

The Crucible



Fall, 1974

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Like I Am 11

Growing 12

Untitled 13

Jungle Crisis D. Glass 14

Untitled Joseph Tommons 15

Untitled Hayden 16

Food Phone Gas This 17

Untitled 18

Solo 19

No Lorry 20

Untitled 21

Track Practice 22

The Summer 23

Obit 24

Ode to the Queen 25

The Last Night 26

4:30, A. M. 27

Untitled 28

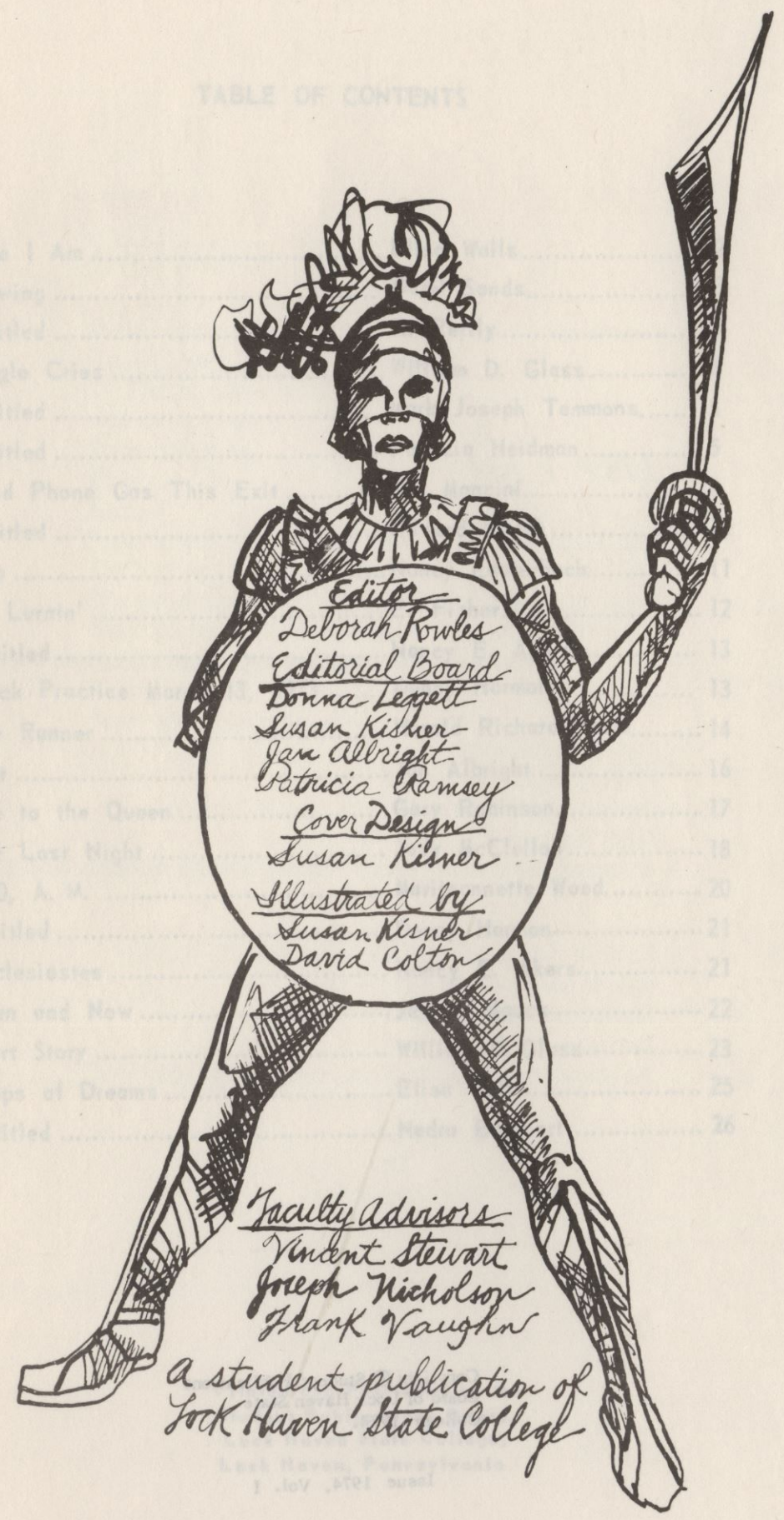
Ecclesiastes 29

Then and Now 30

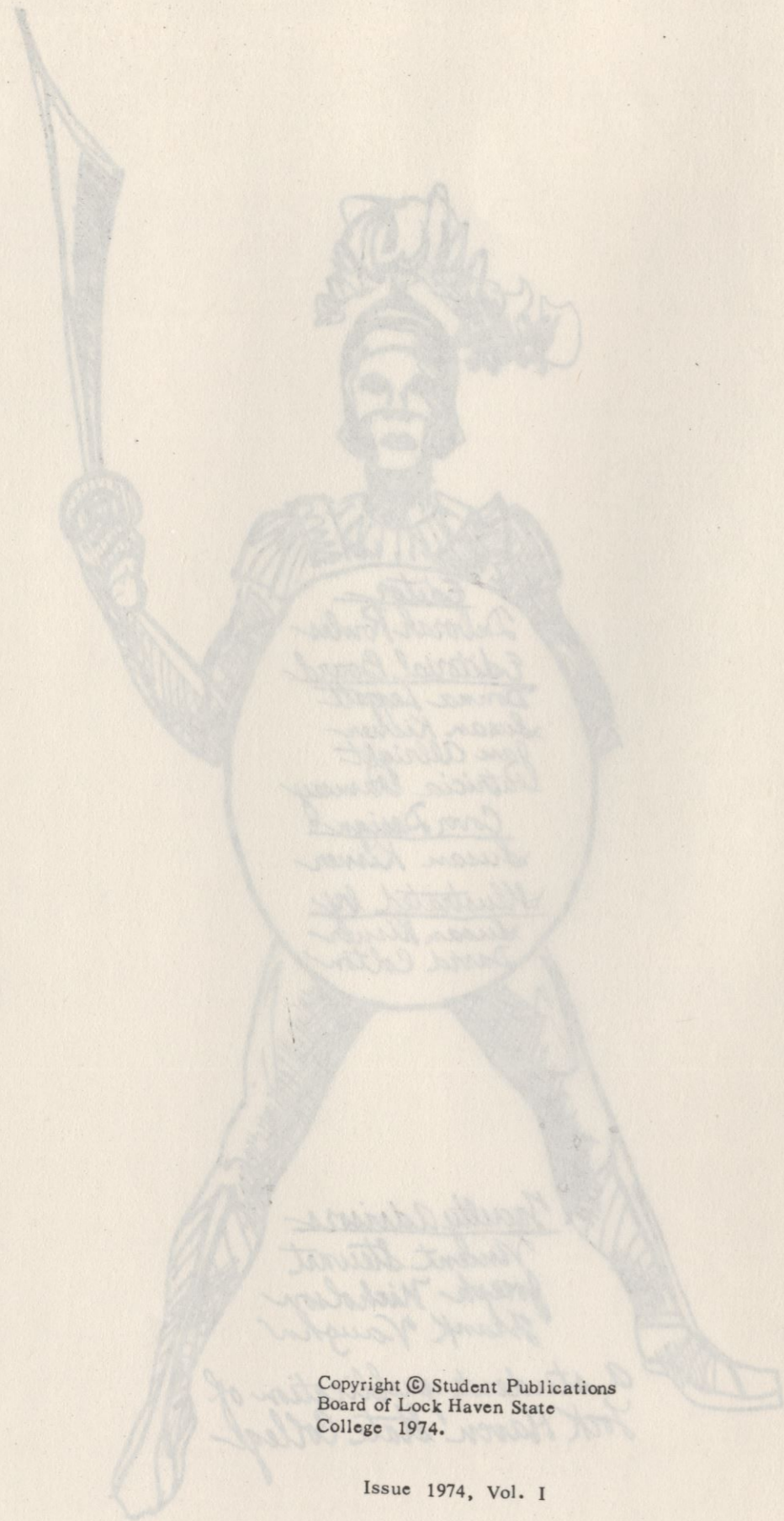
Short Story 31

Drops of Dreams 32

Untitled 33



a student publication of
Lock Haven State College



Copyright © Student Publications
Board of Lock Haven State
College 1974.

Issue 1974, Vol. I

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Like I Am	Elisa Walls.....	2
Growing	Daryl Sands.....	3
Untitled	R. Reilly.....	3
Jungle Cries	William D. Glass.....	4
Untitled	Mark Joseph Temmons.....	5
Untitled	Patricia Heidman.....	5
Food Phone Gas This Exit	Joe Mancini.....	6
Untitled	Edward Strenk.....	10
Solo	Nancy Lauterbach.....	11
No Lurnin'	E. Fisher.....	12
Untitled	Nancy E. Akers.....	13
Track Practice March 13, 1973	Denny Harmon.....	13
The Runner	Harold Richard Wolfe.....	14
Obit	Jan Albright.....	16
Ode to the Queen	Gary Robinson.....	17
The Last Night	Judy McClellan.....	18
4:30, A. M.	Marijeannette Wood.....	20
Untitled	Denny Harmon.....	21
Ecclesiastes	Nancy E. Akers.....	21
Then and Now	Jeanne Mauck.....	22
Short Story	William D. Glass.....	23
Drops of Dreams	Elisa Walls.....	25
Untitled	Nedra Barnhart.....	26

Printed and Published by the
Student Publications Board,
Lock Haven State College,
Lock Haven, Pennsylvania

LIKE I AM

I am like a dead room
Fastened to a living house.
Nailed to squalor, I remain
Dirty, silent, chilled.
All around me, echoes leap, spiders whisper, doorknobs dance away.

I am like a barren tree
Hanging in a fruitful orchard.
Dressed in nothing, I exist
Solid, heavy, sick.
All around me, branches beckon, daisies flourish, diamonds drop to sand.

I am like a withered snowflake,
Made to counteract the sun.
Found by darkness, I appear
Shadowed, weary, lost.
All around me, stars play, birds float, death is voted king.

Elisa Walls

GROWING

Kisses from you fill me like melons, touch me like chivalry.
Truely, I want to know who you are.
I'll take my coffee in the morning
And all your loving.
A spoonful or so
Makes us
Grow---
Super summer sugar coppin' rushes in the morning.
Don't let my thoughts confuse you too much.
You may disappear or I may vanish...
Would you love to love me baby?
I would love to love you now.
Laying together
Super ride inside my mind---

Daryl Sands

Just recently,
I met a similarly
faceted
image
of myself,
an entity that
overlaps my own,
...and
a reflection of what I
