

Spring 1982

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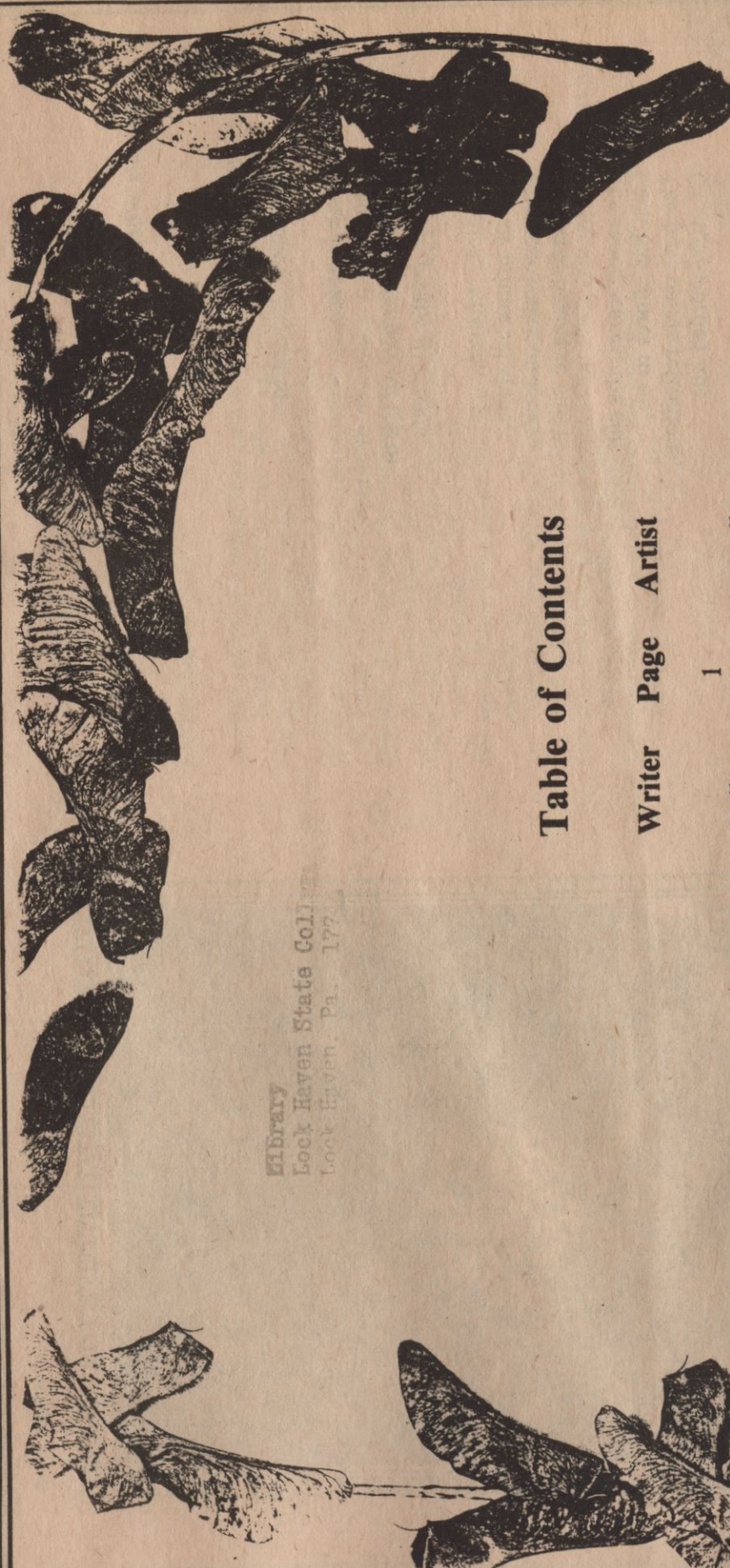


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# THE CRUCIBLE

A Collection of  
Original Poetry, Prose,  
and Art



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THE CRUCIBLE  
 Spring 1982

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Dennis Wilson

### Evolution Revolution

Spun in space,  
Caught in a spiderweb of time,  
The poet trapped on Earth  
Cannot escape its rhyme.

Stardust, stardust,  
Out of primordial slime,  
The poet walks on iambs,  
His verse begins to climb.

The moon waxes, the sun shines,  
Each has chores to do,  
The poet paints reflections,  
Of multi-worded hue.

Paradise turns to chaos,  
As people turn to crime,  
The poet goes hungry,  
His life's not worth a dime.



Photo by Barbara Pastella

Joseph Nicholson

### At the Supermarket

At the supermarket the food got lost. Nothing was where it was supposed to be and, when searched for elsewhere, could not be found.

The shoppers circled the aisles, frowning over their grocery lists. Their baskets stayed empty.

The manager, in his cubicle, refused to notice that his food could not be found. After all, his invoices and register tapes proved it was there.

The cashiers, with nothing to do, helped the shoppers search for their food. Steak was found in the potato bins, but that was no satisfaction to the potato shoppers. When the steak shoppers looked in the potato bins, the steak had gone somewhere else.

In time the whole town had to come to the supermarket. Each person took a basket and joined the stream of people already in the aisles.

Grocery lists yellowed with age. When people grew old and died, they were placed in their baskets by friends and, after a small ceremony, pushed through the automatic doors into the parking lot, long overgrown with weeds and jammed with rusted cars. The town stood on the horizon, its houses empty and silent.

Children were born in the supermarket and went to school over where the cash registers had been. The manager placed his orders and the stockboys filled the shelves. Around the aisles trooped the shoppers, some cheerful, some depressed.

Carl E. Blimline

### LASTING THOUGHTS

Too late to know,  
Or what to say;  
I wish that this,  
Was yesterday.  
When I was young,  
And not so gray;  
I used to love  
And run all day.  
But now I'm old,  
And in my bed;  
It's almost time,  
Before I'm dead.  
So I'll lay back,  
And close my eyes,  
And dream of all,  
The times I've had.  
When the sun wakes,  
And lights my grave,  
I've time to think,  
Of other days.  
For I have time,  
To take and spare.  
So then I pray,  
Each and every night,  
That I might see:  
The almighty light.

Both by  
Beth Baker

### WHAT LIFE IS THIS

All I see today are what I hope will be Friends.  
I reach out in hope, yet I have to defend.  
I want to feel secure and happy and loved, but someone  
is trying to block the warmth from above.

Dear God I want to be like other children.  
I want to be able to be free...to run...to play...  
to stay out all day if I choose...

At one time I could easily ignore  
What seemed to be my mother's tyrant rule.  
But no more, now all I can do is look from the inside out.

Somedays I'm even afraid to go to school.  
Who is it that makes this life so cruel?  
I want to love! I want to Learn! I want to Laugh!

But most of all, I want to be able to Live!  
As I choose...not in fear for my life  
afraid to go outside...

I don't want to hide! Not anymore!  
Oh God I pray that life could be as it was before.

### FAREWELL

Like the touch of a warm tear on a saddened cheek, our hearts will  
burn with a sense of loss when you leave.  
You have picked us up when we were down and the strength that you  
have supported us with is all around.

Without you here the days will change and we have to wonder, if  
things will ever be the same.

But with the love and the wisdom you have shown, none of us could  
help, but to have grown.

Time and distance may now replace, what once was a tightly  
knitted space.

But we all know deep inside that the time has come for you to go  
outside.

"Strive for your dreams!" and "Reach for your goals!"

And please remember to be true to your soul.

Our lives have changed since you came along and now though you're  
leaving you will not be gone.

Our memories of you will never die because you taught us about  
rainbows that touch the sky.



Ken Foster

### TEN MINUTES THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

Political Barbie Doll Brunette ran up the stairs in front of the administration building to join the other protesting students. Her face was aglow with excitement. Snowflakes layered her hair and expensive new winter coat. This was her first college political rally and having grown up in the sixties, the idea thrilled her.

She and some of her friends had pulled the whole thing together. They heard that the room and board at their small college was going to be raised \$50 a semester. "That's not fair!" they exclaimed in unison. So one group went to the student bookstore and bought paper and paint to make banners and picket signs, while another went to the printers to have some posters made to publicize the event. They had even convinced the member of the administration to speak on the front balcony of the administration building.

Barbie was sorry that she was late but she had wanted to look her best in the event that anyone from the media decided to cover the event. A giant banner that she had designed and painted was spread across the top of the administration building. She thought it looked very nice despite the fact that the snow was beginning to cling to it and cover up the nice small lettering she had done beneath the "FIGHT THE HIKE" headline. She was also disappointed with the crowd that showed up.

The vice-president spoke: "The cost of dorms is found by using either of two formulas. The first is the area of the college in square feet added to the number of Jello cubes thrown out by the cafeteria in a given week. This number is multiplied by the number of full sized elephants that can fit into the first and third floors of the library and divided by the average weight of the faculty."

"The second formula involves a series of beatings inflicted by the president upon certain members of the student body. The number of whippings they can withstand is multiplied by the height of the elm tree in front of you and divided by the number of students who are still virgins. We always choose the formula that is cheapest for you," he said, waving a finger at the crowd. Then he leaned closer to the mike and said, "So if there's an increase, your own morality is to blame."

Then the president came out to say a few words. "Increase...retractive...imbeciles...cash flow...cutbacks...Federal," he spoke, and went back to the spot in the back of the balcony from which he had witnessed the proceedings from the start.

"Bull shit!" one student responded, and the rest of the crowd began to chant "WE WON'T PAY, WE WON'T PAY, WE WON'T PAY!"

"If you don't pay," a new face said calmly from the balcony, "we'll have to shut this school down."

"WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?" asked an outraged co-ed. The crowd began a new chant: "SHUT IT DOWN! SHUT IT DOWN! SHUT IT DOWN!"

"Now you know you might be able to reduce costs if you would close your windows in your rooms. There is no excuse for wasting valuable heat and energy that way," the speaker said, while standing in front of the open double doors of the building.

A secretary watched from an open window on one of the upper floors. "Then why don't you close your doors?" screamed one student. "And your window!" cried Barbie, proud of her moment. "CLOSE YOUR DOOR-CLOSE YOUR WINDOW-CLOSE YOUR DOOR-CLOSE YOUR WINDOW-CLOSE YOUR DOOR-CLOSE YOUR WINDOW," the crowd chanted. The secretary gave them the finger and slammed her window closed. The president stood with a moronic grin on his face as if to say, "Isn't this all so amusing."

A pretty young drug dealer moved through the crowd carrying a tray filled with a variety of narcotics. She even provided disposable spoons. Business was good. "Is it pure? No flour or nothing?" asked a student who probably would not be able to tell the difference. "Yeah," she answered, assuring her customer with her fixed grin and a flash of her big blue dilated eyes. "How much?" the customer asked.

I'm just glad no one has tried to take over the protest with their own special cause, Barbie thought.

Suddenly, Gloria Steinem materialized in the snow, interrupting the proceedings. The crowd was reasonably stunned. They backed away in awe of this glowing vision. There she was in a flowing white gown, hovering inches above the ground. She slowly parted her lips, and spoke.

(Continued on page 4)

Narelle Johnson

Snow

Intricate white designs  
scrunch underneath by feet  
Adorably sweet to regard  
this colossal carpet sneak

A slice of ice  
peppered with dirt  
is kicked in rejection  
ignored, and hurt.

I taste this crust  
and lick the white flakes  
a design dissolved  
will you partake?



Linda Carpenter

CYCLES

The rain hit the hill with a slap  
causing a flow of water to descend.  
It rapidly meandered down the hill  
exploring the many objects in its path.  
As the thirsty earth drank from its vitality  
the flow began to weaken.  
Reaching the center of the hill  
it began to slowly run down.  
By the time it reached the bottom  
it trickled with small little spasms.  
It was slowly dammed up  
by obstacles in its wake.  
The trace of water diminished  
leaving a small trail of remembrances.  
Until it came to rest  
with dark soil marking its end.



Photo by Marc Oren

(Ten Minutes continued from page 3)

"I quote from Webster, 'feminism/niz-m/noun-s (feminine + ism) 1: the presence of female characteristics in males' -- but I don't want to talk about that -- '2: (prob. fr. F feminism, fr. feminin feminine + ism) a: the theory of the political, economic, and social equality of the sexes' -- very interesting -- 'b: organized activity on behalf of the women's rights and interests: specifi: the 19th and 20th century movement seeking to remove restrictions that discriminate against women.'"

