

manuscript



manuscript

WILKES COLLEGE/SPRING 1970/VOLUME XXIII/Numbers 1 and 2

**emily's intaglio**

the sun reaches down  
 to its golden flesh  
 to cleanse  
 the peeling, leperous sky  
 (a five-point lily opens  
 its tigerburning eye)  
 below we breathe together  
 (the sidewalks are wet)  
 your hand finds my hand  
 (the streetlights go out)  
 i close my eyes to hold the night  
 (the puddles begin to thaw)  
 we are frozen in the glistening ice  
 (the shadows start to sway)  
 beneath us the river flows on  
 (the harp lay quivering)  
 my eyes are dorothywild  
 (my scop is dead)  
 i am in the river  
 down i blossom like ophelia  
 (i baptize thee in the name . . .)  
 under the water i face  
 the fire, the lava, and the sand  
 (the sun, the moon, and the earth  
 revel on stonehenge altar)  
 i ride a seahorse to the shore  
 (the milkcarts rumble and clang)  
 down the hill the druids file  
 early easter morning:  
 i face your piercing eyes  
 (the lilies are sleeping, wilting)  
 the oceans rise:  
 i face the fire, the lava, and the sand.

Anne Aimetti

**opened-closed**

a room  
 a house  
 a boy with blonde hair and wire rims  
 light head and empty pockets  
 spinning joplin and gospel hymns  
 slushy roads on a sunday morning

a blanket  
 a bed  
 a girl with a fast car and straight eyes  
 crashing heights and shallow depths  
 melting snow into flaming smoke  
 slippery curves on a saturday night

an open window  
 closed.

—mccormick-gourley

the men hurt me maggie  
 they called names at me  
 why  
 a little-boy clings to his mother  
 unsuspecting she smiles  
 everything is fine  
 a baby has been torn limb from limb someplace  
 an old-man dies  
 and maggie sings  
 the water in a well disappears  
 and thirst cracks a child's lips  
 the men hurt me  
 they said bad things  
 bad words  
 and bad faces  
 hungry mothers have deformed babies  
 and television is happy  
 fur coats are shown  
 and people are flown on vacations  
 rats play with babies  
 and children slide  
 and smile and are happy  
 innocent  
 fathers' only hope  
 the children  
 watch maggie play  
 she will grow to be a fine women  
 one day  
 she will make the earth smile  
 the men hurt me maggie  
 they called names at me  
 maggie smiles  
 and the hurt is gone  
 the little boy  
 clings  
 and still  
 maggie sings

morris

joseph  
 to go Home Again  
 wude tayke ayeer  
 2 leave me here Alone  
 like this is not fair  
 if i shined my shoes  
 too loose to boot  
 and tayke hue back  
 from hear from hear  
 you old  
 me young  
 and woman too  
 down on yore nees  
 to polish my shoe  
 Again Home Alone  
 with you  
 back forwards  
 comes the rain it do  
 or don't  
 or won't  
 and through and through  
 too peaceful summer  
 she came again  
 and held in her arms  
 little marching men  
 who rode horses  
 on high  
 putting mud in yore i  
 and never re  
 turning Home Again

anyhow joseph  
 wore his coat to the creek  
 and followed  
 and went away to seek  
 people and places and ways to go  
 but  
 to you my dear  
 is the letter  
 i wrote in bed  
 in stormy whether  
 cause in you  
 and on you  
 i played you again  
 the bull in the street  
 filled in all the cracks  
 tomorrow you're going  
 gone Home Again  
 once more  
 good-bye  
 I'll never see you again  
 i got shot in the back  
 oh joseph  
 i said as i lay in my blood  
 oh joseph yore dead  
 and no good no more  
 time has changed too much  
 between you now and then  
 and joseph  
 dear joseph  
 you'll  
 Never Go Home Again

morris

Morning fog and  
 Rivers transform the city  
 to a Xanadu or an Illium.

Broken bottles  
 On city streets; ice on  
 Country pathways; indistinguishable.

Last summer's grass  
 Yellow and dishevelled  
 By the winter wind; and old woman's hair.

