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# *Manuscript*

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Manuscript

THE HISTORY OF THE

OF

WINE

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<b>Ambush</b> by Anne Aimetti .....	4
<b>Family Of Man</b> by Neil Brown .....	4
<b>Elegy On Race</b> by Michael R. Hamilton .....	5
<b>Infinite Grey</b> by Anne Aimetti .....	6
<b>Nowhere</b> by Bonita Rensa .....	6
<b>The Sleepy-Time God</b> by Anne Aimetti .....	7
<b>White</b> by Lorraine Yamrus .....	7
<b>Five Haiku Of Winter</b> by Carol Sadlucki .....	8
<b>Life To Some Is Hateful</b> by Michael R. Hamilton .....	8
<b>O Switzerland</b> by Edward McGinnis .....	9
<b>Rough-Hewn Night</b> by Matt Fliss .....	9
<b>Proximity</b> by Anne Aimetti .....	10
<b>The Pot And The Rainbow</b> by Michael R. Hamilton .....	11
<b>To My Daughter, Tara, Who Is Four</b> by Carol Sadlucki .....	12
<b>For Whom?</b> by Cecelia R. Rosen .....	13
<b>Crooked Top</b> by Cecelia R. Rosen .....	13
<b>The Old Couple</b> by Anne Aimetti .....	14
<b>The Morning Does Exist</b> by Cecelia R. Rosen .....	15
<b>Splinter</b> by Cecelia R. Rosen .....	15
<b>Protest ii</b> by Cecelia R. Rosen .....	16
<b>On Reading Bonhoeffer, Tillich, Altizer And Other New Theologians</b> by Matt Fliss .....	16
<b>The First Step</b> by Carol Zarenski .....	17
<b>Water</b> by Steve Gliboff .....	17
<b>The Surprise Visit For The Lieutenant</b> by Anne Aimetti .....	18
<b>Born</b> by Matt Fliss .....	18
<b>In November</b> by Anthony C. Orsi .....	19
<b>Summer Sonnet</b> by Anne Aimetti .....	20
<b>The Empty Room</b> by Anne Aimetti .....	21
<b>Whimper</b> by Edward McGinnis .....	22
<b>October's Eve</b> by Bonita Rensa .....	23
<b>The Joseph Coat</b> by Anne Aimetti .....	24
<b>In His Own Words How Michael Martin-o Spent His Seventh Birthday</b> by Carol Sadlucki .....	25
<b>The Anthropomorphines</b> by Anne Aimetti .....	27
<b>No. 4</b> by Anne Aimetti .....	28
<b>Dandelions And Dreams</b> by Paul Williams .....	28
<b>The Strawberry Patch</b> by Anne Aimetti .....	29

<b>Cinderella Days</b> by Paul Williams .....	29
<b>... For Such A Thing</b> by Anthony C. Orsi .....	30
<b>Very Black Coffee</b> by Steve Gliboff .....	30
<b>Yellow-Ribbed Morning</b> by Matt Fliss .....	31
<b>Love</b> by Steve Gliboff .....	31
<b>Until The Crack Or Dawn</b> by A. Jane .....	32
<b>Steve And Stella</b> by Paul Williams .....	33
<b>Zebra Ice Cream</b> by Steve Gliboff .....	33
<b>Gone</b> by Walt Orzechowski .....	34
<b>Could It Have Been That?</b> by Steve Gliboff .....	34
<b>Yellow Bridges</b> by Steve Gliboff .....	35
<b>Escape</b> by Carol Zarenski .....	35
<b>The Credibility Gap</b> by Anthony C. Orsi .....	36
<b>Green Potato Chips</b> by Steve Gliboff .....	36
<b>Hurry — Hurry — Hurry</b> by Steve Gliboff .....	37
<b>On Uninhibited Concentration</b> by Neil Brown .....	37
<b>Tuesday: 3:45 P. M.</b> by Steve Gliboff .....	38
<b>Snow's Fall</b> by Bonita Rensa .....	38
<b>Conversation Between A Girl With Yellow Hair And A Soldier Who Smoked A Cigar</b> by Martin J. Naparsteck .....	39
<b>Airplane</b> by Patricia Srna .....	42
<b>Vietnam</b> by Patricia Srna .....	43
<b>A Beggar</b> by Martin J. Naparsteck .....	45
<b>Thoughts (Unrelated To Each Other)</b> by Steve Gliboff .....	47
<b>"God Save The King"</b> by Anne Aimetti .....	48
<b>Corvus Brachyrhynchos</b> by Richard T. Carey .....	51
<b>Sensitivity</b> by Karen Kammerer .....	56
<b>These Hands</b> by Edward McGinnis .....	59
<b>February Image</b> by Clark Bromfield .....	60
<b>The Square At 5:35 P. M.</b> by Clark Bromfield .....	62
<b>The Sound Of Drums And Other Things</b> by Clark Bromfield ...	64
<b>Oliver Goodman</b> (Author Unknown) .....	66
<b>Properness</b> (Author Unknown) .....	67
<b>Addendum Page . . .</b>	
<b>The Physics Test</b> by Rick Bigelow .....	68

*Cover Photograph by Tom Marino*

# AMBUSH

by ANNE AIMETTI

The ambush spake in fiery rage  
Of wrath: mountain-side bleeding hot  
Red lava-blood flowed down to sea.  
Beard flapping in the wind, the sage -  
Brush spilled seeds from here to whatnot,  
Saving the crop from blight by tree.

# FAMILY OF MAN

by NEIL BROWN

Family of man, call the doctor —  
Baby is sick.  
She threw up her milk —  
Call the doctor.  
While you're at it call the morgue —  
Grandfather died in his sleep.  
He's cold.  
Family of man, it's not your day.  
Mommy and Daddy had a fight,  
The electric company's turned off the light,  
The summer wheat's been burned in spite,  
Lyndon Johnson's declared war on sight;  
Oh, Family of Man, it's just not your day;  
Go to bed, plug in tomorrow —  
See what it brings.



# ELEGY ON RACE

by MICHAEL R. HAMILTON

There he goes,  
Picking a fight,  
Five hundred to one . . .  
It's okay, he's white.

Blond hair, blue eyes,  
Looks like he's Aryan,  
And burdened down  
With that ego he's carryin'.

There goes a Jew,  
He's loaded with money.  
Is that maybe why  
The Goys call him "Honey?"

Look there, he's colored,  
It shows in his face.  
Why doesn't he put  
The whites in their place?

Puerto Ricans moving  
Onto the block.  
Now try not to show  
Your culture shock.

Races and places,  
A lesson and a mos,  
Property values drop  
No matter who moves close.

# INFINITE GREY

by ANNE AIMETTI

The slap-stick antics of the waves  
Tickle the barnacled bellies of ships.  
The long-faced shore stares  
Wide-eyed — not even blinking  
When birds scurry across its forehead.  
The waves eternally laughing;  
The shore eternally somber.  
The echo lives for a moment  
Then is swallowed up by the mouthpieces of silence —  
The pink-edged, ear-shaped shells.

# NOWHERE

by BONITA RENZA

Infinity — endless — half a stick,  
E'en for gods t'is quite a trick  
To create something with no end  
But ever lurking round the bend;  
And when we round that corner run,  
Find our race again begun.

But who devised infinity  
If not man's ingenuity.  
He, in his composite mind  
Must have everything defined;  
For e'en when there's nothing there,  
Man will say, — "T'is filled with air."

All in all must bounded be,  
So man surveyed eternity  
And round it drew his limitless lines  
Of past — present — future times.

# THE SLEEPY-TIME GOD

by ANNE AIMETTI

Perhaps today is the day God will shave off His beard, will put on His sunglasses, and will be led into Yankee Stadium by a golden dog.

Perhaps today is the day God will hand back the keys and will close the door between man and Him forever.

Perhaps He is tired of one half going to bed hungry and the other half getting up in the middle of the night with indigestion.

Perhaps He is tired of the lack of communications between man and man, between man and woman, and between almost everyone and Him.

Perhaps God is tired of sacrifices that do not burn, of hearts that do not love, of images that have no shadows.

Perhaps He is tired of opening His biography and finding the note His two-faced followers left him saying, "You are dead."

Perhaps He is tired of clocks without hands, of ships without sails, of men without faith.

Perhaps God is just tired of being God because men are simply tired of being men.

# WHITE

by LORRAINE YAMRUS

White crocus breaks through;  
Hard soil softens at its touch;  
Spring snow kisses both.

# Five Haiku of Winter

by CAROL SADLUCKI

Rain of crystal hail  
Stabs the ground like silver spears  
Shooting from the skies.

Snow buries the earth  
In an icy sepulchre  
Of fatal silence.

Grotesque tree branches  
Caress the frigid air with  
Skeletal fingers.

A rabbit scurries  
Into the warmth of his hole,  
Leaving snowy tracks.

Wind like frozen breath  
Sweeps across the sleeping earth,  
Screaming a Death song.

# Life To Some Is Hateful

by MICHAEL R. HAMILTON

Life to some is hateful,  
This thought strikes me as weird;  
Receiving joy from existence  
Is nothing to be feared.

# O Switzerland

by EDWARD McGINNIS

O Switzerland, how can you know?  
An unborn child  
in the company of ancient men  
already speaking out  
against a way of life  
so different from your own.

O Switzerland, how can you know?  
Your alpine womb  
protects enough for you  
to defy the harsh realities of life  
and live, exist  
in a world not yet alive.

In time,  
when the wind and rain  
erode the Alps  
and you are borne into our world  
we shall see if purity is possible.

# Rough-Hewn Night

by MATT FLISS

Rough-hewn night  
with last bars of iron moonlight  
cast through trees.

Comes the golden saw-toothed dawn  
And barbed sun in cake of clouds  
iced by November's breath  
slipped under night's great doors.

Cleft me the night, oh, sun,  
And I will be born again  
through its crack.