What striking recall! What a remarkable reading! What im-maculate enunciation! (But that hair!) The crowd was further stunned. Gloria as those who were present called her from that day forward, continued, "And I say, in the name of your cause and mine, LET'S TEAR THE BUILDING DOWN!" The crowd flew to the building -- suddenly possessing super-human strength -- and began to pull bricks from the walls of the building. Even Barbie risked breaking a nail to pull out the corner stone of the building. The balcony began to sway, toppling to the ground, followed closely by the members of the administration, providing a brilliant metaphor. Six students were killed by the falling debris, but the others went on, some climbing into the building to work on it from the inside.

A window shattered as a secretary was hurled across the campus still seated in her desk chair. Since her husband had once been an air force pilot, she was able to maneuver a safe landing on a nearby side walk. But she was unable to stop her chair from rolling into the middle of the busy intersection, where she was flattened by two trucks, three station wagons, one motorcycle, and a jogger with large feet.

Meanwhile, Gloria and the students were working on the second floor of the building as the police arrived. Everyone involved was carted away. Barbie, who was chewing on a chandeller as they attempted to take her to the squad car, turned and bit the policeman, an action she would later regret.

Most of the students were let off with only a fine of a few hundred dollars. In a live broadcast carried by all the major networks, they apolligized to a stunned nation. The price hike did go through, and along with that the students were charged for the cost of a new, fortified administration building. They managed to raise most of that money by cleverly packaging the remains of the old building and selling them as memorials of the day that lived in infamy in the minds of many.

Although arrested, Gloria Steinem made off better than anyone else involved and better than anyone would have suspected. With the help of her publicist, she was able to turn the ordeal into a mountain of publicity for her new book, *Feminism and Sadism: What's the Difference?* It became an instant best seller and spawned a movie and a weekly television series that ran for 12 years.

For Barbie, it was to be her final rally. After being arrested on the same simple charges of her fellow students, she was falsely accused and convicted of the murders of these six unfortunate students who died, and half a dozen senior citizens that the police car ran over when she tried to take control of the wheel. She spent the rest of her years in a female prison, where she began an internal protestion ring and came to be called "Babs." Occasionally she would be called upon by the press to voice her opinion on current political events or to pose for the cover of a women's magazine. At 84, she published her autobiography, a massive work which, according to her, was co-authored by the late Edgar Allen Poe, with whom she communicated through seances. Shortly after she died, her book became more popular than the Bible.

The End

**Both by Brian Boyd****Cabinet Member Named**

A cabinet member from northeastern Arkansas was named in Washington today shortly after a meeting of the remainder of the cabinet, one member said. Following three and a half hours of deliberation, in the absence of the Arkansas representative the cabinet unanimously decided the 82-year-old member will be called Joe.

"Naming the man will make communication easier in and out of session," said one happy member, "Joe's been hard to contact during the 33 years he's been in the cabinet."

Mary S. Confused, 79-year-old wife of Joe, said that living with a nameless man for 55 years has been "a little frustrating." She said she looks forward to the change with excitement.

**Indecision**

She gave the coin a nonchalant flip and watched it spin through its upward arc. Lately she was becoming more and more aware of her indecisiveness. "Should I bathe before or after I eat breakfast? If Joe asks me out should I say yes or no? Should I wear jeans today or my new cords? If I wear the blue cords will the beige blouse be okay? Shit! Decisions, decisions."

Others noticed it too. They saw her apathy as a weakness of character, especially her mother. "You're growing up young lady. This time next year you'll be finishing you're first year at college," her mother would often remind her, "You've got to figure out what you want and start working for it!"

"Just what I need," she would think, "Is it that big of a deal anyway?"

She placed her outstretched palm under the falling coin. It landed flat on her palm. She flopped the coin onto her other wrist with practiced precision.

"Heads," she said, "I guess I'll have syrup on my pancakes this morning instead of strawberry jam."



Photo by Barbara Pastella

**THE BILL****David B. Gittelman**

Terrific, Don thought to himself as he sifted through the mail that was stuffed in his mailbox on that particularly hot and hopeless summer afternoon. The day had gone especially bad, a new low in his life: Job hunting was still turning up nothing, reserve money was low, cupboards were bare, clothes were dirty, the air conditioner was broken, and the dog ran away to the cute Pekingese down the hall from Don's apartment. If this particular day could have only one ordained, perfectly appropriate ending to it, Don had just found it. Amongst his junk mail was a phone bill.

"Oh, no," he said aloud, to no one in particular. "I can't believe this. I didn't pay them last month when I did have a job. How can I pay them now?"

He turned the envelope over, and on the back a cartoon drawing of Phreddie the Phone man met his gaze. Phreddie was the phone company's mascot, and looked much like any other mascot might look: He had two eyes, two arms, two legs, a firm but friendly demeanor, and he was shaped exactly like a pushbutton telephone receiver. In this cartoon, however, Phreddie looked like he was just about to pass the border from disappointment to disgust, and he was wagging his finger accusingly at whomever was unlucky enough to be opening this bill. Don noticed, however, not without some relief, that Phreddie's pet dog, Phido, wore a hopeful smile. Perhaps there was hope yet.

Opening the envelope, his eyes first met a picture of Phreddie and Phido holding up a large banner which read, "The following date may be important to you..." Under the banner was a box in which the date August 25th was typed in. That was exactly ten days away. As he unfolded the letter and entered his apartment, he read aloud to Finley, his pet goldfish:

"Well, patron, you think you're pretty smart, don't you? You've gone a whole month without paying the phone company. But we understand that sometimes personal tragedies occur and you can't always pay as punctually as you'd perhaps like to. So you can pay us in full up until the date shown above without any disciplinary actions being taken. Please remit amount shown in full to us by this date because... Phreddie doesn't like to be mean!" This last phrase was punctuated by a drawing of Phreddie and Phido holding a wire cutter and a tool box, respectively.

"Can you believe this?" Don screamed at Finley, who had by this time retreated to his little sunken ship ornament. "How the hell can I pay them, Finley? I mean, we're lucky we're both eating! Besides, even if I don't get a job in the next ten days, all they can do is charge me a few late charges, right?"

Finley blew five or six bubbles of unenthused assent.

"Right. That's what I say," Don said. So comforted, he sat down to a dinner of hot dogs and stale potato chips. The potato chips were a treat, on his budget. What's more, he fell asleep early that evening and wasn't troubled a bit by the phone company -- for a while, anyway.

(Continued on page 6)

All by

**M.J. Tripp****Forsaken**

The milkhouse sits quietly,  
idle, abandoned but dignified.  
An old woman with hands  
at rest  
musing on work weary  
yesterdays.

**Sunset on the Dunes**  
As the mountain of sand falls  
behind  
Today, yesterday and tomorrow  
eclipse.  
Silence, the soft, weightless  
curtain of the soul  
pervades the shadowed cliffs  
and hollows  
at sunset.

**Retirement of an Old Barn**

New mown hay filled my  
loft in summer  
Soft lowing of cows kept  
me company  
The voice of the farmer  
began and ended my days;  
Twilight years are good for  
remembering.

**An Abandoned Farm**

The barn could tell a story  
If we had the language code  
of a man's statement on living  
as he wrestled gifts from the earth.  
Hours of tilling and planting  
Grueling days of the harvest  
The years slip by without notice  
a farmer has fulfilled his destiny.

Shawn Bingman

JEREMY JACKSON

Verse one

*Jeremy Jackson came to our town when I turned twenty-one  
Bringing all the vices known to man.  
Some people scorned him, others adored him.  
He told me something I didn't understand.*

He said,

*You never lie to little kids who trust you.  
And you never kick a dumb dog when he's sore.  
Just keep all the good sense that God gave you.  
Or you'll find you're no one anymore.*

Verse two

*Jeremy never practiced the things that he preached.  
He even had the preacher's daughter tense.  
He'd go home alone at night, drinking till he was blind.  
And, somehow, his words never made much sense.*

He said,

*You never lie to little kids who trust you.  
You never kick a dumb dog when he's sore.  
Just keep all the good sense that God gave you.  
Or you'll find you're no one anymore.*

Verse three

*One day, I saw him as I was leaving town.  
I had heard some rumors that he was dead.  
I stared at him and saw the redness in his eyes.  
And suddenly, I knew what he had meant.*

He said,

*You never lie to little kids who trust you.  
You never kick a dumb dog when he's sore.  
Just keep all the good sense that God gave you.  
Or you'll find you're no one anymore.*

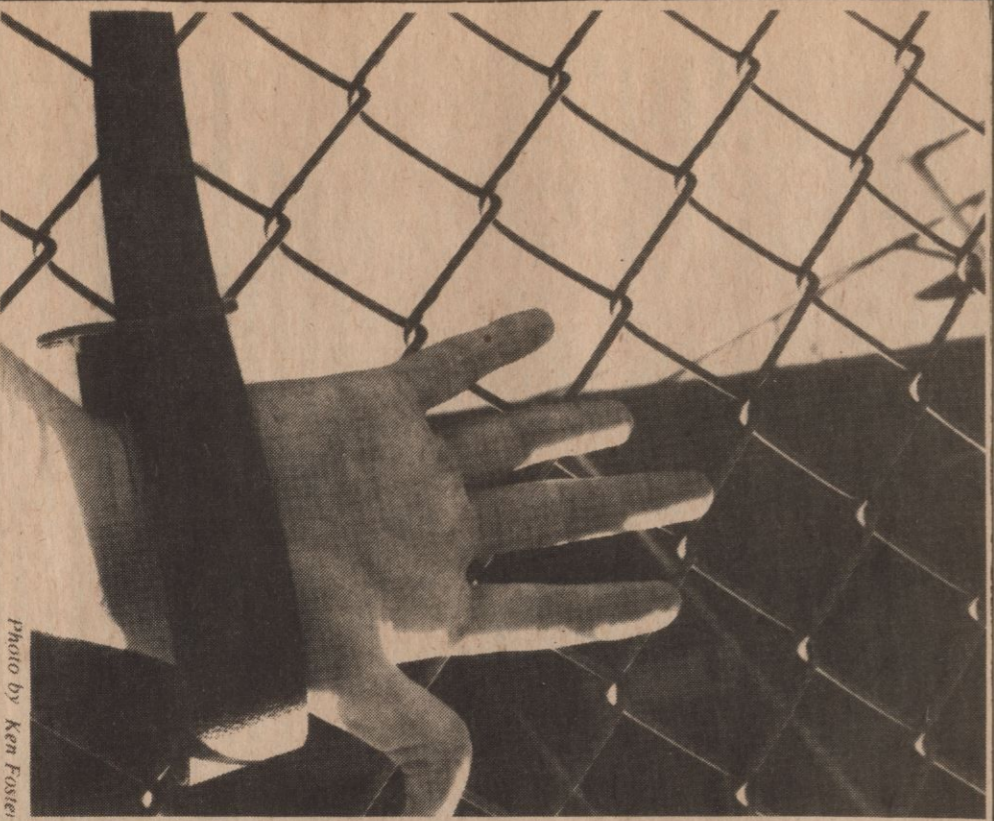


Photo by Ken Foster

(The Bill continued from page 5)

Frightened for his very sanity, Don neither ate nor slept. Repeated attempts to call the phone company were unsuccessful. Every time he told the secretary/operator who was calling, he was patched in to a recording that said, "We know all about you, deadbeat. Don't let it go until we have to tell you the end of the story." Then he was disconnected.

Driven to drinking rusty tap water to calm his nerves, Don grew more haggard with every passing day. He spent all of his time in front of the T. V. set, hoping to let his fantasies take him away from his impending fate. Then, on the 23rd of August, he saw something interesting on the six o'clock news.

"Chaos broke out at the telephone company today," the plastic-faced newscaster began, "when Phido, companion to Phreddie the Phone man, collapsed while being petted by small children in the lobby. He was later pronounced dead on arrival at the Institute for Veterinary Electronics. Cause of death is still being investigated."

Don's first reaction was of shameful delight. Then as he watched the weather forecast, the truth sank in.