Frozen weeds in  
 Hoary complex patterns;  
 Delicate antedeluvian lace.

The rain, frozen  
 On sapplings, caught moonbeams,  
 Released them as midwinter night rainbows.

C. R. Williams

## New Directions

GOLD PAINT!!!! is easy  
to  
apply over metalglassplaster  
wood

OR  
brick surfaces  
STIR THOROUGHLY before and while  
using

MAKE SURE that the surface is  
dry and free  
from dirt

waxoilorgrease

APPLY  
with a full even stroke

USING a  
soft brush.

Rockcote Paint Co., ROCKFORD, ILL.

morris

## seen on a lake

f  
ro  
ggggg&  
f\*i\*f\*i\*s  
ffrifoig  
frifseel  
erif  
fl  
i  
es

C. R. Williams

## KATHY

there was a colding blankness in her stare  
it camouflaged her pain-stained eyes  
which once perhaps  
or half-broke through  
and it was i who saw her eyes  
and it was i who knew

sometimes still she comes to me  
in swifly passing pictures  
that flash in my brain  
like cars in glassy storefronts  
sometimes. . . in the middlenight  
she dances in my street in blonde chiffon  
and the tired night air tastes  
of wilted roses and noxzema  
sometimes as she leaps  
across the not-yet-daylight street  
through ghostly mists of infant morning  
in the chilly april fog  
i take her hand  
and with her wander  
through the peter-pan-and-wendy never-neverlanding night

a certain cynicism caked her face  
like heavy candle drippings on a wine bottle  
she kept it there to hide the hurt  
which never showed but in her eyes  
and that was almost never once

and only i had seen it  
and only now i know

Joe Vojtko

### In The Beginning

The sky expelled the pearl  
for her lack of pigmentation,  
and she wandered lonely just  
for the blue not in her veins

Singularly white was she,  
so stifled in azurity  
she rallied nonidentity  
and emerged with the title, cloud.

Francine C. Gratkowski

### Reality

Life demands constant attention.  
To let the mind pursue a dream  
rather than face reality  
Is most dangerous.

For having left the realm  
of rules and tears  
It is almost impossible to return  
to all that is real.

Dreams simply cannot  
deliver one from life  
And will but make it harsher  
in the end.

Pat Hodakowski

The tarot yields the hangedman  
the hangedman  
the hangedman

The witch has had her way  
her way  
her way

Blackest nights and blacker dawns  
erase

the rose warm  
mornings

Pilgrims think on other days  
await  
no silver savior's  
smile

walking  
lakes  
horizons

misted  
are the reflections  
from

blue  
lied  
pools

The witch has had her way  
her way  
her way

To break the spell needs laughter  
laughter  
laughter

C. R. Williams

### OUTWARD TRIP

Struggling upward,  
to pierce my reflection;  
squirming blurred, indistinct,  
on the dark underside of reality.

Upward, out,  
to burst the thin film of life,  
the tight membrane of existence  
that binds me,

Here, in this one place,  
flaccid with life,  
cold with being,

Escape illusion.

Eric Maier

### Vandals

The rain's the only thing the Park allows  
To pick the cherry blossoms from the boughs.  
A little girl of ten who came to rob  
The cherry tree would do a better job  
And put the blooms to better use, no doubt;  
She'd wear them in her hair, or give them out  
To other children who chanced to come along.  
I'm sure no one would really say it's wrong,  
For children have a way of finding uses  
For things a rain or sudden wind abuses.  
But rain, one must admit, can sometimes be  
Artistic in the way it strips a tree  
And weaves a perfumed carpet at its feet,  
Except for where it overhangs the street.  
There, petals link in cherry blossom chains:  
Like long pink serpents diving down the drains.