# Proximity

by ANNE AIMETTI

No wind; grey, all grey —  
Pencilled trees traced on the slate-board sky,  
Ashes stir in the footpath as a cloud slips by:  
Let me run free — like sidewalk-streams to puddles  
And back again.

No sun; grey, all grey —  
Fitted softly, warmly, gently into your being —  
Bodies were made to be conjugated:  
Free lines running nowhere — leading to Infinity  
And back again.

No rain; grey, all grey —  
Veil spun from river-mist kissed-by-fog  
Draped around the face of the sun:  
Tear-washed windows make it seem like rain-in-fall  
And back again.

No change; grey, all grey —  
No dimensions or shadows or colors — like a negative  
Of snow. One bird rasps, one rat scurries,  
One river slides by motionless, one tree waits, I turn  
And back again.

# The Pot and The Rainbow

by MICHAEL R. HAMILTON

A broiling sun, scorching the land,  
Followed by storm-laden cloud;  
And all which was brought to life  
Below, soon rested in the land of the shroud.  
Time, then as always, crept its pace  
On by, as man scurried onto the scene;  
And quickly sheltered his mortality  
From nature, civilization being his screen.

His soul possessed by an aching for peace,  
He built a world to suit his taste;  
And did not stop to remember  
The past, so desperate was his haste.  
Then at long last, he finished his work,  
And marveled at the things he had built;  
Then vainly he attempted to recall  
What had been, and remembered nature with guilt.

No impressions of hardships too difficult  
To bear, remain upon his mind;  
Instead are thoughts of those days  
Few, when the world had seemed to be kind.  
Now man is futilely chastizing himself,  
As his soul is tortured by a man-made void;  
He fails to see the good around him,  
As he searches for the Eden he believes he destroyed.

# To My Daughter, Tara, Who Is Four

by CAROL SADLUCKI

Your long, wind-tossed hair is like a tangle of cornsilk as you run through the spring fields and toward my out-stretched arms. In your skyblue pinafore you come toward me like a solitary swimmer in a sea of waving green grass, your childish voice carrying on a current of air as you call my name.

"Mama! Mama!" The two words are gently wafted to me like a windsong that once I sang to my own mother in these very fields, but so long ago that I remember it only as a haze that steadily dims. "Mama, look at my pretty flower," you call delightedly as you raise your hand above your head that I may see the purple cornflower which you hold.

Already you are in my arms, and I hug you closely. Your china-smooth cheek is pressed against mine, and the glossy threads of your hair blow caressingly across my face.

"Show me your pretty flower, Tara," I whisper in your ear, tickling you with my breath. You laugh pleasantly and kiss me quickly upon the cheek.

Then you withdraw and hold forth the purple cornflower, which is now pitifully crushed because of our brief embrace. You say, "Smell it, Mama," and you thrust it beneath my nose. I smell the dewy fragrance that is seeping out with the life of the flower. It permeates the grassy sea around us.

You are happy that your offering pleases me, for your joy is reflected in your emerald eyes — those eyes like two huge clover leaves in a patch of fresh crystal snow. Suddenly you thrust out your arm and then into my hair you stick the poor cornflower, which drips its petals like blood in my long tresses.

You smile again, showing your babyish teeth. "I love you, Mama," are your simple words, but they sound and resound in my mind and heart and in the millions of galaxies.

"I love you, too, my little Love," I answer. Once more I kiss you and then I take your small hand in mine, and together we walk home through the sunlit fields.



## For WHOM?

by CECILIA R. ROSEN

For Love What is.  
The red robber's scarf  
That glows with  
The vanished puff of crystal —  
Taken from an elf.  
Exposed by  
The green boots that hurt.  
Leaving deep impression  
In the autumn loam.  
Laughter in the mist.  
Sands of futility  
Covering the red scarf  
Hanging on the Judas Tree.

## CROOKED TOP

by CECILIA R. ROSEN

Special top, spinning now  
Who pushed you? Gave you a start?  
All those little colors —  
One pulsating beat  
That every now and . . .  
When it stops to catch  
Glittery stuff —  
But misses and gets dizzy.

World, bumping now —  
Who started you?  
Gave that fatal push?  
All those little blurs  
Smear'd but breathing.  
You think he's played enough now?  
Stop — Your Top.  
Whirl again.  
But after the calm.

Please —

I want to see each color.

# The Old Couple

by ANNE AIMETTI

## I

The corncob ship followed by thousands of fish  
Heaved and coughed across the ocean:  
When Anna grew pale with seasickness Walter  
Held her hand and whispered close to her ear;  
When Walter grew stiff with stilted legs Anna  
Held his hand and lip-brushed his waxy cheeks.  
Finally holding hands, they wept beneath the lady's skirts.

## II

Anna grew fat bearing many dough-faced babies with blue eyes;  
Walter grew fat drinking cheap beer and eating boiled potatoes.  
Sometimes the children came between the handholding,  
Sometimes money or coal, sometimes nothing but the air.  
On hot-cramped nights when Anna and Walter tossed  
Separately, by instinct they found fingertips  
And it was born and reborn again and again.

## III

The children grew tall, and left. The hand-holding  
Again made them one against new strangeness.  
Now after lunch (till before supper) a crisp nurse  
Wheels them to a glassy sterile porch to sit and wait.  
Fumbling, groping (for one is blind, one palsied),  
They scrape their knuckles on the rubber wheels  
And then warmly melt together in the hands.

# THE MORNING DOES EXIST

by CECELIA R. ROSEN

In the early morning's frozen stare  
Crystalized by frosted grass  
The crunch of sleepy footsteps  
Harmonizing to the re-echoing  
Of the symphony of shiny automation  
Fills the void  
That blank faces Still half-shut eyes  
Create.

If you can stare into the bustling  
Hour and maybe even blink  
You might see something  
Besides  
The cold wind upon your face.

## SPLINTER

by CECELIA R. ROSEN

The soft grain of wood looks blurred at a distance.  
But. Touch it and You know it.  
And sometimes — Man blowing his sand grinder  
Misses.  
You can get a splinter.  
A small pain-nuisance. You can FEEL.  
You know it truly.

Revenge of the dying once shady thing.  
The pain is.  
An ax gnaws and chews and spits  
Bits of inside . . .

What is the Pain?  
A tiny splinter?  
Just a little bitsy-nuisance thing  
Caught. Trapped in the skin.  
Vengeance sayeth the Lord.  
What? What was that you said?

## PROTEST ii

by CECELIA R. ROSEN

Tread softly so the echoing  
Whisper of voices calling  
Can be heard above  
The dint of crunching earth.

Listen. Tiptoeing  
To touch to the correct nerve  
The silent hymn  
Blaring to morning's discordant symphony.

Wear sneakers if you must.  
To muffle the tears and whimpering  
Of the dying earth.  
Listen, listen. Do you hear?  
There are other noises besides guns.

## On reading Bonhoeffer, Tillich, Altizer and other new theologians

by MATT FLISS

Penetrate the heard and find a single space  
where there is silence and  
You will know the meaning of the Heard.

Permeate the word and find a single time  
in the center of the O where there is nothing  
But I am, and  
You will know the meaning of the word.

For if I am, all others are to me —  
Yet just at when I am, I am no more.

Greater love hath no man than he lay down his  
life for others.  
To be a doughnut means to have a hole;  
To be a man means to have a soul.

## THE FIRST STEP

by CAROL ZARENSKI

*"I saw a shadow touch a shadow's hand  
On Bleeker street"*

Paul Simon

Mourn, men, mourn  
    your shadow — being,  
Your substance — failing  
And non-straight standing  
    and tall.

Mourn the creation of any man  
    at all  
Who cannot shed his own  
But must be a shed — thing.  
Mourn the failure of men to be men  
And their bending and yeilding  
    to the curves and points  
Of every shadowed surface.

But rejoice! Sing loud  
And send hope through the land  
That at least one non-man  
Has touched another's hand.

## WATER

by STEVE GLIBOFF

Water, water everywhere —  
And pots to fill,  
Fill them up.  
Fill them up.  
We're being drowned,  
The water is coming through the cracks.  
Fill those buckets.  
Fill them fast.  
And then dump them out again.

## The Surprise Visit For The Lieutenant

by ANNE AIMETTI

"Somewhere your life has run away with all the booty  
And I am left holding fragments of what once held you together.  
When They told me your whole left side was a bloody mess  
All I said was 'Thank God he is right-handed.'  
Now, there is neither side. Now, there is almost nothing.  
Just holes in the ground, but none in the sky.  
When I go back home I will follow the lines of your shadow  
Frozen in the face of the snowman — dressed in  
Your old green scarf and silly college hat — that the boy  
Was building. It is good that spring melts snow.  
The side of me that no one else loved or even knew  
Will continue to live by sheer habit and your  
Touch gone cold, the comfortless sheets and mothball-  
Memories of your once-new uniform.  
I am folding myself—like an Origami bird —  
But there is no paper wind to carry me to the paper moon.  
It's funny: it was to be a surprise —  
I had just come to say 'I love you'  
Bearing kisses and a basket of fruit.  
But instead,  
I guess, I will have to say 'good-bye'  
And attend to sober young soldiers who are turning around  
your boots."

## BORN

by MATT FLISS

I am  
Born through the crack of dawn  
a man  
sucking at mountain's stony breasts  
whose thousand arteries course light with leaf  
and wind and blood-red rises a round sun.

# IN NOVEMBER

by ANTHONY C. ORSI

Long light shadows of trees, fingers  
In November's afternoon, stretch out;  
Sun low and hazed,  
Sky puffy with the damp grey wool of knotty clouds;  
Air intimate with our own breath and  
draping our senses with seclusion:

With these the good hours of November's afternoon  
massage the mind,  
fingers pushing kinks of this world's  
lunacy to the edge of the tongue.  
We talk as we sit or as we walk,  
the lunacy diminishes  
the glazed exterior dissolves  
This world's culture is made sufferable by discourse.