"Oh no," he panicked. "Ohmygod!" Don jumped up from his armchair. "Do you know what this means?" He screamed at Finley. "This means he'll be especially mad when he comes for me!"

Finley looked at his master in a fish's equivalent of confusion and blew a couple of sympathetic bubbles to let Don know he understood his dilemma.

"Wait one minute here," Don said, grasping a wall for support. "This is all really silly. There is no such person as Phreddie the Phone man. And," he continued, straightening himself up and beginning to smile confidently, "nothing is going to happen. This is all a bad dream, and all they're going to do is take my phone away, and possibly sue me for the amount I owe. By the time they can do that, I'll have a job—a good job!"

And it was with a smile on his face that he retired that evening. For the first time in a week, he slept like a baby. The same idiotic smile stayed on his face all the next day, and he was especially pleased to discover there was no post card in his mailbox. Maybe they saw that their little game wouldn't work, he thought. Maybe he'd broken them. Maybe he'd won.

He awoke the next morning, the 25th, happy that he was still whole and still smiling. This did not stop him from counting his steps and looking especially careful across streets and around corners, however. In so doing, it took Don ten minutes to cross a street near his house on the way home from the unemployment line, because he had to wait for every car that could possibly accelerate fast enough to run him down to leave the site before he'd cross.

He arrived home and it was mid-afternoon on the fateful day. Nothing was out of place, and Don opened a beer from the six-pack he had bought on the way home. Turning on the television, he thought about all of the jobs he would turn down when people recognized his talents. Then, as the T. V. was warming up, there was a knock at the door. Don jumped in his skin, and even Finley stirred in his little bowl.

Regaining his composure, Don went to answer the door, his beer in hand. As he reached for the knob, the door burst open, knocking Don back and spilling his beer. A tall, muscular man entered, followed by another man whose dimensions were incredible, and finally by a much smaller man, a scrawny little rooster of a man dressed as a telephone receiver.

"My God!" Don gasped, still sprawled out on the floor. "Y-y-you're Phreddie..."

"That's right, scum," the small man interrupted. "I'm Phreddie the Phone man."

There was a beat of silence as Phreddie let this realization sink in.

"You're one lucky boy, Don m'lud," Phreddie went on. "Oh, I could have just sent my men over today to do well by me and avenge the phone company, but you lucked out of that..."

"But...but what? I mean, why?" Don stammered.

"Shut up, clown, and listen!" Phreddie spat at him, kicking Don in the ribs while he strolled over to the stand on which stood Finley's bowl. "I guess you heard about my dog, Phido."

Don, who had scrambled to his feet, lowered his eyes. "Yes, I heard. And I want you to know that I always liked..."

"Shut up. Now, I guess your simple mind could understand that I need a new partner, right? Right. Well, fellah, we've known about you and your fish for a long time now. You owe this little fish for your very life, buddy."

Don gasped loudly. "Oh now, you can't mean..."

"That's right," Phreddie sneered. He motioned to one of his henchmen, who took the fishbowl and the food and left the apartment. Phreddie strode over to Don, who had dropped to his knees in surprised dismay. He handed him a flyer, then left the apartment, followed by the second henchman who called back to Don, "Your normal billing resumes next month!"

Phreddie yelled, "Thanks, sucker!"

It was a few moments before Don could bring himself to look at the flyer that Phreddie had given him. At the very top was a picture of Phreddie holding a fishbowl, with his fish in it, and it read:

"The phone company would like to introduce Phreddie the Phone man and his new friend, Phinley!"

(Continued on page 7)

"Phinley is phraithful," (Here a picture of Phinley in a Boy Scout cap) "...phriently," (Here a picture of Phinley playing baseball with a group of Boy Scouts) "...and of course, phond of everyone." (Lastly, a picture of Phinley helping an elderly Boy Scout across the street.)

"Please keep Phreddie and Phinley happy by paying your bills on time," the phlyer concluded.

As Don looked towards the still open door, tears welled up in his eyes. He could think of only one thing, and this he voiced aloud, to the empty, drafty rom.

"D-don't I get to hear the end of the story?" he whimpered.

Two days later, Don returned from his seventh job interview in three days, and it was pouring rain like he had never seen before. On the way home, his VW Rabbit had begun to buck and shake, and he had subsequently spent his lunch money on oil and car-buerator cleaner. Entering the lobby of his apartment building, he was greeted by two faces. One belonged to Maureen, the gorgeous blonde who lived in the apartment next to his and sometimes tapped suggestively on his bathroom wall. The other confronted him when he opened his mailbox. There stood Phreddie; he was scowling openly now. Even Phido looked like he had found a few bad phire hydrants.

"Hi, Don," Maureen purred, walking over to where he stood glaring back at the figures on his new bill.

Looking up, Don saw her approach. Panicking, he stuffed th envelope in his jacket pocket.

"Hey, sugar, what's that you've got there?" Maureen asked, making it sound stragely like an obscene question, Don thought.

"Uuuuhhhh, nothing really," Don mumbled, removing the bill in a swift grab just as Maureen grabbed for his pocket. He held the envelope high and behind his back, while she tried playfully to grab it from him.

"Really, Maureen...I mean, God, it's not anything...C'mon, Maureen, lay off."

Then, in one fluid motion, Maureen faked left, lunged right, and came up triumphant, the bill in her hand. She looked at the outside, smiling, but her smile soon faded.

"Don," she gasped, "you m-made Phreddie mad! You didn't pay your phone bill!" She thrust the bill at him, turning on her heel. As she stomped-away, Don could hear her mumble, "Phreddie was mad...He made Phreddie mad."

"Stupid cartoon, see what you did!?" Don yelled at his phone bill.

Up in his apartment, Don again read the notice aloud. Finley, who saw it coming, tried unsuccessfully to bury himself in his gravel.

"Just a reminder, deadbeat," Don read. "You owe us money, and we wouldn't want it to slip your mind, now would we? You might have been wondering what happens after the date shown on your last bill. Well, to answer that, we have a little story we'd like to tell you."

At this point, Phreddie was pictured sitting in a rocking chair, reading to Phido.

"Once upon a time, the phone company only charged a pittance as a late charge when customers were a little negligent in their payments. But in more and more instances, people would take advantage of our generosity, and just pay late." (Here Phreddie shook his head and Phido barked his disapproval.) "So we decided to get a little tough, and we told you that if you didn't pay by the date shown, we'd suspend your service. But even that wasn't effective. Many customers took advantage of the fact that we only charge a small fee to resume your phone service." (Here Phido barked into a voice bubble which told Don to turn the page, which he did.) "After a while, we saw that this would just not do, so when the customer didn't pay by the date shown, we disconnected his service. That meant that to resume normal phone service, he had to pay the delinquent bill, the late charge, the suspension fee, and another fee to reconnect the service. We didn't like to get tough, but you customers asked for it." (Here Phreddie beamed at the reader, impressed with his newfound ferocity.)

"Well, customer, that leads us to today," Don went on. "Things again got bad, and we had to think up new and different ideas to keep truant patrons on their toes. We tried the 'Cry Wolf' method, and painted your garage with: 'I didn't pay my phone bill' if you were a day late. We tried the vicious attack dogs posted outside your door, but too many innocent, paying customers were being injured." (Here Phreddie stood with his chest thrust out, wearing a badge which identified him as a 'Paying Customer.') "We tried installing small bombs with each telephone, and threatening to detonate them from our main office if you were delinquent with your payments, but this, too, was unsuccessful and a little hard on the equipment." (Here Phreddie held a telephone in one hand which was broken apart and smoking from one end. Phido barked to turn the page once more, and Don complied.)

The third page, Don saw, was blank except for a line of writing at the top of the page which read: "Want to know more? We'll be in touch!"

Don put the letter down on his coffee table and gulped loudly. What can this mean, he asked himself.

That night, he couldn't sleep. Don tossed and turned, not knowing what to make of the situation. There was absolutely no way of paying the bill on time unless he got a job the next day. And that was improbable as well, since the next day was Saturday and he didn't even have any interviews scheduled. He finally fell into a troubled slumber.

In the days that followed, Don received post cards daily. They were all from the phone company, and they all had various installments to the story on them, with Phreddie and his phriend in different, self-righteous positions. And each was ended with a threat that was usually worded something like, "Don't make us tell you the end of our little story."

The End

### Louanne Gringe

I flip the lightswitch  
the radio changes stations  
drafts of cold through the wall

buildings stop their growth  
along the riverbank  
the air rushes about, there is a cat

swooping past a branch  
a harpsichord  
suspended in the middle of the room

there is too much to do  
and starlings move like anything

### All by

Allen Rabert

*Into your hands I place destiny  
To capture this fleeting moment parished,  
From which comes entangled dreams  
That caress the still-silent evening deady;*

*Myself staring into an empty wall,  
Groping for a time and place far away;  
Never to be found in Brisbane's illusion  
Of city lights feigning salvation;*

*Instead, my resurrection residing  
Within reach of an overlooked masterpiece,  
Delicate in shape and shadow descending  
Overpowering in her gentle words of touch.*

26 February 1982

### On Departure

*Intent upon catching moonbeams,  
The poet sets pen to paper moving,  
Silencing the moment deady,  
With his envisioned dreams...*

*He set upon a task most urgent  
To conquer life with a dream prophetic,  
Only to discover fallen castles  
In a dimlit, sullen, cubicle;*

*His eyes holding back sadness  
Of a yesterday no longer here,  
While yearning for the regality  
Of one's gentle words of human touch.*

12 March 1982



*Julius Stange*

DRY SPELL

Mid-April and all  
that has come of love  
litters this lawn:  
old dandelions, drained  
of promises, each one  
having drawn the light  
like sticks into the pit  
of its heart

This is what desire leaves:  
a skeleton of small bones  
arranged on a stalk

You walk through this field  
scattering pale globes  
of seeds:  
air fills with dust

It's what you breathe:  
shadows of bodies  
drifting like smoke

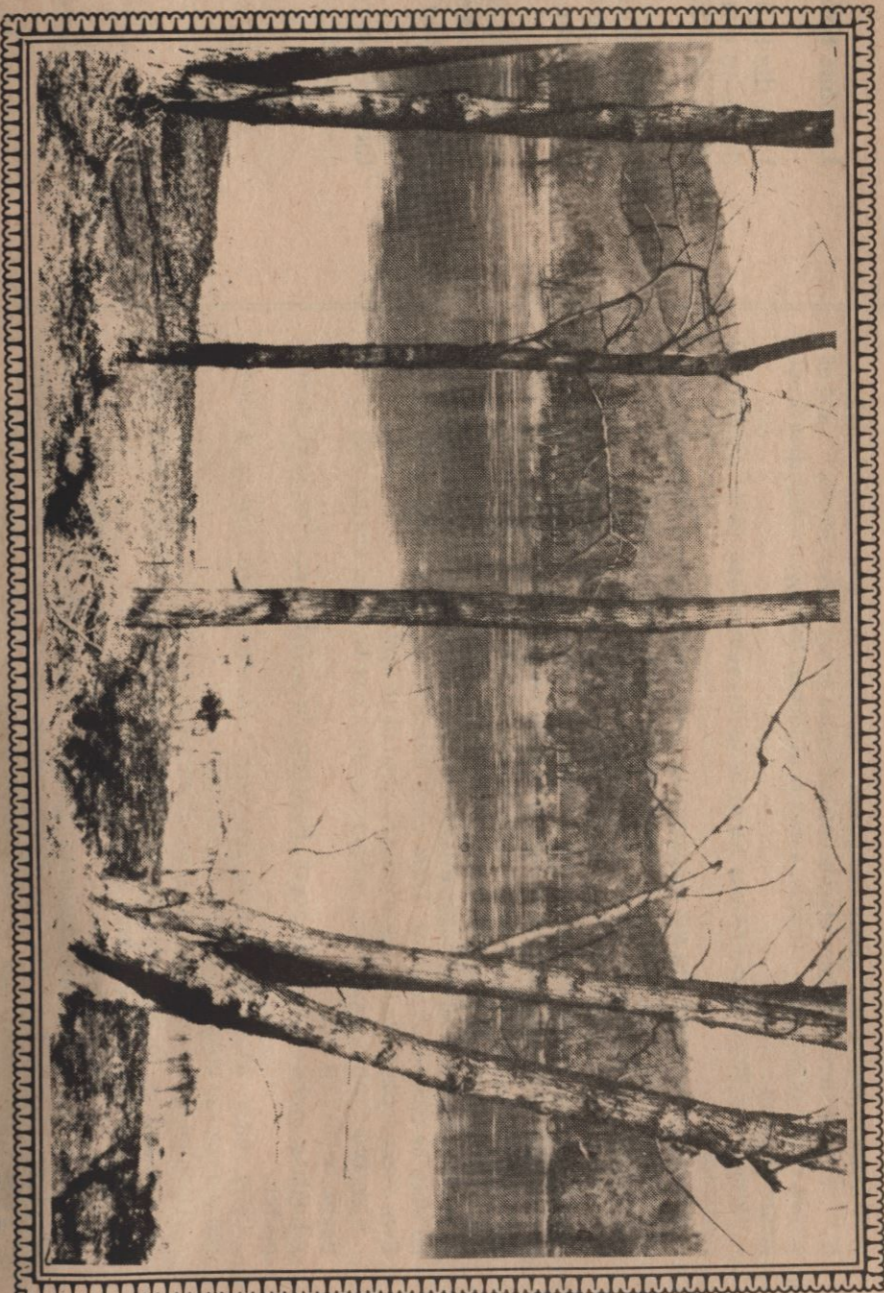


Photo by Ken Foster



Ode to Joe

The aroma of his tobacco is  
forever gone from my nostrils  
His warm tender touch is never again  
mine to feel.  
I lost him once when he  
moved away  
Isn't once ever enough?  
I loved Joe though the words  
were never said  
I loved him for what he  
was