Larry Heycock

## NUMBERS (B)

FIRE-EYED AND BLACK  
A MONKEY  
BLEEDS  
THE STALWART STALLION  
EACH DROP  
DIMINISHES THE STARS

TWIN TIGERS  
STALK THE SACRED PHOENIX  
THEIR PREY  
LEAVES  
ASHES IN THEIR TEETH

A PEACOCK AND A MOLE  
EAT THE AMBER EYE  
OF A THREE-FACED GOD

SECURE WITHIN A SQUARE  
SILVER SERPENTS  
HAVE NO FEAR  
OF LAUGHTER  
OR OF LIGHT

FISH AND FOUL  
TANGLE IN THE TURQUOISE  
OF SEA AND SKY  
UNAWARE THE FIFTH DAY  
HAS NOT YET COME

HALF A YEAR  
HAS NO MEANING  
FOR UNICORNS OR ANGELS  
EONS ARE  
BIRTH

SEVEN YOUNG SISTERS  
BURN THE HONEY BEAR  
THE ANGRY FLAMES  
CONSUME THE SINNERS' FOREST

GUILDED SPIDERS  
SPIN FILIGREE WEBS  
TO CATCH THE PEARLS  
BEFORE THEY REACH THE SWINE

IRIDESCENT BUTTERFLIES  
DELAY THEIR NOVENNIAL  
BIRTH  
UNTIL THE NOVA

SIRENS SING PSLAMS  
AND HARPIES HIDE THEIR CLAWS  
BIDING THEIR TIME  
REFLECTIONS OF REVOLUTIONS  
ARE SELDOM SEEN  
IN MORTAL MIRRORS

C. R. WILLIAMS

hup hup hup  
yup yup yup  
green yup  
hupyup  
one  
two  
three  
two  
one  
two  
huptwo  
three two  
left two  
right two  
hupyup  
night too  
dark too  
won you  
green khaki green  
two three four  
you won too war  
tree war  
hup two tree war  
for war  
to war  
my war  
your war  
bomb war  
calm war  
more war  
war war  
left right  
right right  
night fight  
slight fight  
kill war  
fun war  
gun gore  
sun sore

to the left  
harch  
drums  
thump thump thump  
trees  
stump stump stump  
bodies  
dump dump dump  
to the rear  
harch

"They won't go."

"We will not go."

the end  
end the end  
end war  
end the war  
one  
two  
three  
four

hup yup hup  
yup hup yup

it all makes a lot of sense doesn't it

morris





## SOPHIE FELDMAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE

Joe Vojtko

. . .the man turns his head abruptly toward the direction of the inhuman groaning. His oiled balloon muscles glisten orange in the sunlight. Like an armor of mirrors, his body seems almost to reflect the ragged landscape. He picks up the club lying on the rock and walks toward the cave. The hideous sound continues. All at once it is facing him: a green horror-headed creature with one huge dripping blood-shot eye. The shiny inflated man begins swinging his wooden club above his head, tarzaning out a bestial scream. The blackness of his mouth diffuses into a billion moving colored dots, slowly crystalizing into a brown protoplasmic shape which on second look becomes a two-dimensional smiling squirrel in a flyer's helmet and goggles. The squirrel is babbling in squeaky child-talk to his friend the amoeboid moose who listens wide-eyed and finally answers in a deep and dumb Crazy Gugenheim voice. His blobby body begins to disintegrate until once again the football crowd-like multi-colored dots take over, reassembling now into a golf green. A tweed-skirted, yellow-sweatered woman, with a sun visor crowning her wind-tossed hair, stands statue-like in a pose of

studied masculine gracefulness. Slowly, carefully the golf club strikes; the little white ball rolls a foot and falls into the tiny circle of black. And the black once again gives way to the pointillistic field of colors which in turn gives way to a red jewel adorning a woman's navel. Her stomach and hips move jelly-like in a senuous belly dance. On a couch of red velvet, the man with the exaggerated muscles sits posing in a white bikini. A sad-faced girl with a ridiculously top-heavy body is at the side of the couch, feeding him peeled grapes. He smiles a narcissistic 'I'm-so-goddamn-gorgeous' smile. And the pink of his lips, the blue-black of his hair melt into darker darker darkness until only a thin line of yellow light remains which in the end surrenders also to the black.

Sophie Feldman watches the yellow line until it is no longer visible, and even then she continues to stare at the dark screen. The black has her mesmerized. Her fingers loosen and the remote control unit drops silently to the floor. With a weak hand, she pushes back the thin ash strands that cover her face like a mourning veil. Her liver-dry mouth wants water, but her body is too exhausted to go for

some. She took a very powerful tranquilizer, and the drug has not yet worn off completely. She feels the black struggling to overtake her.

