EL PASAJERO

EL PASAJERO

"Los Pájaros De Noche"

Cover Photo by PATRICK CARROLL

(THE TRAVELER)

SPRING • 1970

III • i

STAFF

RANDY HAWKINS
JERRY KENNIGER
GERARDA OROZCO
RINA THOMPSON . . . ASSOCIATE EDITORS

B. COLE
F. DARLAND . . . ADVISORS

CONTRIBUTORS

Willard Ashby	38	A GUY TALKS ABOUT REGIS
Donna Banovich	12	PHOTO
Mary Barton	7	SONNET TO MY HUSBAND
Tim Bateman	24	PHOTO
	43	PHOTO
John Budreski	35	THE LONELY, FORGOTTEN ONES
Christa Carpenter	18	PHOTO
Stewart Chandler	40	HELL OR HIGH WATER
Jeff Chittester	5	COME RUN WITH ME
	10	THE DRIFTER
Mary J. Cobb	34	THE ROAD
Raymond J. DeCabooter	44	GALLERIES
	23	YOU, NORMAN ROCKWELL
Peter Dunlap	29	PHOTO
Bill Fields	13	THE RIGHTS OF WAR
Ronald Fong	25	PROMETHEUS: 20th CENTURY
Danny Ford	16	JOHN AND HAROLD
	16	THE TRAGEDY OF A CLOSED MIND
Joe Halpin	8	SADNESS ROAMED
Elaine Hardt	17	STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS
Randy Hawkins	43	COBWEBS
	35	IN
	36	SAVE ONE
	9	SUCH A MOURNFUL THING
	28	SUM
Mary Heltemes	22	SONNET I
Dona Jeane Keeler	18	AUTUMN ESCAPADES
Jerry Kenniger	12	OH, WHERE IS THE DAWN
	22	SOFTLY WHISPERING
Kermit Lee	33	PHOTO
Carl Lentz	34	NON-CONFORMIST'S PLIGHT
	15	UPON AWAITING A GREYHOUND
David H. Lillie	27	THE WIND
Mary Ellen McMahon	11	FOLD A PIECE OF PAPER
Elizabeth Mendez	37	FOR THE SAKE OF A LINE
Roslyn Millsaps	11	CHILDREN
James O. Milton	45	DOG
Bill Murray	8	TO MAN
James M. Neill	10	ANNIE
	19	THE CUERNAVACA TREE
Steve Nelson	42	PLATO'S SYMPOSIUM
Nan Oja	7	THE MOON
Lydia Oliver	33	THE WALL
Gerarda Orozco	23	HEARD . . .

CONTRIBUTORS (CON'T.)

Krista Plott	24	OF DREAMS
R. Pakula	45	TO K. R.
Don Saban	36	PHOTO
John Schwab	5	TO HER WHO LIES BEYOND THE MOON
Harvey Shapiro	4	THE KOSHER ANT AND THE FISH STEAK
Leslie Short	9	A LITTLE REMINDER
Gary Simpson	46	THE CHOCOLATE GANGSTER
Barbara E. Thompson	32	PEOPLE
Betty Unkrich	6	ABOUT THE PRISONERS
Bernice Wachholz	14	OUR NEED FOR THE INTELLECTUAL
	30	PAGES FROM A BYSTANDER'S JOURNAL
Crystal Williams	48	BACKYARD DREAMS
David Wintermute	41	THE NUMBERS ON THE DOOR
Debbie Wrzesinski	39	LET ME PROVE THAT I AM WORTH IT

PRIZE WINNERS

PATRICK CARROLL	cover
RONALD FONG	1st essay
BERNICE WACHHOLZ	2nd
STEVE NELSON	3rd
BETTY UNKRICH	4th
BERNICE WACHHOLZ	1st narrative
HARVEY SHAPIRO	2nd
JAMES M. NEILL	3rd
JAMES M. NEILL	4th
RANDY HAWKINS	1st poetry
MARY HELTEMES	2nd
RAYMOND J. DECABOOTER	3rd
MARY BARTON	4th
JEFF CHITTESTER	4th
BILL FIELDS	4th
KRISTA PLOTT	4th
CRYSTAL WILLIAMS	4th
KERMIT LEE	1st photo
TIM BATEMAN	2nd
DONNA BANOVICH	3rd

PRIZES TO BE AWARDED AT HONORS ASSEMBLY - 14 MAY, 1970

The Kosher Ant and the Fish Steak

By HARVEY SHAPIRO

Once upon a time in a little ant town called Antens, there lived a Jewish ant. The Jewish ant, like in most small towns, was a member of a minority. As a matter of fact the only member of his tribe in this town.

On the beginning of every Sabbath, which was on Friday night, he would take a large juicy steak outside and with the help of his wife, place it on a huge fire in his barbeque. It bothered the other ants very much, for they were of the religion that forbids the eating of meat on Friday. After about three weeks of this torture, the ants met on his front lawn and asked him to stop cooking his steaks outside on Friday nights.

The Jewish ant, whose name was Aaron Rothstein Issac Abraham Cohen (a small name for a creature as big as an ant) replied, "Vell, I tellk you. It is my Shabbos and dot ist do vay I mustk celebrate it. Go ahead, I'm an old ant, throw me out." The other ants, upon hearing this, apologized and told him to enjoy his steak.

Weeks and weeks went by and the old ant would cook his steak every Friday. Then one day a fanatic ant (there are always religious fanatics) paid him a visit and called him evil, sadistic, and mean. He told him he should repent and ask the Lord's forgiveness. This shook up Aaron very much, for he was a peace-loving and God fearing ant.

But Aaron was quick to forgive and fast to forget and resumed his ritual of steak cooking again. Finally it got too much for the ants and they decided to riot and kick him out of their neighborhood. Being peace-loving ants(?) they threatened to kill him if he didn't convert.

This shook Aaron up very much, for he was a peace loving and God fearing ant. Aaron decided to convert.

The next day, on the **Goisha** Sabbath, Aaron went to church and was converted. The ceremony was short and Aaron was sprinkled with holy water and blessed. "Born a Hebrew, raised a Jew and now a Catholic," said the priest. This made the other ants very happy because they wouldn't have to be tortured by that pleasant steak smell.

On the next Friday night Aaron built the biggest bonfire ever to be built in Antens and placed the biggest, most juiciest steak that the ants had ever seen on the fire. In about five minutes all the ants gathered on his back lawn and started shouting. Aaron Abraham raised up a mighty leg and told everyone to be quiet. He then took a tiny vial of holy water out of his pocket and recited the following chant: "Born a calf, raised a cow and now a fish." He then poured the holy water all over the fish-steak. The outraged ants thrust him into the fire.

Moral: You can meet the change, but you cannot change the meat.

Come run with me now, love,
And we'll chase the wind
Down through the glen
And laugh away the sky's
Teary eyes and dry them
With snowy, silky handkerchiefs
Borrowed from an angel's
Pocket while she sleeps
By her lyre/And we'll let
Our toes play tag
With the guppies as
We wade through their
Clear, chilly playground-
Pausing to send
Leafboat explorers on
Their treacherous bubbly
Journey/And when day
Is done I'll walk you
Hand in hand back along
Our moonlit forest mainstreet-
And let my heart beat with yours/
This will be our day-
Our love-
Our life/

By JEFF CHITTESTER

To Her Who Lies Beyond The Moon

A quiet night, a silent meadow,
Saw a star blaze through the sky.
My dreams began to willow,
My heart began to cry.

Felt her soft breath touch my face,
My thoughts began to wander far.
While somewhere out in God's blue space,
Onward blazed a star.

By JOHN SCHWAB

ABOUT THE PRISONERS

a Kaethe Kollwitz etching in the permanent collection of Glendale Community College—

Screaming and crying from her body, the artist has scratched, gutted and gouged her emotions and compassion for these men whose souls are bared to anyone who cares enough to see.

The prisoners' faces and bodies reflect the agonizing hopelessness of their lost respect. The torment and torture leave their scars when men are stripped of their identification. Frustration is replaced by apathy as their emotions are drained and sucked from their very existence.

But finally, the most appalling hideous pain of all—a child—with youthful blood still throbbing and no vessel to carry the flow. How grotesque the human souls must be of those responsible for such a tragedy.

By BETTY UNKRICH

THE MOON

How bright the moon. Against the threadbare velvet sky
Where bits of light shine through the fibers bare
The moon lies like a sequin fallen there,
From some fair dress that trailed upon the floor
And dropped the shiny piece of silver bright,
A tiny diamond 'gainst the carpet night.
I think that she who lost the sparkly glass
Would quickly search, until she then had found
The silver circle nestled on the ground.
But no. The gracious lady long ago has passed
And gone away to parties held afar
And left behind the solitary star.

By NAN OJA

Sonnet To My Husband

So soft, my dear, rise up from thy sweet dreams;
Ah, fair thou art while still reclining there,
But night's dim light falls now before day's scheming,
And day, new day, has deep, has meaning, fair.
So warm, so tender sweet, thy Lisa smile
And warm, inviting look; Thy languid eye turns me
To naught. The thought of love calls me the while
Fleet time, man's master, never lets me be.
Doth ever maid or wife or mistress plead
For time abed? Yea, man thrusts out love's gift
And thus abjures sweet love, but heeds this need:
Why do this we, and thus cause marital rift?
"Than love," you quote, "What greater need hath man?"
. . . By dawn's gray light, eggs and meat 'n the pan . . .
Sincerely,
MARY BARTON

Sadness roamed in the land of the black
clotted the roundness up in their eyes
opaque cement,
dribbling down
into the corner . . .
salt and water in the corner
the teeth just hung there
the jaw gaped just a little
the throat breathed over the sleeping tongue . . .
and the lids rose and exposed their purpose,
the eye . . .
the blood's little highways . . .
And he screamed . . .
And He Screamed . . .
AND HE SCREAMED . . .
AND HE SCREAMED . . .
and madness dribbled from the mouth and he screamed,
the longing exploded and he screamed
and he curled and groveled
crawled and hobbled
frothed,
snarled,
coughed up the swallowed tongue
gnashed and kicked and violently gyrated
struggled in horrific terror and SCREAMED . . .
They shot him, of course.