Why wasn't what he was enough?  
He didn't have to change time...  
Time would have changed him...  
What went wrong Joe?  
When did it go wrong?  
You had the answers...  
A preacher always has the  
answers...

What went wrong Joe?  
Was the rope too short  
or  
the jump too long?  
Why Joe?  
People call what you did  
suicide--  
They always do...

But it wasn't Joe --  
It never is...  
It's murder Joe --  
We all killed you...  
...I'm sorry...

Brenda Spence



All by  
**Gayle Sidelnick**

The words are difficult when they are my own.  
The sentences are more personal, written from the heart.  
Will you feel crowded, pressed, or demanded,  
Or simply neglect to capture my thoughts held by dreams?

The words from songs already composed,  
Are not what I mean to say.  
Yet undaunted are they who swear their love,  
On stars too far to reach.

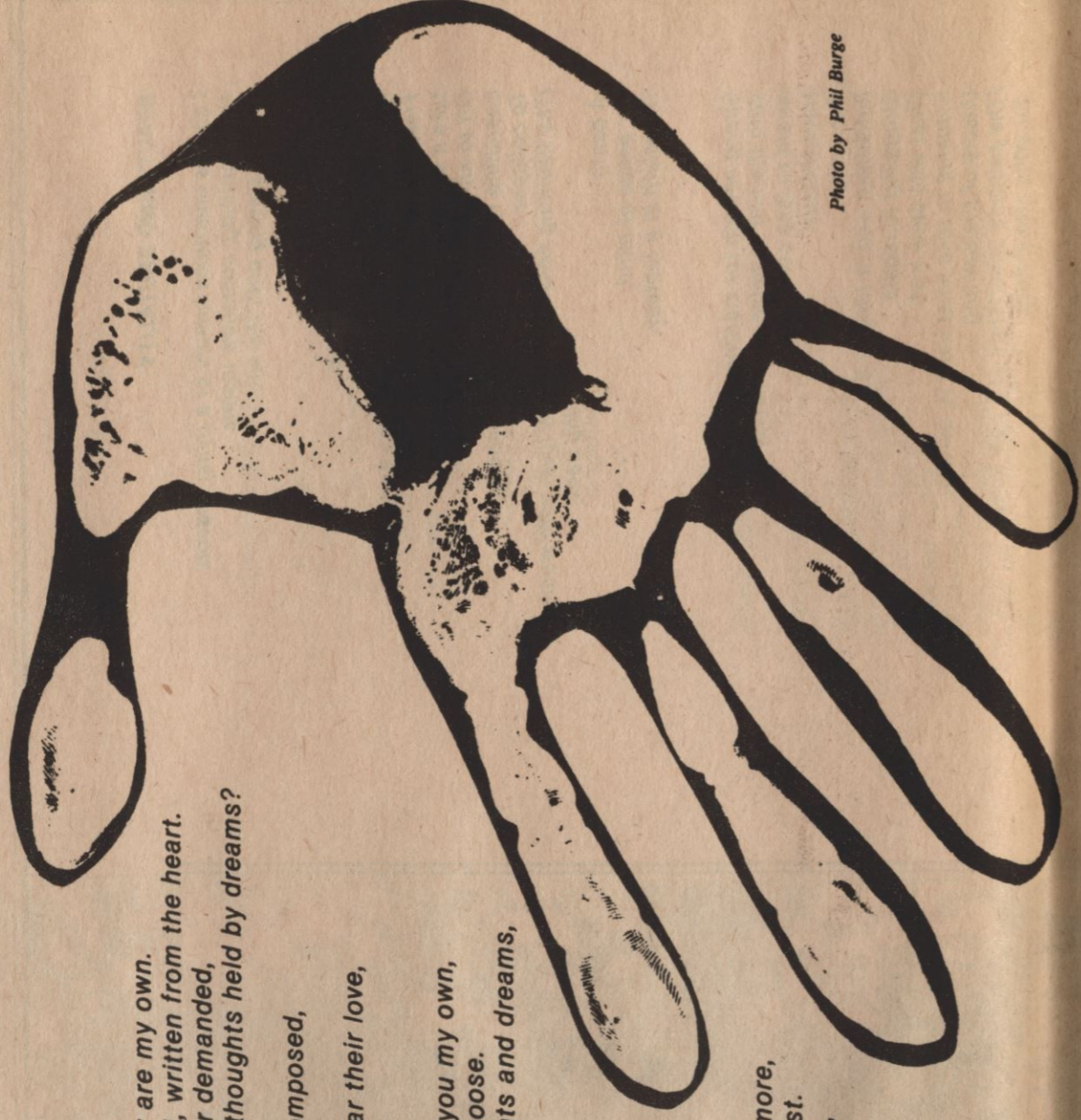
You're here to touch if I can call you my own,  
But I can't write you the way I choose.  
Lean closer to hear of my thoughts and dreams,  
Be there for me to love.

You're not even a part of me anymore,  
But you're the part I need the most.  
Fill the void with a call or a letter,  
Don't forget me and let me go.

I'm still here  
And love you just as much.  
Won't you realize all I'll offer  
Or remember all we've shared?

Miles between us.  
Yet a day or two ago,  
You said you loved me too.

Photo by Phil Burge



### Gayle Sidelnick

#### Autumn Remains

Run swiftly over treetops,  
Drift smoothly down the hill,  
Enblaze the world with shadow,  
Then uncover beauty there.

Chilly autumn weather  
Speckles all I see.

I grasp the orange, red, and brown,  
Before they leave me be.

Once the harsh winds capture  
All the life there is,  
My imagination only lends  
The pictures now I see.

Before me stretches fertile land,  
A farmer's field; a glen.  
Soon to be covered by snows as deep  
As my memory stirs.

This beauty left unfolding  
Must soon depart for time.  
But I shall remember all I see  
For the winter days ahead.

Ken Foster

#### THE VISITOR

She sat through the evening in a large cushioned chair, smoking in the light of the lamp that stood beside her. A second cigarette, a third and a fourth. The sky had grown dark with clouds and the wind could be heard rattling the trees. The humidity forced her to leave only the screen door closed.

A breeze lifted the bolt and the door blew open. She closed it and poured a drink. As she sat drinking it, she noticed how the light caught it, causing it to glow. She set the drink down.

The door opened again, and the wind entered the house, knocking the drink over. She ran for a towel and quickly wiped up the spill. She went to the door, leaned out and grabbed the knob. Fighting the wind, she pulled the door closed once again, and firmly bolted the door.

She slept.

A breeze awakened her.

The door stood open.

The woman rose slowly, walked to the door, and closed it. She kicked the door to make sure she had closed it tightly. She had.

When she sat down, the door was open. She rose and closed it. As she stood before it, the door opened. She closed it a second time, a third, a fourth.

The door opened and she saw that the sky had cleared. The stars were out. She had forgotten how beautiful the night sky could be. She turned on the pool lights and walked out. She noticed how the light caught the water and made it glow. A shiny-wet branch floated to the side.

Something called her to the forest and she followed. The trees shook water down on top of her. The wet grass cooled her feet. She walked to a tree and answered the call.

A white, featureless figure emerged, extending to greet her.

They met.

The End

*Bird**Bird*

You were a bird, not the sleek crow, the scavenger,  
the raucous beaked noise maker teasing our stray  
from the step;  
He never followed me home, indoors to my dressing  
table, to the bone  
white dish, the red velvet cloth that lay like a vestment.  
You with an ear close to the ground, a pin sharp beak  
splitting  
the frozen grass, your nest was your refuge, but  
always  
You listened. I hear you, your feathers spreading  
with cold, toward me.

Both by

Missy E. Gentile

**They Never Really Talked**

She fell in love the first time they talked.  
He had the looks and the personality.  
A gentle voice and vibrant charm.  
His jet black hair and neatly groomed beard made him  
Stand out in any crowd.

His eyes were so outstanding.  
A mixture of emerald green and sky blue.  
So bright and penetrating, they seemed to have a  
Hypnotic quality.  
She fell in love with his eyes before his person.

They talked. He talked. She talked.  
She wasn't listening to his words.  
She didn't know what she was saying to him.  
Mesmerized by his deep piercing eyes.  
Enchanted by his charm.  
Infatuated!

They never really talked.

**When We're Together**

Love has found a way in my heart.  
I never felt this way in my heart before.  
I need you beside me, to guide me, and to hold me.  
I need you.  
You are love to me.  
Incredible is what you are to me.  
Please don't take your love from me.  
There is nothing wrong with me loving you.  
When I gave all of my love to you I said you were a  
Dream come true.  
You took the best part of my heart.  
You're one of a kind and I want you.  
I give you all my love.  
I found love now that I've found you.  
I got love now that I've got you.  
We should make the best of things when we're together.  
Like winter needs spring, I need you.  
Giving myself to you can never be wrong if the love is  
True.  
I could never find anyone that makes me feel the way  
You do.  
I never felt so good.  
When you need strength to carry on you've got me to turn  
To.  
Sometimes you'll be so far away from me.  
We should make the best of things when we're together.

**My Sunbeam**

As you walked through the door,  
I saw you somewhere before.  
Talked, laughed and I don't know why,  
The night seemed to fly by.  
Seeing you around made me smile,  
Calling me every once in a while,  
Just to talk about nothing at all,  
Walking together, playing ball.  
Going places, doing things, being with you,  
Feeling everything all brand new.  
Slipping and sliding down a sunbeam,  
Now I remember, you're in a dream.

J.L.B.



Drawing by Virginia Farese

**The Salesman**

David B. Gittelman

I am old now. I don't mind admitting it to myself, although it was hard to accept when the tell-tale signs began appearing. When I was a child, I had every possible childhood malady, and I should have known then that the stage of my life it was really forecasting was my old age, aches and wrinkles to come. Now, in what they call my "sunset years," I have arthritis, age spots and bad eyes. My arteries are hardening and my muscles are softening. In short, I aged well. Sometimes I see myself in the mirror, and I'm young and vital again. But I know in my own heart that I'm really quite insignificant in my old age. At least I can blame it on my old age.

It isn't a pleasant thought, pondering one's role in his own life. Perhaps the most disconcerting thought that can enter a man's mind is that doubt that every man experiences regarding the importance of his own existence. If I sound overly philosophical and somewhat morbid, it's because I know; I've lived, and I've doubted. While I know I will be missed when I finally leave this life, I can't help wondering if I've ever really meant anything to anybody.