Sophie Feldman counts the nail holes on her apartment wall. She thinks of all the different pictures that must have hung on those nails — and of all the different people living here before her who found it necessary to hang pictures. Probably pictures of married daughters. And dead sons — Coney Island, 1952. And old girl friends — to Dennis, all my love, Linda. And pictures of the family gathered around the Christmas tree. And babies on bearskin rugs. And she thinks of the paintings. paint-by-numbers, paintings. And wide-eyed kittens. And sentimental mass-produced heads of Christ — God Bless Our Happy Home. And sickly-pretty landscapes. . . .The black is conquering; her eyes are closing. She stands up to battle the drug as if giving in to it would mean death. She begins once again to count the nail holes. They seem now to cover the yellow walls like swiss cheese. Her dehydrated eyes close and her body sinks. With a convulsive desperate movement, she reaches out to grab an invisible hand but in the end surrenders also to the black.

\* \* \*

Sophie Feldman watches the ant crawling across the braided rug. With an action that seems at first to be a push-up, she climbs to her feet and looks at her watch: 12:06; she has been asleep for two hours.

It is Saturday. And Saturday is Sophie Feldman's favorite day. Saturday is the day Sophie Feldman walks down to Dupont Circle to watch the hippies sing. Saturday is a big day for Sophie Feldman. And this Saturday

will be an even bigger day. This Saturday will be a milestone in her life. This Saturday will be a grand and glorious day to remember forever. This Saturday Sophie Feldman will stop watching and become a part. Yes. She has made up her mind and she is going through with it.

There is a boy at Dupont Circle — a very aesthetic-looking young man with long auburn hair and a moustache. Sophie Feldman has watched him for a year. Last week he spoke to her, and this week Sophie Feldman will speak to him. She stands at her mirror and fixes her hair. . . .

"Hello," the boy said. "You dig Larry?"

"Pardon?" Sophie Feldman answered almost inaudibly.

"Ferlinghetti. You're reading him."

"Oh, yes. . . I never heard anyone call him Larry before, though."

"Nobody does. Just me. You see, we got this thing going, Larry 'n' me," he laughed.

She laughed.

"You don't look much like a poetry reader."

"Oh? What does a poetry reader look like?"

"Well I mean, you're not weird or anything, you know."

Her face pinked. "I uh — I particularly like his translations of Jacques Prevert."

He remained silent and smiling.

"I see you here all the time, playing your banjo."

"Yeah. I like to play. I play guitar, too,

but I just started and I'm not very good yet."

She was nervous. "I uh — I have to go now. It's been nice talking to you."

"Yeah, seeya."

. . . Sophie Feldman stands at her mirror and fixes her hair. Today, she will wear it long and straight.

The radio shouts in loud irregular tones: "She's stuck, stuck in his mind; she's a mind sticker." Sophie Feldman is not a mind sticker. One could probably see her every day, and never remember seeing her at all. But today is different. Today, Sophie Feldman will be a mind-sticker. Today, Sophie Feldman will be a mind-blower. She is combing her hair straight down so that it partially covers the side of her face. When she finishes, she winks her right eye and puckers to her reflection in the mirror.

On her bed, she has laid out the new clothes which she has bought for the occasion — hip, flamboyant clothes: a pair of blue bell-bottom jeans, a sweat shirt with the famous Andy Warhol soup can painted on it, a ban-the-bomb medallion, some wild beads, and rimless blue sunglasses.

Sophie Feldman stands at her mirror and admires her new image. Now she looks like a poetry reader. Yes. That is the image of a poetry reader.

Down the Washington streets, Sophie Feldman struts proudly in her underground garb. The day is bright — much brighter than any day that summer. The white marble buildings are glowing as if someone stayed up all night polishing them just for Sophie Feldman's biggest Saturday. A group of small Ne-

gro boys are swimming in the fountain in front of the Supreme Court Building. One begins pointing as she walks by. "Look, there's a hippie." The other boys laugh. Sophie Feldman is proud; she really does look like a hippie.