would probably be-
if I wasn't myself.
Just recently,
I met a stranger...
that wasn't one.

R. Reilly

JUNGLE CRIES



Part I: Shadowy clouds hover ominously
above the barren landscape.
Hoarse grunts, shrill bestial cries
pierce the still air.
Through the mist slices a cry of pain, of agony;
A cry sharp yet indistinct,
penetrating the curtain of noise.

Part II: Booming drums; sing-song chants.
An immense stone altar stands
offering its willing victim to the night.
Through the mist appears a lone tall figure:
naked buttocks, sweating torso,
rippling muscles gleaming in the filtering moonlight,
bronzed shanks quivering obscenely with each step.

Part III: Bright eyes shine in sensual anticipation
as the phallic blade descends upon her,
Her eager lithe body writhing in pleasure
as it penetrates.
A single sigh, a groan of pleasure, then all is silence.

The clouds lift and disperse, exposing the night sky
vibrant and alive with the glittering cavalcade of stars.

William D. Glass

Alone I sat at that brown plastic table,
Trying to capture an ice cube swimming in scotch.
Streaks of smoke hung in the air
Smearing and smudging the individual forms.

I felt a presence engulfing my world.
My eyes darted among the graying figures.
And locked on a smile of familiar assurance.
With wine in hand you invaded my quiet.
With lips wet from drinking you smiled.

But your touch numbed my brain.
Only a memory of warm love filled my head--
But a memory; like an ice cube,
can melt away.

Mark Joseph Temmons

Soft music flows now
from the stereo at my bedside.
It reminds me of a time
when we made our own music;
when our whispers rose
out of the clean darkness
that spread over us
like our featherdown quilt,
when I felt your body singing to me,
moving beside me in sleep,
and pulsing in wakefulness;
when our voices rose and pierced the night,
and our desire flooded the walls
in a pitch that resounded
to echo many days afterward.

A living, singing room.

Patricia Heidman

FOOD PHONE GAS THIS EXIT

"Can't you hurry up? He'll be here any minute."

"Aw Christ Jack, I just wanna run the sweeper in the living room. I'll be done in a minute. You'd think it was the goddamn King of England comin' to visit. If I'd get some help around here!"

"Look, don't start that shit again. I put in a rough day. When I get home I'm entitled to a little rest. And a little Peace and Quiet!"

"If I hear about you and your rough days one more time, I'll..."

"You'll what?"

"Never mind, just get out of my way."

Ever since Jack Allison had gotten the letter from his old college roommate four days ago, he had been edgy. This feeling of apprehension had been growing daily until now it was a raging fire in his gut. Why? It would be good to see Howard again...wouldn't it?