Ah, but perhaps this is all a bit severe. Lord knows I've come in contact with more people than the average man could ever hope to meet. My jobs have been so numerous and various. I get a rush just thinking about the energy I once had! If I had a hundred or more jobs throughout this life, I only had one profession. I was a salesman. All my life, I've been a salesman, and I'll die a salesman, too.

I've run the gamut of the sales profession. I've gone from the classic paper route as a mere boy to supervising whole regions of men who were no better or worse than I. I've been a peddler of patent medicines. I've been the much-fared-and-revered used car salesman, and the dreaded door-to-door man. In fact, looking back over the years that I toiled without so much as a sympathetic glance from puzzled onlookers or disappointed relatives, I can only think of one area that I never tried to enter as a salesman of the product offered. I never much cared for insurance salesmen, and maybe that's why I never entered the field. No, upon reflection, that's not why at all. I never sold insurance because I never saw reason to value life like some folks do; I've tried never to be a hypocrite throughout my career. Other than the insurance racket, though, I've sold it all.

But maybe I'm confusing you at this point. By saying that I'm a salesman, you probably think that I've never done anything else to put bread on the table and a shirt on my back. No, I was an artist in my idealistic days; my mind was very much clear and active then. When I met my first wife, I was a stage actor, and I've always thought that it was my profession that struck the first spark of romance between us. I was flamboyant and outspoken, and she was shy and easily impressed. Maybe this combination doesn't make for eternal bliss, but it did make for quite a few years of pleasant subsistence and two bright and beautiful children. God bless them, they're both professionals, and they take good care of their old father. I saw their mother last when she died a year ago, and she was as beautiful and shy as that first day I met her.

But this is useless reminiscence, this talk about death. My original point was that I once created, rather than just sold others' creations. I dabbled in writing awhile, and found that writers - good ones, that is - must be the most patient people in the world. The discipline and the patience, they're the key to writing. And the guts - you need real guts.

(Continued on page 13)



Photo by Marc Oren

(The Salesman continued from page 12)

Here and there I would take an administrative position but these would usually be short-lived and end on less than friendly terms. You see, at the heart of all of these is where the salesman exists in earnest. It has nothing to do with hearing aids or lighting fixtures or snake oil. It is an inside quality, and it has something to do with a will to survive.

A salesman - a true, hard-sell, natural-born salesman - is a salesman twenty-four hours a day. He has to sell his thoughts, his feelings, indeed his very existence to the people around him each and every day, or he doesn't feel that he is accepted anywhere. It means a sure tongue and a quick smile. It means a biting wit and a compassion for every creature that ever drew a breath.

My first wife was sold on me as a person, I began to tell you. Sure, the acting was an attractive and somewhat romantic backdrop, but I never let on that I was acting constantly, just to keep her around. It's odd when you play a role so thoroughly that you cease to think about why you're not really you anymore, or who "really you" really is. The divorce was inevitable from the beginning, of course, and maybe somewhere deep inside I knew it all along, although I never would have admitted it to myself. Even the very best of salesmen can only keep a pitch running so long, and then it is time to move on. I'd like to think that I was up there with some of the best.

My second marriage was a comedy of errors from day one. She was younger than I, still idealistic, full of an inner animation. I was wizened and cautious by that time. We had one thing in common, though: we were both salesmen. Here you can see my point that being a salesman has nothing to do really with your profession at any one period of time. My second wife was a bookkeeper, but she could pitch right in there with the best of them. And the one thing that you never do with a veteran is to put him in a room with new blood. In short, the marriage was two larger than life characters sharing one stage, one spotlight. Frustration set in, and divorce was again waiting in the wings. If there's a moral to that story, I'm too old right now to benefit myself by finding it.

Like I said, my kids took the right lesson from their old Dad. My son's a lawyer and has a successful private practice. He writes on the side, and his second novel is due to be published next month. I guess that just goes to show that he got his patience and discipline from his mother. My daughter, after dropping a medicine oriented curriculum in college, became a teacher. Now she's a Department Head at one of the best secondary schools in her area. All of this happened before she turned thirty-five, and now, at forty, she's happily married as well. My son, he's a confirmed bachelor.

With all of the things I've done during my lifetime, I can't say that I'm overly satisfied with any of them. It is this feeling of unfulfillment that leads me to pensive moments like this one, times when I wonder if I've ever really touched anyone. I've spent my life pushing products, pushing services, and pushing myself. It might be interesting to learn if anyone ever bought any of it.

I know my kids will miss me when I go. If there's one thing I've learned to love, it's been watching them grow, like carefully tended young trees. And sometimes, when my son comes to see me, I can see that familiar twinkle in his eye. And it does my heart good to know that salesmen never die.

### Glen Mitzel

#### MAN

*Climbing out of the forest,  
and out into sight;  
The plight of Man,  
and his never ending strife.*

*The fright of his ignorance,  
his needs and commands;  
All stem from extravagance,  
His greeds and demands.*

*Bestowed with the power  
for freedom and flight;  
He abuses the flower,  
as if needing its light.*

*Given domain over all  
he can see:*

*He neglects his environment,  
and spreads waste towards the Sea.*

*Blind to the Sight,  
that blind men can see.  
Blind to the light;  
that which sets him free.*

*Oh foolish Man,  
you way so wrong;  
in your moment of life,  
you ally so long.*

*Related to all,  
yet second to none.  
You've forgotten your old;  
Your role undone.*

*Derived from the Sun,  
and progeny of the Sea.  
You howl at the moon;  
in search of destiny.*

#### National Deprivation

You know something has gotta go,  
'cause I ain't equal with the mansion next door.  
Someday, the fence between us will tear down  
and those like me will know where freedom's found.

How will we feed ourselves tomorrow?  
With no work around we'll beg, steal or borrow.  
This Land of the Scared and Home of the Caged  
Will turn over to the many enraged.

"So you all can't afford higher education,  
eeking out a life with financial frustration.  
So you can't afford adequate health care,"  
It's someone's fault higher up the ladder.

I.A. Traygun

The End

All by  
Lisa A. Curran

**We Are One**

As I wander off along the mountain side  
To leave all thoughts of present behind  
To breathe the fresh air  
And adore God's gifts of nature  
I sat upon a rock that faced the brook  
And in my time of wanting to be  
Alone with the Lord  
I was not  
You were there with me, in all my thoughts  
It was then I realized  
You are always with me  
For we two are actually one.

**Come With Me**

I hold out my hand  
To you my love  
Come with me  
Together we shall explore  
All that God has to give us  
We will walk amid the fiery rocks  
And stumble over the hurdles  
We will carry great crosses  
And fall from despair  
Oh no! Bury those fears my love  
For we shall fall  
Only to rise again  
With new understanding  
And stronger faith  
Then we shall be amidst  
The Glory of God.

**Wish You Were Here**

I think of you often  
Your tender touch  
Your gentle smile  
I feel compelled at times  
To reach out for you  
But you are not there  
Michael, I miss you.

All by

Nora E. O'Neill

**Terry**

Once in a while, when nobody is looking,  
she smiles.  
She thinks of long ago, when things were simple,  
and he was by her side.  
He looks happy now, without a worry or care, just like a child,  
they say he'll never be the same.  
Her hopes dissolve, day by day,  
still she visits.  
She looks for recognition and weeps,  
because there's nothing behind that childish face.  
She knows it's not his fault, so she just  
remembers the love they shared.

**The Tracks Have Two Sides**

Mercedes vs. Volkswagon  
Calvin Klein vs. Levis  
Puma vs. Converse  
The haves vs. the wants.

**It's Hard to Say Goodbye**

You tell me that it's over,  
We both know that's not true.  
'Cuz you can't live without me,  
Nor I without you.  
There's nothing left to talk about,  
What's done, is done.  
It wouldn't be the same now,  
Not even if we tried.  
I guess I'm just finding out,  
It's hard to say goodbye.

**Spring**

They are all outside,  
wearing shorts and playing ball,  
this must mean it's spring.  
The crack of the bat,  
the shouts and cheers from teammates,  
baseball time again.  
Girls in bathing suits,  
guys, barefoot and without shirts,  
trying to get tan.  
It's finally here,  
and tempting more than ever,  
because it won't last.



Photo by Barbara Pastella

## Footnotes

## Andrew Ashenfelter

## The First Fully Explained Love Poem

Note: This series of verses has had several segments footnoted in order to accommodate the ability of younger readers or intellectuals at that level.

When we touched hands late last night  
and I felt the beating of my heart  
I somehow knew it would take great rivers  
to ever drive us apart.

Though it is true we have not been absolved  
of all our worldly fears.

I will write this expression of devotion, nevertheless  
even if it be partly scripted with tears.<sup>1</sup>

How can I forget those moonlit strolls  
through the lanes of Central Park  
and very slowly our hands were  
found to be clinging in the dark.<sup>2</sup>

We were so entranced in looking for  
that which everyone seeks,  
that we were heedless of the cold  
biting like wolverines into our cheeks.<sup>3</sup>

As we dwelled in our own private twilight  
in the quiet land of the bush  
at that time we felt greatly akin  
to the self-exiled Amish.<sup>4</sup>

Though, since then, we have rejoined  
the heavy throngs of humanity  
nothing can ever destroy or relent  
that sweet and somber gaiety.<sup>5</sup>

1. Of course it is not to be inferred that the poem is written in tears. This would be impractical and hard to read. What is actually meant is that the narrator is still not sure about his blossoming love affair. Which reminds me that I promised to devote a few words to *John Saver's Self-therapy*. If you have any type of emotional problem, romantic or otherwise, John Saver is the man to see. Walk through the yellow pages for further information. Now back to our poem.

2. Now everybody knows that only a fool walks through New York City's Central Park, especially at night, due to its attraction for muggers, perverts, and deviants of a similar genre. My publisher wanted me to go to Central Park for scenic inspiration but I said "No way Jose! I just wrote my epitaph last week. I don't want to break it in so soon!" In this case, however, let's assume that all the mentalists have the night off or if you'd prefer, maybe the lovers are passengers of the Disoriented Express themselves. Don't you think sickos can hear the call of romance, too?

3. Again another figurative phrase. There are no wolverines in Central Park, perverts and deviants yes, wolverines no. It is merely an image to describe the extremity of the cold. Watch out for those real wolverines, though. They'll grab a hold of your foot and won't let go. Mean little devils!

4. The Amish are a people rather like the Quakers who live under a strict religious code and who have turned away from all the attributes of modern society. I once had an opportunity to hold a conversation with an elderly gentleman of this sect and asked him about what his way of living actually entailed.

"Can you watch T.V.?"

"Nope, no T.V.s in the Bible."

"Can you use the telephone?"

"Nope, no telephones in the Bible."

"How about cars?"

"Nope, no cars in the Bible."

"Well what can you people do?"

"I got 14 children. That's in the Bible!"

5. Now I know when people read this last line they get a little smirk on their faces and start singing some recently well-known lyrical bars. I assure you that the words in that line are intended in their proper meaning and do not suggest where my preferences lie even though I could understand the assumption. However, you must understand also that any insinuation of this kind to my face would make me extremely perturbed and I would probably be inclined to knock you about the head and shoulders. Frankly, I'm getting tired of people constantly turning the poet's tools against him by making beautiful eloquent words seem like something dirty and I'm sorry but that disgusts me. It isn't because I have a limited vocabulary, as some people would ascertain. I can use words plenty good.

## Cheryl L. Ashes

leniency  
none for me  
no smiles, no grins  
for this doer of sins  
I've had all I can take  
some kind of break  
how can I cope  
when there is no hope?

is that the sun  
on the horizon  
it's on the rise  
an answer to my cries  
I won't laugh  
or be too tough  
I'll never be one of them  
being me is enough

**Drawers**

I opened the drawer  
as well as the wounds.  
The letters still there.  
Paper links in a rusted chain.  
A chain that still binds  
to love/laughter strewn days.  
There in the drawer  
a still reminder.

All by

**Jonathan Bravard**

She's always on my mind  
like the melody on a song  
a song that's full of gladness  
and a song that's full of pain.  
But my song she doesn't listen to  
So I play to myself, for it keeps  
the dream alive and keeps me full of hope.

