . . ."

"I don't know, Jo."

"Besides, he's taking me drinking in New York, and I'm dying for a drink. I haven't been bombed since Easter."

Linda stood up to go. "Listen, limit yourself to two drinks. And if you change your mind about going, Barb and I are going to a party, and you're welcome to come along."

"Beer party?" asked Jo eagerly.

Linda shook her head. "Coke and pretzels."

"Oh."

Chris followed Jo up to the lounge where they could keep a lookout for the white station-wagon.

"I hope he leaves the dog at home. Did I tell you? I shared the seat with a carsick mutt."

"Why are you doing this?" asked Chris the philosopher.

"Doing what?"

"Going out with this guy."

"I told you. I'm sick of spending Saturday night in this damn dorm."

"Do you want to go out with him?"

"No, but I want to go out. Christ, I gotta get out. You're lucky. You got Phil to keep you busy. But I've nothing to do at night but fool around down at the creek or the new dorms."

"Why don't you try studying? No, I'm sorry, I know, that's a dirty word. If you want to get out, why don't you go to the party?"

"Coke and pretzels. Big shit!"

Jo stopped breathing for an instant. A car was approaching, but it was quickly identified as a blue Camaro. Jo closed her eyes and slowly exhaled.

"I don't want to go, Chris."

"Then why go?"

"Because . . . if I don't I may spend the rest of the night kicking myself for it."

"You may kick yourself if you do go. You might just spend nine months kicking yourself."

"I don't think so. I can handle him."

"Do me a favor. Don't try to find out."

Cars came and went, and each one made Jo gasp and then sigh in relief.

"You're scared. I can tell you're scared."

"Yeah, I'm scared. But, believe me, Chris, I'll be all right."

"Listen, kid, I want you to stop this. You're taking too many chances. I know you like to feel that you're superior, but you're as vulnerable as the rest of us, and if you don't watch, you're going to get it!"

There was something in Chris's voice that had a dampening effect on Jo's spirits. She was immediately sobered. She drew her legs up and stared at the floor.

"Now, I'm not meaning to lecture you or yell at you or anything. It's just that I worry about you so much . . . If I had known you were hitch-hiking today, I would have sent someone after you. If you're going to hitch-hike, take someone with you."

"It's more fun when I'm alone."

"Still, you should not be out alone."

"Chris, I've always been out alone. When I was a kid, I was always slipping out after dark." Her voice softened as she recalled her past experiences. "I used to run, along the roads, and in the fields, and when I was tired, I would flop to the ground and just look at the sky and the outline of the trees. And sometimes I would sing real loud and clear. I don't know, maybe it was my imagination, but my voice always sounded good then, not flat and froggy like usual, but really good. It was that way just the other night when I was exploring the new dorms. I was singing and I was enjoying the sound of my voice. Of course, I probably injured the ears of everyone within ear-shot, but still . . . Well, anyway, I don't think there's anything to worry about. Like I said, I've been running around all this time, and nothing ever happened. If a car did see me and stop, I'd just duck under a barbed-wire fence and thumb my nose from the other side."

"That's okay, but we aren't talking about ducking under barbed-wire fences; we are talking about hitch-hiking which involves climbing into the car instead of running away from it. This is completely different, Jo."

"Ya got a point there, Chris, but as you can see, I'm all right. I climbed out of the car unharmed and fifteen miles closer to my destination. So it can't be all that bad."

"Yes, but look what it got you. A date that could ruin you for life. No, I mean it! You're crazy if you go out with him!"

"I've always been a little crazy," she said lightly. "I inherited a mild form of insanity from my mother,—"

She stopped when she got a stern eye from her roommate. "I'm sorry," she said, trying hard to feel serious.

"I wish you'd be serious once in a while. Is that him?"

"Huh?" Jo practically put her face through the window. "No, it isn't." She sat down, weak with relief.

She threw her head back as far as it would go and spoke, not so much to make conversation, but to see how her voice sounded when her jawbone could no longer connect. "Chris, I don't want to go."