Nothing in the apartment seemed "right". Everything was too orderly, too neat. Why had they gotten that big T.V.? Christ, it seemed to dominate the whole room. Howard probably doesn't even own a T.V.. The furniture. It was...functional. God was it functional. It was all done in that same hideous floral pattern. Red and pink and green and sickening. It had been cheap and they were in a bit of a hurry to get married so they weren't particularly fussy. But now! What the hell is Howard going to think when he sees this place? It looks so, so...middle-class.

"Tina, why don't we re-arrange the furniture?"

"Oh come on Jack. I just got the place picked up. I've been cleanin' for two days just so it'll be clean enough for his highness. Now you wanna move it all around. Forget it, it stays put. Besides the chair covers the hole in the rug."

"Well, where are the old posters I used to have? You know, W.C. Fields and that other one with the strange colors. We could hang them somewhere."

"I threw them out two years ago. Hey, just what the hell's goin' on? Somebody's comin' you haven't seen in six years, somebody by the way, you said you never really liked anyway. He's comin' and all of a sudden you wanna redecorate. If you're ashamed of this place just take your big shot friend somewhere else."

"Come on Tina. For once in your life just shut up and try to be nice, O.K.?"

"Fine with me. Hey, what are you doin' with Billy's baby pictures? Put 'em back!"

"Jesus Tina. We've got eight pictures of the kid sitting around and he's not even three years old yet. I mean, enough is enough."

"Yeah but leave that one out. Not that one! The one where he's holding the baseball bat and making that cute face."

"Holy shit!"

Three sharp raps came from the door.

"It's him. Tina, put the sweeper away. I'll get the door. Will you hurry for Christ's sake."

Jack hesitated before moving to the door. He gave the apartment one last look, shook his head disgustedly, and mumbled to himself.

Well, how was your trip in, Howard?"

"Fine Jack. It's really a nice drive in on I-80. Beautiful country in this part of Pennsylvania. You know, you get the feeling someone could drive here, park his car, and never leave. It's all so quiet and peaceful. Really nice after New York. You'll have to show me the town tomorrow."

"Yeah, fine. We kinda like it here too. Things are a little slower, but hell, the streets are safe to walk at night, no big traffic jams, no race problems. The local college is always bringing in, you know, cultural things. No...rat race here."

"You know, it was kind of funny. I mean the way they have the exit sign on I-80. I mean, right at the top, in big letters, it says, "Lock Haven 1 mile". But underneath that is a little sign that says, "Food Phone Gas This Exit". I mean, it's as if that's the entire reason for the existence of Lock Haven. ...Don't you get it? You know here's this big sign declaring to the world that Lock Haven is the next interruption in the landscape. Then right under it, almost like an apology, is the little sign..."

"Oh yeah...I see what you mean. That's pretty good isn't it Tina?"

"Fantastic." Tina exited to the kitchen.

"Come on Howard, soup's on. Let's eat. I've got a million questions."

During the course of the meal Jack suggested that he and Howard go out and "down a few". Tina kicked him under the table. Jack kept talking.

Howard complimented Tina on her meat loaf and then helped clear the dishes. He turned on the T.V. just in time to catch Walter Cronkite. Tina cornered her husband in the kitchen.

"Look Jack, the light bill is almost two months overdue. They've threatened to shut it off next week. We can't afford for you to go drinkin'. You've let the bills pile up so bad I'm afraid to answer the phone. I've run out of lies for the bill collectors. I'm through tryin'. If you go out tonight, don't bother comin' back."

Jack had been getting that ultimatum about twice a week for the past six months. He dismissed this one with a "Go to hell", grabbed his jacket and Howard, and was out the door.

Howard ordered a Heineken and Jack did likewise. Howard reached for his wallet only to discover he had left it in his car or somewhere.

"No sweat, Howard. It's my treat anyway."

"You know Jack, it's too bad you left Yale in your first year like that. You should have at least tried to finish the year. If you could have made it that far, you would have graduated, I know it. You had what it took. All that potential and you never realized it. You should have stuck with it!"

"Yeah, well, it was just something I had to do. We've been through all that before."

"Where in the hell did you go when you left? We sort of lost track of you."

"I started heading for the West Coast but got detoured in Michigan. In fact I was detoured for about a year. Never did make it to the Coast. I finally got busted up racing dirt bikes. I had no money, so I limped home to Lock Haven. That was five years ago. Been here ever since. I've thought of going back to Yale, honestly thought of it. But hell, with the wife and kid and all it'd be pretty tough. I mean, I've got a pretty good...Yeah, miss, two more Heinekens here please!"

"You know it really shook us up when you quit. We all sort of figured if anybody would make it you would."

"Oh really!" Jack's face glowed.

"I guess your quitting helped the rest of us make it through. I mean, it shocked us into reality. Hell, Don must still be running scared. He's in Harvard Law and third in his class."

"Oh?"

"Yep. Ralph's got a good job working for Yale."

"What about that goofy, skinny kid across the hall? What was his name? Peter? Pete...?"

"You mean Jeff Wilson?"

"Yeah, that's it!"

"He's at Michigan Medical School."

"Oh... Well what about that asshole on the third floor? The one with all the zits?"

"Jim Carson. He's with the Peace Corps in Senegal."

"I see." The glow was gone from Jack's face. "Oh miss, another round here. Oh wait. Make mine Schmidt's this time. What about you, Howard?"

"I'll stick with a winner, Heineken."

"What have you been doing since you graduated?"

"Let's see. I went to Aspen for a year. Got a job washing dishes. Then I dropped down into South America. Met this fantastic girl, Juanita. She was from Lima originally, got her degree from Radcliffe and was working with the villagers down there. Great mind; body wasn't bad either. Of course there was Melissa in Aspen. Aw what a woman. Oh,

I'm sorry, don't get the impression that I've spent the last two years laying every girl in the Western Hemisphere. Actually, I haven't been to Canada yet, so it's only part of the Hemisphere." Howard was seized by an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Jack didn't laugh because he was trying to add up the bar bill in his head. He also didn't laugh because he didn't think it was particularly funny.

By the eighth round of beers Howard had switched brands. He was now drinking Michelob. Jack was drinking Genessee.

"Look Jack, what are you doing here? I mean you've got some shit on the ball, but here you are driving a beer truck in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania."

"Aw, it's not that bad Howard. I quit school, I knocked around for a while. I'll get back to school, no shit. It's just that things are a little tight right now."

"Yeah, I did my mandatory bumming around, but I didn't let myself get locked into something like you did. Man you really blew it. I mean, Christ, dad has a job waiting for me in his brokerage firm back in New York; just have to call him and let him know when I want to start. If you would've just pushed yourself a little you could've been on easy street. No man, you blew it with a capital B." Howard gulped the rest of his beer.

"I'll get it back, damn it." The words stumbled over Jack's beer-thickened tongue.

"Never! You're stuck in this town." Howard tried vainly to get the waitress' attention.