By JOE HALPIN

THE MAN

You see what you think you see
You hear what you think you hear
And you think only when it's necessary.

By BILL MURRAY

Such A Mournful Thing

Loneliness
Is such a mournful thing
Mothered by a hurting heart
Nurtured by my screams.
Loneliness,
Is such a petulant thing
It makes me sing
When no song was meant to be sung—
Ah but to be hung
On the edge of a heart—
Is much better it seems,
Loneliness—
I know, is such a mournful thing.

By RANDY HAWKINS

A Little Reminder

Though your life routine bores you
And time lingers on
Though you're weary and tired
And all brightness is gone

Though your humor is fallen
And your spirits are low
Though existence is dull
And you've no place to go

Though you're cheerless and sickened
And all is the same
Though hardships befall you
And you're not to blame

Though your mind goes on spinning
And your eyes feel like lead
Though friends seem unfriendly
And the world is quite dead

There is someone who loves you
And waits patiently
Caring everything for you, and
That someone is me.

By LESLIE SHORT

THE DRIFTER

I've kicked the pebbles down the road
And followed where they've gone.
I've headed west to sunset's bed
And east to wake the dawn.

I've slept beneath the moon's bright smile
And 'neath the trees in rain.
I've wandered up from old Baja
And down the coast of Maine.

The hi-ways, paths, and dirt roads
Are all the same to me.
Wherever there's a road to take
That's where I want to be.

I've seen this country stem to stern.
I've seen her peak to bow.
Alone I traveled at the start—
Alone I travel now.

By J. CHITTESTER

ANNIE

By JAMES M. NEILL

Annie left the screen door hammering and banging behind her. Barefoot, she ran in a hurry; and Hurry has no patience. So what, if a few more flies infested Drunken Daddy's shack? Maybe, with luck, one of the rats might leave the kitchen; anyway, the odds-and-ends dishes were washed and put away, and all Annie could think of was getting down to the river.

She waded into a shallow without even taking off her dress. Clean river. Clean, clean river. How it washed the dirt away. Not work dirt, nor kitchen dirt, but dirt dirt. It seemed like there wasn't a man she ever knew but wanted to rub a little of his dirt on her. That was dirt dirt. But the river was a gentleman and made her new again. She got up on the bank and lay down on her stomach. Her long auburn hair fell into the water. Like submerged grasses it waved and floated. The river had soft hands, no bony fingers like Samuel's; nor fat, greasy palms like Clay's. Soft hands. Caressing, tender fingers. The river made Annie beautiful.

CHILDREN

By ROSLYN MILLSAPS

There they sit, playing in the sand. They don't realize all that is going on around them. Over there is Mr. Parks; his wife is making a fool of him by playing around. There is Miss Mills, the town spinster; she is contemplating committing suicide. Old Mrs. Perry is silently crying because her children are trying to commit her to what they call a "rest home."

The children just sit, playing in the sand. Outside the park on a street, two juveniles are mugging a man. People walk by but just don't see. Mrs. Hopkins is in her apartment crying again; her husband just came in drunk, spending the money that they were going to use for this month's groceries. Poor Sally Brown finally had a baby, but people say it will not live to be two. What miseries there are.

The children just sit, playing in the sand. Oh, to be a child again and just play in the sand.

★ ★ ★

Fold a piece of paper;
Use scissors to give it shape.
Now you have paper people—
Better than Darwin's ape.

Paper dollies in a row
Holding hands,
Like children everywhere
Who play along the ocean sands.

Paper people all the same,
With exception rare.
Light a match and they will blaze—
A spark, and then a flare.

The paper crumbles to ashes,
Ashes turn to dust.
I'm a paper dolly;
Crumble too, I must.

By MARY ELLEN McMAHON

Photo by DONNA BANOVICH

Oh, where is the dawn, that hides the night's fear
And when is the time, when light should appear.
Oh, how can it be so far from my face
The warmth of a time in some other place.
It's coming up now, I see it arising
A ball of flame, in a sky that is crying.
Now I'm going to lose the life of my friend
And see this stranger, over and over again.
The time draws near, it's fast approaching me
The time of choice, is a time to be.
I'm lost in a world that's taken my name
And the wind just blows me, in a cloud of rain.

By JERRY KENNIGER

THE RIGHTS OF WAR

Peace marchers and hippies should all be hung
Because they defy democracy.
They strive for their cause without using guns;
It has to be hypocrisy.

What they preach is not for us.
In fact it is a bitter pill.
They're trying to steal what is equitably ours;
The age-old right to kill.

They seldom use violence as they contend for peace.
They make us sit back and yearn
For the good old days when it was up to us
Whose village we would burn.

The women and children that are killed in war
Are obviously our foe.
But protestors and hippies scream anyway;
It all just goes to show

Our entire society is crumbling away
Because young people do not care.
They no longer want to take gun and grenade
And with their fathers the glories share.

They don't get their thrills from shooting a Chink
Or running a woman through.
Instead they think that love is the thing
To bring happiness to me and you.

Little do they know the thing we want.
It's not for peace we strive.
We're waiting here with loaded guns
For the day that God arrives.

When He comes we'll shoot Him down
And we'll do it with elation.
After all, it's men like us
That made this a civilized nation.

By BILL FIELDS

Our Need for The Intellectual

By BERNICE WACHHOLZ

Whenever a country finds itself in as tight a corner as the United States is in right now, it is not unusual for the people and the press of that country to engage in a concerted effort to find someone on whom to place the blame for the uncomfortable position. This time the object of the hunt seems to be the intellectual Americans, and that group, in confusion, has turned on one another. The intellectual of the humanities shouts, "Murderer!" The intellectual of science replies, "Traitor!" The rest of us, wrapped in our false innocence, do nothing.

During the administrations of the last few presidents the government not only welcomed, but actively sought, educated men of high caliber for important administrative positions, and business and labor alike were glad to have someone obviously better fitted than they to take over the knotty problems of a country still haunted by the memories of a depression and a war. The results were good—we thought. We developed a strong defense system to give us the feeling of safety, a good economy to give us security, and a whole new computer world to give us ease. When research in medicine provided a longer life in which to enjoy our blessings, we should have been the most contented people on earth.

Why aren't we? Why are we so frightened we cower behind locked doors, cringing under the criticism of former friends who have refused to sell us their silence or their approval. Is it because in their rush to serve us our intellectuals have served us **too** well, and an America in a hurry to succeed has no time for integrity? The defense system we needed has grown into a man-and-money-eating monster that must be kept in constant use, if only to justify its existence, even if that use is an undeclared war in another man's country. The money we distribute world-wide in a vain search for friends has, because of our meddling in their internal politics, bought us enemies. We feel badgered and misunderstood. We have lost the respect of our children. We have lost our faith in our God and in ourselves. No wonder we are frightened. Our treasured picture of the honorable American is nothing like the image reflected in the eyes of our critics.

Who are our critics? All those countries that have changed from friends to enemies because of our insistence on protecting their despotic leaders. Even those governments that have remained silent out of friendship for us cannot hide the disapproval of their angry citizens. But our loudest critics are the intellectuals of our own country. The gentlemen of the arts and humanities, with voices trembling in rage, have stripped us of our Lone Ranger mask and bared our complete lack of concern for our national soul.

CON'T.

We must listen. Perhaps if the intellecutal knows he has our attention he will use a more reasonable voice—one that is less threatening—one that is easier to understand.

The intellectual has access to records and journals that point out our past errors; he has political and social contacts and can inform us of the mistakes of our government **before** they are made. He can trace the money put into the hands of petty dictators—the money used to build armies of oppression—and he can point out the villain in our government responsible for such an act. He can reveal which of our politicians partake of graft and which ones waste our tax dollar. He can put the name of bigot to the man who would deny a minority its equality.

These are some of the reasons the intellectual is so important to the continuity of our form of democracy. We control the vote—but we cannot judge a candidate intelligently unless we have the evidence to weigh.

The time has come to mend the holes in our honor. It's a job for all Americans, educated or not. Our burden is great, but no greater than that carried by the American intellectual. His hand must match the pattern set by the idealists of yesterday. He must tear away the rotting fibers of a bureaucratic government that would destroy the freedoms we have been too blind to protect. When his job has been done, we will be able to set the new, fine stitches of integrity, and know that they will hold.

It won't be easy—man adapts slowly to sudden changes—but at least we won't be carrying a burden of shame.

★ ★ ★

Upon awaiting a greyhound,
A cornfield I stood beside,
This night the world I hear grow.
Pop.

Snap, crackle under tons of steel,
Went an old stalk on road side;
So also a fond illusion
Over a bowl of Rice Krispies.

By CARL D. LENTZ

John And Harold

This story relates the death of poor John,
God rest his soul; for now he is gone.

As time passed by, John never had fun
Until he found Harold: an old, dirty gun.
He cleaned and polished his new-found friend,
And declared this was something he never would lend.

Together they robbed and killed and drank,
Bombing (occasionally) a church or a bank.
The years went by and John reached fame,
Even the bad guys cursed his name.
But Harold and John just ignored them all,
And kept on killing and having a ball.

John knew that death would find him someday,
His only wish was to know in what way.
While cleaning his friend, he got his reply:
The bullet had caught him above his left eye.