Out of separation we grow to know the other better;  
The greyiness of November washes our cores clean  
of trivia's grease.

To understand — difficult.

To be confused — inevitable.

To talk is to glimpse the meaning  
of the vision:

A sight of peace in the sky  
of November's afternoon.

Tranquil

Thoughtful

Christ's powerful teaching  
of Love

(but we have failed His course.)

Into the grey of the strange middle-distance  
fades the chrysanthemum vision;  
we are grateful for the sight.

We glimpse, we feel, we talk.  
    We begin to walk,  
Resume our cogitations of beauty  
    and art.  
Back to this world's lunacy,  
    debauchery;  
Back — a fitting word: a regression indeed —  
back we walk, holding fingers  
of the fading sight.  
The sun is down, light obscure  
    in the world as we go  
back, always back.

## SUMMER SONNET

by ANNE AIMETTI

Fresh daisies drench the field of wheat with laughter;  
Cajoled cornflowers come alive with song.  
My love and I go walking before, after,  
And while this dewy hour ticks along.

We shyly gaze as Sunny climbs from bed,  
Speaking of China, Time, and pastel hues  
Of Degas girls. The warmth begins to red-  
Den cheeks: then soft as mist we kiss. We choose

The cooler path past deer and piney bushes,  
Picking the bent daises grown toward the light.  
A spread of moss with ferny pillows cushions  
Us to share-joy. Our shadows spun the night.

That summer spent in love's repose and glow  
Warms my winter heart; melts this winter snow.



# THE EMPTY ROOM

by ANNE AIMETTI

In an empty room I wait  
Filled with everything that once never happened —

The rutted road with green stubble on its chin and us on its  
shoulders:  
My sweater and your tie left on a half-high maple to make a windy  
scarecrow:

Your hand on my cheek when two birds raced across the  
fleeting sun:  
Your nose wiggling at the smell of my perfume and damp  
leaves on moss:  
The fitted warmth by the fire of winter-dried wood . . . and your  
body.  
The linger of the wine we bought with pennies . . . and your  
kisses.  
The deepness of the night wrapped in fog . . . and your arms.  
The softness of the lights flickering through the curtains . . . and  
your eyes:

The staccato of tired footsteps in the rain . . . and your voice.  
The lull of time when all things moving, do not . . . and your  
silence.

The everything of nothing and the emptiness of everything.  
The longing for a shadow when there is no sun.  
The tripping over dreams on a sleepless, cloudy night.  
The recall of memories we once forgot to make.  
The absence of a sharing —  
The loneliness —  
Now can wait. Until I clean my empty room.

# WHIMPER

by EDWARD MCGINNIS

I. Here

Beneath the Hell-Bomb happiness  
We go our way —  
Kicking Jesus in the teeth,  
Spilling our brains, shelving our souls —  
Becoming acceptable.

Here

Beneath the test-tube love  
They bid us pray  
(Pray for us,  
For Mother and the Flag).

Imagine

Men-Man-Name-Number- Nothing.  
The first one in is an apple pie  
Smothered in multigods  
Without a prayer.

II. Spread your wings and fly

On a twenty-year guarantee,  
Guaranteed for the life of your soul.

Then howl,

Yes, howl,

with a rational bark  
with an incisive bite.

Howl, and they'll pull your teeth.

Still howl,

Bare your bleeding gums

To gorge on apple pie

Till you are sick —

Sick of beating your head;

Sick of living

in a blank-face world  
of automated armies  
where fingers do your walking  
and buttons do your talking  
and no one moves or hears or lives;

Sick of watching the white snake of want  
invade the white womb of reason  
spewing lies of love  
with tones of need and good,  
spewing lusts with the white-snake tongue,  
speaking of the moment's pleasure,  
producing months of pain  
for another birth of nothing;  
Sick of loving someone,  
someone who was once alive  
but now is just a thing,  
some thing borrowed, some thing due,  
some thing old, but nothing's new;  
Sick . . . . . or dead.  
Listen, Eliot,  
This is the way the world ends —  
Not with a howl, but a whimper.

## OCTOBER'S EVE

by BONITA RENSA

As the topaz sun of autumn melts into the west,  
The faithful stellar watchman dons his ebony vest;  
And fastens every silver button though ten million score,  
Then lights the amber lantern to thus begin his chore.

This benign illumination on a mid-October's eve,  
Transforms the common objects our senses do perceive;  
A slumbering arbor sentinel writhes in despair,  
As eerie rays outline its limbs like tangled human hair;  
And wending purple shadows stealthily creep along the way,  
Seeking out, perhaps, an unsuspecting prey.

But should you hear the shrill wind whistle as it  
Rushes through the night;  
Remember . . . . 'tis only the stellar watchman  
Passing with his light.

# THE JOSEPH COAT

by ANNE AIMETTI

The Fathers have instructed me:  
"The test of love is measured  
By sacrifice of one's self for the other."

I love you. You do not love me.  
Instead of a bridge there is a breach between us.  
Because of this I am to be measured  
Against the tender strength of gentleness.

I am like a spotted fawn startled,  
Frozen-still at the snapping of a branch under your foot.  
Too full of fear to run, yet knowing  
I will never hear the snapping of another twig.  
This sacrifice is abstinence of shallow virtue to avoid a deeper sin.

Because I love you and you do not love me  
I lift up this painless suffering  
Of knowing there is not a clearing in the forest,  
Of hearing only the echo of your stride in my dreams,  
Of following your frozen footprints long after you have passed.  
But I am not bitter. For in the Spring they soften and are lined  
with moss.

The Fathers were full of Wisdom,  
As now I am full of remorse.  
My love for you can neither die nor grow,  
It is caught between two acts of sacrifice:  
For love of you I love you not.  
And for loving you not I am erasing my spots forever.  
Will you, my hunter, bear my coat unto the Fathers to show them  
what has been done to me?

# In His Own Words How Michael Martin-o Spent His Seventh Birthday

by CAROL SADLUCKI

I'm sev'n years old today, so I figger that's what gives me the right to slip out the 'partment early in the mornin' 'fore all the others is up. 'Cause at sev'n a guy's big 'nuff an' kin take keer of hisself.

So today I woked up early, 'cause the sun was a-playin' hop-skip cross't my face. I crawled quiet out-a my bed, for not to wake my brother Ranny what was sleepin' nex' t' me. Fer sure he'd tell Ma and Pa that I was a-sneakin' off again t' go roamin' the streets in lower Savannah, an' fer sure they'd wallop me good! Fer sure Ranny would tell, 'cause he's ten and he thinks he kin push me around that way. But he can't no more, 'cause today I'm sev'n.

So I put my shirt and pants on and snucked out without Ranny a-openin' an eye. And I didn't take me no shoes neither, 'cause I kin walk quieter without 'em. I only took a piece o' white bread what was spread with strawb'ry jam. An' a-eatin' it, I tiptoed out-a the 'partment and went a-walkin' down the streets what goes t' lower Savannah. Them streets is 'least fourteen-fifteen blocks from our place. Well, nine-ten blocks, maybe — a guy kin go that fur when he's sev'n.

My barefeet could tell that the sidewalks wasn't hot yet. 'Cause the sun weren't up long. Not so long as me, Michael Martin-o. Felt nice an' good on my feet. I felt nice an' good all over, on account-a I'm sev'n.

When I finished my jam-bread, I hot-tailed down the side-walk, j'st fer the fun o' it. 'Cause I like to hear my feet hit the concrete — sounds like a couple o' hands a-clappin'!

Then I slowed down t' look in the store windas. Nice things what they got to sell. No money in my pocket, though, not 'less I meet up with Mr. Jess Potter in front o' his junk shop on Gen'l Hooker Street. Sometimes he gives me a dime. Honest. A dime. That's when I head fer Carter's Grocery. I git me an orange cream-cycle fer a nickel, a bubble gum fer a penny an' three fat pretzel sticks fer Ranny an our two sisters.

Yep, Mr. Potter was a-settin' in front o' his junk store today. I told him about me bein' sev'n. Sure 'nuff he reached into his jeans an' gived me — a quarter! An' I went t' the grocery an' got my regular stuff, an' with the fifteen cents extra I bought fifteen choc'-late-covered car'mels fer my folks - on account-a it was my birthday.

I walked down Crayfish Street while I was eatin' my popcycle. There's a movin' an' storage comp'ny there, where folks keeps their furniture when they don't want t' use it fer a while. I was watchin' two guys carryin' somebody's couch into the buildin'. One o' them looked at me.

I smiled big an' I said, "Hey, Mister, this here boy is sev'n today!"

All he said was, "Beat it, you dirty nigger."

I stopped smilin' right away. Once some white man called my Pa a dirty nigger, and my Pa hit him so hard he darned near cracked his chin. But me, I didn't want t' hit nobody on the day what I turned sev'n.

Then he said, "Beat it, you black pest," and he was a-lookin' mighty mean.

I was wantin' t' cry. "But, Mister, you don't unnerstand. Today's my birthday — sev'n. Seven years old today."

"Beat it 'fore I call a cop t' lock ya up. Don't want your kind hangin' round here."

Well, I sure did beat it! Pa got put in jail the time he busted the white man. Not me. Not today. I ran all the way home.

Ma was mad 'cause she knowed I went where I wasn't s'posed t'. But she didn't punish me on account-a I was sev'n. Instead, she made a cake with white icin' fer me. When Pa comed home, we all et an' ever'body sung "Happy Birthday" t' me — 'cause I'm sev'n today.

But when I went to bed tonight, I weren't happy — 'cause I was rememberin' the white man what yelled at me. How come he don't like me? How come? I didn't make no trouble fer him. Not none. So, how come then? I cried a mighty lot tonight. I cried like when I was six.

Ain't much diff'rence 'tween sev'n an' six . . .