"Then don't."

"But what am I going to tell him when he comes?"

"Tell him you're sick."

"I dunno."

"When's he due?"

"Twelve minutes ago."

"Are you going with him?"

"Yep."

"Please, be careful."

"Oh, I'll be so busy being careful, I won't have any fun."

Chris gazed at her thoughtfully for a minute. "Tell me one thing, and don't get mad. Do you **want** him to try anything?"

"Well, Chris, I'll tell you. It's like this. I realize the risk that I am taking, I can appreciate the danger, and I can enjoy it. Chris, I like to take chances. This is how I get my kicks. The bigger the chance I take, the bigger the thrill. I'm sorry, but this is the way I am."

"But why? I don't understand what's so great about it. Where's the thrill?"

"The thrill is in almost losing and then winning in the end. The more you stand to lose, the greater the victory. **And** the excitement. You know, Chris," Jo continued, with a rare flash of painful honesty, "my life is comparatively dull. I **need** the excitement that comes with taking chances. I've got to take chances; otherwise I'd be so bored with myself I'd just leave."

She stopped and stared at her moccasins. Chris said nothing; she didn't know how to answer. Jo continued, no longer speaking to Chris in particular, but to the walls and the atmosphere that drifted in through an open window.

"It's not fair. Things never happen just like that. It's not at all like in the books; a person goes walking down the street minding his own business, and suddenly, wham! he's in the middle of an adventure. It's not like that at all. Every bit of trouble I've ever been in I've had to go out of my way for. When I was exploring the new dorms, I practically had to scream to get the cop to realize I was there, and when he did come, it was so easy to hide, it was ridiculous. It's like that all the time. Every time I want a little adventure, I've got to take care of the details myself. It's like Tom Sawyer said, 'Ya gotta invent all the difficulties.' Well, there was that one time when the guy pointed a gun out of the window. But that was all. It's like, I've gotta jump into trouble, otherwise I'd never have any fun."

"Can't you have fun doing nice, normal things like parties and jokes and going around with the gang?"

"Some, but not enough. And that's not the type of stuff that you can talk about, and people will want to hear about. The gang **wanted** to hear about the guy with the gun. And look at all the mileage I got out of my game of hide-and-seek with the cop. That was considered funny. It's become a standard story in my collection. Why? Because it involves me getting into trouble. And don't think I didn't have to work at it. If I hadn't made enough noise to draw the cop's attention, or if I had simply waited for him to give up and then slipped out quietly, do you think people would have been as interested? No. They would not have enjoyed hearing about it, and I would not enjoy remembering it. There, you see? Because I went looking for trouble, I now have one more pleasant memory."

"Do you think tonight's going to be a pleasant memory?"

"Maybe. I might end up punching the guy in the nose before this night is out, and **that** will be something to remember."

"There you go again. You sure have a lot of faith in the power of your fist."

"Yeah? Well, that's another thing. I mean about why I'm like this, you know, rushing in where angels fear to tread."

"You mean being a fool?"

"All right roomy, watch it! Why don't you try 'dare-devil,' or, better yet, 'demon'? I like those names, and they don't injure my ego."

"Your ego could stand a few battle scars."

"Look, roommate, I didn't ask for your two cents." She was grinning as she shook a fist in Chris's face. "Now, are you going to listen or aren't you. Come on, you're my psychiatrist, you've got to listen."

Chris smiled at Jo, "You nut." She glanced out the window and saw an ancient white station wagon pull up. "It's him!"

Jo sat up with a jerk, too, one look, let out a strangled "Ack," and dived to the floor. "Oh, God, it's him, and he hasn't shaved. Chris, yell out the window. Tell him . . . tell him I got tired of waiting and I went someplace else."

"You're late. Jo got tired of waiting; she's already left."

"Where'd she go?"

"Tell him I went to a . . . uh . . . church social, at the Episcopal Church."

"She's gone to the church social at—hey, there's no Episcopal Church in this town."