The moral, in this case, is easy to see:
Even a friend can mean death to thee.

By DANNY FORD

The Tragedy Of A Closed Mind

In the darkest hour of the day,
I sit and watch some children play.
They know not yet of life to be,
For them it's light and all can see.

Yet, as the years of time pass by,
I cease to wonder or reason why.
It's said that knowledge must always be sought,
But I'm set in my mind: for my ideals I have fought.
So now the days are dark for me,
While others laugh and live life free.

With open minds and nothing to fear,
They may run and fall and shed a tear
And lay upon an open field,
While from my cave, I'll never yield.

By DANNY FORD

Strength and Weakness

By ELAINE HARDT

A short, plump, white-haired woman entered the room, moving slowly with great effort. As she came closer, I could see that one shoe was cut out at the side to accommodate a misshapen foot.

She eased herself into a chair, glanced about the room, then smiled shyly at me. She commented on the unusually warm weather we were having, and we exchanged a few polite remarks. Then she took a thin paperback book from her small handbag and began reading.

I tried not to start but I could not help myself. Her wrists and fingers were cruelly deformed and nearly immobile. The pale color of her skin was mute evidence of the sedentary, confined life she led. Her face was plump, her features, plain. Her only makeup was a touch of lipstick which seemed to have been dabbed on in an indifferent manner. Her tired brown eyes were shielded by a pair of heavy bifocals, which had a tendency to slip down her nose, necessitating a repeated gesture of a swollen hand to adjust them. Short, white hair which was loosely curled, almost unruly, encircled her head, looking strangely like a halo.

She wore a red gingham dress that had a white ruffle at the neckline, three-quarter length sleeves and a gathered skirt. It looked like it had come from an old Sears' catalog. Obviously, she had no regard for modern fashion, for her dress came past the knee.

She glanced up from her book and her eyes met mine. She spoke again in a soft, pleasant voice and for several minutes our conversation continued with trivial remarks and generalizations. Then a silence whose spell I seemed powerless to break overcame me. She seemed to sense my unspoken question and uncomplainingly she described the doctor's latest treatments, experimental doses of a new, unproven drug. She assured me that all was going well and then deftly changed the subject, as if there were no need to dwell upon such a minor inconvenience.

I admired her stoic attitude; it was as though she wished to spare me pain—an incongruous thought. She was obviously determined to live patiently, one day at a time. Though she had become increasingly paralyzed, she had refused to become engulfed in self-pity.

I knew that a cure was completely beyond medical skill. Her body was being sustained by medication which lessened the pain, but at the same time slowly extracted an awful toll, cataracts, stomach ulcers, and a progressive dulling of the mind and a slowing of the reflexes.

I felt relieved by her patient acceptance of the inevitable progression of the dread disease and its unrelenting march of doom. But I was inwardly angered at the disease that imprisoned her free spirit in a dungeon of arthritic pain.

AUTUMN ESCAPADES

By DONA JEANE KEELER

Brightly hued leaves, tumbling down,
Whirling, swirling, all over the ground.
Lusty, dusty, gusts of wind,
Tossing them up; then down again.
Broad ones, long ones, round and slender,
Sheens of greens in glorious splendor.
Oranges, yellows, reds and browns,
Fluttering, uttering, crackling sounds.

Winging, singing, southward flying,
Softly, more softly, birds' echoes soon dying.
Milky, silky clouds floating by,
Cottony coating, on a blue sky.
Roaring, soaring, white clouds failing,
Wonder of thunder, its raindrops unveiling.
Welling, swelling, rivulets run,
Splashing, dashing, o'er rocks in the sun.

CON'T.

PHOTO BY CHRISTA CARPENTER

Dampened, darkened, leaves and mosses,
Folding, molding, strange embosses.
Greatly stately, oaks arise,
Jutting, cutting into the skies.
Hinter of winter drawing nigh,
Thrilling, chilling, breezes sigh.
Weeping willows, gently shedding,
Quivering, shivering, snow-time dreading.

Women, children, delightfully crying,
Walnut treats, bittersweets, everyone spying.
Hustling, bustling, to and fro,
Tiny, shiny, insects go.
Fluffy, furry, animals chiding,
Reaping, keeping, acorns for hiding.
Autumn, Oh autumn! Rustling past,
Bringing, flinging your myriad cast.

The Cuernavaca Tree

By JAMES M. NEILL

His hands were on the Pullman door. But he hesitated before he pushed. "I feel, somehow, you would have understood about the tree."

"The tree, John?"

"The Cuernavaca Tree."

"I've never heard of the species. Is it rare?"

John looked down. In a whisper he said: "So new it has just this night been named . . . so rare, I think I might have watched . . . the last one die."

"That is sad, John."

"Goodnight."

John opened the club car door and disappeared into the dark, and the train noise and the drum-rumble of pulsing wheels.

* * *

The next time I saw John he was standing at the rear of the train, smoking a cigarette. He was leaning on the rail, looking up, offering the sky an absorbed smile. There was a hot, dusty glare one the platform and I didn't recognize him at first.

"Good morning, Smith." I was pleasantly surprised.

"Good morning, John. How do you feel this morning?"

"This morning gives me more light than last night's stars, Smith. Light washes out old depressions; washes in new hope. Today I hope, Smith."

"That's good."

We stood together and watched the track unwind from beneath the train. It was unbearably hot. The sky was a dusty blue and the narrow cactus-passes, that our train moved slowly through, reflected an intense white that burned the eyes. The glare was awful. There was no wind and the fumes from the engine were almost suffocating in the narrow places.

"Would you mind if I talked, Smith? I mean, would you mind if I just talked?"

"Of course not, "I said. "I'm really a very good listener."

"It's just that — well, these two days on the train I've come to know you very well. I know a lot about you, but I feel it is unfair that you know so little about me."

John wiped his forehead with the damp cuff of his sleeve.

"I feel that . . . in this heat, this stifling hotness, I am in an inarticulate limbo. My words cannot supersede the truth, nor understate it. I fear . . . I fear articulation, Smith. As if, somehow, my words might become my testament rather than my release. But in this heat, words melt; they become nothing."

I turned and listened.

"My name you already know. That I am an American you might have guessed. But I'm not American. For three years I've possessed only the distinction. I carry the passport but I am a stranger to the race.

"Did you know that I was in the Navy? That is where I must begin. Oh, yes:

From Campius Martius was I sent;
To fight the Eastern hordes again
On Caesar's Eastern Fleet I went.

"Pretty neat, huh? Never finished it. Not career nor poem. There was an Accident. Capitalize that A, Smith. It is my most single, most memorable event; at once my Waterloo and again my Great Success."

John stopped, flicked down his cigarette and with his heel ground it in.

"I do not trust any man with that story, Smith. Simply, take this: I sinned against Uncle Sam, I slapped two hundred million faces, recognized Who and What and Why I am, stood up with God and did not know if God really had anything to do with it.

"So Happy Accident gave me opportunity to express **my** Truth. I enlisted. I went. I discovered. Weak men use wits, Smith. Strong men use muscle and bone. Anyway, I got out; I'm out. I'm free. I proved to my father that I was not my father! Bitter proof. My father was career military, you know.

"I am not feeling sorry for myself because of any limitation. I am feeling sorry for myself because I cannot, did not, meet perfect society's perfect definitions. And perfect society still refuses to redefine. It honors heroes only when they are dead, artists only after they have been abused, geniuses after they have been rebuked, good men after they have suffered evil men. All others live content, safe in stupid mediocrity, sameness, dullness, conformity. The only conformity I do not despise is birth and death. In, we all come alike; out we all go alike. But, God!, how can we all live alike?"

John offered me a cigarette. I shook my head. Even "No, thanks" would have seemed an intrusion.

"No? . . . 'What keeps me from complete despair?' you ask. You must ask. For if one cannot compete **with,** one cannot rise **above,** can one? I am not content remaining with the least. So what kept me from giving up completely? You'll laugh. No, pardon me, I'll laugh: I love, am loved. And for some dumb, inexplicable reason, loving and being loved is important. Her name is Ina. She is Mexican, educated, beautiful. She was the purpose of my trip. Here, Smith, is one who loves the cerebral itch and air that I am. She does not reject any deficiency of social maleness. She loves me whole; not separate; complete.

"This Feliz Navidad in Mexico, I shared my mind, my ideas, my wit. With Ina, family, and friends I was **living** — living! to the height of equality with other minds. In this new society that I found, the muscle and bone were excluded from our care. Ignorance was despised; inarticulate tongues, scorned. Bodies were purged from our elite company.

"You must understand, Smith, that all my life the football player, the athlete, the military man determined what made the Best Kind of Man. My Father, brother, cousins, uncles qualified. I was good enough to applaud a pass, a grunt, a kick. So you see, in this new society that I left, I was among my own.

"But if I found acceptance with the cerebral race I craved, why still unhappy; bitter? Because the cerebral race disappeared: it became extinct with disillusionment. Because, now, life demands much more than love to keep life going. Do I return to the States to end exams? Or do I disappear to end the breed; prevent all things? Or do I keep on running, fleeing Caesars, quitting Cuernavacas?"

John stopped suddenly. He looked at me with a hard and solemn face. "That's it." he said, "That's all there is: the nothingness I have to tell. Disappointed?"

"That's unfair, that last remark, John. But, tell me, what do you mean about Cuernavacas?"

"I mean . . . the incidents that happen without warning; come without mercy. The unbearable trials that just pop up out of nowhere. In the Navy it was the U.S.S. Claudette. In Mexico it was Cuernavaca."

"I see. Something . . . something happened there?"

"Yes." John was fighting me. He clutched the rail.

"Do you want to tell me?"

"No."

"But you will?"

"Yes."