**NOTE** — Michael Martino is a real boy. He is about ten or eleven now, and he lives in the Negro district of Camden, New Jersey.

# THE ANTHROPOMORPHINES

by ANNE AIMETTI

A patch of smoke slowly poked a spiral  
Out of the calm in the thick of the forest.  
Below death-marked marauders crouched in  
    Pine-neededled pain (or is it peace?)  
Chanting fervent calls for rain.  
Colors whirlywinded dreams to harms,  
Sense possessed no soul;  
Life redeemed no goal.  
The forest folded her light-laced arms  
With patterned poise.

Running from witch noise, deep into the britches  
    Of night and buttoned from shirt tails  
    Of light,  
They were lashed to a stake, where a hellfire wails  
    In great and noble purification.

Laude,

    Laude,

        They have suffered well.

A litany they mumble

    To numb the piece of pain they seek;

The rites will strike the strong

    And humble the weak.

In this burning their shadows did opiate the shrieking flames  
    Into the silent wood consumed.

And the forest shook her mighty skirts,  
    And then the fall resumed.

## No. 4

by ANNE AIMETTI

The humped hills and the dimpled mountains all  
Slither with the river: spilling islands,  
While whiskey-hemingway beards fall  
Behind, matted with daisies and spring things.

Echoed-distance between caller and call  
Measures the length of the vision in my hands,  
Now like shredded lace dripping with threads small.  
Long trails the glory; longer the love I spell  
And longest still the outcast fantasies —  
Your hill-hands, mountain-face, stream-hair all tell  
Me wistfully of peace-tied clover rings.

I am the spring which forgot to bloom: fell  
The night of winter over dreams. But, please  
Come again: spring-buds-into-summer-leaves:  
Take me in your arms and brace me in the swell.

## DANDELIONS AND DREAMS

by PAUL WILLIAMS

Then it was a time for dandelions  
When I knew you  
And you were black-haired and smiling  
And wore pink lip stick;  
But it was the time, oh, the only time  
For pink lip stick and dandelions and dreams,  
It was the time for wineless wine  
When I knew you  
And you stood upon my shoulders  
To know how Apollo would feel in your arms  
And we rolled in laughter  
Because he was wearing a fig leaf —  
Oh, it was such a false, false spring  
But we were pleased it was false  
When I knew you and dandelions and dreams.



## THE STRAWBERRY PATCH

by ANNE AIMETTI

I didn't walk out there just to gather  
Baskets of fruit;  
Mostly I went to break and scatter  
My silenced womanhood.  
The endless, endless rows:  
I straightened my back  
Again and again . . .  
And after the smell of clover  
And after the stains of sticky-sweet berries  
And after the imprints of pebbles on my bare feet,  
I remembered:  
It was the waste and the want —  
Like a wedge splitting my thoughts  
Into fragments of sounds.  
Him back there in that silent house;  
Me out here in this silent field;  
And only the silence in between.  
Carelessly I spread another skirt  
And one by one by one the swollen lips  
Automatically met my blushing fingers.  
And the dusty leaves grew heavy with mud  
As my quiet tears  
Fell one by one by one.

## CINDERELLA DAYS

by PAUL WILLIAMS

Now and then I recall the Cinderella days  
And you were lost and lonely  
And I was supposed to be the charming Prince  
It was so, so silly  
Because I had never learned  
How to place a glass slipper  
Upon the foot of a princess

# . . . for such a thing

by ANTHONY C. ORSI

Forgive me, love, if I've depressed you;  
I had no designs for such a thing,  
I'm all hung up; my mind is open:  
Suggest to me to think on Spring,

The time of pregnant yellow flowers  
Scenting the earth, Sun is king.  
Dig the sparrows, love the babies,  
Pray to God to do His Thing.

Pray to God now, pray for peace on  
Earth and that our future's clean  
of bloodscabs grown by politicians:  
You and I know who I mean.

All is shining when our minds are  
Ways to open future's door.  
Understand me: The time is fretful,  
I'm a man and there is war.

The sky above seems always dismal;  
The earth is cold and no birds sing.  
Forgive me, love, if I've depressed you;  
I had no designs for such a thing.

## VERY BLACK COFFEE

by STEVE GLIBOFF

I looked for you in my coffee grounds yesterday —  
Funny, but I couldn't find you.  
Where did you go anyway?  
You said you'd be here every morning and never leave —  
So the first opportunity you get and you're gone —  
I thought you'd be different — but you weren't.  
All those damn coffee grounds look alike —  
Maybe that's why I can't find you —.

# YELLOW-RIBBED MORNING

by MATT FLISS

Yellow-ribbed morning  
with historical sun  
rising through gray skeleton clouds

To the heart of day  
where the round light embraces  
the ragged gray line of the pine trees  
and melts it green and smooth.

Yellow-ribbed morning,  
golden-spoked thought,  
rolling through the gray rib-cage of clouds

rising to the laughing mouth,  
to the morning song  
of the wind's breath  
across the bare limbs  
kissing the mountain's thorny head.

Slowly falling into Eve's state,  
Then the gray bones of morning,  
Then the rib-cage of the dawn,  
clothed in fleshy pink  
sighs a last breath from a gaping mouth

And the given meat is once again slaughtered by the night.

# LOVE

by STEVE GLIBOFF

Things always seem easier than they look  
Especially if you don't follow the directions in a book.  
When in doubt, play the game straight.  
Blow up a balloon and your insides deflate.  
And remember, when you walk through a storm keep your head  
up high.  
So that you're sure to get water in your eye.

# UNTIL THE CRACK OF DAWN

by A JANE

Turn out the lights, Matt Fliss,  
And I shall be thy "dark lady",  
Who needs not the artificial lights  
That are unsteady, unlike the hand of dawn.

Turn out the lights, Matt Fliss,  
And I shall be thy morning song  
That calls you to watch the rising up  
Of a child of wonder and of true light.

Turn out the lights, Matt Fliss,  
And there you shall find the brilliance  
Of colors lost in the dazzle of tungsten —  
There shall be no putting on of light into the night.

Save the stars I scatter just for you.  
Again, turn out the lights, Matt Fliss,  
And find the light the blind can see  
Because it is shrouded in the darkness.

Turn on the lights, Matt Fliss,  
The game is up — we both have lost.  
We are powerless to wield a blackout of the mind  
Against the light-bulb brains of the world.

Perhaps they are right and so was Edison and PP&L  
And not the candlestick-maker. But I cannot write on  
For the night has crept into my room and  
I have no lights — except the light of wondering.



# GONE

by WALT ORZECOWSKI

I met her in a world full of shadows  
And she bothered to take me aside  
And cared about me as a person, not a shadow,  
To hold, to laugh, confide.

But I couldn't be in love  
Since I didn't have the time,  
I was on my way up and out  
Leaving her behind.

But still for just a little while  
We felt, we felt, I know.  
And then I returned to the cold, unfeeling  
World within the shadow.

## Could it have been that?

by STEVE GLIBOFF

Or were you floating down past the orange marshmallow when  
it happened?

Your plastic world was melted and the laugh inside me was  
fattened.

Was everything relative to you — or could it have been me all  
the time?

The joke was told and from it my tears ran like the ocean brine —  
Cause the right road led to the left and the left to the right —  
Without noticing the boy on the steps wasn't very bright.  
You slid down them, and were only stopped by the other,  
Whatever that was — cause you never did tell me lover  
No — but instead it was a constant lie, and the comfort I can afford  
Is not worthy of you anyway — cause you know what — I'm bored.

# YELLOW BRIDGES

by STEVE GLIBOFF

Yellow bridges are a novelty around here.  
On cold blue mornings is when they usually come.  
Supposedly they remind me of us — but how could that be? —  
    when we went bust.  
Cornered and unable to move is a funny place to stand —  
You oughtta try it sometime —  
On weekends maybe —  
Try watchin' Saturday night at the movies a few times yourself.  
After a while you begin to know all the plots, and all the words —  
Because you've heard them before.

# ESCAPE

by CAROL ZARENSKI

I felt its weight:  
A thick black blanket  
At both ends tucked in  
To prevent our falling out.

Children — we slept all together,  
Protected by our thoughtful Mother-night  
And we were peaceful.

Until the moon came out  
And cut a giant paper-thin  
White hole in our warmth.

Then we strained to reach the edge.  
And slipped through  
    one  
        by  
            one

Through the blanket-hole  
Into the cold bright  
Moon-white world.





# Hurry -- Hurry -- Hurry

by STEVE GLIBOFF

Blue green eyes with tears that fell like a child's melting ice  
cream cone,  
And red Chevrolets colliding under the elevated train tracks near  
my home.  
The screaming of the endless crowds of clowns who are empty  
within,  
Because they were loved by those who hadn't ever been.  
Every other day it was them who kept the others occupied with  
laughs,  
But still their hearts were forced to be satisfied with halves.  
All these things are very sad, but I don't really care.  
Because there are some nicer things in the circus: like the dancing  
bear.

# On Uninhibited Concentration

by NEIL BROWN

Colors live beyond the eye,  
Walls and rocks melt  
Into dew puddles.  
Birds walk, dogs fly.  
Hands twitch and flutter  
Grabbing air,  
Panic and laughter,  
Mockery of sensation.  
God is close, but angry;  
The sky explodes  
Into a night void of stars;  
All is empty, final and  
ultimate.  
Salvation sits in the Lord's  
Left hand and  
Slowly drips through his fingers.

## Tuesday: 3:45 P.M.

by STEVE GLIBOFF

She told him, he was trying too hard ever since he gained  
recognition.

He agreed — but still was driven on.

Today he was driven by the explosions in his mind.

He closed his eyes and saw everything.

This day was his, and nothing else mattered.

He raced down the street as he wrote on his yellow scratch pad.

His fingers itched so he continued to scratch, knowing all the while  
that his ideas were the same.