"Hey, now just one fuckin' minute. This is a nice little town. All those mountains and trees...really pretty." Jack's speech was now almost incoherent. "Yessir, really pretty. And safe too. Those mountains keep all the trouble out. Just like crawlin' back into the womb. Peace and Quiet. Law and Order. That's what this town has." Jack searched his glass, not really sure what it was he was looking for; perhaps a place to hide, perhaps courage.

"That's great. Did you come running back here to find 'peace and quiet'? Shit! You just want something that required as little effort as possible. You've got your peace and quiet, but at what price? Sure, I've got it easy: just call the old man and I'm in. That's fine for me 'cause I've got nothing. I'm a mass-produced preppie. You, you're different, you had your ticket to the top but you threw it away. You son of a bitch, you had what every preppie would have cut his left nut off for, what we all sweated and bled for. You threw it away! What the hell gave you the right? And what did you throw it away for? To come back to this burg and drive a beer truck. I hope you're 'safe'. You've got so much peace

and quiet it's deafening."

"You think I like livin' in this dump, you pompous bastard?" Jack was drowning in his emotions and beer. "What the hell can I do? I knocked her up. I couldn't pay for an oh so convenient trip to New York for her. I couldn't just run out. I've got a shotgun marriage and a shotgun life. That's why I live here. You think anybody wants to live here? No, you stay here if you're too dumb or you're trapped. This town smothers you and won't let you out. It seduces you with all the green and fresh air and then it slowly castrates you. It breaks your will to live and think and feel and grow. It's safe here, nobody takes a chance; why risk it? All the living, feeling human beings are in the county jail. They at least had the balls to gamble; to take a chance. This is a living ghost town and we're all zombies....Yessir, step right this way folks, see the pretty trees; please don't feed the natives; food, phone, gas, this exit." Jack's body gave up the fight and his head hit the table with a loud thud. Howard scraped him up and poured him into the car.

Tina appeared to be genuinely upset. Howard helped her get Jack into bed and then they said good-night. Howard sat on the couch for almost an hour. He finally remembered a couple of old classmates in Virginia he could probably stay with for a few days.

After breakfast, Howard left for Virginia. Jack woke up at noon with a terrible headache.

Joe Mancini

i woke up in a
paper dreamland
and everything was
still
even the people...
i walked and walked
to the
paper sun and the
paper beach
and found my
poems scattered
along the printed paper sand

Edward Strenk

I'm sorry, don't get the impression that I've spent the last two years laying every girl in the Western Hemisphere. Actually, I haven't been to Canada yet, so it's only part of the Hemisphere." Howard was seized by an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Jack didn't laugh because he was trying to add up the bar bill in his head. He also didn't laugh because he didn't think it was particularly funny.

By the eighth round of beers Howard had switched brands. He was now drinking Michelob. Jack was drinking Genessee.

"Look Jack, what are you doing here? I mean you've got some shit on the ball, but here you are driving a beer truck in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania."

"Aw, it's not that bad Howard. I quit school, I knocked around for a while. I'll get back to school, no shit. It's just that things are a little tight right now."

"Yeah, I did my mandatory bumming around, but I didn't let myself get locked into something like you did. Man you really blew it. I mean, Christ, dad has a job waiting for me in his brokerage firm back in New York; just have to call him and let him know when I want to start. If you would've just pushed yourself a little you could've been on easy street. No man, you blew it with a capital B." Howard gulped the rest of his beer.

"I'll get it back, damn it." The words stumbled over Jack's beer-thickened tongue.

"Never! You're stuck in this town." Howard tried vainly to get the waitress' attention.

"Hey, now just one fuckin' minute. This is a nice little town. All those mountains and trees...really pretty." Jack's speech was now almost incoherent. "Yessir, really pretty. And safe too. Those mountains keep all the trouble out. Just like crawlin' back into the womb. Peace and Quiet. Law and Order. That's what this town has." Jack searched his glass, not really sure what it was he was looking for; perhaps a place to hide, perhaps courage.

"That's great. Did you come running back here to find 'peace and quiet'? Shit! You just want something that required as little effort as possible. You've got your peace and quiet, but at what price? Sure, I've got it easy; just call the old man and I'm in. That's fine for me 'cause I've got nothing. I'm a mass-produced preppie. You, you're different, you had your ticket to the top but you threw it away. You son of a bitch, you had what every preppie would have cut his left nut off for, what we all sweated and bled for. You threw it away! What the hell gave you the right? And what did you throw it away for? To come back to this burg and drive a beer truck. I hope you're 'safe'. You've got so much peace

and quiet it's deafening."

"You think I like livin' in this dump, you pompous bastard?" Jack was drowning in his emotions and beer. "What the hell can I do? I knocked her up. I couldn't pay for an oh so convenient trip to New York for her. I couldn't just run out. I've got a shotgun marriage and a shotgun life. That's why I live here. You think anybody wants to live here? No, you stay here if you're too dumb or you're trapped. This town smothers you and won't let you out. It seduces you with all the green and fresh air and then it slowly castrates you. It breaks your will to live and think and feel and grow. It's safe here, nobody takes a chance; why risk it? All the living, feeling human beings are in the county jail. They at least had the balls to gamble; to take a chance. This is a living ghost town and we're all zombies....Yessir, step right this way folks, see the pretty trees; please don't feed the natives; food, phone, gas, this exit." Jack's body gave up the fight and his head hit the table with a loud thud. Howard scraped him up and poured him into the car.

Tina appeared to be genuinely upset. Howard helped her get Jack into bed and then they said good-night. Howard sat on the couch for almost an hour. He finally remembered a couple of old classmates in Virginia he could probably stay with for a few days.

After breakfast, Howard left for Virginia. Jack woke up at noon with a terrible headache.

Joe Mancini

i woke up in a
paper dreamland
and everything was
still
even the people...
i walked and walked
to the
paper sun and the
paper beach
and found my
poems scattered
along the printed paper sand

Edward Strenk

SOLO

Whirling dusky masses of a threatening sky
carries silvertoned madness through some
ancient one's eyes...

Trembling upon the brink of a jagged cliff--
the deafening crashing of multitudinous chords!
Biting of a furious windy rain--

whipping my soul into an ebony world
a grey-green sea lashing furiously near near to me...

Reach! Grasp the raven reality--drench my body with your
salty caresses!

dying dying all

over under

Swirling at my feet into
hazy pools of my yesterdays

and this dying way

this dying way...

Ah! Tempest that reigns over this magnificent midnight--
Roar your maddening tale...