"You are going to tell me about the Cuernavaca Tree?"

As if defeated, and having wished for defeat, as if three was a charm and all resistance had fallen from his will to prevent the tale, John sighed, relieved.

"Yes. The Cuernavaca Tree."

John lit another cigarette.

"Cuernavaca's a lovely little town. Ina's father and mother drove us there where they had friends: a Dr. German and his wife. They had a beautiful home. But the holidays had brought sons and daughters and their broods to share the hospitality of their parents, and to make themselves guests: They spoiled the peace.

"We sat by the terrace sipping drinks, admiring the sky reflection in the pool. Beyond was an expanse of green lawn walled with orange brick and shaded by the loveliest trees I've ever seen. But the tallest and greenest, the most proud and erect, was being cut down. There were ropes stretched in mathematical directions to and

around the other trees. High up, and deep into the largest branch, was the naked, bleeding wound of amateur axemen. And who were playing woodsmen with the tree? Dr. German's son, Johnny, a medical student doing poorly, and his son-in-law, Luis, a third generation scion selling the Mexican government arms. Both were soft with too much leisure. I despised their phony, sophisticated ease! You should have heard the trivial banter, the philosophy of the day; you would have been disgusted. College mouthers!

"The tree. How can I express it? Tied up, amputated at the top, alone. It was different. Only because the heating element in the pool did not succeed; because the tree did not stand someplace else; because it offered shade when others wanted sun; because it offered beauty and others wanted none. It was sacrificed to satisfy vanity. It is quicker, more convenient to get rid of than add to.

"Good words, strong thought, healthy ideas promised Ina and her family a better man; a good man. But not to Dr. German's sons. I am an American and I love a Mexican girl. She is a little browner, beautiful, a treasure. She is the Angel on Reforma.

"And what did they want of me, those sons? They wanted proof. They wanted assurance that an American male cannot stand up to a Mexican male. They wanted to shame me before Ina, test me, try me, if at all possible, humiliate me. I am one hundred eleven pounds and light; and inelegantly muscled. So tell me, Smith, that I was not an easy target!

"Sipping drinks . . . but no sooner were we greeted, with artful, subtle, gentlemen's bait to share their unkind sport.

"They were quite out of shape. They had blisters on their hands to tell on them, and linament on order for their lazy backs. I hated their artful grins. Never did I hate so much as I did then! I hated my smiling that excused my weakness; I hated my laughter that did not disguise my heavy breathing nor my hot, flushed face. I took my turn. Three times I took my turn while the company watched with tea. The wood was solid and strong, as proud trees are:

"Keep on, John, Ina's watching! Not tired now? What will Ina think?"

"Ha! Ha! . . . Ha! Ha! . . . Ha! Ha!"

"With every clumsy blow I heard Ina's father crying for the tree, and Ina's mother wincing: silent sympathy expressed with smiles. Johnny had remarked: 'In the East it is said that you are not a man until you have a son, write a book and plant a tree.'

"Then why do you cut this one down?" Ina's father had asked him.

"Because it is in the way," Johnny replied.

"Ina did not recognize the brutal, base, and subtle test. She did not note the weakness that made those goddam weak sons laugh: Incongruous laughter more in excess for me than for themselves. **I** earned no blisters. I grew tired. But pride burned anger for its fuel! I prayed to God. I prayed as I must have prayed aboard my ship just moments before the Accident: desperately; for a miracle . . . to save me from the humiliation of not being allowed to be **Me.**

"There was a Crack! So faint and small a sound to inspire the exhilaration as I then felt was never heard bv any man. The next noise, Snap!, was louder and the party on the terrace scarcely breathed. The sons wanted to relieve me of the ax. But I hated and I exhilarated and I found strength to sustain my desparate swing. 'Tim-b-b-b-b-b-er! I screamed and the guests scattered and other worried for their children. The tree took long to fall. Such trees die hard. Exhausted, proud, ashamed I stood. I had committed suicide. I had killed a thing not much unlike myself. I had wanted to kill something different to satisfy base mind's appetite for proof . . . to satisfy a vanity not my own.

"It does not all add up for you, does it, Smith? You fail to appreciate a lifetime's experience of demanded proof. I can not quite define, myself, the significance of that last event, but I can feel the impact as heavily as the groan and topple of that magnificent tree. I feel again the pressure of a sociey that craves for Manly Proof; that will keep on my back, refuse any true worth I might have. Strong hands are more admired than clever hands; and muscled backs with light heads are more appreciated than weak backs with vital hands. I am not even man enough to be my own Definition: my own Man. I suffer two yokes now. Caesar's and Cuernavaca's.

John paused. I was too stunned to speak. There was nothing I could say.

"I feel better now. Within, these thoughts moved in circles. Now, released, I will rest. Well, Smith?"

"What can I say? . . . I'm . . . sorry."

"For what, Smith?"

"I . . . I don't know . . . but I am so very, very sorry. Not for you. For men. And for the other Cuernavaca Trees in this world. I never . . . realized . . . the unconscious violence we commit!"

There was silence. John smiled. I did not comprehend his meaning at first. But then John put his hand on my shoulder, saying, simply, "Thanks." And I understood.

Softly whispering a poet cries out
In agony of a blank face, a blank mind.
Oh, God, I have nothing to speak for
I have nothing to say to myself.
I have worn my work proudly
Pinned to my soul, to be read aloud and scorned.
I walked naked and busy people saw me.
What they saw no one knew but me
And yet they laughed and turned away.
I revealed, fought against their armor.
But what chance has flesh against bone?
Now they only seem stranger, and I too.
But my words were a witness to the crime
Of which I will forever pay.

By JERRY KENNIGER

SONNET I

I place my head carefully on your arm
(Gently, in trying for casualness)
Wanting to give you as good as I get
And knowing your need is as great as mine.
Since before I would not move to feel you
Can you see I am afraid of your thoughts?
Afraid to seem at all the pursuer—
Afraid if I moved forward you'd move back.
But your mind considers graver problems
And my first try at beginning is missed;
Time for response is past and I find you
Unaware now of what your touch could light.
This match may end before you feel my weight;
Then you and I will quickly move apart.

By MARY HELTEMES

HEARD A TIRED GENERATION SAY
WE USED TO HAVE BURSITIS
BUT NOW IT SEEMS TO BE BLACKITIS
OR WOULD WE SAY BROWNITIS?
OH, HELL, LET'S CALL IT
COLLECTIVITIS,
BUT BETTER YET, WOULD YOU
SETTLE FOR HUMANITIS?

long live the cause
of human beings

— — —

AMERICA, OH, AMERICA, LOVE IT OR
LEAVE IT! WAS IT ONLY YESTERDAY
I HEARD THE EAGLE SAY — LOVE IN
AMERICA HAS GONE THE WAY OF ALL
HATE . . . AMERICA, OH AMERICOR . . .

"my country 'tis of
thee I sing . . ."

By GERARDA OROZCO

You, Norman Rockwell

You, Norman Rockwell, artist of the good,
Your absence grieves us.

What can take the place of your
reassuring chronicles of middle
America—the home that we love—?

You are one of us, no pawn of the
liberalintellectualeftistcomsympatheistworldwideconspiracy.

Your pristine steeples and freckled boys,
ice-cream sodas and county fairs
never failed to bring a smile to our lips
or a tear to our eye.

Now they put pictures of hippies and protesters
Cleaver and Leary
flag-burners and pot-smokers
long-haired freaks on magazines.

Ah, Norman Rockwell, please come back.

We, the great silent majority, NEED YOU.

By RAYMOND J. DeCABOOTER

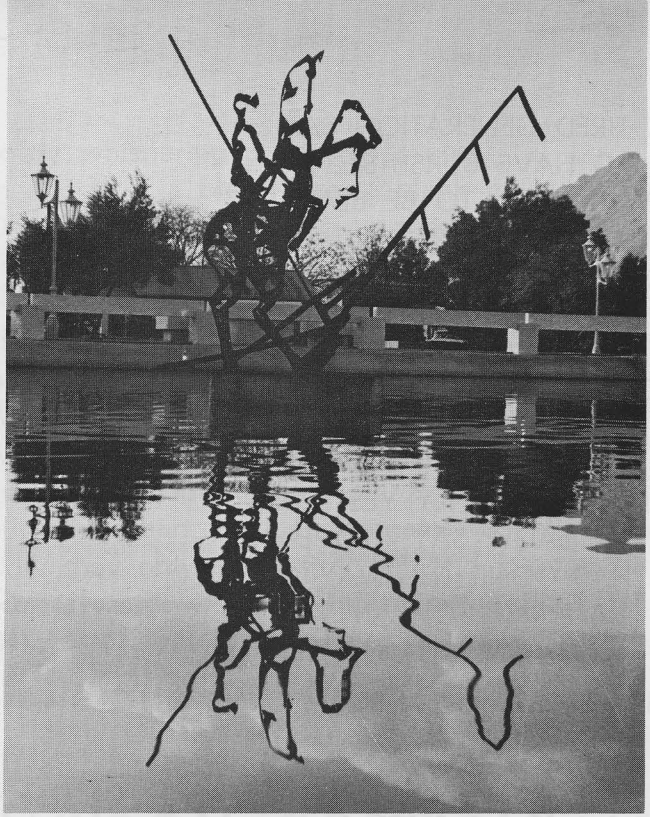


PHOTO BY TIM BATEMAN

OF DREAMS

The days of Don Quixote are gone
my friend
are gone far away.
If indeed they ever existed at all,
for they laughed at him and called him fool
silly old man who fought rusty
creaky
stubborn old windmills
and rusty
creaky
stubborn minds of artificial sophistication and sanity.
He's gone to the land of dreams
where people don't care about shoes in summer
and cars in winter
and bombs to kill so they won't get us first,
and the inane Joneses who live next door.
They just love life that's all,
and far away in the land of dreams.