He picked up his head and saw he was the only one writing

And then he knew it was he who wrought what everyone else  
thought

And he looked in the mirror and smiled.

## SNOW'S FALL

by BONITA RENSA

Virgin snow lays——  
pure——intact,  
upon an earthen bed.

With flowing robes,  
unrumped yet,  
She sleeps in soft repose.

Man's shovels penetrate,  
injure——  
retract——  
and footsteps on her, tread.

In rented garments,  
soiled——wet,  
she wakes from painful blows.

# Conversation Between a Girl with Yellow Hair and a Soldier who smoked a Cigar

by MARTIN J. NAPARSTECK

A girl approached a soldier. The girl, perhaps fourteen, with yellow hair draped over her shoulders and reaching halfway to her waist, with red lips and pink cheeks and enormous blue eyes, smiled softly, tipped her head to the right so the whole of the left side of her face slipped behind the yellow, and spoke to the soldier, "Hello."

There was no reply. The girl had seen the soldier from afar and saw that he was tall and muscular, and she wanted to see the details of his face. She hoped he would be handsome. But when she was close enough to see his face, she could see only his eyes, which were dark and deep. She knew he was smoking a cigar, but this was not a part of his face, and except for his eyes she would, afterward, be unable to describe him.

She was going to repeat her greeting when the soldier started to speak in a voice that was just audible, "I have known Fear. I do not speak of the children of Fear, the fear of disapproval, or the fear of failure, or their brothers or their sisters. Nor do I speak of the mother, the fear of loneliness. I speak of the father, the Fear of death."

The girl, misunderstandingly, said, 'My father is old, but don't tell mama I said that. She gets mad.'

"I have been told that Fear is old, that he was born when the first man was born, but I do not believe this. Old men are neither swift nor agile. They are unable to keep pace with youth. But yet he was swift enough and he was agile enough to follow me into trenches and to wade with me through rice fields and to fly with me in the Green Giant. And old men tire easily, but he stayed with me for days, weeks, months and he was always active. When I faltered he pressed forward, when I was exhausted he was refreshed, when for lack of energy I failed in my task he succeeded in his. No, he is not old, he is as young as the soldier in combat for the first time."

"Mama says he's young and so does he and he says he's brave. He says he's a 'young brave hero', but mama says he isn't. She says if he was brave he would ask for a raise, but she always laughs when she says that."

"I have been told that he himself is a coward, that he will stay with you when danger is imaginary, but when danger is real he will desert you. I do not believe this. He stayed with me when I thought of my enemy and he did not desert me when I saw the enemy. As my enemy approached Fear took my hand and pressed his body close to mine. No, Fear is not a coward, he is as brave as . . .

They sat on the grass facing each other. She could see the tall expensive apartment buildings of Central Park East beyond him, and she thought of how she would some day like to live in one of them. He could see the tall expensive apartments of Central Park West beyond her, and he thought of how lonely it must be to live in one of them. A short stocky Negro policeman strolled by.

"Daddy says that I must learn to like all the other kids. He says I shouldn't discriminate."

"I have been told that he doesn't discriminate, that he will be anyone's friend, but I do not believe this. When my enemy came, Fear could have befriended anyone in my unit, the Negro, the Jew, the Catholic, the Protestant, the Southerner, the Westerner. But he shunned the rest and he chose me. The others later told me that he was with them also, but this cannot be true. He was with me. He huddled close to me. How could he have been with the others? He said to me, 'I am beside you, beside you alone.' No, he is not indiscriminate, he chooses as carefully as the soldier selecting his weapon."

"You talk funny, but, still, you're very nice. I bet you have lots of friends. I do. Janice's mom says I'm the only girl she knows who's welcomed anywhere."

"I have been told that he is too welcomed, for he prevents us from making mistakes and he makes us aware of that which endangers us. But I do not believe this. Once he made me break a branch, and in this way he broke the silence, and this endangered me. Once he made me hurry in the preparation of my weapon, and in this way he locked the bolt forward, and this endangered me.

Once he refused me to comfort a friend in tears, and in this way allowed a sound to continue, a sound that endangered me. No, he is not to be welcomed. He is to be shunned and rejected as the combat soldier shuns and rejects the untrained and inexperienced comrade."

"I don't think we're talking about the same person. What does the person you're talking about look like?"

"He is ugly. He is hideous. His face is long and narrow, his eyes both slanted and slit, his nose flat and bridgeless, and he has no ears. He is naked and his body is heavily scarred. Yes, he is ugly, as ugly as the man the soldier calls enemy."

"If he has no ears how does he hear anybody when they talk to him?"

"He never hears anyone, regardless of what they say to him?"

"Can he talk, can people hear what he says?"

"He can talk, and people can hear him, but he is not to be trusted. He is a liar. He will tell you there is danger when there is no danger. I lay among the dead pretending I was like those who surrounded me. I lay this way for nearly an hour. There came others who spoke the language of the enemy, but they were my friends. But I did not know this. I thought they were the enemy, and I did not speak, and I did not move. I looked into the mud, but Fear looked into my face and laughed. He laughed louder and louder and louder, until I cried for him to stop. 'Stop waiting, get it over with.' Then those who were not my enemies said they were my friends, but Fear continued to laugh. No, Fear is not to be trusted. He is to be called liar, as we must call those soldiers who say they have never known Fear."

"Oh, come on, now, fear isn't a person, it's . . . what? what is it?"

"He sits beside me, and he will always be next to me. I cannot rid myself of his presence."

"Oh, come — I have to go." The girl with yellow hair stood up and walked away at a brisk but graceful pace. The soldier remained where he was and continued to smoke the cigar.

# AIRPLANE

by PATRICIA SRNA

I think, David, of all those times on the hot, damp sheets  
When we would hear the sound of an airplane overhead,  
Bisecting the sky, challenging the limits of the horizon,  
And causing even the air in the room to vibrate.

I would start to prattle gaily of places we would see and things  
we would do,  
Until I heard the sound of your sleep and would lie dreaming,  
though still awake,  
Of flowered mountain slopes, of scorched deserts,  
Of rain-drenched foliage in jungles, of calm and pounding surf on  
submissive shores.

Yes, I'll enter the place where absence resides,  
But stranger than the feeling that I've been here before is the  
feeling that I'll be here again.  
There was no need for a subtle escape in the drifting shadows  
of the darkest hour:  
The doors and windows can always be opened and a hand can  
grasp the metallic door knob and  
turn it both ways.

How strange that you, David, who warned me not to look to the  
stars for direction  
Now see the twinkling lights of the city below, far under your feet,  
Become obscure and hear only faintly the mechanical moaning of  
the plane  
Trying to fill a cloud-less void.

# VIETNAM

by PATRICIA SRNA

I.

We sat in the restaurant  
Watching the storm through the long glass windows facing the sea,  
And, though the electric lights in the kitchen and lobby flickered  
restlessly,

The candle on our table was unmoved.

The waiter wore a black cummerbund and filled water-glasses and  
spooned sour cream and chives  
into baked potatoes,

While the strong wind ripped the flowers from the branches of the  
tree and separated for eternity  
the bruised petals.

Outside lightning split the sky,  
Thunder roared with the waves,  
Fish floated with white bellies up,  
And the tragedy of the broken stalk of a frondless palm was viewed.  
Even sleep is restless when the usual hum of airconditioners  
is replaced by the brutal noise  
of wind and water,

But the closing of a window and the pushing of a button can drown  
out the sound of the sea.

II.

In my dream the roar of guns shakes the skies filled with the  
brilliant glare of fire and sparks.  
Bullets, rockets, and planes fly aimlessly and the smoke never clears  
so I may gaze on the triumphant.

Women stand in the water, their feet in the stained sands, their arms  
stretched out imploringly to the  
sea.

Thin arms, draped with dark green seaweed and encrusted with  
barnacles,  
And into their grasp float the bodies of fathers, brothers, lovers,  
husbands, sons.  
Long wet shadows of hair cling to their shoulders and their tears  
fill the salty sea.

I awake and the storm has ended; the sea has claimed its debris  
of the dead.  
The palms are long-handled feather-dusters attempting to clear a  
cloud-webbed sky with their  
sweeping movements.  
The water is a dark flagstone terrace on which one can walk  
forever, for it never truly  
meets the horizon.  
The sky is the countenance of a giant cyclops with one steady  
ghastly eye and a furrowed brow.

III.

But tomorrow the water in the cove will brush against my legs,  
While the tongue of the purring sea laps gently at a milky-white  
shore.

Gulls will fly careless of direction and destination,  
Until they suddenly spin and drop in an ever-tightening circle to  
plunge into the sea.

Under my feet will crunch piles of empty shells, only remnants  
Of millions of once-living creatures and time and patience.

Coral will lie strewn in the sand bleached a stark white,  
As papery seaweed is shriveled and deprived of its habitat by the  
waning tide.

Boys with long blond hair, strong glowing tanned bodies, youth,  
Will carry surfboards at their sides and rush to meet the challenge  
of the waves.

I will squint at the blinding glare of the sun, a mere reflection in  
the water, but painful nonetheless;  
My head will turn at the quick movement, sudden splash, and sight  
of a sliver of silver searching for  
safety in the recesses of the sea.

My body will welcome the caresses of the hot burning sun,  
The sea will sing its blues,  
And I, too, will continue to build more castles with the shifting  
sands,  
Until the blood seeps into all the seas and the currents finally  
reach my shores.



# A BEGGAR

by MARTIN J. NAPARSTECK

In Saigon, opposite the National Assembly, on an S-curved sidewalk, between the Brinks Hotel and the Continental Palace Restaurant, a beggar sits on the sidewalk, asking in grunts and groans for whatever piasters or donges a passing GI considers less important than a "ba ne ba." His left leg is cut off at the knee and his right foot is clubbed inward. His hair is jet black, but very thin, revealing dozens of scabs and sores on the scalp. His mouth is always open, even when he does not speak, and when he does try to close it he lets out a shrill groan. He has only a few remaining teeth, all crooked and all black, and his gums bleed constantly. He is naked except for trousers ripped off just below the knee of the right leg and just above the knee of the left, and an ARVN fatigue cap held in the left hand.