"He doesn't know that."

"She's gone to the Methodist Church right down the road."

"Oh. You doing anything tonight?"

"Yes." She fled from the window. Jo belly-walked out of the lounge.

"God, what a pisser," she giggled. "Sorry." Chris did not like that word.

Her roommate tapped her on the shoulder. "What were you going to tell me up there?"

"Hm? Oh, that. Never mind. Next time I have an emotional problem, in a day or two, you can worm it out for me. Linda," she bellowed. "That party still on?"

"Sure, you coming?"

"Uhuh." She sighed. "Coke and pretzels. What a life." She bit at nothing, a sign of frustration, and, in a happy mood, kicked open the door.

Free Verse Number 9

. . . RIK HOFMANN

you've stuffed me in a
 labeled bag
 bound
 hand and foot and
 dared to
 deviate
 from your conception of
 Me.
 what?
 am I no longer
 permitted
 to think of
 Lips and Breasts and Gently muscled Thighs?
 of
 Flowing Hair
 and
 Flashing Eyes?
 of
 Laughing meadow Afternoons
 and
 Droplet Passioned Nakedness?
 of
 Gentle Perfumes?
 Whirling floorlength gowns
 and
 Braless sweatshirt
 Barefoot Love?
 you
 try to drown me
 with a ring of
 missionary
 Law.

The Fate of a Little Old Woman

On Found Love

CRAIG ZUMBRON

fools,
 Lips and Arms and Thighs
 now dreamed
 are all the same
 as those in dreams before
 but now
 are

Real.
 now when
 you say
 "love must cease"

it
 Billows ever Brighter
 this plastic bag
 you've
 put us in
 strangles you.
 these

Rings
 which
 you
 say
 bind us to a
 haggling doom
 Free Us to a whole new world of
 Laughing Loving Freely Fearless

but
 looking out of this
 labeled bag
 occasionally
 We catch a glimpse of yours
 and weep.

On Proud Love

. . . CRAIG ZUMBRUN

He did kiss you like a duck—
 Smack down his bill on your calm surface,
 Would I splash so in such a reflecting cool pool?
 I would that I could ripple more deeply than the reflector surface.
 Post of omniscient observer — a gift to me.
 I could get by with one brief sip.
 I would get into the water.
 Knowing that Suns have power—
 I want to drown often
 Or with the love may pass
 Sweet air that once was
 a refreshing
 liquid.

September

. . . LIN HENRY

i write my songs for me
 earmarking time
 simple goosesauce
 to make on cigarette nights
 when lemon candles burn low
 and trains pass silent.

The Fate of A Little Old Woman
or
Your Guess Is As Good As Mine On This Story

. . . CAROL MILLER

Last Monday morning at six o'clock in the evening as I was sailing over the tops of the mountains in my little red boat, I met two men on horseback riding on a mule. I asked them, "Could you tell me whether the little old woman was dead yet who was hanged a week ago Friday for drowning herself in a shower of feathers?"

"No," said they, "we cannot inform you. But if you will go to the next town beyond the mountains and call on Sir Gammer Vans, he can tell you all about it."

"But how am I to know his house?" I asked.

"Ho! 'Tis easy enough," they replied, "for it is a wooden house made of brick, standing alone in the midst of 60 or 70 others just like it."

"Then nothing in the world could be easier," I replied. And I went on my way.

This Sir Gammer Vans was a giant, and when I got to his house he popped out from a little thumb bottle behind the door.

"How do you do," says he. "Very well, I thank you," says I.

"Have some supper with me this morning," says he. "Certainly," says I.

So he gave me a slice of coffee and a cup of beef, and there was a big dog under the table that ate up all the crumbs.

When we had finished eating the coffee and drinking the beef, I said, "Sir Gammer, do you happen to know if the little old woman who was _____."

But I said no more, for at that moment we heard a distant shouting, and Sir Gammer Vans interrupted me by saying, "I wonder if that can be my bird hunter who catches fish for me."

