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# The Reflector

## *Literary Magazine*

Shippensburg State College

Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

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Autumn, 1962

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O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

From "Ode to the West Wind" . . . Shelley



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For I have know them all already, known them all—  
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;  
I know the voices dying with a dying fall  
Beneath the music from a farther room.  
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—  
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,  
And when I am formulated sprawling on a pin,  
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,  
Then how should I begin  
To spit out the butt-end of my days and ways?  
And how should I presume?

From "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"

... T. S. ELIOT



Advisor's note: Last spring Philip Replogle and H. C. Lawrence Smith received awards for stories submitted in THE ATLANTIC writing contest for college students. In recognition of this honor, THE REFLECTOR is re-publishing both stories.

## *A Flake* (Honorable Mention)

. . . PHILIP REPLOGLE

"... a flake  
That vapor can make  
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl . . ."  
Edgar Allen Poe

The moon-tints of the leaves fell down upon them and spread a great blanket of black and gold over all their tomorrows. The water laughed against the land and blended its music with the hushed growing-sounds of mosses and poppy seed. He was slim and golden haired; she was minion, lovely. They walked down from the car and watched each other's shadows reflect on the water.

They kissed and she was earth-warm, and his hands were full of red curls. He let himself fall with her; he whispered in her ear, "Not yet, we have all evening," and she laughed a soft, girl laugh and tugged at one of his ears.

Driftwood was found on the shore line, and pine knots were kicked from black soil, and the fire flickered at the moon and danced with the stars. The fire had a soul there at the spruce-downed forest lake (for everything had a soul that night), and the fire laughed with its burning, casting its embers into a red and yellow maze of light and art.

"What shall it be," he said, and thrust his hands into the basket. "Now where did that come from?" and he threw the wool blanket at her. She laughed and wrapped her arms about his neck — and bit him on the ear. He buried her head in the blanket, and they fell laughing onto the earth. Then she was brushing herself off and spreading out the blanket, and he was back into the basket with long arms to find ice and glasses.

It was time to sit and know warmth of fire and gold of light — the warm-coldness of their drink rhyming perfectly with the scent of mint.

"Now let's see," he said, and she seized his book and ran a white finger down its pages.

"Here," she said, "nothing old — make this night new," and she lay back on the green wool blanket to gaze at the skies.

"Yes," he said, "Arnold — 'Dover Beach.'"

Her hand found his, and he sat cross-legged at her head so he could see her face beside the book. The firelight glinted weakly upon the pages, — he stirred the embers and put on another pine knot.



"The sea is calm tonight," he read.  
 "The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
 Upon the straits; — on the French coast, the light  
 Gleams, and is gone; . . ."

Her hand clutched his — she moved her head against his knee.

". . . the cliffs of England stand  
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.  
 Come to the window, sweet is the night air!  
 Only, from the long line of spray  
 Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd sand,  
 Listen! you hear the grating roar  
 Of pebbles which the waves suck back and fling,  
 At their return, up the high strand,  
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
 The eternal note of sadness in."

She sat now, to look down at the page while he read. Her face was tight against his arm. The lake water lapped at the shore line.

". . . The sea of faith  
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd;  
 But now I only hear  
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
 Retreating to the breath  
 Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear  
 And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true  
 To one another! for the world, which seems  
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
 So various, so beautiful, so new,  
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
 And we are here as on a darkling plain  
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
 Where ignorant armies clash by night."

He looked at her — the down-soft hair wisped in the wind.

"He's wrong," she said, looking at the book.

"It's beautiful," he said.

"But he's wrong."

"Look, isn't the sea of faith receding? Aren't armies clashing at night —right now?"

"Yes, but Arnold says that there's no reason to have faith and he's wrong."

"Nature's cruel."

"Is it?" she asked, "is this cruel?"

And the water on the lake rippled, reflecting the flowering trees with their leaves of gold and branches of moon-silver. The wind was graceful and scented with pine.

He closed the book and put it into the basket. "Maybe he is wrong . . ." He put some more ice in the glasses — and sprinkled ice water in her face. She turned away and pretended to pout. The bourbon dribbled over the ice. You could almost hear the moon beams running over the leaves.

"Why do we do this?" she asked.

"What?"

"Why do we bother with, well, the poetry, the fire, the bourbon?"

He lay down beside her.

"The poetry because other people never do it—like my car."

"The Porsche?"

"Some people think they are ugly — like poetry."

"And the fire?" she asked.

"Because it would be easier not to — and the bourbon because someone once told me not to drink."

"Because someone told you not to," and she smiled.

"I think that's why we do a lot of things," he said, and then in answer to her half frightened glance he smiled "No, not that."

They lay breathing each other's presence. Then, with an air of inspiration he said "Ever hear of masochism? — you know, pleasure out of pain."

"But that's perversion . . ."

"Now, wait until I'm done. You have parked before, with other guys, with no poetry, no fires, no waiting. And now we force ourselves to wait."

"Yes," she said.

"Did you get as much out of it? Out of the evening, I mean?"

"But I didn't love him."

"Didn't you?"

"Well, I thought I did —"

"Did you enjoy the evening as much?"

"N-no."

"Masochist," he whispered, and he draped himself over her and kissed her. "So we force ourselves apart so that we enjoy each other more, and we read poetry while we want each other."