By KRISTA PLOTT

Prometheus: 20th Century

AN INTERVIEW BY RONALD FONG

— Prometheus, your name means forethought, correct?
— Correct.
— Then to be blunt, if you had forethought then why did you get into this condition?
— You mean chained to this rock?
— Yes.
— I did know what would happen, but went through with it anyway.
— Knowing you would be eternally tormented?
— Not eternally.
— But you were to have been unchained a long time ago by a son of Zeus.
— That was just a rumor, not the truth.
— Then what is the truth about your release?
— All I can say is that I'll be released sometime.
— Tell me about the eagle that eats your liver.
— Oh, he's just an average golden eagle, not too large, not too small.
— I imagine the pain is very great when he attacks.
— Yes it is, but it's something which I must bear.
— That's a defeatist attitude.
— On the contrary, it is an attitude of indifference. I know it will come, but it's rather futile to further torment myself worrying.
— Does he (the eagle) come regularly?
— No, only on occasions.
— Such as.
— Such as when I become unbalanced.
— What do you mean unbalanced?
— When I'm feeling more powerful than I really am.
— But you are powerful. After all, you are a titan.
— I guess I am, but it's better to stay balanced.
— Describe how you get "unbalanced."
— (Becoming serious and excited). After my liver has healed, I lie in the sun letting its warmth permeate my limbs. The night comes quickly and I rest. But as the sun rises, my teeth begin to tingle and I flex my bonds. I begin staring at the sun as it reaches its peak and sometimes curse. I would even shake my fist at it if I could. My whole body tenses and sweat pours onto the rock. Then a spot appears in the center of the sun and begins to grow larger. I can hear a deafening screech as wings on the spot become visible. It is the eagle. I shout at him until

CON'T.

his voice and mine rattle the ground. The climax comes with my scream of pain as his claws latch into my flesh.
— What then?
— (calmer) He eats.
— Are you silent when he eats?
— Yes, in fact you can hear only the sounds of his rapacious dining and the flutter of his wings. And when he leaves, the sounds of his wings and my heaving breath echo off the mountains.
— It sounds horrible!
— It is.
— It appears as if you relish this agony.
— I almost do. It's the masochism of the martyr which comforts me.
— You make it sound as if you could prevent this from happening.
— I could, yes.
— Then why don't you?
— It has to do with why I am here in the first place.
— Could you tell what was that reason?
— No.
— Does it have to do with your gift to mankind.
— Yes.
— Then could you tell me the significance of that gift?
— Maybe I could, but you'll find out eventually.
— When you gave fire to man, who was it that first possessed it?
— I don't know.
— You mean you've forgotten!
— No. What I mean is that I gave fire to Man, not to one man and that fire is not possessed by any one man. Fire cannot be possessed.
— Then you admit that there is symbolism in fire.
— Yes, but it is a symbol of an actuality.
— Could you explain that?
— Fire was given to man as a gift, a disinterested gift. It was given to him because I felt that man was just as good as any other creature. I could have given fire to a walrus.
— You're kidding!
— No. Man was without any attributes because they had all been given away. He was simply last on the list. Even now, only a few men have actually all that fire is. It was given to all, but only a few have found it or have used it fully. I don't even know if you've received it.
— Me!
— Yes, even you. If you had received fire then you wouldn't have visited me.
— But I have a job to do.
— Of course. But to continue. I gave this gift expecting no recog-

CON'T.

nition for giving it. For when man recognizes his gift of fire, then he doesn't know who gave it. I promise nothing of this gift and make no demands upon the receiver of fire. I am not to be worshipped.

— How does one find fire?
— I don't know and if I knew, I wouldn't tell.
— Does your gift insure happiness?
— No. In fact, some people who have used it have lived lives of anguish.
— Like you?
— Like me.
— Then fire is a dangerous thing?
— Yes, even though I make no demands upon the recipient of the gift, the gift makes great demands upon him.
— Could you be more explicit?
— Fire is both friend and foe. It is to be used. That is the secret of this gift.
— What then is the significance of fire as a gift to your condition?
— When Man has fire he will realize that I am also a symbol of fire and man. My condition is man's condition. It will be Man which releases me, not one man. This may come quickly or slowly, but as each man finds fire, he slowly releases me.
— And will the eagle also vanish?
— Not necessarily, he will appear and vanish as the situation warrants it.
— Is that all?
— Yes.
— Thank you.
— You're welcome. Goodbye.

THE WIND

By DAVID H. LILLIE

THE SOFT WIND BLOWS
AND BREATH OF LIFE ASCENDS;
UPON THE CROOKED ROADS
WHEN THE TALLEST PINE BENDS.
WHITE PUFFS OF SMOKE GLIDE,
ENTANGLING, SWIRLING ABOVE;
REACHING FAR AND WIDE,
ENCHANTING — A SOFT WHITE DOVE.
HER FRIENDLY FLUTTERING ARM
TURNS TENDERLY DUST BELOW;
STIRRING LEAVES WITH CHARM
AS THE BREATH OF LIFE'S AGLOW.

SUM

The grave is no different from the rest,
White and square
The inscription embellished there
Like a churl
Who has whirled
His whip and stripped
From the edifice, the name
Incarnate which
Waits to be read
And wailed upon —
By those not yet dead.
Every day the obsequy
Is sung through the trees
A dirge
With tender words,
Suave and urbane
Calling his name
To see if he will rise again,
But his eyes
No longer find
The break of dawn
Beautiful, for one who belongs
Six feet below.
No marker
Is more starker
Than that on which the rain
Beats out his name
To see if he will answer again,
The name is blurred
To one who has heard
Only the settlings of his grave.
Sedately he lies
Sobriety in his eyes
His form once so strong and lean
Now stripped of all that means
To those alive,
Who never surmise
That the only marker
To hearken
Their departure from the talking
In complete reversal of consecration mocking —
A few feet high, stark and white.
Guarding the place of a light

CON'T.

That was believed to have shown
So strong, that if his renown
Were taken away
The day
Would no longer care to rise,
All the cries
That would break forth
On his boarding the boat
To his last home
In heaven, or below
Instead, the dead
Has above his head
A marker, a few feet high and white
Wondering if the right
Name is inscribed there.
To keep for a few years
His place,
A home for flowers
To keep his bower
In colorful array.
Then betray
His name by falling down
The sound of their falling
Carries six feet underground,
Echoing in his chambers
But he remembers,
Nothing
Only the marker knows
Who lies below,
And how long he has been lying there.

Photo PETER DUNLAP

By RANDY HAWKINS

Pages from a Bystander's Journal

By BERNICE WACHHOLZ

Monday, Oct.—

It was almost four o'clock when we reached here, and within five minutes I knew I had fallen in love with this little Guatemalan inn. The rooms are built around a tiled courtyard filled with flowers and trees and a fountain that sings louder than the many-hued birds that preen there while practicing their serenades. Our room has white-plastered walls and fireplace and the handwoven drapes and spread look like beds of crocus in the snow.

Emily won't speak to me because I find her photography so hilarious. She followed that Costa Rican ox cart for days before they stopped long enough for her to go through her tripod-light meter-lense setting routine. Her prints were in the mail being held, and she now owns the sharpest close-up shot of an oxen's rest stop ever recorded—in color.

A houseman has just brought us tea. Luis moves gracefully and is small and fine-boned as are most Guatemalan Indians. He wears a white cotton suit, and the light from our fire shines on his bare feet and busy hands, which are the soft glossy color of the sugar and cinnamon sprinkled on my toast.

He has brought a message from our host. We are invited for cocktails before dinner . . .

Tuesday, Oct.—

There were little men outside our bedroom window this morning, each wearing a black turban and each with his hips wrapped in a length of plaid material that barely covered his shanks. Every man carried a large black umbrella though it wasn't raining.

The dining room has freshly-mown grass spread over the floor and smells marvelous! There is a delicate young girl named Maria who glides around the deeply carved table with a huge pitcher and whispers, "Leche."

There are four other guests here. A doctor and Mrs. Flowers and a couple named Frost—all Americans. Mrs. Frost warned us to lock our bedroom door because, unlike her, we have no husbands to protect us. Doctor Flowers had a choking spell. He told me later it was the bacon, not the fact that Mr. Frost is about five feet six and Mrs. Frost is built like a tackle for the Green Bay Packers.

Roberto said the little men in turbans are native priests who chase away the evil spirits. They carry the umbrellas because a missionary here once carried one. Roberto is a very handsome, well-educated young man who doesn't like working as a chauffeur for the agency where we rented the car. He doesn't approve of these people, but then he is proud of his pure Spanish blood, and although he flirts with all the girls, he is determined to marry a Spanish girl from Guatemala City. Her father owns land . . .

Wednesday, Oct.—

Emily and Mrs. Flowers spend hours at the only store in town while the doctor and I sit on the steps and play with the children. We listen to the souvenir hunters scour through the piles of matting in search of one more unusual thing for the neighbor of Mrs. Flower's third cousin who once brought her a statue of Abraham Lincoln from Springfield, Illinois, or for the man whose romantic letters wait for Emily at every major hotel, and the laughing children tug at the doctor's sleeve and catch the coins he tosses

CON'T.

to them. His favorite is a grubby little four-year-old with a bowl-shaped haircut and a vocabulary that seems to consist of four words, "Good, morning, five, cents," all run together into one. The doctor has the ability to wiggle his ears, his nose, and his grey mustache all at the same time, and Goodmorningfivecents loves to lean on his knee and stare at the mustache and wait for the single twitch that sends him into gales of laughter.