Dupont Circle is overflowing with smiling young people, singing, talking, making stop-the-war speeches to multitudes of five, studying, reading, reciting poetry, making love. . . . Sophie Feldman walks around awhile, looking for her red-haired young man. He is not to be found. But he will be there. He will be there. She knows he will be there. She takes her usual seat and opens her book to read. And wait.

Sophie Feldman looks at her watch: 2:10 — he isn't there — 2:56 — he still is not around — 3:35 — she is becoming nervous — 4:18 — with a silent, defeated sigh, Sophie Feldman closes her book and decides to go home.

Suddenly she spots his auburn hair; he is standing across the street with two other young men and a tall thin black girl with an electrified Afro-cut.

"Hello!" she shouts exuberantly as she approaches him breathless.

"Hi, how are you?" But he continues talking to his friends.

She stands there awkwardly. "I bought this new book; it's by Richard Farina, ever hear of him?"

"No I didn't."

"Well he's—" It is futile; he isn't listening . . . She is stricken with a sudden frantic panic. Their voices grow louder and it seems as if they're laughing at her. She feels as if

she's going to faint. "SHUT-UP!" she screams commandingly. "You have **NO RIGHT** to do this to me."

The four people stop talking and stare at her bewildered. Her mouth is twitching strangely and her hands are rapidly trembling. "I'm sorry," she stutters in a cracked whisper. With frightened pleading eyes, she looks around; a group of people have gathered about her. She turns and escapes down the street.

"Hey lady, wait," the red-haired young man calls after her. Sophie Feldman quickens her pace; the white marble buildings are spinning in her head like some ghostly kaleidoscope. . . . "She's stuck, stuck in his mind. She's a mind sti—" Sophie Feldman clicks the radio dial. In the excitement of the early afternoon, she forgot to turn it off. She opens her mail — a bill from her record club, a half-price offer from *Avant Garde* magazine, a college alumni newsletter, a twenty cent gift coupon from Kodak.

Sophie Feldman stands at her mirror and laughs at her ridiculous clothes. Item by item, she undresses. And she is naked.

Sophie Feldman falls to the hard tile floor. She lies there and her eyes blink to the rhythm of the flickering fluorescent lights. She throws her arms about the toilet bowl and boosts herself up so that her head hovers just above the open seat. She tries to vomit but her mouth emits only water and spittle.

Sophie Feldman is feeding her passions. She sits on her haunches to do this. The moment arrives and her face is distorted with animal pleasure. . . but the moment goes . . . quickly.

Sophie Feldman weeps.

Sophie Feldman (in a terrycloth bathrobe and dirty pink papuccis) sits and smokes a pack of cigarettes.

Sophie Feldman fashions abstract designs in the macaroni section of her Swanson's frozen TV dinner tin.

Sophie Feldman cannot sleep and it is late. She uncaps a bottle of downs, slips one into her mouth, and pushes the button on her television remote control unit. . . .

\* \* \*

. . . the man turns his head abruptly toward the direction of the inhuman groaning. His oiled balloon muscles glisten orange in the sunlight. Like an armor of mirrors, his body seems almost to reflect the ragged landscape. He picks up the club lying on the rock and walks toward the cave. The hideous sound continues. All at once it is facing him: a green horror-headed creature with one huge dripping blood-shot eye. The shiny inflated man begins swinging the wooden club above his head, tarzaning out a bestial scream. And the pink of his lips, the blue-black of his hair melt into darker, darker darkness until only a thin line of yellow light remains which in the end surrenders also to the black.

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**A-S-D-F-SPACE**

I know her well.  
 I have seen her speckled in the filtered sunlight.  
 I have watched her smile at me through bus windows.  
 I have sung to her and  
 . . . she to me.

And we have shared together  
 the fear of loneliness in football crowds.

I know her well.  
 I have seen her eyes shine Japanese.  
 I have watched her revel in the finding  
     of an awning in the rain.  
 I have leaned on her and  
 . . . she on me.

And we have breathed together  
 the oxygen of hopes that never happen.