She sits there not looking  
in his eyes  
missing his best moments  
with her coldness  
a defeated heart  
his solitary lights  
in the dark

Lights

small towns  
and dreams  
yesterdays  
become tomorrow

-STOPLIGHT-

**ends**

Night drifts down  
as the neon bleeds into the darkness  
A call to the openings  
of the bars  
I go  
yesterday's passion packed in a suitcase  
Leaving a past that echoed  
but now is silent  
There are no shadows here  
just the snowlight gleam  
to light the path  
anew...

**Her Eyes**

Her eyes were smile lit.  
Thoughts of tomorrow  
blended with memories  
of the night past.  
But I cried  
over love's fear.  
Her eyes still smiled  
at my confusion.  
So I left her there  
lights burning  
in the night.

never mind the corners  
miss the bars  
miss the town  
time runs slow

-STOPLIGHT-

the old warriors monument  
dead gas pumps  
the town's cemetery  
you're already past

-GREENLIGHT-

**Karin Hammler**

Quiet drizzle  
leaves ambling across the road  
an aire of security  
the feeling of warmth  
idle chatter  
apprehension  
Stopping  
the release  
tacit understandings are met.  
calm  
openness  
return leads to retreat  
Are you afraid of the dark?  
I probably am.

The trees are still bare  
and the grass is brown  
yet the sun is warm and  
the wind blows its rendition  
of Mozart as I sit beneath  
Spring's virgin rays.

The new is emerging and the  
old drifts toward the ground in  
a tranquil sweeping motion

Fantasies of the heart bud slowly  
with the tender recollection of  
loves lost.

Spring's first bee searches furiously  
for a flower  
as I too search for the precious  
nectar of

I now close my eyes  
and feel the warmth

I remember your touch and  
feel a gentle breeze kissing  
my lips.

I can only hope that the  
sun kisses you with the  
warmth of our undying memories.

Drawing by  
Virginia Furesse



A young little bird  
flies aimlessly through the sky  
the sun blazing  
shining illusions into the birds  
eyes.

The bird flies towards the warmth  
of the illusions  
only to fly into a window  
and face the reality of life

The bird,  
stunned and disillusioned,  
hops up and tries to collect  
himself before reembarcking on  
his journey.

Wondering, as I do,  
if he'll ever reach the sun.

Consumed by the intense blaze  
We emerge charred  
Unable to feel  
Too much  
Too soon  
Everything eradicated  
Nothing left but the smoldering  
memories

All by **Ken Foster**

**tides**

The sun reflects  
Into your eyes  
Does it blind  
Or brighten  
You?

The longer you wait (and watch)  
The harder it becomes  
To tell (them)

You pick up the shell  
And throw it back  
Into the ocean

It is gone

If I give this to you  
Will you know that it is yours  
And keep it until the tide comes in again?

Only you  
Can show me  
By returning it.

**BATS**

The knowledge of what  
Was  
Flew into my face  
Like a bat  
That had been hiding  
In its dark, secret cave.



Photo by *Barbara Pastella*

**MIDNIGHT**

The Fremont awaits  
The sheets are clean

Follow the white lines  
Down the highway  
And the tracks  
Under the sleeve

The girl awakens  
The sheets are clean

Follow the bright horns  
Down the highway  
And the hands  
Under the sleeve

Come out  
Into the darkness

**PERSONS UNKNOWN (LIES)**

I once knew a man who thought he was a Jewish mother  
"A Jewish mother?" you ask? "What kind of boy is that  
that thinks he is a Jewish mother?"

Alright. I didn't know a boy who thought he was a Jewish  
mother. It's just a little lie to make the story a little  
more interesting. "Does it really make any difference?  
A story's a story -- am I right?"

Right, but it got your attention, didn't it?

Actually, I knew this girl who thought she was Buddha, and...

OK, I knew this person, you see...

**Karen Sealy**

**ONE CHANCE**

Anna hurried to her class thinking only of how angry her Prof would be if she were late again. 'He had it in for her,' she thought. She was getting A's easily, and you just weren't supposed to get A's in Mr. Landburr's Chem class. That thought made her chuckle to herself. If only he knew that Anna's father was a recognized chemist.

Just as Anna turned the corner to the classroom building, she spotted Trip Monroe conversing with a very pretty freshmen girl. He was leaning casually against her car, smiling charmingly. 'Oh Christ, Trip,' Anna thought, 'You flirt!' Anna stood there for a moment debating whether to wait and talk with Trip, or go to Chem class. If she spoke to Trip now, her jealousy and anger might result in her making a total fool of herself. On the other hand, if she didn't make a point to spend this time with him, he could easily forget that she was available for the AXE formal.

Fortunately, Trip had ended his discussion with the freshman and was headed toward Anna. He smiled coolly as he approached her.

"Anna, how's it goin'?"

Anna relaxed her tense muscles and collected herself. Oh, she knew just how to handle his "cool" act. Showing little excitement she replied, "Fine, thanks."

"Where are you headed?"

"Well, I was on my way to Chem, but I forgot my notebook, so I thought I'd skip it," she lied.

"Is that so? I was on my way to the House. Why don't you come down and keep me company?"

Anna smiled. What a stud he thought he was. It was 10 a.m. and he wanted to fool around. She had heard all about his "way with women."

"Sorry Trip, I've got another class in an hour that I can't miss."  
"We have an hour to kill."

Sarcastically, Anna looked at her watch and said, "Make that 55 minutes, and no thanks, I've got other things to do."

He smiled. Yes Anna knew exactly what she was doing. All she had to do was play hard to get, and Trip would keep after her. They said he loved a challenge. But Trip also knew her little scheme, and knew that sooner or later he'd get her where he wanted her.

"OK, maybe some other time then."

"Sure Trip," Anna replied politely.

He winked and walked away, while Anna started toward the library. No way would she go to class late. anyhow, she had to devise a plan. The formal was only a week and a half away. She knew he was after a piece, but that wasn't any big problem. Anna had shut guys down before. But the formal was a big deal, and she wanted to be seen there with Trip. Girls swooned over him, and anybody who was anybody would be there.

As a transfer student from a very expensive girls' school, Anna was eager to become a popular girl on this campus. She was intelligent, wealthy, and very good looking, but after several weeks she was still rather "unknown." She wanted to meet all the jocks, and leave them wanting to know her better.

After several long and exhausting days of work, the weekend finally arrived. Anna had seen Trip on and off but hadn't had any opportunity to talk with him alone. Other frats would be open tonight, but not AXE. This didn't discourage Anna though. She had spent all week finding out where Trip would be spending his Friday night. He would be at a private party at one of his friend's apartments. Anna had even gone so far as to get invited, which is not an easy task, for most people. The guy having the party had a girlfriend, so Anna worked through her.

Her name was Cynthia Dorman. She wasn't very pretty or popular, and didn't have a lot of female friends. Anna made a point to run into her in the library one day.

"Hi, are you Cynthia Dorman?" she asked politely.

Cynthia looked up from her book. "Yes I am."

(Continued on page 18)



Shawn Bingham

FIFTEEN

The tears we have that just won't show  
When grades would come then suddenly go  
And dreams were there to comfort you  
And friends you had they all went, too.  
Dresses, jeans, and make-up tools  
Stay in closets to entertain fools  
The dances came and you stood still  
While friends went down to a nearby grill.

And those of us who feel left out  
Cuss and swear and sometimes pout.  
Your parents seem to laugh about  
Your brothers scream that they want out.  
Your world begins to fall apart  
Empty longings in your heart.  
When will it start...

...for you?

Classes, meetings, and lunchbreaks, too  
Fall into place but it's not for you.  
You need a chance to prove yourself  
That you're as good as anyone else.  
Quotations seem to go right through  
It all seems senseless just to you  
You want to laugh and want to cry  
You dreams go along swiftly by.

You dream away your doubts and fears  
Memories of forgotten years  
You're shunned upon with open ears  
Puddles form from long due tears  
Hopes go by in second gear.  
Will someone want to stay and hear?  
Who'll be there to listen...

...for you?

Clothes that tear embarrass you  
The words you hear would make you blue  
Your parents say that you grew  
Focus to pictures that you drew.  
Sundays seem to fade away  
Church goes on that same old way.  
Parents seem to have the last say.  
You bow your head but you just can't pray.

Psalms and proverbs follow you.  
They don't instruct you what to do.  
You go around feeling confused  
Feeling like you've been abused.  
Hoping that the day will end  
Parents rules that just won't bend.  
Decisions that were sent...

...for you.



(One Chance continued from page 17)

"I'm Anna Saranak. I heard that you were good at writing papers, and I need some help. Do you have a minute?"  
Of course Cynthia was a bit confused, but she didn't mind. Anna sat down and handed her her paper.  
"I really hope that I'm not bothering you. I could come back later or get someone else to read it. It's just that I don't know many people yet."

"I don't mind. Are you a freshman?"  
"No, I'm a sophomore. I transferred this semester."  
"Really? What are you majoring in?"  
"Economics."

Cynthia looked over the paper carefully, suggested a few changes, then handed it back.

"It's well written," Cynthia complimented.  
"Thanks. By the way, haven't I seen you with Marc King?"  
"Probably, we are pretty steady."  
"I know one of his friends, Trip Monroe."  
"Trip, huh? He's a nice guy. Quite the lady killer, I hear."  
"Oh, I don't know him that well. He's more of an acquaintance."  
"You mean he hasn't made a play for you yet?"  
"No, not yet."

Cynthia paused for a moment. "Mark is having a party Friday night. If you don't have anything else to do, stop by. It's Apartment 2-B above the Candle Shop in town. Trip will be there."

"Really? I just might take you up on that. Thanks a lot. Well, I must be off to class. Thanks again for your help," Anna said graciously.

"Sure, anytime," Cynthia answered.  
Anna walked away cheerfully. She had actually pulled it off, her plan had worked. Everything was set for Friday.

After dinner Friday, Anna showered and dressed, slowly and carefully. Her long, brown hair was curled loosely around her face. She selected a deep, plum colored, silk blouse, a gray blazer, and Sassoon jeans. At nine o'clock she was confident and ready to go.

Anna walked to the apartment, about a mile away. She could have driven her car, but she wanted to give Trip the opportunity to offer her a ride home, and for her to accept.

When she reached the building, Trip's car was not there yet. Suddenly she began to feel a little nervous. Maybe she had been too obvious. Perhaps Trip wouldn't show up at all, or worse yet show up with a girl. She paused wondering whether she should forget this whole thing when Trip's car pulled up. He was wearing a blue Oxford shirt and Lee jeans. He looked terribly preppy and handsome.

"Anna, what are you doing here?" Trip asked eagerly.  
"I was invited to a party here but I'm not sure if I have the right apartment number."

"You must be going to Mark King's party."  
"Yeah, that's it. Don't tell me you're going?"  
"Come on Anna, let's not play games. I spoke to Cynthia today," he said with a smile.

"So, what about it?"  
"She seems to think that you may have set yourself up to be invited here tonight."

Anna's jaw dropped, and her dark brown eyes opened wide. They knew, they all knew. What a fool she'd made of herself. She couldn't go to the party now, she had to get back to campus before she saw anyone else. She tried to look calm and said, "I don't know what you're talking about. But if you think that, I won't waste my time here."

"Anna," Trip whispered softly as he got closer to her and took her hands. "You don't have to put up a front with me. I'm flattered that you worked so hard to arrange that we could be together tonight. If I had known that you would have accepted, I would have invited you myself. But I can see that you prefer to play hard to get, but that's OK too. As long as you know when to quit."