Within the cap are several donges, which he constantly re-counts. There are two five-dongs and seven one-dongs, and he stacks them, in the cap, the five-dongs on bottom, with the grain side facing up. Then he shakes the cap and the stack tumbles. He restacks and then he reshakes and the coins retumble. Tonight he will eat well: steamed rice sprinkled with "nuoc mouc," and if Cao will let him ride home in the Lambretta for only five P, Cao often did that, he would have enough money for a slice of French bread, hot French bread. He knew he should not waste his money on such luxuries, but hot French bread was so good, and he had it so seldom. But then, he wanted to save for a "ba ne ba." How long was it since he had his last one, two months, three? In a week, maybe ten days, he would have enough money for another. But let it be ten days, tonight he will have hot French bread. He will dip it in "nuoc mouc" if he cannot get butter, but he thought Cao would give him some butter. Cao is a good man.

The beggar had once thought of saving, it would take four months he had calculated, for an American beer. He had heard his friends talk about American beer, and once he had a sip of it. It was better than "ban ne ba," heavier, not as watery. MP's had arrested a GI for being drunk, and they took a can of American beer away from the GI and gave it to the beggar. The MP's took

the GI away. The beggar had time for only one short sip before two Vietnamese policemen came and took the beer for themselves. He would like to have an American beer, but four months was too long to go without French bread, and "ba ne ba" was good enough, at least when you could not afford American beer.

From where he sat he could see the huge statue — dedicated to the army — that faced toward the front of the National Assembly. The statue was more than six meters tall and was crudely sculptured. It was of two ARVN soldiers carrying a machine gun as they climbed over a rock pile. It was a dark gray, almost black. The beggar remembered when it was built, several years ago. Many men worked on it. There were many new statues in Saigon: one dedicated to the navy, one to the air force, a small one of President Kennedy, a large one of Tran Hung Dao. There are many new statues, thought the beggar, and they all must have cost a great amount of money. But the beggar did not like to think of statues, so he thought again of the French bread: "Should I buy a slice of French bread, or should I save for a "ba ne ba?"

The beggar gradually became aware of a need to urinate. He set himself prone on the sidewalk, and with the stump of his left leg pushing and his right hand pressing hard against the sidewalk, he worked himself a half meter toward the curb. His cap, with the coins, was clutched in his left hand, and his right leg involuntarily moved in the same direction as his body. He was still about three meters from the part of the curb he wanted to reach. Again he pushed with the stump of his leg and pulled with his right hand. He repeated the process a third time and then stopped to rest. He was breathing heavily and found it necessary to rest about two minutes. Then he repeated the process four more times and rested when he reached the curb. After he was rested enough, this time three minutes were necessary, he pushed himself to an upright position, and with his right hand pulled his right leg around so he was sitting on the curb, facing the National Assembly. He made the required adjustments in his clothing and urinated into the gutter.

Nearly ten minutes were required for the beggar to return himself to his normal spot. A GI, a tall, husky Negro, as he walked by, dropped two ten-dongs into the beggar's cap. As he dropped them, he said, "Here ya go, papasan. Buy yaself a beer."

# THOUGHTS

(unrelated to each other)

by STEVE GLIBOFF

## BROTHERHOOD

Brotherhood is nice to preach,  
Till you've tried to love her.

## MUSIC

Music is a relic  
Cause we've all gone psychedelic,  
There is no need of lyric  
And I think it's all terrific.

## TREES

Trees are for the bees,  
And for the birds.  
Too many of these  
Are not worth words.

## CATTLE

Go into the slaughter house  
And come out quiet as a mouse.

## GIRLS

Have pretty curls,  
And other things.

## SANDI

The way she reacts to your touch  
— is just too much.

## L I F E

Is nice if you've  
Got a knife  
And don't lose it.

## BANG

She came in with one.

## SPOTS

Something you see  
before your eyes,  
The name of dogs,  
And a place to go for drives.

# "GOD SAVE THE KING"

(I Samuel 10:24)

by ANNE AIMETTI

Saul was like a moment in Time which was used in the early hours of the day and had nowhere to go. Forced to wait for the coming of night he became tortured by shadows that were not there, by a sun through the shawl of mist. I Samuel 15 is the climax of the fear, the searching, the agony. Samuel haunted Saul from Gilgal to Jezreel. For this man of the once-shining hour in the spring of the day there was no peace.

It is always sad to see a man lost to the world, but even sadder when he is almost lost to himself. Saul contradicts his fears, his feelings are shiftless as sand dunes of the Negeb. The story of Saul is sad and tragic, but necessary. For there must be greyness in the spring of the day, the sharpness of rocks in the moss, a time of sorrow to realize a time of joy. Saul played no harp, but he did play the last timbrel of Shiloh and the first flute of the new Israel. His hour was short, but needed for the next to be born.

" 'Give us a king! Make us like the nations!'  
O Israel, Israel, my Israel!  
Where is this king now? Alone with his soul  
Full of sin and anger? My hands in youth  
Were strong, my head held high, my step firm  
On this land I built for you. But now old,  
Grown-grey, rejected, fearful and lonely.  
Once you shouted to me 'God save the King!'  
Gloried was I in power: tall and dark  
Against the snow-whiteness of your faces.  
I be no mountain, only in your dreams,  
My little Israel. I am a man  
Not a king. You do not need my heavy crown  
Nor I your heavy-handed enemy.  
Unlike them, I am flesh-blood man, not  
Iron-fire. I was your king at Gilgal,  
But your were not my people at Gilbeah—  
Even unto my own son, Jonathan.  
There was a losing between you and me

And no one is seeking to find the lost.  
The prayer on your lips at my calling  
Is echoing through the darkness of my dreams:  
You pressed the cup in my hands, to my lips  
And made me drink, shouting 'God save the King!'  
The silence wraps me in her skirts and folds  
Little Israel far away from me.  
Shall I never hear again 'God save the King!?'

Lord, I am caught in the net you have cast  
In the strange waters of my soul. Currents  
Once easy-flowing are now cataracts.  
Surely I shall drown in my own waters.  
Am I the fool who places lines between  
Reality and Your Will? Should I have  
Played a harp? Built stronger fences to keep  
My father's asses from straying away?  
Should I have hidden away goodliness  
And might from the children of Israel?  
Will no one show me the mercy I showed  
To Agag? Has Samuel multiplied  
His heart to all the people once proud  
To speak my name? When a king was needed  
I came forth, where do I go now? To meet  
Another band of prophets from Gilgal?  
Shall Your spirit mold me to "another man?"  
My Strength of Israel, where do old kings  
Hide when they have become weak and unloved?  
I ask not to be returned to my court,  
Nor that my house should be made strong with sons.  
I ask only to be in Your Light again,  
For in this darkness I surely will die.  
My suffering is not losing the glory,  
But rendering back the Light of my soul.  
I shall always be the king in my spirit,  
For it was then when I walked straight with You.  
There were no walls, no anger, no Samuels  
Between us in that first Light— dawn rising  
Up from the darkness like pleasing incense.  
Now I am alone. I fear words are lost  
To Your ears. Are You mourning over me  
With Samuel? Repenting my election?

Do not turn away and leave me in the shadows!  
Bring me forth out into Your Light once more.  
Warm my body grown cold, my soul gone numb.  
Where has all the joy, the love, and the wonder  
Fled? I am all questions, Lord, the answers  
Are Yours. Do not hide them from my sad eyes;  
Light again the glowing lamp in my soul  
And let this king see his face in honor.  
Strength of Israel, shall you not repent?  
Am I to hurl myself into darkness  
And live in fear of shadows? Better death  
Come and lift me up to be sacrificed  
To You in a final reparation.  
The sin of the king! The sin of the king!  
Forgive my calling up— forgive, forgive.  
My soul cries for release from this burden.  
The people stare wide-eyed at my frenzy  
And turn their backs— another human wall  
Closes in on me, pressing out my life.  
So silent now their once-praising voices  
Their lips are taut—will not move even to whispers.  
Samuel, you will come too late as always.  
I wished to live in peace with you, holy  
Man. You have rent the skirt of your mantle  
And the joy of my strength from my soul.  
And yet I loved and needed you— like the dawn  
Is to the night, you are to me, Samuel.  
Lord, have You also turned Your back to me?  
Am I alone to pray to deafen ears?  
Can no one hear what I shout in despair?  
Has this weakness even taken my voice?  
Come! Help this man who suffers death in life—  
Will no one pray with me 'God save the king'?  
Surely there is at least one man among  
All men— Samuel! Jonathan! My Strength!  
No. I am alone in this death of rejection.  
I face the darkness—the shadows—the night.  
Saul, away from your soul — from strength — from Light.  
Utter in comfort-despair 'God saved the king  
But the king saved nothing. The king has failed.' "

# CORVUS BRACHYRHYNCHOS

by RICHARD T. CAREY

## I

"What day is it?" asked Snow in an undistinguishable voice.

"Friday." replied Uncle Samuel.

"What time is it?" asked Snow.

"Five p. m." replied Uncle Samuel.

"Well how about some dinner?" asked Snow.

"Here you are," said Uncle Samuel placing seeds in the bird's cage.

"Thank you." replied Snow.

"Any more entries?" asked George, one of the two judges of the crow talking contest. No one in the crowd replied, so George returned to the unsteady, antiquated table at which other judge, Wallace, was sitting. They quickly combined their scores and decided that Snow, Uncle Samuel's crow, was the best. Uncle Samuel accepted the trophy and a \$100 savings bond for first prize and came down off the unsteady platform and over to his nephew Abe and his parents.

"Well Abe, I've won again." drawled Uncle Samuel as he stroked the crow's head.