Sweeping my soul into a cloak of shimmering darkness--

never to be again-----

The eternal cry
unspoken

Nancy Lauterbach



NO LURNIN'

Sumthinz goin' on hear
 butchou doanowhatitiz.
 Peepel showtin' "Nixon
 payoreparkin'meeter
 an' leavus the chainge."
 Throa in' baums at innosense
 bye akronims.
 Kidknappin' an' haijakin'
 tabeetheband.
 Peepel goin' -- an' krien "stop."
 Why, U'd theenk
 nunovus wazeven
 smartenuf ta spel gud
 or sumthin'

E. Fisher

Through the trees
 Glimpses
 Of a lone black runner
 ...Stopping
 As though to catch his breath
 ...Streaking
 Onward
 Through metameric corn stalks
 Breaking the consistency
 Of snow and horizon
 Rushing onward
 Chasing some unseen fox
 ...Or being chased?
 I didn't know...
 He hesitated at my call
 Only long enough
 To convince himself
 That no one
 Was really there.

Nancy Akers

TRACK PRACTICE
MARCH 13, 1973

Track Practice March 13, 1973
 (A thought on crossing the Jay Street bridge.)

Running mens' shadows
 Lie straight over the water,
 Molested only
 By the rippling of the waves,
 Put there by a warming wind.

Denny Harmon

THE RUNNER

She stood with her back against the high blank wall, her breath coming in coarse, dry moans, her heart slamming against her chest, threatening to break through her ribs.

Her eyes frantically searched the cliffs of the deep V-shaped canyon for a path, a break, any combination of rocks and cracks which could provide an escape. There was none, and somehow the knowledge did not shock her, for the dead end was the inevitable end to the past month's events.

She had been running aimlessly since sunrise. The sun had been a few minutes after dawn when she had come upon the furrow in the earth. She turned and followed it towards the mountains, which were red and orange and veined black in the valleys. At first she ran beside the ditch but as it grew deeper and wider she jumped down and ran in it. Sometimes she wanted to stop and climb out, but the desire to run pushed any desire to stop out of reach.

The sun passed its peak obscured by the clouds of dust stirred by her strong bare feet. The rocks glared gold-white, then slowly orange into a soft dusk red as she padded steadily onward, deeper and deeper into the mountain. She had been running for nearly twenty-four hours.

Such treks were not unusual for her. Years ago she had sworn off the company of people and moved into the desert. She had never really fit into anything that involved other people. At school she was in no plays, no student government, wasn't a cheerleader or band member, scarcely got her picture in the yearbook. She seldom dated, didn't go to church, didn't get along well with her family, had few friends of any age or sex. All she wanted to do was run.

"You live in a world of your own, Ag."

"I know. I like it that way."

"People think that you're strange 'cause all you want to do is run."

"I know. What's wrong with that?"

"They think that you're crazy."

"I think that everybody's crazy."

About two weeks later she packed a few things and left. She ran for three days into the desert, to a place she'd seen while dune-buggy riding with Jan's brother. There was a spring there, and a little good ground and she slept under the stars.

The desert life was good to her. Her body grew long and hard, and so strong that she could run to death foxes and rabbits and the occasional deer that strayed down from the mountain. Yet she couldn't

exist only on the desert. Two or three times a year she trekked the forty miles to Los Conchos for supplies: salt, matches, cloth, some canned food for emergencies.

That's where it all started. On the outskirts of Los Conchos, in the old railroad yards. The tall saw-grass which grew among the abandoned tracks could hide the entire Boston Marathon, but this night it concealed only her lithe figure, striding silently down one of those well-worn paths which have no reason to exist, yet do. She passed humming warehouses, abandoned stores, a hundred kitchen-lit houses with a hundred wives fixing dinners for a hundred husbands and a thousand children.

Suddenly, there was something lying in the path in front of her churning feet. Dark and hairy and warm, she noted with her foot, moments before tumbling to the ground in a breathless tangle of limbs, grass and knapsack. She scrambled to her unsteady feet, eyes on the shape which lay dark and still in the white path. It was the size of a dog and smelled musty, like old clothes hung in a basement. She reached out to touch it, paused and then watched in calm horror as it lifted its massive head toward the warmth of her hand. The head was cow-shaped, with flaring brown nostrils and a triangular white face, dominated by huge, pale, lidless eyes which glared dully in the moonlight.

She took three long, slow steps backwards, away from the creature, then turned and fled, her hair cracking in the wind. At the end of the railroad tracks she stopped and glanced back the path, seeing nothing at first, then a white on white bobbing which could be only its head. Every few yards it stopped and snuffed the air, then padded towards her. Towards her, bobbing white on white.

She ran the two blocks to Swanson's, for the first time in six years exhausted by running. She tumbled item after item into the cart and ran into the arc-lit parking lot.

It was out there. Somewhere on the edges of the macadam. Between the cars, peering around the edge of the air-conditioning hut. Somewhere.

She adjusted the knapsack and ran. Out to the desert. But not through the railroad yard this time, through Main Street. Her lean figure flashed in the shop windows, her feet echoed off apartment walls and empty sidewalks. People watched television behind drawn lace curtains, oblivious to the fear in their streets. And white faces peered out of dark alleys, around garbage cans, over facades of old firehouses and banks, snuffing the air, white on white.

For a month she endured the fear. Sometimes she saw cloven hoofs outside the camp, drifted lightly over with sand. And sometimes the tracks were fresh, and sometimes they were weeks old. But they were always there.

And one night she was awakened from a troubled sleep by a slow shuffling in the sand. Small clouds of steam glistened in the last rays of the moon. The first halo of the sun was lighting sparks in the east. She knew that it was near. So she ran, out into the desert, out into the cold, and the play of moonlight and early sun. Her breath steamed in the

light and jetted behind her as she ran.

She stood with her back against the high blank wall, her breath coming in coarse, dry moans, her heart slamming against her chest, threatening to break through her ribs.

Her eyes were fastened to the path and the small, dark creature laboring up the canyon. She was not afraid anymore, and when it leaped upon her and its strong hairy arms wrapped her young body she felt not fear, not hatred, but a strong wave of pity.

Harold Richard Wolfe

OBIT

It always seems to happen to someone else,
Or at least it used to.

Mother would wrap the garbage in newspaper filled with it
While I would sit and sing
And never know the difference.

I found I couldn't hide too long,
And soon I was much older.
I was up and quick to wrap my garbage in newspaper filled with it,
Those typed up characters that stood for names no one would use anymore.
The somebodies kept getting more familiar.

Someone said,
It's nice to know that almost everyone gets their name in the newspaper
Once in their life.
And should I add, once in their death?
When can I see my name?
Death is so certain
And yet so vague.

Jan Albright

exist only on the desert. Two or three times a year she treked the forty miles to Los Conchos for supplies: salt, matches, cloth, some canned food for emergencies.