(Continued on page 19)

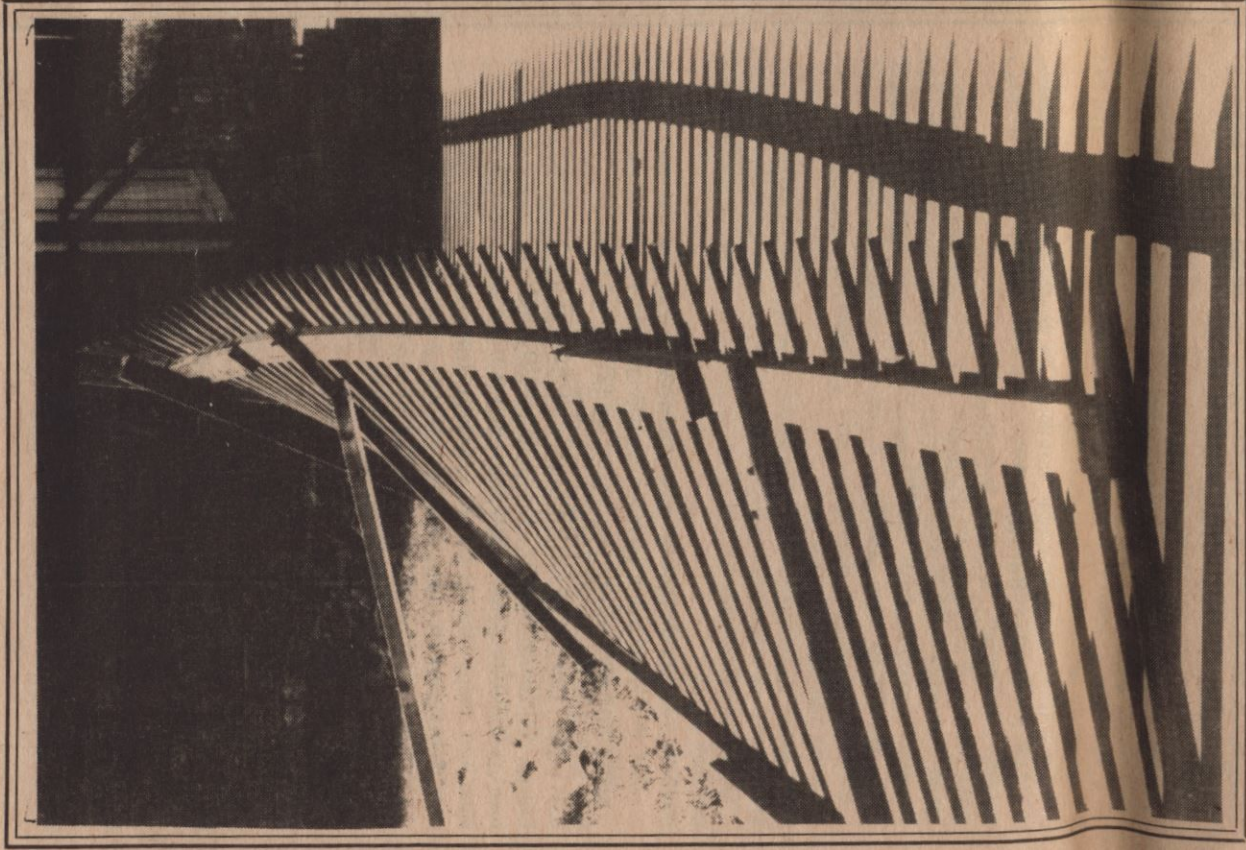


Photo by Ken Foster

(One Chance continued from page 18)

Anna gazed into his gorgeous blue eyes. Her defenses were down and they both knew it. Anna brushed a blonde lock of hair away from his forehead. Trip smiled his very sexy smile, lifted her chin gently, and kissed her slowly. His lips were warm and soft, and his strong arms held her closely, but gently, pressed against his muscular body. Her small, slender body molded into his. His lips wandered down her neck and he whispered, "Let's skip the party." Anna nodded her approval.

He opened the car door for her, then got in himself. He was being very much the gentleman. Anna couldn't believe that this was happening. In the first place, she was supposed to be in control, yet she was letting Trip take her to the House. She had forgotten how easily a girl can lose her head in the arms of a good-looking man. He was so kind and gentle. Perhaps there could be a future for them. Maybe Trip was different from what people said. Meanwhile, Anna's desire was controlling her mind, which is never a good thing. Her guard had been destroyed, she had been exposed. That was something that she had never known before. She felt totally vulnerable.

When they reached the House, there was a small, closed party going on inside. About 10 of the brothers were playing a drinking game, and they immediately asked Trip and Anna to play. Anna was a little reluctant, but Trip assured her that he wouldn't allow anything to happen to her. After about an hour of drinking, Anna was feeling rather tipsy. She hadn't caught on to the game very well, and had to drink almost every round. At 11:00 she decided she had better quit while she could still handle herself. She nudged Trip.

"Trip, I think that I've had enough. I'm going to sit out for awhile."

"Sure," he said with concern, "but first let me get you a glass of water so you won't have a hangover."

He went into the kitchen and returned minutes later.

"Why don't you rest upstairs while I finish playing the game, and then if you want I'll take you home."

Anna didn't really trust him and said, "I don't know. Couldn't I just wait here?"

"I just think you'd be more comfortable upstairs. C'mon, I'll help you up."

Anna was definitely confused, but went along willingly. Her instincts told her that she was putting her in a compromising situation. She was feeling very drunk, though, and at that moment she didn't really care what happened. Trip opened the door to his room.

"Here we are," he said politely.

Anna was leaning on Trip, relying on him more than she thought. Trip smiled knowingly.

"It's very nice," Anna whispered, looking around.

Trip closed the door and turned on the stereo.

"What kind of music do you like?" he asked.

"Anything is fine."

Trip put an 8 track of Journey in and Anna sat down on one of the beds.

"Who is your roommate?"

"Paul Moyer - you probably don't know him."

Trip turned off the light and sat down beside Anna. "You look very nice tonight," he spoke softly as he put his arms around her and began to kiss her. Anna was too numb to care what was happening, and too turned on to want to stop. He was very good at what he did, and Anna understood well how to react to his moves. He slipped her jacket from her shoulders and carefully laid it aside. He went very slowly, savoring each kiss, each touch, ignoring her eagerness.

"Oh Trip," she cooed as he undressed her.

"Sh-sh," he whispered back, "don't speak."

Later, with great willingness on both parts, they made love. Anna, totally defenseless against her own passion, and Trip thinking only of how he conquered her.

In the morning, Anna awoke to find herself alone in Trip's bed. She glanced sleepily at the alarm clock, it read 10:35 a.m. The door opened and Trip appeared.

"Well, it's about time Sleeping Beauty woke up," he teased as he sat down beside her and kissed her on the cheek.

Anna, feeling a combination of anger, guilt, confusion, and embarrassment, stared at him blankly. Then her memory began to clear and she could foggily remember the events of last night.

"You look confused," Trip said.

"Where are my clothes?" she asked pulling the blanket around her shoulders.

"Right here," he answered picking them up off the floor.

She grabbed them rudely.

"Look Anna, about last night. I thought it was great if that means anything to you."

"Actually it doesn't," she snapped.

"Hey, it takes two."

"Save it, Trip. Now could you leave so that I can get dressed?"

He smiled, "Sure."

In two minutes Anna was dressed and very eager to leave. She walked into the hallway to find Trip leaning against the wall.

"I guess you're ready to go, huh?"

"Yeah."

"C'mon, I'll give you a lift."

"That's big of you," she muttered under her breath.

Neither of them spoke until they reached Anna's dorm. By that time Trip was steaming.

"Anna, I don't know what your hang-up is, but last night wasn't all my fault! Nothing happened that you didn't ask for!"

"Look Trip," she retorted, "don't lecture me. It's not a matter of who did what, it was all just one big mistake. Let's just forget everything!"

"I don't happen to feel that way. You're a terrific girl and I like you a lot. I don't want to forget."

Anna got out of the car. "See ya round," was all she said and walked away. Trip drove away not knowing what to think.

The next week, Anna avoided Trip whenever possible. When she did run into him she spoke a cool "hello" and went on her way. She had given up any hope or desire of going to the formal. Nothing had

(One Chance continued from page 19)

gone as planned.

The night before the formal, Anna sat alone in her room staring blankly at her textbook, when the phone rang. It was Trip.

"Anna?"

"This is she."

"This is Trip."

"Yes, I know. I recognized your voice."

Anna was actually being civil to Trip, and not sarcastic at all. She had begun to feel a little guilty at the way she had been acting, and didn't want any hard feelings.

"How have you been?" he asked, sounding sincere.

"Alright."

"Anna, I'm sorry things turned out the way they did. I had hoped that things would turn out differently."

"It wasn't fair for me to blame you."

"Look, I know it's kind of last minute, but I was wondering if you might like to go to the formal with me?"

Anna paused for a moment. He actually wanted her to go after everything that had happened. Sure, they could make a weekly affair. The nerve of him to think that she would go with him at such short notice. She answered him calmly but firmly.

"No thanks, I have other plans."

"I see. Well, maybe some other time," he said, disappointed.

"Yeah, maybe."

That was that. Anna hung up the phone and broke down into tears. Maybe he had been sincere, perhaps she had been wrong in her assumptions about him. Well, it was too late now. She had had her chance and she blew it. He wouldn't lower himself to "beg" her to go out with him, and it was likely that he would never give her a second thought. She wiped the tears from her cheeks and lifted her chin proudly. There would be other formals and other men. She would pull herself together and life would go on.

The End



Photo by Marc Oren

All by  
K. L. Narehood

small bird  
flying t'ward home  
passing the fields below  
unable to stop and rest there  
home calls

#### Night

Night time wraps the land in darkness  
Nodding flowers go to sleep  
Day time breezes take on sharpness  
Dew comes down as shadows creep  
Night birds call from near-by bushes  
The heavens hand out there shining stars  
Creeping darkness softly pushes  
Hiding wounds and masking scars.

child  
loving all  
always at play  
hoping it grows strong  
Beginning

#### Five Little Nuts

Five little nuts were hanging one day  
In the Summer sun  
When one said Say!  
Let's go for a trip and see the sea  
And climb a dune and another said Geel!  
I'd rather go where the trout fishing's great  
And started thinking what he'd use for bait  
Another nut stirred and said with a sigh  
I'd like to see the prairie where the land meets the sky  
And there's not a thing to hinder the vision  
The next one said with quiet decision  
I'd rather go to a great city  
Where there are gay bright lights  
And folks are witty  
But the fifth one yawned  
And settled back  
Snuggling down for another nap  
Murmured to the others and a passing breeze  
I'll just say here if you please  
I'll not go off to a distant spot  
To see all those things I'd rather not  
I'll just stay here and continue to grow  
And when it's time I'll drop below  
And find myself an earthen bed  
And I'll sprout and I'll grow  
And become a tree so folks can come and sit by me  
I'll share their secrets and give them rest  
And this to me seems to be best  
Than dashing about all over the land  
Looking for something that's right at hand.



Dennis Wilson

#### FROM WHERE I STAND

"What is it that you want to be?" asked the one youth. There was an eternal silence for a moment as the angels in Heaven took a short break from singing. Then another youth answered in reply.

"Well Paul, I want to be of service to mankind."

"Have you fully planned your life on Earth out yet?" responded Paul in a friendly and helpful manner.

"I have it fairly well planned out. What I mean is I have everything figured except my death. I don't know what to do about that."

"Everything has to be planned out, especially your death, and signed by your spiritual advisor before we leave here. If you don't, you can never tell what you might foul up." "Yes, I know," said Juan, "but there are so many things to consider. Aside from my parents, I have to choose my entire genetic endowment. It's like deciding the wardrobe you would take on a trip. I don't really know what I'll need. I have to pick the color of my eyes, hair skin, and even intelligence. I just don't know."

"Have you looked through any of the catalogues yet?"

"Yes, but I find those genetic catalogues confusing. They're all listed by numbers and letters. And the descriptions are vague. I'm just not used to this new system."

Paul replied, levitating a pencil in his hands, "I agree. It was so much easier when we didn't have to bother with it." He let the pencil fall back into his hand. "The philosophy is changing. Free will is the new fad I guess. How did you plan your life Juan?"

Juan picked up his registration form. "I registered a little bit late, so I didn't get exactly what I wanted. I had to choose from what was left; however, I did manage to get something interesting." He began reading aloud. "I will be born in New York City. My mother will be a cashier. My father will be a maintenance supervisor. Ah, I'll skip the school stuff. I become a policeman. A public servant."

"That is a good choice," Paul said, "but how did you choose to die?"

"I will die saving a man's life. I'll be hit by the car I saved him from."

"That's a good way to go. How did you think up that death?"

"That was the easy part. I found it on last week's errata sheet. The guy was to be the governor's son when he left here. He was eventually to become the President of the United States. He was here a couple of weeks ago."

"Oh yeah, I remember him. He was a nice guy."