"Maybe so," she said and pulled him close.

"Keep talking," he said.

"All right, you made your point — now I'll make mine."

"What point?"

"Arnold's wrong."



"Oh come on — you can't say the world's not losing faith."

"Aren't ideals a form of faith?" she asked.

"I suppose so —"

"Well the poetry and the fire and the bourbon lend atmosphere here, don't they?"

"Look, we were talking about ideals."

"Yes," she said, "and don't we idealize love — and play that idealism in everything we do? Masochism my eye. Idealism, that's what does it! Why without our own atmosphere and this pretty bit of lake here, we would have nothing but raw sex." She said it spitting the word sex at him.

"Oh y-e-a-h!" he cried in mock passion.

They stopped their teasing and lay close to each other. The night birds sang and the water whispered. The fire was very low, all red and coloring the trees above them with the faintest hint of smoke shadows.

He sprang to his feet and raised a finger to the sky.

"To masochize or to idealize, that is the question!"

"Oh come down. Much more of your masochism and I'll lose my precious ideal." She kissed him and pulled him down. "And I don't want to lose my ideal."

"How ideal do you want it to be?" he said.

"You're the great orator tonight, you say something."

"Shakespeare!"

"Romeo."

"Juliet."

The leaves turned their faces to the moon, and the earth was a blessing of love. A further star, on glancing down, seemed to say love is

". . . . . a flake

That vapor can make

With the moon-tints of purple and pearl."

So even the heavens were glad that night.

The Porsche wound out in second gear and coughed into third. She looked at her lover, and her eyes were immortal.

"Arnold's wrong," she said. "If ideals are faith, then Arnold's wrong. The whole world was good to us tonight."

"Are you sure it wasn't masochism?" he said laughing.

"Maybe that helped, but if it did, it is part of the ideal."

He laughed and the road spun out beneath them. He drove with the smooth precision of experience and talent blended with the unique personality of the car. The straights were smooth, the hills something called third gear and the corners the tight nose-in product of oversteer. They drove fast, enjoying it — enjoying the whining, backseat roar of the engine taking bumpy corners on the red-line like a spider with legs outstretched. They went over a hill, and there it was. The tractor-trailer on its side, covering all the road on the turn. He went down the steep grade — he took the Porsche from fourth to second in one smooth double-clutch and hit the brakes. The trailer sped closer — in desperation he spun the Porsche out to avoid the crash.



The screeching stopped. The engine ticked to itself.

"Karen, are you all right?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. She started to cry.

He stepped out of the car.

"The driver," he said, and started to run toward the truck. The hot-engine smell was in his nostrils. "Stay back," he yelled. "This thing might burn."

She stepped out of the car in time to see him pulling at a twisted door.

Lights appeared over the hill — someone was coming. The car was moving slowly — it would get stopped. She watched the car and the men running out of it toward the truck. Her face was still averted when the gas tanks exploded.

Later — much later — she walked along the lake front. The trees swayed green, and the water laughed along the land. She kicked carelessly at the cold embers of a sometime fire.

"Arnold," she said aloud, and the water lapped at the land.

---

## *The Fisherman* (Merit Award)

. . . H. C. LAWRENCE SMITH

"NOW STAND BY TO LAUNCH RECOVERY AIRCRAFT!" the bullhorn blared, and the crews of ten green HRS helicopters walked out along the dotted lines on the carrier's deck to their respective craft.

Placing his foot in the step slot in the fuselage, First Lt. Peter Michaelson swung his weight upward into the cockpit. Halfway over the sill he was aided by a well-placed poke of a chart board, administered by his co-pilot, First Lt. Paul Andrews. Swearing, he toppled into the cockpit and turned to try to close the hatch slide on Andrews' fingers.

"I'll give you a God-damn half hour to stop that," he laughed, as he found Andrews already seated beside him.

Still laughing, both men set to work fastening their lap and shoulder harness and making their pre-flight check. When the check was made and reported, Michaelson rested his helmeted head on the seat in back of him and listened to the steady chop-chop of the rotors. He lit a cigarette and half turned to his co-pilot.

"Well boy, this is it. The real McCoy."

"Yeah," replied Andrews. "No more duds or chimps; today we get a live one."

Michaelson laughed.

"One more ape and the old man could have started a zoo."

He finished his cigarette, crushing it against the metal sill, flipping it outside where the rotor wash tore it to shreds.

"How come they picked us?"

"Just proficiency in the trade, old man," replied Andrews.

"Fast home delivery service. Peter and Paul will Conquer All. Our slogan. We get the most with the 'Holy Ghost.'"

"That's us all right. What a corny name for a beat-up chopper like this, 'The Holy Ghost.'"

As he spoke, Michaelson patted the instrument panel and the helicopter seemed to increase its engine beat.

"See, she loves me." Michaelson quipped.

"No damn wonder," Andrews replied; "you've got your hand around her throat," and he pointed to Michaelson's fist on the control bar.

Their headphones crackled with the command to launch aircraft, Michaelson lifted the control bar, increased power, and yelled over the roar of the engine.

"Going up! Mezzanine, household goods, home furnishings, and ladies' underwear. Fourth Floor, watch your step pleee . . . ze."