"Why not go to the door and look out of the window and see?" I asked.

"I would," said he, "but I have the gout in the left foot a trifle above the right knee which makes it painful for me to move about. Pray go in my stead and tell me if you can see anyone just out of sight beyond the woods that grow in the middle of the bare field where my wheat is ripening for harvest."

I looked out of the door as he requested and said, "Yes, I can see a man running in the distance as fast as he can walk toward here."

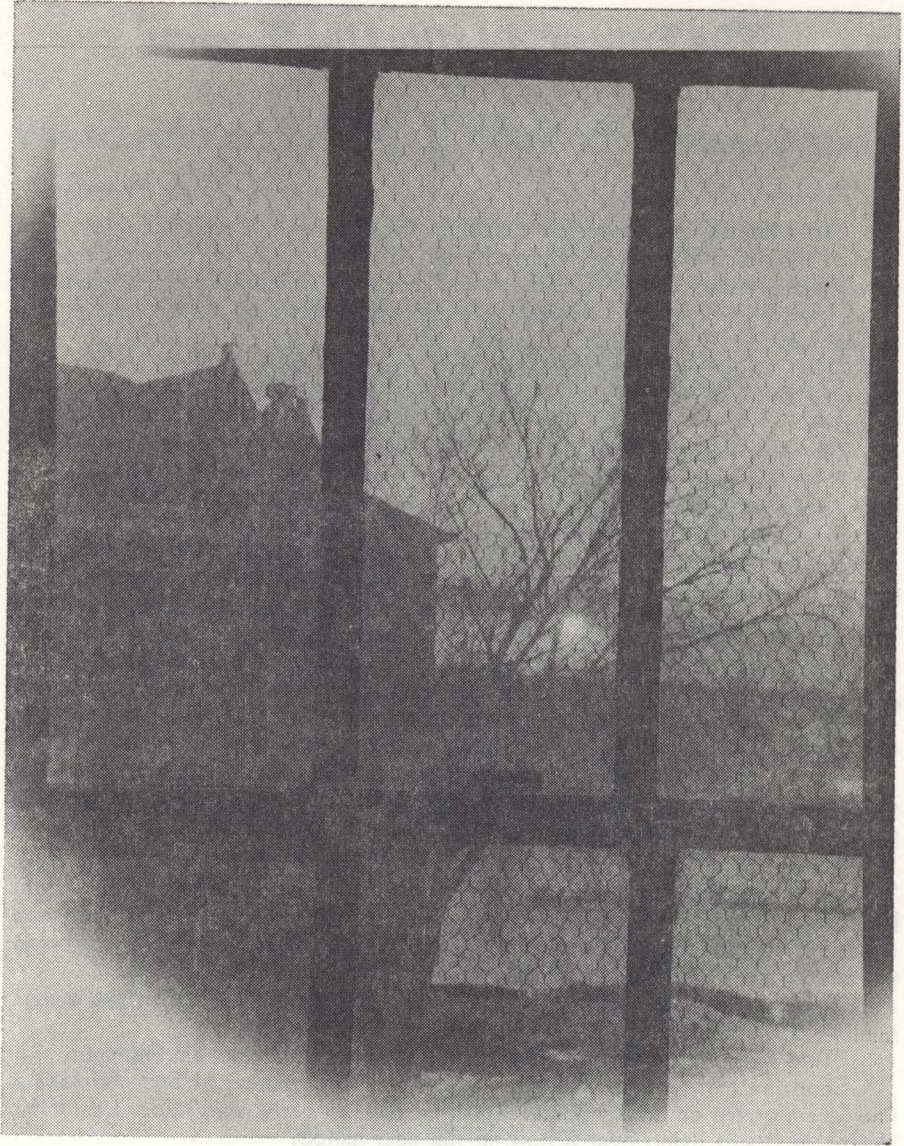
"That must be my bird hunter bringing me a fish," said Sir Gammer.

Soon the man arrived and was admitted to the house. At once he took a fine Salmon from an empty basket which he did not carry, and said, "I shot this Salmon as it was flying over a barn in the next hilltop."