"Yeah, you sure did Uncle Samuel. I guess all that time you put into training your crows certainly pays off. Boy, I wish I could teach a crow to talk."

"You bin around me enough when I've trained Snow. I think you know enough about it to train a crow just as well as I have. Maybe even a little better. You're younger and have more patience. It wasn't that I had a better crow than any of the other's — they're all about the same — it was just that my crow was given more training and attention than the rest."

"Dad," asked Abe turning to his father, "you think I could? I mean train a crow? They're nesting now and I know a couple of

places where I can catch one fresh from the nest. I know that I'd always take good care of it. You wouldn't mind, would you, Mom?"

"No, I guess not. But the final decision is up to your father." replied Abe's mother casually.

"Dad," said Abe anxiously "is it okay? I'll have almost a year to train it until the next contest."

After pausing for a few moments, looking as though in deep concentration, Abe's father replied,

"All right, Abe, I guess you can try to teach a crow to talk. But it won't be easy. In fact, the only reason I'm letting you try it is because I think it would be harder to convince you that it's an almost impossible task. But there's no harm in trying, so try."

Three weeks later Abe rushed into his home, he was sweating and enthusiastic. His parents were sitting at the table having coffee.

"Dad, wait till you see the crow I'm going to train."

"Why? Is it any different from the rest?"

"This one is."

"Aren't they all the same? A crow's a crow. A large black bird, right?"

"Yes, a crow's a crow but they're not necessarily black. I'm going to train a white crow."

"Abe," said his mother, "there's no such thing as a white crow."

"Mom," said Abe as if trying to convince a stubborn person, "it must be an albino."

"Abe," said his father, "I've heard of albino dogs, and horses, and cats, and other animals but I've never heard of a white bird, especially a white crow. It just sounds ridiculous, Abe. Are you sure you saw a white crow?"

"Dad," said Abe as if trying to convince another stubborn person, "I have it now, outside on the porch. It's kinda young, but it fell out of its nest somehow and wasn't cared for by the mother. I saw her feeding her four other black young ones. You believe me now?" asked Abe impatiently.



"Well yes, if you have one you have one. But I don't know if he'll be all right, to live I mean. I mean he won't be the same as other crows." said Abe's father hesitantly.

"Of course he won't be the same, he'll be white. That's all, just another color," Abe stated very quickly.

"But don't you see Abe, if he's not black he won't be like other crows."

"Who says?" asked Abe.

Abe's father thought for a while and answered, "I don't know, it just seems logical."

"Does it?" asked Abe, confused.

## II

At the next contest, "Jimmy" had a chance to speak to an audience. All the other entries, fifty in all, were black. Many of the contestants displayed fine training and what was probably much hard work, maybe as much as Abe put into Jimmy.

Abe started out late the day of the contest, so Jimmy wound up being the last crow to speak. The audience was amazed at seeing Jimmy. Many people protested that it was a trick or hoax of some kind.

"It obviously can't be a crow, all crows are black. Everybody knows that," yelled one contestant.

Another contestant, a huge fat man with a cigar wedged in his mouth, cried out across the contestants' platform to Abe, "This here's a crow talking contest, sonny, pigeons can't talk." The unshaven fat man was the only one who laughed.

Abe, trying to ignore the uninformed people, took Jimmy on his hand and placed himself in the proper position next to the microphone on the platform. The platform was as unstable as it ever was, and from the looks of the people who were connected with the crow-talking contest there wasn't any progress being made towards stabilizing the platform or anything on it, including the judge's wobbly table.

Over the audience's and contestants' conversations Abe began his talk over the microphone with his crow.

"What's your name?" asked Abe.

"Dove dish cleanser" loudly replied someone from the audience.

"Yeah, and after he cleans your dishes ya cook 'im" yelled another.

Jimmy's reply was drowned out by the audience's laughter so Abe asked his name again when the audience was just quiet enough to hear the crow reply, "Jimmy Crow."

That's about it" said one of the other contestants.

Before Abe was able to continue any further in his dialogue with Jimmy, Judge Wallace interrupted.

"I'm sorry young man," said Judge Wallace "but only crows are allowed in this contest. It would be unfair to the others if your bird were allowed to speak."

"But Jimmy's a crow" said Abe quickly. "Look at him. Inspect him."

"We have looked at him," said Judge George, "we can see the difference between your crow and the others."

Each word the judges spoke seemed to make Abe angrier.

"Jimmy flies, eats, drinks, and just survives the same as any other crow. The only difference that may be from what I've previously heard at this contest, is that Jimmy speaks more fluently than the rest and that's only because I've put more time and work in with teaching him. Don't you see," pleaded Abe, "all crows are hatched from the same kind of eggs."

"Maybe you're right Abe," said one of the judges in a lower voice, "but what will all the other contestants think?"

"What do you mean, 'What will the other contestants think?'" said Abe disgustedly. "This is a crow talking contest, isn't it? And anyone with a crow is eligible to enter, correct?"

"Yes," said the judge hesitantly "but . . . ."

"But what?" cried Abe. Abe then turned to Uncle Samuel.

"Uncle Samuel make them understand that my crow is the same as any other."

"Yeah Uncle Samuel, why don't you convince us that Jimmy is the same as the other crows." asked another contestant sarcastically.

Uncle Samuel took Abe aside and, looking down upon Abe and shaking his head and speaking slowly, said, "Abe I can't make any of these people understand that your crow is any different from theirs. They not only have to find out for themselves, but they have to want to find out. And, it's your own fault that this has happened. I don't mean to sound hostile towards you, but you must learn to leave well enough alone. When you come across something that does not agree with the ordinary just leave it alone and you won't have any problems. Why didn't you take one of the black crows out of its nest and let Nature take its course with Jimmy? If Nature wanted Jimmy to survive, he never would have fell from the nest, right?"

Abe, looking at Uncle Samuel curiously and disappointingly asked, "If Nature didn't want Jimmy to survive, then why was he allowed to be born in the first place, Uncle Samuel?"

"If you really want to know — to be eaten up by others, that's why."

# SENSITIVITY

by KAREN KAMMERER

Her name was Cindy Willis. She shaded her eyes with her thin bony fingers. However, the sun was so bright that it penetrated the skeleton. The rays were too strong—she squinted her eyes in submission to the blinding beams. She looked downward towards the chilly gray cement sidewalk—it was shady and cool there.

She took a few steps on the scratchy sidewalk. Her bare feet were immune to the sandpapery walk. She watched her feet as she walked, trying to make each step different . . . one, two, three, four, hop. She went so fast that she did not notice anything—the litter, the shabby buildings. She ran and ran, weaving in and out of the crowds until she came to the end of the sidewalk. She would have jumped from the curb if a policeman had not come to her rescue. He carried her to the other side of the street, then started shaking her so she could realize her mistake. Cindy stared up at the policeman with her dark brown eyes. She moved her eyes toward the policeman's uniform. The badge was shiny, so very bright — it hurt her eyes. She squinted her eyes. She turned to her sidewalk again and she welcomed the comfort it gave her. She even behaved properly towards the pavement. It was her friend and she would do nothing to hurt it. She decided to tiptoe.

She watched her toes as they flexed upward. Suddenly her way was blocked. Looking ahead she saw four small feet — the strangeness of them scared her. The creature possessing these four feet was almost as tall as Cindy. It was furry and its muscles moved as it panted. Its white teeth gleamed, its eyes sparkled as they stared at Cindy, and its metal collar glinted in the sun. So much brightness blinded Cindy. She shaded her eyes, then squinted. She did not even wait for a friendly sniff from the dog — she ran away.

But the creature with those four ugly feet ran with Cindy. He trotted with her. Cindy ran and ran. She skipped past the crumbling buildings leaving them behind; nothing mattered except escaping from those horrible things—the sun, the policeman, the dog.

Cindy entered a park. Nothing but softness was there—but most of all there were, hopefully, no scary animals. Everything was

Shaded in green—the leaves blocked the sun and the grass welcomed her callused feet. She fell into the cool grass. She hid her face in the blanket that the blades provided. She suddenly felt warmth against her body; she jerked her body back to coolness. The sound of panting disturbed the silence. She looked up. It was the ugly creature again. She stared—her body became paralyzed. The dog, taking Cindy's calmness as a sign to become friendly, licked her cheek. Cindy cringed as she felt the sticky warm wet tongue on her face. She sprang up and ran. The frisky animal leaped up after her, thinking she was playing a game. She ran and ran leaping over objects trying to flee from the animal. One, two, three . . . leap over the tree stump. She ran around the oak, she peaked from side to side trying to trick the dog about which side she would run to. But the animal still did not discover Cindy's feelings; he just continued playing his game. He barked at Cindy; he jumped and rolled in the grass shaking his huge neck; he shook so hard that his huge metal collar fell to the ground.

Cindy, on recovering her breath, ran again, with the dog pounding after her. Finally she grabbed at her aching side and fell to the grass. The amiable dog, panting hard, fell by her side. Cindy did not even notice him at first until he nuzzled her with his snout. Cindy jerked her head and leered at the creature. She stared—something was missing—the bright shiny collar was gone. She looked again to make sure. She slowly moved her hand to the creature's neck. It was gone. She felt the softness of the animal's coat. Her hand was magnetized to the animal. She moved her hand down its back—it was soft and warm. The tired animal put its head down into the grass. Cindy kept her hand on the animal and quietly remained beside him. She fell asleep.

When she awoke, she rubbed her eyes, then looked toward the sun and sky. She squinted, then rolled her head from side to side in the grass, noticing nothing but the coolness and the darkness that the grass provided. Just once, she turned her head too far—something magnetized her eyes. She tried not to turn her head towards it but the force was too great for her. She glanced to the right towards the playground. It hurt her eyes to look at the metallic "playthings." The sun's rays seemed to strike the metal then bounce directly on Cindy's face. If only the light knew how much it hurt Cindy. Cindy quickly buried her face in the grass. She rubbed her eyes with her palms, trying to brush away the

light from her eyes. All her efforts were in vain. Instead, she saw funny colors amidst blackness. They scared her—those horrid purples, that flaming orange, and that sunny yellow. The rainbow soon went away leaving only blackness—she welcomed the absence of all light and color. It comforted her.