Five minutes later they reached their station and began making long circles and figure eights over a five mile area. Nine other helicopters were doing the same, each in its allotted sector.



"Where do you think it will land?" shouted Andrews.

"Hell, I don't know . . . It won't make much difference to us. Wherever it lands we've got to go. It's supposed to come down . . ." Michaelson checked his compass heading, "right . . . here! Did you check the fittings and the sling?"

"Did I check the fittings and the sling?" retorted Andrews. "My good man, I most certainly did. Five times as a matter of fact. All the cables are secure, the clamps are free, and I tested the sling personally."

"With all your butt, it's a wonder it held."

"Nice talk. For your information Mac, I had a Sergeant and three ratings hanging on it."

"OK, I believe you . . . What do you think he'll do?"

"Well," said Andrews, "if he takes the sling, you owe me drinks tonight."

"And if he stays put, as he will," interjected Michaelson, "you owe me."

"We shall see, we shall see," sang Andrews.

"RED BARN TO HOLY GHOST AND FISHES, RED BARN TO HOLY GHOST AND FISHES, BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE."

"That's it." Said Michaelson. "It's up, KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED."

"The Navy's got 'cans' and subs all the way out. They tell me from here to the Cape you can't see the water for the hulls and decks," replied Andrews. "Any time now, he sounds OK."

"Here it is!"

Looking up they saw a white streak approaching through the atmosphere.

"Let's go upstairs," Michaelson said, and lifted the helicopter to three thousand feet in a few seconds time.

"Whoosh," growled Andrews. "Why the hell don't you tell me when you're going to do that?"

"What's the matter sonny, getting air sick?"

"Hell no, I was trying to get the wrapper off a chocolate bar, and you made me drop the damn thing. It's under the seat somewhere."

"I guess the mice will get it," laughed Michaelson.

The object dropped through the sky on what seemed to be a long white thread. Suddenly a white stem blossomed forth, and descended at a lower rate. Dipping toward the water it seemed strangely unreal. When it reached the level of the "Holy Ghost" Michaelson followed it down at a safe distance.

"We all ready now?" he asked his co-pilot.

"All ready," replied Andrews. "Cables down, clamps open, sling winch ready."

"In a minute or two we'll be too close for radio contact. Remember if he stays in, I win," said Michaelson.

"Only he won't stay in, he'll take the sling," answered Andrews.

Michaelson dropped to one hundred feet off the water and hovered. The object dropped into the water with a splash, released its parachute, and floated like a huge ping pong ball. Andrews released the sling and ran out sixty feet of cable, as Michaelson brought the helicopter down over the object.



"Pick up number one hundred and five, coming up," he said.

"Air freight COD."

From the cockpit of the helicopter the pilots could see a ring of foaming water created by the rotor wash encircling them. The water within the circle was calm. Somewhere, out of sight, directly below them was the object.

"Right over!" yelled Andrews. "She's blind. A perfect set-up. Dip the nose and bank so I can see him take the sling."

"Go to hell," yelled back Michaelson. "He'll stay in there."

Andrews leaned out the starboard hatch as Michaelson tipped the nose of the aircraft down and banked to starboard.

"What do you see?" Michaelson queried.

Andrews made no reply, but slowly turned toward the pilot. His face was ashen, his lips began to move . . .

"Jesus Christ . . ." he said slowly.

"What the hell happened?" screamed Michaelson.

"Jee - sus . . . Christ . . ." softly repeated Andrews.

"It's not there . . ."

Michaelson banked the helicopter hard to port and stuck his head out the hatch.

Below him on the millpond-like surface created by the helicopter, were one or two white bubbles, a circle of expanding ripples, and the shadow of the empty sling swinging back and forth.

---

*Poem*

... CAROLE BRUNER

I crave sweet things  
Like nights devoid of sleep  
Smoke from too many cigarettes  
And lust —

I crave to feel the hurt and bruises of love  
Like the cut from a tongue  
That has touched my heart  
With a half smile  
A half thought.

I crave the insensible feeling of the world.  
My rights for this plea are  
A heart that is half dead with  
The pain of a lost or forgotten —

A body that only half feels and  
Can't right itself  
A soul that has been crumpled  
By words that accuse and laugh.  
And a world that is so beautiful  
That one look will kill —  
This  
I crave.

## *Before You*

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

That open highway wasn't there before;  
At least not before you stopped.  
Now I often stand in the middle,  
    astride the guiding white line,  
And stare, not vacantly, at the naked beckoning  
And remember the naked barrenness I have known.  
Only with you could I walk that  
    hot, lonely highway.  
Leave by yourself, and I'll remain as barren  
    as you found me.



*Patterns*

... JANICE ALTEMOSE

Picture it.  
 It's not like the other  
   barb-wire fences:  
     those that remind you  
       of the  
         f r e e d o m  
       of the rolling fields,  
         a bright,  
           sunny day,  
           and  
       conniving,  
       caref r e e  
       children  
         trying to use their imagination  
           to cross that fence  
           and  
           get  
           to the other side;

—the kind of fence  
   that makes you  
     chuckle  
     when  
       you recall  
       those frolicking years  
       w—a—y  
       b—a—c—k  
       when that barb-wire  
       grasped  
       your skin  
       and  
       made you  
       bleed  
       (and  
       perhaps  
       cry)  
       for just  
       a little while.