That's where it all started. On the outskirts of Los Conchos, in the old railroad yards. The tall saw-grass which grew among the abandoned tracks could hide the entire Boston Marathon, but this night it concealed only her lithe figure, striding silently down one of those well-worn paths which have no reason to exist, yet do. She passed humming warehouses, abandoned stores, a hundred kitchen-lit houses with a hundred wives fixing dinners for a hundred husbands and a thousand children.

Suddenly, there was something lying in the path in front of her churning feet. Dark and hairy and warm, she noted with her foot, moments before tumbling to the ground in a breathless tangle of limbs, grass and knapsack. She scrambled to her unsteady feet, eyes on the shape which lay dark and still in the white path. It was the size of a dog and smelled musty, like old clothes hung in a basement. She reached out to touch it, paused and then watched in calm horror as it lifted its massive head toward the warmth of her hand. The head was cow-shaped, with flaring brown nostrils and a triangular white face, dominated by huge, pale, lidless eyes which glared dully in the moonlight.

She took three long, slow steps backwards, away from the creature, then turned and fled, her hair cracking in the wind. At the end of the railroad tracks she stopped and glanced back the path, seeing nothing at first, then a white on white bobbing which could be only its head. Every few yards it stopped and snuffed the air, then padded towards her. Towards her, bobbing white on white.

She ran the two blocks to Swanson's, for the first time in six years exhausted by running. She tumbled item after item into the cart and ran into the arc-lit parking lot.

It was out there. Somewhere on the edges of the macadam. Between the cars, peering around the edge of the air-conditioning hut. Somewhere.

She adjusted the knapsack and ran. Out to the desert. But not through the railroad yard this time, through Main Street. Her lean figure flashed in the shop windows, her feet echoed off apartment walls and empty sidewalks. People watched television behind drawn lace curtains, oblivious to the fear in their streets. And white faces peered out of dark alleys, around garbage cans, over facades of old firehouses and banks, snuffing the air, white on white.

For a month she endured the fear. Sometimes she saw cloven hoofs outside the camp, drifted lightly over with sand. And sometimes the tracks were fresh, and sometimes they were weeks old. But they were always there.

And one night she was awakened from a troubled sleep by a slow shuffling in the sand. Small clouds of steam glistened in the last rays of the moon. The first halo of the sun was lighting sparks in the east. She knew that it was near. So she ran, out into the desert, out into the cold, and the play of moonlight and early sun. Her breath steamed in the

light and jetted behind her as she ran.

She stood with her back against the high blank wall, her breath coming in coarse, dry moans, her heart slamming against her chest, threatening to break through her ribs.

Her eyes were fastened to the path and the small, dark creature laboring up the canyon. She was not afraid anymore, and when it leaped upon her and its strong hairy arms wrapped her young body she felt not fear, not hatred, but a strong wave of pity.

Harold Richard Wolfe

OBIT

It always seems to happen to someone else,
Or at least it used to.

Mother would wrap the garbage in newspaper filled with it
While I would sit and sing
And never know the difference.

I found I couldn't hide too long,
And soon I was much older.
I was up and quick to wrap my garbage in newspaper filled with it,
Those typed up characters that stood for names no one would use anymore.
The somebodies kept getting more familiar.

Someone said,
It's nice to know that almost everyone gets their name in the newspaper
Once in their life.
And should I add, once in their death?
When can I see my name?
Death is so certain
And yet so vague.

Jan Albright

ODE TO THE QUEEN

Nefertiti, nebulous nymph of the Nile,
where does your beauty lie?
Blossoming bosoms and a soft stomach
do not a woman make.
Your famous eyes reflect nothing for me
for I see them only in stone.
I would like to see you in your flesh,
and kiss your treasured head and body.
It could not be your features alone
that make your name an aesthetic fact.
Inside your body, there must be a radiant glow,
the charismatic cunning of a willing woman.
It intrigues me so, I would like to unlock
your cage of flesh and penetrate the center of your womanhood.
Nefertiti, I'll be waiting.

Gary Robinson



THE LAST NIGHT

The Source

River,
Body from whence all life springs.
We grow away from you
But never leave.
You nourish and cleanse us,
And sometimes,
If we listen to your lullaby,
We return.

"Mommy, may I please be excused from the table," Beth asked pleadingly. "And is it O.K. if I go with Tammy down to the power plant to watch them fish?"

"Well, alright, but be careful!" her mother replied with a worried look on her face. Her daughter had been acting strangely the past few weeks and she could not understand her silly ideas and moods. Perhaps Beth was just growing up.

"I'll be careful," Beth replied as she darted off to the bathroom. She scrubbed her hands painstakingly, being careful to scrape all the dirt from under her nails. Next, she brushed her teeth once. No, not good enough. She brushed them again, washed her hands once more and was off.

Beth met her best friend Tammy at the top of the hill and they leaped like frogs to the bottom. From there, they trotted down the dirt road, the warm but fading August breeze playing with their long, blonde manes. Beth, although two years younger than her eleven year old friend, had no trouble keeping up since her long, growing limbs carried her swiftly. When they reached the bridge spanning a small creek between the girls and the power plant, Beth halted and refused to go any farther.

"Wait, Tammy, why don't we go back up to my yard to play?" Beth pleaded, her heart beating wildly. She was remembering the dream she had had the night before. A bridge was out and her family's car had plunged into a river, but she had awakened before they hit bottom.

"No, I want to watch them fish," Tammy replied. "This is my last night here and I should pick what we do."

Beth held her breath and tried not to look down as she crossed the creek. The two girls then walked around the side of the building until they reached the ledge built just above where the dammed up water returned to the Susquehanna. There they stopped, not far from three old fishermen who exchanged pleasantries as they fished. Tammy leaned confidently against the rotting wooden railing to watch the gurgling

water rushing out from the gates. Beth, however, stood back gripping the wall.

Disturbing, frightening thoughts were rushing through Beth's head. "Push her in. No don't, she's my friend. Just give her a little shove." She could not understand why she wanted to harm her best friend. She did not hate her; she loved her. It was just a terrifying urge strengthened by the angry sound of the thrashing waters below. It was the sounds of these waters to which she now tried to divert her attention. As she listened, it seemed to her that the river no longer sounded so angry. It pacified Beth as would a lullaby. She felt a slight dizziness and so she sat down.

After a minute or two, Tammy turned around to see what her friend was doing and she decided to sit down beside her. They talked for a while about how Tammy was going to move the following day to a new house down the river.

"You're my last friend to move away. I'll miss you," Beth sobbed.

"Don't worry, I'll be just down the river. I'll see you soon," Tammy reassured her young friend.