I have gained a shadow of my own. Paolo is thirteen, but his body is the size of an undernourished child of eight, and his wisdom is as old as the halo of clouds topping the volcano across the lake. Paolo tells me there will be a parade for the saints on Sunday and he hopes I will come to see the beautiful mask his brother has made. His brother is a very important person and wears white trousers every day. Mrs. Frost called me from across the street to warn me to watch my purse and Paolo vanished in the shadows.

Thursday, Oct.—

This has been a very frustrating day. Emily wanted sandals from the little shop where a man and his little boy cut and sew them by hand. While the anxious cobbler searched his stock a crowd of happy villagers gathered to admire the feet of the "Yankee Señoritas." Emily was handed the pair of sandals over and over so they could watch the tiny pieces of leather dangle from her toes. Later I found that it was my friend Paolo who advised the people to come and see the "Damn sure big feet." "Damn sure" is his favorite expression.

During the dinner hour tonight Mrs. Frost gave us one of her lectures on the ingratitude of pampered natives. It seems she tore one of those shirtwaist dresses her little dressmaker in Terre Haute does so reasonably, while she was dressing in the closet because her poor husband had one of his sinus headaches and couldn't leave the room. Because Mrs. Frost is a good Christian woman, and because the dress was torn right across the front, she gave it to Maria. Unfortunately, she saw it in the porter's mop when he was cleaning the patio. Mr. Frost said he wouldn't have had a sinus attack if they didn't cover the dining room floor with the grass every morning . . .

Friday, Oct.—

Mr. Drake is the owner of this inn which he calls a caravansary. He is from Australia and must have been a bartender because every time Mrs. Frost tells of how her pastor says she does more for the missionaries than all the rest of the Ladies Aid together, Mr. Drake mixes drinks for himself and Doctor Flowers and me. The doctor and I are practicing different ways to remind Mrs. Frost of missionaries . . .

Saturday, Oct.—

Across the lake is a small, white village, clinging to the side of the mountain and threatening to spill over like the tears on the cheeks of Goodmorningfivecents when the doctor refuses to wiggle his ears. The rain has washed the mountain more often than Goodmorningfivecents has washed his cheeks, and the streaks, like dried river beds, are as white as the village.

Today a man took us across the lake in his small boat and while Emily took pictures of the women at their looms I climbed up to meet Paolo's grandfather and we sat in the sun and drank something that turned my voice to a whisper. I have never been so honored.

We lunched at the foot of one of the tall waterfalls that drop like icicles down the sides of the mountain and form bathtubs for the families on their way to market. The shy mothers watched nervously when my grinning

CON'T.

Paolo abandoned their taffy babies in my lap.

The Frosts play a game they call "Count the children," and Roberto annoys me by playing along . . .

Sunday, Oct.—

We threaded our way through mounds of vegetables to the place where black smoke billowed from the burning balls of incense swung by the little native priests on the church steps. It seeped through the doors to join the acrid fumes of the candles within, caressed the awed faces, then turned from the whispers for help. Roberto chided a man for practicing two religions at the same time. The old gentleman, with great dignity asked, "If you walked in a dark jungle, surrounded by many unseen enemies, what would you rather have in your hand, one gun or two?"

On the way home I lost my temper and Roberto is sulking.

This afternoon we watched the parade. Two men ran ahead of each saint and set off charges of powder that shook the statues and caused the masked dancers to lose their tempo. A skinny little lion danced to me followed by a graceful demon with an enormous head, fangs, and an eighteen-inch tongue. I had the honor of meeting Paolo's very important brother. I would have recognized Luis' cinnamon toast ankles anywhere.

I cannot seem to fall asleep tonight. Is it because I am angry with Roberto or because I am angry with myself for saying to him what I should say to the Frosts of this world, and to the ministers who, with a missionary barrel, give the helpless a God they do not understand, or to the priests both inside and outside the church, who offer solace for the price of a ball of incense—or a candle? Perhaps I am feeling guilty for the many times I have heard the minorities in my own country ridiculed—and said nothing because the speakers were my friends. It is very painful to examine one's own soul under a microscope . . .

Monday, Oct.—

Everyone came to see us off this morning. Paolo, in his new white trousers with the cuffs turned up twice and the waistband in pleats around his skinny middle. shook my hand gravely and said I was one damn sure good lady, then watched the design his own toe was engraving in the dust. Doctor Flowers filled the grimy hands of Goodmorningfivecents with all the change he had left and wiggled his mustache and ears out of the car window long after the caravansary had disappeared from sight.

It was a long, silent ride to Guatemala City and we all went to bed early, but at twelve-thirty I was in a chair at the window of our room with my tenth cigarette parching my throat. I caught the phone on the first ring so it didn't waken Emily.

"I thought you wanted those trousers for a thirteen-year-old American boy," said Mrs. Flowers. "Why didn't you tell me they were for Paolo? Now the doctor won't come to bed."

"Great!" I said, "Tell the good, grey mustache to look out of his window, count the roofs and figure two Paolos and two Goodmorningfivecents per roof—it will be good for his soul."

★ ★ ★

PEOPLE WOULD BE BETTER OFF HATING THEMSELVES INSTEAD OF THEIR NEIGHBORS, FOR IMPROVING SOMEONE YOU REALLY KNOW IS EASIER THAN CHANGING A STRANGER

By BARBARA E. THOMPSON

PHOTO BY KERMIT LEE

THE WALL

I have always hated the wall. It is neither high nor low, not fat or thin. It has no doors or windows, no bars or locks. It is emptiness, but it is full. It is never seen, but I can always see it. And what hurts most of all, it is always there. In the beginning I did not see it, for it was as I was — small. I have tried to like it, oh, have I tried! I have flung myself against it time after time until the knives in my heart have twisted, and churned, and echoed through and through. I have always hated the wall. And I will always hate it because it will not cease, until I do.

By LYDIA OLIVER

In trying to be a non-conformist,
From these non-conformists
Running from the conformists
I find myself a conformist.

By CARL D. LENTZ

THE ROAD

Remember when we took a gamble and turned
Off the main road, into the other which dove into the pine thicket?

Hardly a road at all, I said, likely a dead-end,
And we'll have to turn back again.

But you insisted and we went on — ducking low
To miss the slapping branches.
I started to taunt you with my advice—
Stopped—

Seeing how you had flung all cares aside
And lay down on the pine needles
Made warmly fragrant by the sun.

I joined you there — where land and river
washed green and gold —
Through cobwebs made just lately wet with dew . . .
We slept carelessly with all other spring,
Trusting things, and bodies against the soil
Felt the tight land loosen with the rising water.
The day fast departing, we awoke to
find the earth
Turned shiver bare . . . I asked why we
Turned off the road in the first place —
And again you stopped me, saying,
It was good there, for awhile in the sun.

By MARY J. COBB

The Lonely, Forgotten Ones

White haired, wrinkled, backbone bent—
they sit,

Sometimes in the sun, some in the shade.
Basking in past memories and glories.
White skin, brown or black
It doesn't matter which — father time has paid them a call.
Chow time—those that can amble, shuffle and hobble to the table.

They see wheels zooming down that black ribbon —
and get the highway blues.

Some get the urge to be footloose.
Off they go, to the bright lights in the distance.

Keeper of House of Rest rounds them up.
Back to chair or bed they go —
Since mental babies they really are.

They bemoan the fact — when are my
children coming,

Some children come — others completely forget
To pay their due respect, that the Lord commanded thou shalt honor.

Pity those ancient souls sitting, walking alone,
Rambling to the friendly, empty atmosphere.
Children at heart we are, but remember — our appointed chair.

By JOHN BUDRESKI

IN

This room wasn't made for gloom;
Inside somewhere a light should be.
This chamber wasn't made for tears,
And it wasn't made for me.
This door wasn't meant to be bolted;
Trapped inside there's misery.

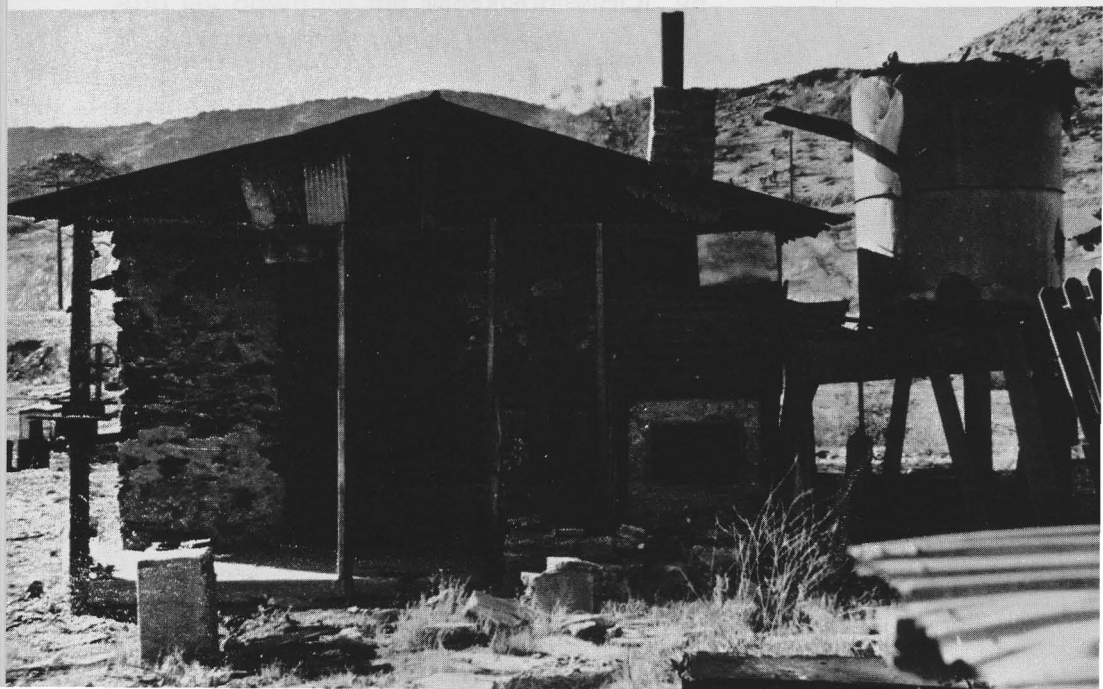
This room was made for laughter;
This den was made for men.
It wasn't made for caricatures—
It should be lighted not dim.
This room was made for love—
Won't someone please come in.