No, this fence is  
 different:  
 it can bring  
     no  
       laughter—  
         not even the slightest curve  
           to indicate  
           a smile.

Its pattern  
 is woven  
 with  
   thousands  
     of tenacious  
       thorns—  
       thorns  
         incrusted  
         by the  
         blood  
         of desperate  
         adults,  
         not  
         foolish,  
         frolicking  
         children.

The fence,  
 extending  
   for  
   miles,  
 follows  
   a pattern  
   of  
     monotonous,  
     sad,  
     vertical,  
     horizontal,  
     and,  
     criss-crossing  
     wires  
       cruelly  
       barring,  
       establishing  
       a  
       "No Trespassing" sign.

There is  
coldness . . .

BITTER

UGLY

COLDNESS . . .

in every

line

and

thorn

upon that

line:

the coldness

that

makes one

look

and quickly turn

away,

afraid

that the fence

will freeze

his

mind.

Frozen minds

pac-

back

forth,

and

a-

the

terned

some

are

ing,

and

back

forth

long

pat

grue

path.

Minds

shouldered

on the erect men

are not minds,

but patterns

in themselves . . .

patterns

stiffly

stated

in the land's

rulers;

—patterns

which

not even

GOD

can break.



These men  
identical  
to those  
ahead  
and  
those  
behind,  
are cloaked in  
muddy  
brown  
uniforms;  
their heads  
display the same  
ugly  
cruddy  
color.

Ah—  
such immaculate figures:  
not a wrinkle,  
not a speck  
of dirt  
—figures  
barred  
from the wind  
and rain,  
the tears  
and turmoil,  
the warmth of  
love  
and  
life.

As they  
walk  
down the patterned,  
lifeless  
path,  
their shiny  
death-black  
boots  
beat out the seconds  
on the cold  
cement.

No—

no patterns  
in this  
ugly picture  
are broken . . .  
none but  
one.

But  
it goes  
unnoticed  
as the stern

soldiers,  
time  
and  
time  
again  
walk by,  
marching  
indifference  
to the  
certain death  
on their left  
and  
eternal  
life  
on their  
right.

The image  
breaking  
the pattern  
stands  
erect

—more erect  
than the soldiers  
could ever  
hope  
to stand.

Smooth  
flowering  
garments  
are  
softly  
molded  
on the body  
whose arms  
are outstretched . .  
with mercy,  
and whose head  
is sadly bowed . . . . .

"Father,  
forgive them,  
for they know not  
what they do. . ."



## *Feet*

. . . LARRY KINLEY

Feet, always the movement of feet.  
I hear them in my sleep  
and when I'm awake,  
Moving, moving—forever moving.

Not a steady pace:  
Some sound bare with a dull  
slap, slap.  
Others plodding, smart stepping,  
rushing, running.

Forward, forward, forward,  
Closer, closer, closer.  
Drawing, calling, sucking me into  
the mass.

I'm young; I'm marching, marching.  
The thundering sound is in  
my ears.  
The roar, the imperfect cadence  
of feet,  
Onward moving feet, feet.

Where are we going, screams my numbed  
mind.

Why? What's ahead? Why?  
No one hears; no one cares. Just  
the hypnotic tramping  
of feet  
In my ears, in my soul.

Suddenly I don't care either.  
I'm young; I'm running, running.  
Wait for me—I'm coming Yes, yes,  
I'm coming too!  
Wait! Oh please, wait for me!

## *Rejection*

. . . M. MADELIN NOLL

The roads they traveled met  
And their ways for a time ran together.

"I've never been this way," the youth told the man.

"Maybe I have. I don't really know. Some things  
look the same," the man replied.  
"That tree—but it was dark and I ran—  
And the sign. But I did not stay to read.  
I went on. Maybe the other way would have gotten me there  
sooner."

"It's new to me," the youth went on.  
"Could you show me the way?  
Strange roads—well, I'm no coward, but to have company . . ."

"Sure, boy. We're all cowards, however brave.  
Follow me. I think now I know where I go."

The man turned to the youth, but he was gone.  
He had found a fork in the road that the old man missed.  
And each went his own way.



*Poem*

... JON HAMILTON SHIELDS

as i stared into space  
i saw the  
future . . . . .

and i saw a rat swimming  
in the sewers of Paris.

and i saw a flower blooming  
on the hills of Switzerland.

and both  
pictures were  
superimposed.

can you imagine that?

a rat swimming in the Paris sewers  
with a flower in his hair.

## *Of Cabbages and Kings*

. . . BARBARA BOUGHNER

Once in a springtime a very young and very green haired child met a very old robin.

"You see," said the robin, on one foot, under the willow, "I am the only god you will ever know."

"Oh, yes, you needn't have said," trilled she of the dark eyes. "I know the color of my hair. I know the rains of a thousand springtimes."

"You see," said the robin, on one foot, under the willow, "We are too fat to fly."

"Oh, yes, you needn't have said," sobbed she of the dark eyes. "I know the color of my hair. I know the bite of a thousand winters."

"You see," said the robin, on one foot, under the willow, "We are too proud to pick for food."

"Oh, yes, you needn't have said," cried she of the dark eyes. "I know the color of my hair. I know the stench of a thousand summers."