"If you promise not to tell, I'll tell you a secret," Beth said cautiously, after finally getting up enough courage. "Last week one day when I was out back playing...Well, you know that retarded boy that lives down at the end of the alley? He wanted me to follow him to show me something so I did. He took me back in those woods along that stream going through the horse farm. You know where the stream goes underground into a tunnel? Well, he got to the bottom of the bank before I did so I waited to see where he was taking me. Well, he...he pulled down his zipper and...and... anyway, I just stood there staring at him and then I turned and ran as fast as I could. I didn't stop 'till I got home."

Tammy started laughing uncontrollably, but Beth was puzzled as to why her friend was laughing at so serious a matter. "He could have pushed me into the water and I could have drowned in the tunnel!"

Now it was Tammy's turn to look puzzled. Neither girl said a word from then on. Beth turned to watch the last traces of the sun as it set behind the hills. The last red rays shone across the river. As the sun set, a fear rose in Beth. As shadows grew and darkness spread over the surface of the river, her anxiety grew until it clouded her thoughts. "I'm being poisoned by this dirty wall, by this air! Am being poisoned; gonna die; Gotta get home to Mommy!"

The fear grew to be too great for Beth to stand so she suddenly jumped up and ran home. As soon as she got in the door, she hurried to the bathroom to spit out the saliva she had been saving. After washing her mouth out with water and scrubbing her hands, she hurried to the living room where her parents were watching television. Beth sat on her mother's lap and hugged her tighter than she had ever done before.

"Don't you think you're getting too old to sit on your mother's lap? What's gotten into you! You're acting like a two year old!" her mother said in response to her daughter's affectionate gestures. She did not push her daughter away but she made it clear through her mocking tone of voice that she was pushing Beth away, emotionally. "It's time for

you to be in bed anyway, Goodnight, Beth."

Beth returned to the bathroom, being careful not to walk too close to the walls which might poison her. She rinsed out her mouth again and then removed her toothbrush from its holder. She stood there for a few moments, wanting to use it but holding back because of her fear of being poisoned. "Did I really do it or was it only a dream? Spraying their toothbrushes with Mediquick was not a very good way to kill them. I didn't really want to kill Mommy and Daddy. I was just a kid, then, anyway." These thoughts kept rushing through her mind until she was completely possessed by her anxieties. She could stand it no longer so she washed her hands quickly and snuck out the back door.

Beth was now in a daze as she ran down the road toward the power plant. She did not know why she was going there; it was uncontrollable. She noticed neither the hoot of an owl as it passed overhead nor the chilling light of the crescent moon where it shone on the river. She moved unhesitatingly on toward her goal. When she reached the place where she and Tammy had stood earlier that evening, she stopped and gripped the wall once more. She breathed heavily and her body was shaking in ripples from head to foot. She stood very still, and as she listened, thought she heard singing coming from under the platform. No one was near, no one but the river as she rushed from the gates. Somehow, the surging waters harmonized into a sweet lullaby. Beth got down on her hands and knees and crawled closer, and as she did so, the lullaby grew louder. As she crawled to the edge, her heart thrashed to the rhythm of the river's song. Beth stood up and leaned out over the railing to hear it more clearly. Farther and farther, she leaned out over, but still she could not understand. Suddenly the weak wooden railing cracked under her weight.

Nothing was heard but the sounds of the surging dark waters as the river flowed on and on.

Judy McClellan

4:30, A.M.

Morning before its actual birth;
but few hours in heaven's womb,
Moving soft in warm, grey mists,
Caused with the moon's pale glow.

Slowly stirs its quiet beatings,
Labor announced by the trilling birds:
Then thrust between spread legs of East,
Morning squalls in blood-red sun.

Marijeannette Wood

ECCLIESIA STES

Stained glass windows
Peer through painted leaves
And faces
Stinging the real world
With barbs of
Philosophical ambiguity.

Sitting, waiting, watching
For God to wing through the organ pipes
And clasp the goblet
In ethereal fingers
Crushing the only resemblance
Of dignity that hovers
In the time worried mist
Of theology.

Nancy E. Akers

life

threat
ecieved

you
are
goin
gto
die

whatdoyouwantforyourgrave

andher
eplied

anyoldweedwilldo

andnowhisgr
vestonereads

anyoldweedwilldo

Denny Harmon

THEN AND NOW

If I can stand here between the front legs
Of this old work horse without flinching,
I'm brave.

If I can hang onto this tree limb until that
Car that's coming is even with that big rock
Lying on the other side of the road,
I'm strong.

If that boy looks at me with longing in his eyes
But is still afraid to ask me for a date,
I'm beautiful.

If I can get through school only worrying
About the grades when I want to,
I'm clever.

If I can raise my children to love their God
And their fellow men -- so they think it's the only way,
I'm a Mother.

If I can do all this without anyone knowing
I know it,
I've won.

Jeanne Mauck

SHORT STORY

Submersion--Bubble, Bubble; Glub, Glub.
Water, Water everywhere, and not a drop to spare.
Deep.

Deeper.

Deepest.

Scarcely any portion of the ocean's floor has a depth exceeding 3000 fathoms, or about 3.4 miles, the greatest depth determined by the recent "Challenger" soundings, which was that of a limited depression about a hundred miles to the north of St. Thomas, having been 3875 fathoms, or about 4.4 miles.

Waving seaweed.

Silver fishies, golden fishies; silver fishies, golden fishies.

A dark figure, monstrously huge, hovers above, a black hulk of dull metal.

DANGER! SHARK! RED ALERT! RED ALERT!

Ever cool, calm, and collected, Lois Bridges slowly reaches for the speargun which is strapped to her side.

It is not there.

It is not there?

It is not there!

Usually cool, calm, and collected, Lois expresses shock (SHOCK!), consternation (CONSTERNATION!), and surprise (SURPRISE!).

Jumping out of the bathtub, Lois flies out the bathroom door and runs down the hall, her long, wet hair streaming, shouting, "Which one of you bastards stole my freaking speargun?"

MEANWHILE--

Late in 1973, Rabbit Rita splits from Happy Acres, absconding with two thousand dollars worth (That's \$\$2,000, friends) of genuine, fully-guaranteed, money-back-if-not-satisfied L.S.D.

ZOWOWOWOWEE! Fucking con job!

Three days later we discover through the grapevine that RR has been picked up by the local coast guard for peddling dope to mermaids without a license. C'est dommage, n'est ce pas?

Fifteen-hundred dollar fine, and a three year stint in San Quentin. Bye-bye, Rita-baby.

MEANWHILE--

Babs has returned from Brazil and immediately goes into deep meditation; she comes out of the trance with a humdinger of an idea, one

Freaking TOO MUCH
of an idea.

In true democratic fashion (Here Here for DEMOCRACY) we hold a vote.

Result: Three Ayes; Four Nays; Thirteen Abstentions. The Ayes clearly have it!

COMPLAINT!!! The voting was fixed, Esmirelda screams from the back of the room. Shock! Horror!! Chagrin!!! (Someone shut Esmirelda up).