By RANDY HAWKINS

SAVE ONE

Funny how the house still stands
Though the gate be down.
The grass is overgrown
Windows broken by no one,
Unless his name be sorrow.
There is the tree
A remnant of the Eden garden
Taken over by weeds rebel roused
Choking all the flowers
Save one.
The windows that strength or aim
Failed to surrender
Reflect the sunlight shining brightly
Though all else is gone.
There is an echo
Where before I remember none.
Who gave him the right to rent
Or the power to make that which
I say sound hollow?
"Who be there?"
The answer is echoed
Room to room
Floor to floor

PHOTO BY DON SABAN



Wall to wall
The new tenant reiterates
"Who be there?"
The grass is dying
The cobbled path
Scarcely visible seeking to hide
His line from other eyes,
Save mine.
The house is decaying
Though perhaps not within.
The paint is dry and peeling
Shingles as guests have left
Been leaving, one by one.
Some windows broken, a few intact
Like others I know.
It has its destination
I my own.
Leaving I pass the garden
All flowers gone
Save one.
I put it in my palm
Fingers like a safe closed round.
I need its beauty far more than the ground
It would have died tomorrow anyway
Funny how the house still stands.

By RANDY HAWKINS

For The Sake Of A Line

For the sake of line,
Marry she did not.

There is a line, that divides his land
from your land.

There is a line of color, that divides his
people from yours.

There is the line of heredity, that divides
your ancestors from his.

But, what about LOVE she inquired.

For the sake of love the lines were drawn.

Oh, she utters and goes out to cry.

By ELIZABETH MENDEZ

A Guy Talks About Regis

By WILLARD ASHBY

Regis is the dumbest kid in the school and the ugliest. He's about six foot, I guess, and weighs one hundred and seventeen pounds. Can you imagine that? He says he's wiry.

Everyone knows Regis and no one likes him. How can you like a kid that stutters and has acne so bad that his earlobes are the only places that aren't broken out? He's so disliked that the other kids won't even pull practical jokes on him.

When he trips or does something else just as stupid nobody laughs, they just ignore it. Last week in Mrs. McGillicutty's class he sneezed so hard that his desk fell, spewing books and paper all over. We all looked at him and shook our heads.

I'll never forget the time Regis had to give a report in Civics class. He was going to give one called "Ancient Greece speaks to modern America," or something like that, but he began stuttering so bad he had to leave the room. Mr. Washburn, our teacher, gave him a zero and told him he expected better things next time. That's a laugh. Regis can't do anything right and he doesn't deserve any better. He never helps himself.

The other day I found his notebook in the cafeteria. It was full of a bunch of writings, poetry I think. If it was poetry, it was pretty bad. He had written things like, "Ice-cream bars are for happy people, mine melted yesterday" and "Dreams are for nobodies, I guess I'll keep on dreaming." What kind of junk is that?

If only Regis would do something about his pimples and quit stuttering, and put on some weight and stop writing that junk all the time, he'd be a lot better off.

Personally I think Regis is worse than that nigger kid Willard. At least Willard can talk without stuttering even though he never pronounces s's.

I'll tell you one thing, Regis is really a clown and I don't feel sorry for him even when he cries.

Hey, here comes Regis now. Look at the way he walks, it makes you sick . . .

Let Me Prove That I Am Worth It

Monotony
Days are the same
My mind and head are pounding with
worries, problems, troubles,
there must be an escape,
maybe even — for a little while.
I want to be alone,
there is no privacy
space is too crowded,
days are too short-to do
to live,
to love.
The most beautiful moments never last long enough—
like forever,
Only the sad times seem to linger much longer than necessary.
Joy — Suffering
The hard times and easy ones just come together,
that's all.
It is sad to see a person of perhaps eighteen, drained of
youth,
pep,
and enthusiasm.
or
to see an older person remain immature too long,
both regressing into their own dark canyons of their minds.
But I can't give up hope, yet,
The beautiful things nature has to offer are still here,
even though
side by side with
monotony-complications.

See the tiny white daisies in clusters of threes along a mountain's dirt road path on a warm day.
See the baby boy of two listen to Rod McKuen's "A Cat Named Sloopy," and hear him ask, "Did the kitty run away, is the man sad?"
Yes, see, but can I touch?

Were these two good eyes, hands, ears, feet, and this mouth worth giving to me,
one who seems so ungrateful?

Let me prove that I am worth it.

By DEBBIE WRZESINSKI

HELL AND HIGH WATER

By STEW CHANDLER

The Georgia rain beat down viciously as a tired, mud-soaked patrol sloshed its way homeward. The commanding officer, a shabby, weather-beaten lieutenant, led the way. The war had been going on for three years now, he thought, and it made its toll on the South. With Union troops destroying everything in sight there was little left to return home to. He ambled along, lost in his thoughts. He didn't even hear the first shell as it exploded nearby, tossing him into the brush. Nor did he hear the exploding shells which followed.

When he regained consciousness all was quiet. He had no recollection of what had happened. His head throbbed unbearably and blood from a deep cut on his forehead flowed down his face. He wiped it from his eyes, trying to clear his blurred vision. He attempted to rise, but a hand held him down.

"Better not move, lieutenant," drawled a voice, "Woods fulla Yanks."

The lieutenant stared into the blurred face of . . . Vance Mason? . . . A vivid picture flashed into the lieutenant's mind. Two young boys crept along a river bank, secretly planning their raid on the unsuspecting settlement. Then they would flee in their swift pirate ship to their secret hideout. There they would swear their undying allegiance. Come hell or high water they vowed to help each other if needed . . . But that was a long time ago. It had been over five years since Vance had gone away to school. It sure was good to see him again, but how had . . .? He started to speak, but Vance silenced him. The woods were full of Yankees, and they weren't taking any prisoners.

From then on the lieutenant remembered little of what happened. He was unconscious most of the time, barely aware of Vance's efforts to drag him through the Union filled woods. During a brief rest the lieutenant regained consciousness again. Vance was leaning against a nearby tree. He started to say something when rifle fire broke out less than three hundred yards away. A big Yank suddenly broke into their clearing, and Vance knocked him to the ground. Whatever happened after that the lieutenant didn't remember because he blacked out again.

When the lieutenant awoke, he was in a Confederate field hospital. Standing beside his bed was a tired doctor and a Con-

CON'T.

federate captain. The sudden realization of safety struck him. But where was Vance?

"What . . . what . . . happened to the soldier . . . with me?" mumbled the lieutenant. "Vance . . . where's Vance?"

"Except for a dead Yankee, you were alone when we found you," replied the captain.

Before the lieutenant could reply, the tent flap opened and in walked Colonel James R. Mason, Vance's father. He walked briskly to the lieutenant's bed and leaned over. A tired but proud face looked down upon the lieutenant and a soft voice said, "How you doin', Jeb? You sure were lucky to get through all those Yankees, considerin' the condition you were in."

"But, sir . . ." stammered the lieutenant, "Vance helped me. Didn't you find him?"

The colonel's face suddenly lost its warm expression, and a startled then puzzled look appeared. "I'm sorry, Jeb," replied the Colonel, "but it couldn't have been Vance who helped you. During a charge at Shiloh last year he was killed . . ."

★ ★ ★

The numbers on the door aren't as high as they used to be.
The stars in the sky aren't as true as I used to see.
The grass isn't as thick where I used to run
And the place now seems dead under a dying sun.
Swings were once a trip to the moon
And chairs, a place to play.
All of these have gone too soon,
Gone to the child of yesterday.
Remember the shouting, scrambling madness of it all?
We once did what others now do for us.
They pass the notes, play the games and see the wonders we
once saw,
While we just work and eat and bus.
The glow that's dimmed before our eyes
Will to other children bring
Light for life and butterflies
Enough to make the angels sing.

Oh, where did it go
That life of mine,
Where I laughed and played
And loved and lived a life I didn't know,
And didn't care about.

By DAVID WINTERMUTE

PLATO'S SYMPOSIUM

By STEVE NELSON

I sense an apparent lapse between literary ideals or those which we verbally praise (like "love thy neighbor as thyself") and popular machine-like dictates of psychological "truths" which attempt to invoke social approval by categorization of individual feelings (which, if what we say is moral or good, must be immoral) which in turn must surely give rise to cold dissociation. Such diverse ideas are indeed hypocrisy. For we scream, "Love us, brothers!," but don't come too near while you do. I find little humanity where humanity ought to be.

Humanity is what I consider to be a result of Socrates' ultimate good, whether on a one-to-one basis or a larger basis. If we could extract the essence of SYMPOSIUM and recognize it as humanity, the product would be more than sterile intellectual association. A situation would arise whereby we were reunited with our other halves. And this must be, for me, the truth which is beauty (which is not attained as a result of satisfaction with all things—perfection is, of necessity, reserved for God in his heaven, because worldly complacency is apathy and self-defeating).