"Well, he screwed up. He forgot to check one of the special Bulletins. Nobody caught the foul up, so he is predestined to cross paths with a renegade. The unsuspecting fool will walk across a busy street in downtown New York and get run over. If the events are allowed to run their course, he will be killed."

"So that is where you come in?"

"Yes."

"It's a good deed Juan."

"Thanks Paul, I figured, I always wanted to die saving someone. Besides, it is worth three karma credits."

"That will remind us to check the bulletin," said Paul.

"I checked it several times. Nothing conflicts."

"You're all ready then Juan?"

"Yep. I leave tomorrow."

"We'll have to plan to meet maybe sometime."

"I don't know," Paul said as he scratched his head. "We usually don't remember once we are born."

"Sometimes they do," Juan replied, "but that is only if the person plans it that way. Normally people only develop a sense of de ja vu, but that's about all. No special psychic powers were required to be a policeman, so I didn't bother."

"Well there's nothing I can do about that now. I'm already determined. Unless I wanted to go renegade," Paul whispered in a quiet voice.

"I know what I'll do Juan! I'll choose the standard Prophet Package. I'll be able to meet you sometime."

"They're tough to be," said Juan smiling, but I believe that being a prophet is worth it in the long run. Do you have enough pre-requisite karma to be a prophet?"

"Sure, I earned them last trip."

"Do you think you know how you want to die then, Paul?"

"I think I will be killed trying to proclaim a message. What else?"

As they spoke, three bells sounded and the angels began to sing again.

"Well Paul, I have to get going. I'll let you finish up your schedule."

"You want to know something funny Juan?"

"Yeah."

"Didn't you ever notice that ever since that Pavlov guy came here the last time the bells has been a lot more bells ringing?"

"Come to think of it, you're right."

"Well, I got to get going."

"Ok, Paul. See you later. Maybe at lunch."

"Ok. I'm starting to get a little hungry. I'll meet you at lunch. See you later."

"Good luck!"

It was a hot summer day in New York City. The sun beat against the hard pavement in front of the Museum. The King Tut exhibit was showing, and there were thousands of people. Some were waiting in lines while others were just standing around. One of those was a poorly dressed man standing by the white marble steps leading up to the main entrance. He had a sign that read REPENT in big bold letters. It was a makeshift sign nailed to a broken broom handle that someone threw out. He stood in a remote corner of the steps and recited verses from the Bible.

Many peopoe tried to ignore him as they passed by. Others looked at him as though he was crazy. Some even tried to hand him money as though that was what he was there for. Only one man watched with curiosity as the ragged man did his thing. He was a N.Y.C. Policeman who was walking his beat. For some unknown reason he was drawn to the ragged man's voice. He didn't know why though. Maybe he heard his voice before.

His name was Corporal David Rosen, and he had been a policeman for about eight years now. The museum was his favorite beat. He loved watching the school kids come and go all day. They seemed to make his day go quickly by. Sometimes the kids would stop and talk with him, or ask him for directions. Occasionally they would ask him to take their picture. The kids would reward him by taking his picture. He had a good life as a policeman. The City gave him full health protection including dental and group life insurance.

Over by the steps, the ragged man stood with the wind tossing his hair about. There was a group of punks beginning to hang around him. They started heckling him. They didn't have nothing else to do but hang around the park and cause trouble.

"Hey St. Paul! When's the end of the world?" they asked. They were starting to get rough with the man, so the policeman started to walk over. The punk leader took the sign and broke it into pieces.

"Hey! Knock it off," the policeman commanded. "Why don't you leave the guy alone? He ain't bothering no one."

The punk leader, surprised at the audacity of someone telling him what to do, turned to see who it was. When he saw that it was the cop, he said, "We ain't doing nothing."

"Yeah, you tell 'em saint Paul," replied another punk.

"You punks move along," the policeman said.

"Hey we ain't no punks man!" the leader talked back.

The ragged man picked up what was left of his sign and said, "Officer they're not causing me any trouble. I'm ok."

The cop said to the punks, "Well, move along then before I haul you in."

Photo by Marc Oren

(Continued on page 22)

The punks moved toward the park and were talking and making obscene noises and gestures. The cop turned toward the ragged man.

"You all right mister?"

"I'm fine," replied the man as he brushed back his long brown hair with the palm of his hand.

They both looked toward the park and watched the punks pushing and shoving each other as they went.

"Thanks, officer. I really appreciate your helping me."

"No sweat mister. It's all in the line of duty. By the way, what's your name mister?"

"Mike Walters. And what's yours?"

"David Rosen."

"Well Officer David Rosen, let me buy you a cup of coffee." He started digging in his ragged pocket for some change.

The cop looked at his watch, and said, "Why not. There's a coffee shop on the corner. Let's go."

"Fine with me," replied Mike.

The two men headed toward the corner. The light was red, so they waited. On the other side was a group of people waiting for the light to change too.

"Mike, I have the strangest feeling that I have met you before, and that we've crossed this same street."

"We could have Officer Rosen. We could have. Life is a road with many crossings."

"I think I know what you mean. What were you doing at the museum today Mike? Why did those punks bother you?"

"Why does anybody do anything they do?"

"I don't know."

"From where I stand, we choose our own destiny. We either work towards a good goal, or we choose to become renegade. Those punks, they were renegades. Nothing more, nothing less. They were trying to prevent me and you from crossing a road."

The light changed to green. The people on the other side began to cross too. Just then a car turned the corner. Its tires screeching and spinning madly, twisting it around into the paths of the oncoming pedestrians. One man in a blue pin-striped suit was halfway across the road and froze, not knowing which way to go.

The officer leaped into action. He ran toward the man and pushing him clear of the machine, only to take the full blunt force of the wild car. He flew up hitting the windshield and tumbled over the car's roof and onto the cold, hard, city street. The car then continued on until it rammed into a parked truck and stopped, lifeless.

All the traffic coagulated as the people gathered around. The policeman laid still. Mike went to him.

"David. David." Mike gently loosened his tie. "Can you hear me?"

David opened his eyes. A brief smile of recognition swept over his face.

"Is he all right?"

"Yes. You did good."

David closed his eyes and died on a congested New York street. The man in the blue pin-striped suit came forward after picking himself up.

"He saved me! He saved me!" the man proclaimed in astonishment.

"Who is he?"

Mike stood up. "Someone call an ambulance."

"Who is he?" he repeated. "What's his name?"

"Juan."

The people stood and watched in a dull stupor of ignorance as the blood oozed out onto the cold, hard street. Mike pushed his way through the gathering crowd of onlookers. He heard an ambulance's screaming cry in the distance, echoing off the inner city buildings as he headed back toward the park.

The End

### Joseph Nicholson

#### A Solomonic Decision

King Solomon was very wise. One day two women were brought before him, each claiming to be the mother of a small baby, a cute little fellow with big dark eyes. They placed him between them on the floor of the tent, the Jews being nomads at the time. The two women stood before Solomon's throne.

"Which of you is the mother?" asked Solomon.

"I am the mother," they answered together.

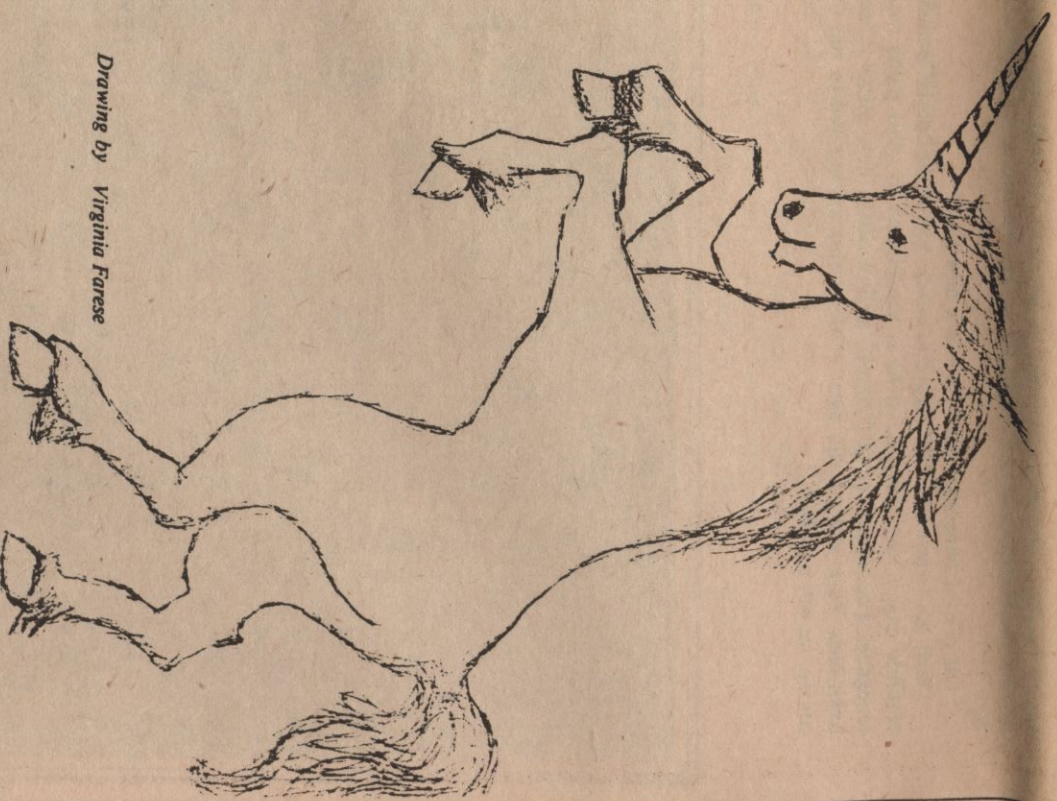
"Very well," said Solomon, shrewdly. "Since each of you claims to be the mother, I will divide this baby in half with my great sword and give you equal portions of him."

There was a long pause. Solomon picked up his great sword and stood above the baby. He raised the great sword over his head while the baby cooed and giggled.

Naturally, the false mother said nothing. She was just in this for kicks anyway, and she didn't want to take care of the baby even if she did get it. Besides, she had never seen a baby cut in half before.

The real mother, however, cried out, "No! No! Don't kill him, Solomon. Give him to the other woman."

"Too late!" cried Solomon and he cut the baby in half. From that day forth, the people did not trouble Solomon with their baby problems.



Drawing by Virginia Farese



Both by

*Virginia Faese*

Stumbling in blank dejection  
they know naught,  
seeing only what they might  
always in black and white.

Wandering in no direction  
with no thought,  
caring not for wrong or right  
appear strangers at night.



I dream of another knowing he is not  
sharing this pain ever in my heart.  
For some love lost before it is part  
there shall be unspoken promises time forgot.  
Possibly a heartbreak before it's start.

Fearless and godlike within my memory  
his life inland and mine towards the sea.  
If I never thought and let it be  
it isn't that simple for then I would be lonely.  
I would rather be in chains than be free.

**Bamby Doe Fawn****"New Yorn"**

A stray piece of driftwood born,  
from a wrecked ship it is torn,  
by mighty winds it was ablorn,  
once a strong lovely thorn,  
gracefully shaped like a horn,  
tossed and splintered by a harsh storm,  
softened with age, weak and worn,  
painfully found by my small toe corn,  
towards heaven I'm a yellin' scorn,

"O, poor, O, Orn, POOR ORN!"  
I view this molded piece forlorn,  
it is petrified, used and Porn-  
O, tis what I saw this morn.

All by Andrew Ashenfelter

**Tanka**

On a country road,  
A man with a knapsack walks.  
He goes by two trees,  
With their leaves turning brown.  
In his arm is a jacket.

**Haikú**

Broken spider webs  
hang from a rotting doorway.  
Dust seeps through the floor.

**Senyru**

Fingers grip the rope  
attached to a horse's mane  
As its head rises.

**A Short Walk**

Stilled crickets make me nervous,  
Let's say we leave the woods to itself;  
until some other day.

**The Grasses' Guilt**

Growing grass suddenly stops  
its gentle creeping,  
Before the outskirts of a  
freshly dug grave.  
It sprouts as always around  
the narrow edges  
But is unwilling to engulf completely  
the thing it feels, in part,  
To have helped to claim.



Drawing by Virginia Faese