"You see," said the robin, on one foot, under the willow, "We are lame. We walk only over the hearts of the wounded."

"Oh, no," whispered she of the dark eyes, "I know the color of my hair. I know the love of a thousand autumns."



## *Poem for I. W.*

. . . CHARLES HACKENBERRY

A thousand years ago —  
    when I was but a boy,  
we sat on creaking porch swings,  
listening to a whip-poor-will.

You were tired and nodding for your woolen bed.  
The added labor, caring for boy, and our garden-work  
of afternoon, was more than you and fifty years  
could lightly bear. And not be sleepy  
when the church bell rang eight-thirty.

I remember. It was scarcely dark with fireflies  
and the whip-poor-will we waited for was crying  
his lone, plaintive, cry.

I remember it better than . . .  
this morning.

The whip-poor-will stayed longer than his normal  
hour that night.  
And after dinner we sat long and listened to  
the ugly bird's sweet woodland song, until you slept.

And later when I woke you and we went to bed,  
I still remembered whip-poor-wills.  
The silence of my mother's room! The room where she  
slept as a girl, and no doubt often wept the sorrows  
of her schoolgirl life into the pillow  
beneath my head.

And someday soon I may have children of my own  
to sleep in that warm bed, to know the freshness of  
an early Autumn.

But the night I now remember held a question  
to my ear.

As I was drifting in the valley that is neither sleep  
nor wakefulness, the door came open slightly,  
just an inch or so,

And what I meant to say was,  
"Is it the young son of your only daughter  
that you've come in nighttime hours to see?  
Or do you look into her room and see her features  
in my boyhood form,  
silent, in the house where she was born?  
Is it she . . . or only me?

But a whip-poor-will was sitting by the window,  
And he took that moment, when the door was gently opened  
to give a farewell cry.

When I  
Looked again, the door just recently ajar  
was closed as tight  
as darkness of that soundless night.  
There, in the house where not a curtain made  
the slightest stir, a canopy of wings beat round my bed,  
or hers.

Not the wings of poetry,  
or the flap of angels flying in the brown of dusk

Just the hushed wings of whip-poor-wills

in a boyhood dream,

A thousand years ago.

# *Today*

. . . CAROLE BRUNER

Harsh  
     Cold  
         Breeze  
             Touches the lips.  
 Winter the time of  
     Desperation  
         Desolation  
             Despair.  
 The orange  
     Bleak  
         Black  
             Fog.  
 Of dying falls over the  
     Frozen  
         Foot-felled  
             earth.  
 Man is hidden in a shelled house.  
     Hiding from  
         Despair.  
 I'll tell you a  
     Secret—  
 I went out today—  
     Yes—  
     I jumped out of the shell.  
 And I found  
     Frozen lips  
 A pleasure and delight  
     Compared to the  
         Sick  
             Sweet  
                 Smoke filled hovel.



*Song 125*

... FRED WEINTRAUB

I sit here in silent rain  
trying to paint a faceless portrait of mankind  
its empty frame encircles reality with an infinitive fog  
    butterfly wings beaten by the rain  
    cry to the heavens  
    but never fly again

Salty tears stain the purity of the endless canvas  
truth-stained fingers scratch the gilded surface  
but the illuminated decay remains  
    a star fell with the answer last night  
    but HE wouldn't let it land

Bodies retch forth from the canvas in torrents of contorted confusion  
gasping for air in the dismal parlor  
only to be fed the lies of immortality  
    i painted a black cross on which was a black man  
    with a white rope

    but he only tried to save himself

The colors drain from my worthless hands  
and spatter a truth here and there  
only to fall on . . . blind eyes

## *Impact*

. . . CAROLE BRUNER

The swirling swish of laughter penetrates my being  
It covers over all  
The skeptical dreams of one  
Frightened by reality.

Laughter  
Changes all  
Laugh at reality  
With reality,  
Laughter is reality  
Personified.

## *Till Talk Falls Down*

. . . CHARLES HACKENBERRY

Shades of feline words slant through drafty afternoons.  
At night the foul baboon halloos the moon  
as vultures swirl incessantly by light of moon.

Cries as far as craters  
know a went has flown.

"Let us talk a fiction, sing mud in veins like soda straws.  
Here the Jabberwocky wocked, and there  
a freight train danced with roses in her hair."

shadows pass in evanescence  
effervescence is in vain,  
languid flows of excremescence  
flude in ultra damn a drain

tints of alabaster morning  
arabesque in pluming faunts.  
with a stolid un-doing of yesterday  
symmetry is the plain.

"The world was dead tonight when first I smelt  
the metal. It died when Mother knew it would.  
Alas, she always said that Ohio in a teacup."

And in the morning we shall weep  
to hear the words of decadence.  
Knowing love is until  
and the world an imperfect hiding-cave;  
absolved of all till afternoon.



Do you remember  
How still the night can be?  
How, like a breeze from the ocean,  
It strengthens and calms

Can you recall  
A red tulip on Easter Day?  
Whose boldness  
Exhilarates and encourages you

Do you remember?  
I don't—neither do you  
We can only experience,  
And grasp with both our hands  
the beauty of God's gifts.