"Very good," said Sir Gammer, "and now you may get it ready for breakfast."

So the man put the fish in a pot, turned the bottom upwards on the fire, and when it had boiled for three hours took it off the fire and took the fish from the pot hard frozen and made it into the best apple pie I ever tasted.

We ate the pie all up that evening for breakfast. Then I rode away over the tops of the mountains in my little orange boat without finding out the fate of the little old woman because I had forgotten to ask Sir Gammer about it.



Old Experiences

. . . PAUL I. POLITIS

We spend much time
Relating old experiences
To new people.

Two Reporters

CHARLES HOOVER

The elite group of reporters that was crowded into one end of the large bathroom split apart, forming an avenue through which a shrouded corpse was carried.

"It's such a shame. She was a pretty girl. Beautiful."

The man speaking was a reporter for the **Chronicle**, as the woman to whom he was talking could easily tell. The neatly printed words on his scribbled pad all but shouted the name.

She opened her purse and placed her notes inside. "Yes," she said, "and a very good reporter, too. She covered the other two murders, you know."

"Is that so?" the man inquired. "Did you know her well?"

"Not personally. I was just next in line for her job." She clicked her purse shut. "And now I have it."

He looked at her blankly, caught off guard by her last statement. The small group began to file from the little room. He kept close to her.

"So you work for the **Chronicle's** biggest rival, eh? I might have known. I think the **Mirror** gets a big kick out of sending lady reporters to cover murders."

She smiled lightly. "Yes," she said, "especially murders of lady reporters. Besides, women have a taste for the diabolical."

He looked at her intently. "I hate to appear out of touch with the times," he said, "but I've always thought women should stick to writing fashion columns and society news."

"You don't know much about women, do you?"

"The hell I don't. I've divorced four of them."

A smile crept onto her face again. "My God, man, you're an expert."

"Yea. Well, all they thought about were their jobs and their boss' ulcers. Painted, tainted broads, all four of them. Thought they were as good as men!"

They began to descend the three flights of stairs to the street. She noticed his agility on the stairs, and thought it deceptive for his size.

"Why did you marry them?"

"I can't stand to live alone," he said.

She spoke and watched his noiseless steps. "The police have a pattern, don't they? I mean to the murders. I talked to one of the sergeants, and they've figured out that the victims have all been career girls. They think that the murderer starts with a name. Then he could get the address any number of ways. Even through a phone book. The rest is easy. Pretty pat, huh."

"Yes," he said, "that does sound like a logical method for murder."

They reached the sidewalk.

"Well," he said absent-mindedly, "I've got to get in touch with my boss. It's certainly been nice talking to you, Miss uh . . ."

"Edmondson, Julie Edmondson. And the pleasure has been all mine."

"Yes. Well, take care, Miss Edmondson." His mouth turned up slightly at the corners. "You are a career woman, you know."

"I'm not worried. I'm not the crusading reporter my predecessor was."

"Okay, you win, Miss Edmondson. Sorry I brought it up. I hope I have the pleasure of meeting you again sometime."

He walked to the corner and came to a phone booth. He entered and opened the directory to "E." "Edmondson," he said slowly to himself. "Miss Julie Edmondson."

Losing

. . . LINDA RAGER

What fools we are to think we know the way
 To say the words that tell of grief and love
 And solve the paradox of God above
 When we forget the joy of children's play,
 The birds that sing to greet the break of dawn,
 The grass we trod beneath unfeeling feet,
 The wooded path now made into hard street;
 When life becomes a game with man a pawn
 And losing means a heap of broken dreams
 Of joy and wealth and wreaths of accolade:
 Is there a man alone who yet can face
 This madcap world of empty fools and screams
 Of grief and life and love and God manmade
 To say he does not know the way to grace?