I know her well.  
 I have seen her hair form frostpatterns on the  
     window of the wind.  
 I have watched her sleep and laugh and dance.  
 I have cried with her and  
 . . . she with me.

And we have lain together  
 prostrate at insanity's doorstep (in want of the  
     security within).

I know her well.  
 I have touched her and  
     . . . she  
     me . . .

Joe Vojtko

**Winter 1969**

Sat on the Palisades  
 watching the river  
 watching the ice floating by  
 now and again a gull came to rest there  
 to enjoy a frostbitten ride

C. R. Williams

**LADY TOO**

My lady wore a ruby  
 Pigeon's blood  
 Men called it  
 Though men's blood  
 Made it  
 So my lady wore it.

Pigeons — bastard cousin  
 Of the dove  
 Perhaps the dove's blood  
 Made it  
 So my lady wore it.

C. R. Williams

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**POEM**

Poempoem poempoem poempoem poem,  
     poem poempoempoem,  
 Poempoem poempoem poempoem poem,  
     poem poempoempoem.  
 Poempoem poempoem poempoem poem,  
     poem poempoempoem,  
 Poempoem poempoem poempoem poem,  
     poem poempoempoem.

Eric Maier

## SONG IN SILVER

Love had nervously touched the thick chords of heart,  
 And had run in through the eyes, and circled the mind,  
 And kindled the wick, and set off the blaze  
 That melted the wax and lighted the time.

But then did love run ahead of time, behind time,  
 Down and up the hills of sun-stacked nature.

It glimmered in its glaring softness and unspeakable warmth.  
 And untouched by the sunsets of shadowy mellowing and breathing sharpness,  
 It echoed through soundless whispers of joy,  
 And painted the running sky with strokes of endlessness.  
 It azured its flight toward suns of plunging fullness,  
 Pocketing the special gems of hours and days.

And love dazzled the days, and rolled the wind through miles of air;  
 It swept the peaks of silence, and soared the chills of dimension;  
 It dotted the land with radiance, and rimmed the forming leaves of age,  
 And in the eyes it sleepily reached and comforted  
 With the sweet music of its soothing understanding.

It spent its role attuned to its discovered space,  
 And tamed the mind of wild fascination.

And as all was colored in the green-laid vision of nature-filled compassion,  
 The chronological flute melodied its gift away from the wings of arriving touch,  
 But was beckoned on by joined and golden harmonies.

Then love took the hand and streamed it through the stillness;  
 It sang its jewel of tales and times;  
 It twisted and turned, slowly and meaningfully,  
 And it cried! It wept!—so tenderly,  
 Yet trusting knowledge brushed the tears away.

And love conversed with inconsistent loneliness in the burning fever of frost;  
 It passed the falling leaves of age and seeping layers of existence,  
 With a pocketful of diamonds—  
 (The fresh and the brittle, dispersed in mind, and locked in memory)  
 And it was sensed in watery coolness, flowing into night.

Robert Mischak

## Rebirth

They found you at the bottom of the stairs,  
 a great, gray infant, stillborn,  
 curled fatally, in the dark,  
 you never saw the end of time  
 as life slid away, in the night,  
 beneath the light switch, the bannister,  
 waited, far above, in life,  
 Eighty years, once forever, became never  
 in the quick gasping dark chasm,  
 the suddenly unfamiliar path, disappeared,  
 the numbing, uncomprehended pain,  
 as hard reality came up from the giddy void,  
 against the back of your brittle skull,  
 crushed existence.  
 You never knew, as dark gave way to nothing.  
 You never knew they found you there.