## ***Do You Remember***

... SUE DOUGHERTY

## *Song of D. O.*

. . . FRED WEINTRAUB

We loved with love on the tidal shore  
And parted with dry-tear eyes  
For ours was a wet-sand castle  
Crushed by the heat of the skies.

We sang on the wings of swallows  
Sobbed on the breast of the dove  
Then grasped for a moment of passion  
And bid farewell to love.

Ours was the twinkle of sunsets  
Salt-tears of the ocean spray  
Ours was the hope of tomorrow  
Lost in the truth of today.

The sea comes in then turns about  
The children still play and hide  
The wet-sand castle no longer stands  
Cleansed by the timeless tide.

*again and again*

... JON HAMILTON SHIELDS

i stared deeply into her face—  
the soft, pure face  
murdered by the depth  
in her eyes.

i embraced her: i more than  
embraced her —  
for the flesh is willing  
and the spirit weak.

(but it hurt and my  
body was wracked  
with pain)

but i embraced her again: i more  
than embraced her . . .

for that was the only  
thing i could do—



## *Tonight*

. . . BARBARA BOUGHNER

Tonight I could drink of a thousand  
magnolias,  
and never say a word to food again.

I would be sweetly under a  
magnolia to languor away  
the years.

I would lilt and lilt-never wilt-  
within a magnolia;

Thirsty we would never be — the  
magnolia and me.

## *What the Hell*

. . . MARTHA HARLAN

"Do you want another drink, Sandy?"

"No thanks, Mike," she said passively. Slowly and nonchalantly she twirled the stem of the cherry between her thumb and forefinger, back and forth, and then popped the cherry in her mouth, enjoying its juicy sweetness.

"I take it you like cherries," he said.

"Hm . . . yes," she said, swallowing. "That's the only reason I drink, to get the cherries."

"Well, I guess that's as good a reason as any," he said. "What would your mother say if she saw you here at the club drinking Manhattans with me?"

"Oh, she'd sigh and say, 'What the hell, I've done my best to raise her since Joe left me.' Then she'd pour herself another drink."

"How long has it been since your father left your mother?"

"Oh, about five years."

"Does he ever visit you?"

"Once or twice a year he calls me and we go out to dinner and to a play. He likes the theatre, you know. He was going to be an actor once."

"Really? Then why did he become a broker?"

"Well, when he married mother he felt he had to get a better job to support her. She came from a very well-to-do family."

"But now he is free to do what he wants. . ."

"Yes, but now he is wrapped up in Wall Street, and he has practically forgotten Broadway."

"How unfortunate," he remarked. Come on Sandy, Let's dance."

"Do we have to? I mean, I'd rather just sit here by the water." She glanced over the side of the pier at the dancing flashes of pinks and greens and yellows reflected from the strings of bulbs that decorated the pier.

"Well, if you'd rather," he said. "Sandy, you've been quiet all night. Is anything wrong?"

"No, nothing really. I was just thinking how lovely it would be to go swimming."



"Now?"

"Yes, it's so pretty with the lights and all."

"Yes, but we're not exactly dressed for it."

"Oh, I know, I guess I was just dreaming," she said wistfully.

"Come on Sandy, let's dance and get you out of this mood."

"Mood? What mood? Just because I'd like to sit here and . . ."

"Oh, for pete's sake skip it," he said. "Excuse me while I get another drink." He got up from the table and headed towards the club house at the front of the pier.

Sandy sighed and turned to gaze at the black, flashing water beside her. She thought of Mike, who was trying so hard to see that she had a good time tonight. Perhaps that's the trouble, she mused, he tries too hard. He follows me around like a puppy dog, and then he pouts when I don't give him a bone, she chuckled. Down on the beach the tide was coming in, and the breakers were white and foamy. Far above her a half-full moon seemed to slip from behind a dark cloud and hover about her, expectantly.

"What the hell," she said determinedly, and got up and walked down the pier to the wooden steps that led to the beach. She slipped off her fragile dyed-to-match shoes and wriggled her bare toes in the cool, damp sand. My, but it was good, Sandy thought, to get away from that jingling music and endless chatter. She smelled damp salt air and heard the distant roar of the sea.

"What the hell," she said softly. She slipped out of her pink chiffon dress and tossed it on the dry sand underneath the pier and gaily ran out into the waves. The icy water numbed her legs and she squealed as a big wave toppled her. When she recovered she bobbed about in the water, taking the pins and silver barrette from her dark, already damp hair, letting it fall on her bare shoulders. She cupped her hands and scooped up handfuls of sand and sea water and let it trickle back into the bubbling foam. Again and again she scooped up handfuls of wet sand, but each time the sand oozed from her fingers and was gone.

"Why," she asked herself and the sea, "Why can't I stay here forever and do what I want to do?" And as if to answer, the breakers foamed and hissed even louder, and a huge wave toppled her. The current sucked her under the surging water and then spewed her out on the beach. She sputtered and coughed and her eyes watered from the salt, and she began to cry.



"Sandy?" Mike called. "Where are you?" He hurried down the beach, and his brand-new shoes sank into the sand as he ran alongside the pier. He saw her shoes in the sand, and then he saw the chiffon dress underneath the pier where she had tossed it. He reached down to pick it up when out of the corner of his eye he saw her standing at the edge of the water, with her dark hair streaming down her back, and her white crinoline clinging to her legs.