Her secure world restored, she reached for her second comfort—the furry creature. She moved her hand along the grass trying to find the warmth and softness. But she only felt the coolness of the grass. She opened her eyes. He was gone. She looked to all sides in the light. Once again, her eyes were caught by the metallic playground. It was there that she found him—and them. There were about a dozen of them—they were of many assorted colors and flavors. They all laughed loudly and a few carried bright purple, orange, and yellow balloons. They made noise and he had followed them and their balloons. Cindy did not squint her eyes. She made them water. Her tears were oval, like their balloons. But they made no noise, nor were they brightly colored. But they were flavored by salt. And they were real.

As the salt reached her tongue, she pulled herself up and began to return to her home. She welcomed her world (it was secure—no light penetrated it). She walked and skipped, twirling her thick black hair, securely curling and tying it around her neck and across her face. She knew her house, she didn't even bother to look at any others. She pranced up the steps, counting them as her feet hit the ledge—one, two, three, four . . .

As her toe hit the fifth step she felt something warm and furry brush against her leg. She jumped at first, almost losing her balance. It was the furry creature. He had followed her. She patted his head, then stared at him. He barked. She did not smile or invite him in. She turned her head and gently opened the door to the flat where her family lived.

The room was drab green, the rug was muddy brown, and the furniture was black. She felt relaxed in this room. Her eyes opened wide and the muscles in her face relaxed. She heard the familiar tone of her mother's voice. She looked at her parent. Her mother was beautiful. She gazed up, surveying her mother's black eyes and hair, her dark grey dress and her tanned complexion. Cindy ran and threw her arms around her mother and hid her face on her mother's shoulder. Cindy started to cry, trying to wash the brightness from her eyes. She was very sensitive to such things.

# THESE HANDS

by EDWARD McGINNIS

These hands have touched her hair  
And lifted her into the sun-lit sky.  
My love swells, unbounded—as the clouds  
That drift quietly along—  
Expanding to feed the mountain streams  
With rains.

These hands have touched her face  
And lifted her onto the mountain peak.  
My love swells, untamed—as the rivers  
That run deep within—  
Flowing freely to fill a growing cataract  
Of rains.

And I have followed her  
Cascading through these flights  
Twisting and turning while ecstasies of joy  
Flood my soul with the hope  
That comes and builds my life  
Into ages of supreme, eternal love.

# FEBRUARY IMAGE

by CLARK BROMFIELD

we are the soul survivors  
of  
a pine-panelled  
world

inside ourselves  
and we even doubt  
nature

when it snows  
crossing ourselves  
in private poetry  
of meditation  
talking to God  
without words  
everyone needs to scream  
but the sound  
would never  
survive

God!

save my mind  
please  
for only I will ever know  
the wonder  
of myself  
outside the  
tight  
bright  
world  
cellophane sun  
banging from



a low ceiling  
a circle of jeans  
and dirty socks  
flexible fetus  
outside itself  
    unmolded  
    never returning  
    always outside  
we must even  
    lie  
    to  
    die  
no heroes  
buried in small  
quiet graveyards  
the only hero  
anymore  
    rides  
    the sunbury home  
    at 5:30  
    to kiss  
the liver-lips  
of an 8 to 5  
housewife  
    and say  
    hi  
    hon  
what's for  
    dinner? . . . .

# The Square at 5:35 p.m.

by CLARK BROMFIELD

I watched.

She fed  
the pigeons  
on the square.

I thought,  
I doubt if she  
can still  
afford to feed  
herself . . .

I watched.

The pigeons  
rustled happily,  
their coos of  
satisfaction  
whispered in her  
ear.

She smiled.

I watched.

The food was gone,  
the birds  
began to strut  
away,  
ignoring her,  
becoming human  
in this act  
of ignorance.

I watched.

She smiled again,  
a sadder  
wrinkle blended  
with this  
second  
smile . . .  
she stood and  
shuffled off . . .

I watched.

A lone pigeon  
mocked her  
with his single  
coo.

The wind  
began to tickle  
at the corner  
of my  
eye.

I sniffed  
and turned  
to go,  
and heard  
a pigeon  
coo. . .

# The Sound of Drums and Other Things...

by CLARK BROMFIELD

The footstep time had come . . .

that is,  
the time to follow  
blindly . . .

as before  
their fathers had  
or did

kill  
or were  
killed  
(as the case may be  
depending on position . . . )

The young-men time had come . . .  
again . . .

once  
as before  
destruction-date  
and orders  
mixed . . .  
with shouts  
and tears  
and mother-memories  
mingled

now  
and  
always . . .

But yesterday  
told us stories  
like today  
when,  
quite accidentally,  
I discovered  
one young man  
a boy of scattered years  
who

at parade-time  
when one is called

to march  
to music

(and in time)  
did not wish  
to step the straight-line path  
of other years  
parades . . .

I didn't ask  
or wonder  
why  
I simply watched  
and listened  
as I heard one  
merry-mother  
murmur  
to another  
(between the cheers  
for bullet-boys)  
as they passed by  
(and so did he . . . )

"Isn't that a shame,  
just look  
and don't you know  
he comes  
from such a pretty home . . .  
Too bad,  
and I,  
his mother's firmest friend . . . "  
America,  
America  
God shed  
his face  
on  
Thee!

# OLIVER GOODMAN

(author unknown)

Define one small good man and you will find  
A complex creature lurking close behind.  
One Oliver Goodman chosen here will do  
To prove man's life is broken into two.  
Man — in his pride — would wish to feel that he  
Has been endowed with certain qualities.  
He wants to feel he's been created good.  
But knowing the weakness and the likelihood  
Of evil in the real human mind—  
Man, in reality, hates all his own kind—  
He builds a world of fairy-tale dimensions  
And all its mirrors reflect his gross pretentions.  
His grotesque self becomes, to his blind eyes,  
A handsome figure — but here the mirror lies.  
And so in two strange worlds man spends his days;  
One real and ugly, one pretty-built for plays.  
But Oliver Goodman thought he'd change his ways.  
"I'll make a choice; curse this duality  
No more half-fantasy, half-reality.  
But where to begin — which world to first explore?  
Ah — here — reality! I will search no more!"  
But Oliver Goodman found out in a day  
The evil world is not the safest way.  
"This monster, man; this evil self I'd find  
Would soon catch on and use its evil mind  
To wreck the man who gave it first instruction  
I do believe I'd end in self-destruction."  
The courage or strength required for this act  
Oliver Goodman, sadly, knew he lacked.  
And so with one choice left and none besides,  
Our hero turned to the world of many lies—  
The world of grotesque mirrors and grotesque men  
Each using the other to look quite right again.  
But this small man did pause and think and sighed.  
He saw a reflection but knew the mirror had lied.

At peace now, Oliver Goodman plays a tune  
On a harp in a parlor of mirrors — a huge white room.  
He's forgotten his knowledge of evil and this was his ruin.  
So the people in white stand by and smile at the loon.

## PROPERNESS

(author unknown)

I stood naked before you  
But aghast you cried — "How improper!"  
While sipping sugarless tea.

I whispered a magic word to you  
And yawning you said "Ridiculous!"  
While gloving your hand.

Then I knew that I was alone  
And sat with you to await the dark;  
And you were pleased.

## *Addendum Page . . .*

### THE PHYSICS TEST

by RICK BIGELOW

Now listen, my friends, and you shall hear,  
The sad tale of a lad in his Sophomore year.  
To take a Physics test he was bound  
And to his dismay too late he had found  
He was sure to flunk and doomed to fail,  
Alas, his ship could not weather this gale.

He pushed back his big chair and threw down his book  
And across his face came a painful look.  
He opened his mouth and ventured to say  
"I couldn't pass if I'd studied all day."  
He turned off the light and jumped into bed  
As visions of rheostats danced in his head.

He slept very little that troublesome night  
For his mind was filled with the terrible sight  
Of Dr. Bellas passing our tests  
To Sam and Ed and all the rest.  
All night long he turned and tossed  
For in his heart he knew all was lost.

At dawn he awoke to face his doom,  
And as he dressed in the sullen gloom  
He thought of the test so near  
And in his eye there appeared a tear—  
For if he flunked yet another exam  
He'd soon be going to Viet Nam.

Nine o'clock—Time for the test.  
Our hero was nervous like all the rest.  
All eyes were fixed on the front of the room  
Where Dr. Bellas cranked the boom.  
Then our man received his paper  
And started off on the "Physics test Caper."



Our hero looked at question number one  
And quickly decided it couldn't be done.  
He looked at the second and the next one, too,  
And then decided that he was through.  
He looked at the fourth and then the last  
And knew in his heart he never could pass.

One problem done at ten minutes to ten.  
Our hero bit nervously at his pen.  
At five minutes to ten, the papers were gathered,  
Our hero sat there stunned and shattered  
And thought in the depths of his tired brain,  
"Oh well, another test down the drain."  
Pack the bags.

1875

THE HISTORY OF

1875

The first part of the history of the  
country is devoted to a description of  
the physical features of the land  
and the climate of the country.

The second part of the history of the  
country is devoted to a description of  
the political and social condition  
of the country at the time of the  
discovery of the country.

The third part of the history of the  
country is devoted to a description of  
the progress of the country from  
the time of the discovery of the  
country to the present time.

The fourth part of the history of the  
country is devoted to a description of  
the progress of the country from  
the time of the discovery of the  
country to the present time.

The fifth part of the history of the  
country is devoted to a description of  
the progress of the country from  
the time of the discovery of the  
country to the present time.