Because we have collective notions, and we are socially unwilling to formulate individual notions about ourselves and those whom we love, we remain unwhole like a dynamic neon sign with a dead tube. But, neon signs may be made whole. And those who find themselves "lost in an amazement of friendship and intimacy" know how to make unwhole whole. Drawing from Plato, those who have a more complete knowledge of each other are capable of communicating wisdom and virtue, "one (friend) giving, the other seeking to acquire them with a view to education and wisdom." "Wisdom **is** the principal thing: **therefore** get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding." (Proverbs 4:7)

COBWEBS

Cobwebs in the parlor are superficial
Like fireflies in the big city
Their beauty is wasted
Why he continues to haunt my ceiling
I'll never know
I tear them down one day
Yet like uninvited guests
They reappear
Sanguine persons frown on the beauty
Of cobwebs
I weep a tear for the spider
For each strand I pull
From his genius
I've given him the attic
Like an artist gone wild
He wove tapestries to and fro
All across the ceiling

PHOTO BY TIM BATEMAN

He started then on the floor
I've a carpet in my attic
It's the envy of angels
Though I've given him a kingdom
He asks for two
But there are rules and decor
His genius is but vagary
On my parlor ceiling
For I've been told
Though his work be done
In complete compliance
With my own decorations
He does not belong
All that I am to understand
Beauty is what pleases the eye
I prefer my attic
There are those who prefer my parlor
The answer must lie somewhere therein
For all the unanswered questions

By RANDY HAWKINS

GALLERIES

A summer storm resumes
and roaring rain chases children off the sidewalks
and me through a familiar portal.

The hallowed halls, strangely empty,
echo my steps and the cathedral solemnity;
but as I reverently sit in antique-brocaded elegance,
an awesome hush drifts over the marble floors and settles there.

Soon the sepulchral stillness is disturbed
by stirrings around,
and the curious calm of casual culture is attacked
by fiery Spanish passion and reproached by Dutch gloom.
Creatures of marble and bronze scorn their aristocratic prison
and long for the cluttered intimacy of an earlier home.

Finally the artist's will dominates;
electric charges of feeling, too much to absorb, overwhelm,
and I retreat hurriedly,
to return when earnest crowds allay the ghosts.

By RAYMOND J. DeCABOOTER

DOG

By JAMES O. MILTON

The following is applicable to a boy, Tim, and his dog, Big Boy.

The boy is eleven years and the dog is fourteen months. They are more than boy and dog. They are friend and buddy. There is an affinity of feeling to their relationship that is not obtainable from any other sources on our planet. There is very little demanding and a great amount of giving. The best part of many parts is that it is all so innocent, truthfully naive, and honestly sincere. Very few words need be said between them. It is an atmosphere that surounds them in a spirit cloud of harmony that cannot be store-bought or forcefully created. It comes so spontaneously naturally. It tugs at your heart because you know that nothing lasts forever.

Such wondrous worlds for them to visit in the small, square footage of their physical existence. A stick or ball becomes an animate object between them and will sustain the rapport for an indeterminate interval in time. Boy was created to throw and dog produced to fetch. Each relishing his part in the game. Both knowing that this is only one of a thousand things to do this day. Many things will be left undone. But who worries about it. When you are eleven years old, there is always tomorrow and the dog in his way knows that the boy is forever.

If other boys should gather with the eleven year old, the dog enters into the communion just like one of the fellows. He is an integral part and thoroughly loves it. The noise, dust, shouts, and squeals deafen the eardrums and swell the hearts but no medical problem is created. The only concern is one of storage. Where to tuck all of this away for recall at the far distant infinity of time when life is not so pleasant or so vividly growing.

All living things have a time to die. This unalterable principle is applicable even to dogs. They simply do not live forever. This is bad but it is good. Paradoxical but true. When the dog dies, the boy grows. Hard but factual. The boy must be prepared for this, and he will be a better man because he has been a good boy. Best part is that there will always be puppies to grow into buddies of boys.

K. R.

Blank people,
Afraid to be.
Buried and lost, Dying
In the crowd.

Blank people
Afraid to laugh.
Dried and cracked, Old
In the green.

Blank people,
Afraid to love.
Black and wet, Sad
In the sun.

Blank people,
Afraid.
Just like me.

By R. PAKULA

The Chocolate Gangster

By GARY SIMPSON

Albie, the collegian (who usually ate out of vending machines anyway; it reminded him of his Mother's cooking) put a dime into the hot coffee/chocolate machine and nothing happened.

A tingle went down his spine to his toes. "You took my dime," he said between clenched teeth. He doubled his fist and hit the machine.

"Ouch!"

"What?" said Albie.

"I said, 'Ouch,' " said the machine, "because that hurt. If you hit me again, I'll give you 110 of the hottest volts you'll ever feel."

"You've got to be kidding," said Albie, bending closer to look for hidden speakers and other gimmicks. "Machines can't talk." He was standing right next to the coin slot and a sudden vacuum pulled his tie (He was making a speech in speech next hour and wanted to look snappy. Oh, the Panhellenic way!) in up to a couple of inches from the knot. It was Albie's Greek tie, the only non-clip-on he owned; a green and gold stripe, tied in a windsor. His neck hurt. "Leggo, dammit!" He gave the machine a sharp punch in the selecto-buttons and, grabbing the coin release lever shoved violently. Instantly a burst of electrical current surged through him, leaving him partially leaning against the machine and partially hanging by his necktie.

Two girls walked by. "Look at the freak," one said.

Albie straightened up into a crouching position looking the machine right in the "Use Quarters, Dimes or Nickels" sign. "Look," he said. "What do you want?"

"A dollar."

"Huh?"

"I said, A dollar.' "

"What for?"

"So I'll let you go," it said.

"No," said Albie. "I mean, what are you going to do with a dollar? You can't go anywhere to spend it." Albie was a Philosophy minor and hip to this. "And anyway, the man that takes care of you will just pocket it when he—"

"That's my business," the machine broke in. "Now are you gonna come across or do I have to get tough with you?"

"I haven't got a dollar," he said weakly. Hot coffee (no cream, two sugars; the worst kind.) started trickling down his tie, into his shirt, against his skin. "Ahhhahh!"

"Look, punk," said the machine. "You're standing in a puddle of coffee, right?" Albie looked down at his feet and looked up, nodding. "So one more jolt like the first one, kid, and it's Big Casino for you." The machine made a noise that Albie presumed to be an electric chuckle.

"No," he pleaded. "Look, I haven't got any money on me. That was

CON'T.

my last dime, honest. I'll show you." He went for his hip pocket. (He had a straight one, too, but that's something else.).

"Watch it," the machine hissed. "The last guy what pulled scissors on me they found face down in the pressure cooker, poached to death."

"No," begged Albie. "I was just going to show you my wallet." Slowly, so as not to incite the machine, he reached back and produced his billfold. "See," he said. "Nothing. If I had any money, do you think I'd eat here?"

"Let's not get personal about this," said the machine.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean anything."

"You think it's all roses being a machine, don't you?"

"No, honest. I'm sure it's very difficult. In fact—"

"Shaddup, punk."

People walked by, pretending not to look.

"Hold it up to my window," it said. Nothing here. I.D., draft card (II-S), a couple of photos, an Omnicharge credit card. "Is this Omnicharge good," it demanded. Albie said it was and asked why it wanted to know.

"I take 78 different credit cards," the machine said with audible pride. "Slide it in the wide slot and make it snappy." Moments later, a multi-copy receipt fell into the slot where the coffee cup would normally appear. His card's impression was stamped on it. The bill was marked as ten dollars. "Sign it," the machine ordered.

"Ten dollars? Are you kidding," said Albie, totally forgetting his position. "That's robbery!" Albie started shouting for help. "Oooahargh!" Hot coffee spurted down his chest.

"That could have just as easily have been 110 volts. Sign it."

Albie signed it, and, following directions, put it back in the slot and retrieved his card from behind the plexiglass window where the cups fell to be filled. "One more thing, kid," it said. "It's nice doing business with such a clean-cut young man. I can't stand them hippies.

"It's almost a shame," it continued, "that I'm gonna have to bump you off to keep you from ratting."

Albie shrieked and still hanging by his neck, jumped up, putting both feet flat against the machine's face and strained against the tie, shoving for all he was worth. His fraternity stripe, sodden with coffee, came apart, and Albie did a half somersault backwards before he righted himself.

The machine frothed coffee, chocolate and cream; quaking and making loud buzzing noises. Albie kicked it, hard. Sugar started spewing out of the "change here" slot . . . Albie crawled around back and with one quick motion, unplugged it.

The machine stopped.

Albie ran and got a janitor who, using janitor's keys, opened it up to reveal very normal, machine-type guts. "Is this your tie?" "Yeah, that's my tie." The custodian put an "Out-of-Order" sign over the coin slot.

This could have been the end, but soon disquieting reports reached the Dean's office concerning college property. Someone had been jamming slugs and all manner of objects into campus vending machines and someone had gotten absolutely gross with a coin changer in one of the campus laundries . . .

BACKYARD DREAMS

The pigeons next door "coo"
In nestled content, or strut
And make fluttering noises
While a grey-haired, green-eyed Feline
Snuggles down in the grass
On our side of the fence.

She contemplates the feathered commotion
And seems to envision more
Than pigeon "coos."
If only there wasn't a dog next door, too,
Whose throaty alarm brings out the boy
To shout, "Hey, Cat, damn you!"

So now she crouches comfortably
Perking her ears attentively,
Eyeing the brick barricade
As though any minute it would
Divide like the Red Sea and
Reveal the glory and reward
Of backyard dreams.

But when the sun warms too well
And the pigeon "coos"
Sound more like lullabies,
The grey-haired, green-eyed Feline
Unwinds in fluid four-legged Yoga
And pads her way softly inside,
Leaving her backyard dreams
For tomorrow.

By CRYSTAL WILLIAMS