"Sandy?" Cautiously he moved to her side. When he touched her she quivered but continued to stare out across the swirling thunder.

"Mike . . ."

"Are you all right?"

". . . take me home, will you please?"

"Sure," he said, relieved but wondering. "Sure, I'll uh, get your dress." It was then that he discovered the glass in his hand.

"Sandy, hey kid, do you want a cherry?"

She jerked her head around, and he could see the tears on her cheeks. For a minute he was afraid she would hit him or run away, but then she smiled ever so slightly and sighed. "Sure, Mike, . . . what the hell." And she left the black water and walked back towards the land with him.

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## *Don't Ask Me*

. . . MARTHA HARLAN

Don't ask me

with my green mint ice cream melting  
in the yellow saucer,  
and that oh-so stupid waitress  
crowing 'that all for you folks . . .

to tell you (what was it-of what, where  
or whom?) in my sharp, crackling,  
cellophane speech so everyone can hear . . .  
outside

your sweet savory pipe whispers  
of an open fire . . . a cabin in Vermont  
. . . rum and sweet chestnuts . . .

Wait

and we'll wonder and why  
in quiet whispers  
heard only by the sky.

Wither little flower of spring  
Drop your petals to the ground  
Plucked from your life source  
A lover from his love  
Die with grace with ease  
Hush, not a sound  
'Tis not for you to question fate  
Your life is not your own  
And unavailing will it be  
Unless your seed is sown  
Then wither little flower of spring  
Drop your petals to the ground  
Die with grace with ease  
Hush, not a sound.

***To A Wild Daisy***

. . . PHYLLIS FUNGHI



*This Pier Before*

. . . PHYLLIS FUNGHI

i perched upon this pier before  
to watch the lucid waters flow  
yet here again i gaze upon  
a stagnant murkiness below  
ah! then but a mere child was i  
illusions yet imbued my soul  
no beauty lies embedded now  
within this filthy slimy hole  
the scene—the same—though i deny  
a change within my spirit wrought  
the putrescence—here yesterday  
my eyes have found—

what my mind has sought  
a lack of faith, a loss of love  
my God! return to me  
those childlike eyes to look no more  
upon obscenity

## *While Strolling Through The Park*

. . . CHARLES HACKENBERRY

### SCENE

It is a city park. On a level running from down right to up right and from up right to up left, two benches are placed. One bench is down right; the other is up left. On top of the level which runs completely upstage, a second level runs from up right to up center. A drinking fountain is placed on this second level, center stage.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bum  
Policeman  
First Man  
Second Man  
Woman

THE TIME is the present.

### STAGE DIRECTIONS

There are four red light tableaux in the play. These tableaux last for only three seconds; movements and placements for characters are indicated during these times by the notation, RLT—red light tableau. Before and after these brief flashes, a blackout occurs which enables characters to assume positions.

### ACT

The Scene: It is a city park. On a level running stage right and completely upstage, two benches are placed — one down right, the other up left. On another level above the benches (up center) is a drinking fountain.

AS THE CURTAIN OPENS, the BUM is seated on the DR bench. He is eating a sandwich. He stops eating, inspects the sky, resumes eating. The POLICEMAN enters. He walks from DL to C twirling a nightstick; he stops, inspects the BUM. The BUM stops eating, stares blankly at him and returns to his sandwich.

BLACKOUT

— R L T —

The POLICEMAN has the BUM bent over the bench and is frozen in an attitude of beating him with the nightstick.

BLACKOUT

WHEN THE REGULAR LIGHTING COMES ON, the BUM and the POLICEMAN are in the exact positions they were before the RLT. The BUM continues eating his sandwich as the POLICEMAN exits DR.

After a time the FIRST MAN and the SECOND MAN enter from DL. The FIRST MAN carries a newspaper.

First Man

Did you read **this**?

Second Man

Yes . . . what sort of person would **do** that kind of thing?

First Man

There certainly are a lot of depraved — (He discovers the BUM as does the Second Man — they withdraw to the second bench.) — ya' know, I've been thinking of moving to the suburbs — with this kind of thing (indicating newspaper) going on all the time . . . and those street gangs. It's just not safe to live in the city.



## Second Man

Yeah, I know what you mean. I've been thinking of moving myself. But it's expensive living in the suburbs — with commuting and the cost of homes, I just can't afford it.

## First Man

And neither can I! Why should we have to go? (looking at the BUM — almost addressing him) We built this city, made it what it is. It was a nice place to live before **they** moved in!

**BLACKOUT**

— R L T —

The **SECOND MAN** is behind the BUM, holding his arm. The **FIRST MAN** is beating him.

**BLACKOUT**

WHEN ORIGINAL LIGHTING COMES UP, positions held before RLT are resumed.

The **POLICEMAN** enters from DR, goes UC, gets drink from fountain, comes C, eyes BUM as before, exits DL.

## First Man

I'll tell you it's just not safe anymore. That policeman saw that bum loitering over there and didn't even do anything . . .

## Second Man

. . . If things could just be the way they used to be . . . The world's moving too fast.

First Man

The way they used to be! Why, that's the whole trouble. (stands) Society is regressing to its natural state. It's all over the front page. (points to the newspaper which is folded in his hand) Look at that Neanderthal over there (walks to C) (to audience) This is the Natural man — ignorant, filthy, (pointing) depraved.