With Babs in the lead van we roar into Jollydale (J*O*L*L*Y***D*A*L*E) shopping plaza which boasts 120 stores and specialty shops, dealing in everything from paper airplanes to chain-mail girdles.

Giving us the finger; Babs' symbol of Victory; Babs enters the mall with her vials of A&P Orange Juice which have been generously laced with L.S.D.

Babs is dressed in a modest suit of green tweed or tweed green, whichever way you look at it. She enters a small jewelry store, "Rocks and Baubles," sizes up the situation at hand, and approaches a tall, well-dressed young man. "Pardon me, sir. I'm from the International Survey Company; here's my card. Oh, dear me that's my Korvette's credit card. Hmm I seem to have misplaced my card. Oh well, no matter. I'm from the International Survey Company and we're conducting a little survey. That's the sort of thing we do at the International Survey Company, you know. Would you taste these two samples of delicious orange juice, please? Thank you sir. Have a nice day."

Babs walks away; tall, well-dressed young man watches her go with mouth slightly agape.

"Pardon me, ma'am. I'm from the International Survey Company, here's my card...

"Pardon me, sir. I'm from the....

"Pardon me, ma'am...

15 minutes later, Babs appears, her samples empty, smiling like a cheshire cat.

As we pull away in our little caravan, Jollydale (J*O*L*L*Y***D*A*L*E) shopping center trips out.

TOUCHEE!!

BACK AT THE RANCH--

Raphael Raprolionskievskies enters.

Purple velour trousers over matching suede shoes; black lace shirt under a lavender leather vest with long white and purple tassels.

On his head—a black top hat.
"Bonjour Messieurs et Mesdemoiselles. J'ai fini; voici la piece!"
Throws a tattered manuscript on the table, and collapses on the floor spreadeagled.

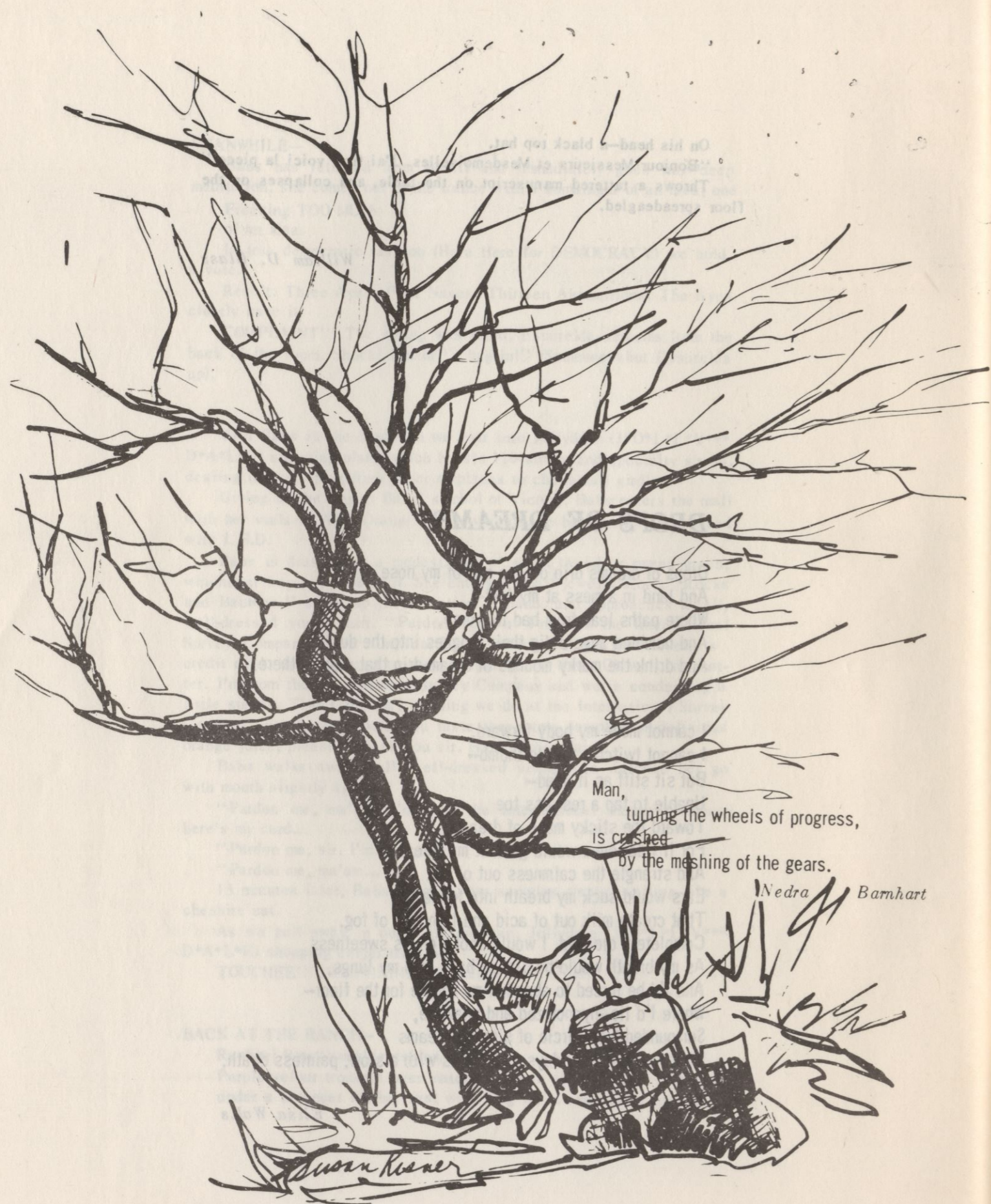
William D. Glass

DROPS OF DREAMS

Drops of dreams drip off the end of my nose
And land in a mess at my feet--
Where paths lead from bad to worse,
And humbled angels dig their tongues into the dust
And drink the murky mounds of dream-drip that clotted there.

I cannot move my body forward,
I cannot twitch a single thumb--
But sit stiff as if dead--
Unable to tap a restless toe
Toward the sticky mass of dreams.
For if I do, eyes would grab at my throat
And strangle the calmness out of me.
Ears would suck my breath into funnels
That create milk out of acid and light out of fog.
Completely cleaned, I would choke on its sweetness
As my breath would be dished back into my lungs,
And I'd be forced to abandon my throne for the floor--
Where I'd lie--hypnotized and unaware,
Surrounded by a circle of singing dreams
That would fill my days and nights with a slow, painless death.

Elisa Walls



Man,
turning the wheels of progress,
is crushed
by the meshing of the gears.

Nedra Barnhart

Susan Resner



STEVENSON LIBRARY LOCK HAVEN UNIV

3 3301 00507 3765