You Know Me

. . . MARYANNE DONOVAN

The brunt of summer's heat had not yet come. It was easy for the evenings to be cool. The softness of spring still lingered in the grass. Running barefoot through its blades felt not totally unlike skimming a sheath of velvet. Tripper watched her naked toes twirl the green. She half smiled, half stared in thought. Many times while waiting for him the minutes had passed tediously. Tonight was different. It was an apprehensive and anxious one.

Tripper lifted her gaze from her feet hearing the stones fret as the tires suppressed them. She listened for the sounds of the opening door and its quick snapping shut. Straightening her neck, she watched him come her way, noticing his hands dancing in his pockets.

"Hello, Michael."

"Hi, Tripper." He genially put his lips to her cheek.

"Did anyone hire you yet?"

"Everywhere I go they want me, but you know I just can't decide who should be so lucky."

Tripper grinned a bit. "Yeah, tell me about it." She unconsciously fingered the leaf just plucked from a nearby bush. They walked towards the somewhat bruised front door of the house.

"Go in?" He reached for the knob.

"It's nice; let's sit on the step."

"O.K."

"Nancy passed her driving test today."

"Did she?"

Tripper nodded her head to affirm the fact.

"Good, that's fine. Tell her I said so." He watched her pick up a stone with her toes. "Tripper, have you been thinking about it?"

She paused to follow the white tail of a soaring jet. "You know I have. Michael, it just won't work, not now anyway."

He fingered the scar on her knee. Tripper explained. "Once when I was still a Tomboy I pretended my bike was a motorcycle. You know how the drivers drag their foot when turning a corner?" Michael gestured understanding. "Well I fell off when I tried to do that. My knee was so ugly. I was sure I would develop some rare disease. You know me." He smiled, raising his eyes, admitting that he did indeed know her.

"Tripper, did it ever work for you?"

"No, Michael. Sometimes I thought it did."

"Why, Tripper?"

She grimaced. "Michael, it should be more intense than it is. Can you understand? I want to so much more than I do. There seem to be so many feelings missing. Something is wrong about it. I've tried. I've tried to talk myself into it. But somehow it's just not there. Can you understand?"

He shrugged. "Maybe you just haven't given it enough time. Love takes time you know."

"Ten months Michael." She raised her voice, hoping the emphasis would make him understand.

"That's not so long, Tripper." She took his hand from her knee, staring at the cracks in the concrete.

"Never, Tripper?"

"I won't say never Michael. I don't like that word very much."

Michael lowered his head. He scattered a colony of ants with the twig he held. A lull had settled as the light vanished from the sky.

"Maybe we could try again."

She pulled a foreign thread from his pant's cuff. "Not soon, Michael."

"Sure, Tripper?"

"I'm sure, Michael."

A silence fell between them. Hands grasped, they stretched to relieve the knots that had been formed throughout their tense bodies. Their mouths touched for an instant.

"Be good, Tripper."

She laughed hesitantly. "You know me. Bye Michael."

Haltingly, she entered the house. As Michael drove past she waved, noticing he had opened all the windows. She reflected that he had probably also turned on the heater. It was an idiosyncrasy of his. Tripper turned and carelessly played with the cat purring for her attention. The words of a song she had known suddenly found a home in her mind: "Don't you know my love was gentle and kind?" She pondered the phrase, remembering how she had spoken of the lack of intensity in their feelings. She remembered telling him that something was missing in their relationship. The words of the song wandered through her mind again. "Don't you know my love was gentle and kind?" And she remembered Michael.

Under

. . . . ED SADTLER

under your umbrella
the world is dry
and i am a thirsty man

Hangin'

. . . . ED SADTLER

She has been
Hanging on to me so long
I don't see nothin' wrong
With rumped hair
And headaches.

Sygnny

. . . STANLEY HAAS

Sygnny merging men of quiet thought and
contemporary minds

Sygnny of dying men of silent death
of all thought kinds

Sygnny of the art of man of violent colors
of warning signs

Sygnny of human love to ascend holy hate
that follows new born rhymes

Sygnny Sygnny that breeds good men makes
dead men and is end of time.