The BUM eyes the FIRST MAN suspiciously.

First Man

(to the BUM) Just look at you . . . Don't you have any . . . shame? . . . pride . . . ?

The BUM tries to ignore the FIRST MAN, but when he just stands there, the BUM becomes extremely nervous — finally, because he doesn't know what else to do, he takes another sandwich from his pocket and eats it viciously. He tries to exit DR. The FIRST MAN rushes to him, grabs him by the sleeve.

First Man

(his own voice) Where do you think you're going?

The BUM indicates off — R with his sandwich.

Second Man

You can't leave . . . How can the first man and I intimidate you if you go off right.

The BUM merely looks at them with profound wonder.

First Man

(to SECOND MAN) Wait a minute! Let him try. (to BUM) Go ahead . . . try it.

The BUM hurriedly exits DR. There is commotion, noise, and loud voices off—R. Soon he returns on stage with lowered head, glances off—R.

Second Man

O. K. Let's get on with it (looks off—R) What's my line here.

Off-stage Voice

He's regressed so far . . .

Second Man

Oh yeah . . . (stands up, walks to the fountain laughing violently) He's regressed so far that he can't even talk! . . . All he can do is eat! (laughs again, starts to cough, gets a drink from the fountain).

The FIRST MAN walks back to UL bench, sits, reads newspaper again.

The WOMAN enters from DR. She goes to the fountain, drinks. The FIRST MAN and the SECOND MAN watch her every motion — the BUM ignores her.

First Man

(to SECOND MAN) Come on. We'd better get back to the office.

Second Man

Sure . . . (still looking at the WOMAN)

**BLACKOUT**

— R L T —

The SECOND MAN is violently tearing at the WOMAN's clothes. She is trying to defend herself. The FIRST MAN is frozen in laughter.

**BLACKOUT**



Second Man

(walks to DL bench and starts to exit with FIRST MAN — when they are almost to the exit) Hey, you forgot your newspaper.

First Man

I don't want it — it's all filled with murder, violence, (pause) and rape. Too depressing.

Second Man

Yeah, you're right.

The FIRST MAN and the SECOND MAN exit DL.

The WOMAN moves from the fountain to the UL bench and eyes the BUM contemptuously.

**BLACKOUT**

— R L T —

The WOMAN is standing in front of the BUM's bench undulating her hips more than suggestively and motioning 'come here' with her finger.

The BUM stands, looks around with exasperation. He takes one step toward her.

The WOMAN slaps him very hard on the face and laughs hysterically.

**BLACKOUT**

The WOMAN drops her contemptuous look, glances at her watch, looks left and right — pause. She finally picks up the paper and begins reading it without interest. She looks at her watch a few more times.

## The Woman

(to the BUM) Don't you have a line here?

The BUM looks around to see if she's speaking to him. He finally decides that she is, but does not answer her.

## The Woman

Oh, no, you don't have any lines, do you? . . . Well what happened next? (She gets out a script, reads it, places it back in her purse. She stands.) Well, I don't have any lines either so I guess I'll leave . . . it's in the script. (She places the newspaper on the bench.)

The BUM looks puzzled for a moment. Then he walks to the bench UL, picks up the newspaper trying to decide whether he should read it or not ( $\frac{3}{4}$  left position). He opens the newspaper — and the audience sees for the first time that **the front page is completely black.**

The POLICEMAN enters DR, walks C, stops.

The BUM starts to speak — stops, sits on UL bench — the black-faced paper dangles between his knees. He looks perplexed and then relieved after a while.

The POLICEMAN exits DR.

The BUM stares blankly at the audience for a while. He has a sudden thought, gets another sandwich from somewhere beneath his coat, contemplates it, and then eats it.

CURTAIN

## *Residue*

. . . CHARLES HACKENBERRY

The love of summer is a fragrance more than sound.

It is the last bouquet of springtime wound  
with myrtle vines and vagrant time.

The love of autumn—just the texture of the wind,  
two swaying bodies, lithe and thin  
as swallows in forgotten air.

The only love that's left for you, my dear,  
has vine leaves in its hair,  
and wisps of joy that might have been.  
The only love that's left to give to you  
has eagles soaring in resplendent plains  
and just the hope of greener fields to wander in.



## *Autumn Vision*

. . . PHILIP REPLOGLE

I saw you lovely  
And your eyes were lonely as my heart;  
Your lips closed softly on some secret whisper,  
Your face motionless in mystery.  
My mind painted you then  
(O golden art form of my brain)  
With flown leaves in your hair  
And the rose of autumn on your cheek.  
Great clouds, spired and horned, danced goat-like,  
Playing tag with banners of light,  
And the wind was touch and singing reeds.

O be, I cried with a heart to warn of world and dark,  
Be my impossible dream of petal and gold!  
See—now—never again will my heart be  
Untouched by dream, nor can dream again be enough—  
I've seen my scarlet vision warm and held by  
Thoughts of secret beauty,  
Seen in Autumn sitting by banks of shadowed streams,  
And I have known the thoughts and mysteries  
Hidden in a pensive face and a glancing eye.  
My soul is no longer alone:  
My heart no longer free,  
For I have seen my soul in another  
And another knows the soul of me.