Eric Maier

## Trois?

Near the Petrine Mendacity  
 I stopped at the diocese  
 to inquire of an unfinished enigma  
 and alas I laughed to see  
 That even less complete  
 was the easel

Frank McCourt

## death in the circus

escort the boy to court  
 he's killed  
 was the news report  
 hands  
 tied with rope  
 the sheriff was no dope  
 black cell  
 no windows  
 no stars  
 siren sounds  
 police cars  
 people inside  
 and out  
 picked up stones  
 and began to shout

merry-go-round  
 outside  
 clown sounds  
 circus flying bonzos  
 crimson spotlight  
 three rings  
 the monkey sings  
 and popcorn  
 with butter  
 and magicians  
 in black

with fast hands  
 and slippery hearts  
 makes a tightrope fall  
 and presents death to all

sorry tonight's performance cancelled  
 because of rain  
 sorry to inform you that your son  
 has been shot in vain

morris

wild winter  
 sent roses flying  
 longing for summer  
 sand at the shore  
 white crystal patterns  
 exactly different  
 and the same  
 looking beyond the horizon  
 dressed in black  
 in mourning for summer  
 that never came  
 singing breeze  
 lost in the crack  
 of wave against wave  
 caught-up in the roar  
 of thundering Skies  
 and the sound of guns  
 and the thought of war  
 beyond this place  
 they fall in black sand  
 i know but don't understand  
 i write about the sea and waves  
 and roses in winter  
 flying to graves

morris

newsboy  
 crippled newsboy  
 calling  
 (calling) news  
 news  
 noose  
 pleading anyone want a noose

noose  
 news

fumbling  
 dirty paper crumbling  
 on a dirty subway car  
 screeching down the tracks exploding  
 newsboy  
 thirty-six-year-old newsboy  
 reading comics  
 in a dirty mickey mouse sweat shirt  
 sweaty dirty  
 unclean dirty sweatshirt  
 unclean dirty subway  
 unclean dirty newspaper  
 pleading  
 anyone want a news

noose  
 noose

trying to start them buying  
 selling the news

noose  
 noose

to unclean dirty people  
 for unclean dirty money  
 for a very small amount  
 of unclean dirty food

morris

starting from falling waters edge  
 perhaps a cliff  
 overlooking a strange rainbow  
 surpassing (i think)  
 even the crowds  
 who  
 come to look  
 stands in splendor cinde  
 amidst thorns and weeds  
 not noticed by her  
 moving toward me now  
 gently gathering prickly bouquets  
 blind  
 roses for her table  
 of finest orange crate  
 stopping now  
 to count steps  
 i can see her  
 gentle blue eyes  
 like mine  
 but useless  
 and i run towards her  
 and stop (unseen)  
 in time  
 to see her stumble  
 and smile

morris

## MARKING TIME

Linda Potter

One. Two. Three. Four. I am not going anywhere, she said to herself. Five. But here I am. She looked upwards at the train. It was a very dark khaki green, with yellowed letters on its side which said ERIE LACKAWANNA. Six. Seven. Eight. And now I'm on the train. This is totally ridiculous. She knew as she seated herself on the wicker seat that she was propelled by her own wishes, yet she refused to confront her innermost thoughts. She disguised them and compelled herself to believe that she was going to meet a friend, out of a sense of loyalty.

Several minutes later, and several miles away, the friend boarded a crosstown bus. He paid the man and rapidly sat down as the bus lurched out into traffic. He hated busses. They tended to smell, and they moved according to their own whims, completely disregarding the principles of human balance. I am just going to see her for old time's sake. I have nothing else to do today. He held his breath for a time, battling the bus's exhaust

fumes, but was forced to surrender with an audible exhale. I refuse to let myself be nervous. And he stubbornly proceeded to tear the imitation leather on the seat with his finger tips.

She decided to relax. She put her feet up on the seat in front of her. Across the aisle, two young boys wearing leather jackets were trying to see who could crack their gum the loudest. The one nearest to her had very greasy-looking hair which was landscaped into an uncomfortable pompadour. The other one wore a bright blue shirt; she could see the collar triumphantly peeking above the edge of the defiant jacket. The conductor suddenly materialized from the back of the car and presented her with a small white card before she could jerk her feet to the floor. She tossed it away when he had left, knowing without glancing at it that it asked her to please keep her feet on the floor since after all she might be sitting on that seat when she travelled by train again. She rested her chin on her hand

and watched the alleys and back yards and lines of grimy laundry move past. I'm going to play it cool.

He made his way through the streams of unconcerned people toward the 9th Street PATH entrance. As he entered the tunnel he felt the familiar blast of stale, cold air from the tubes below him. The tunnels reverberated with the intermittent roaring of the subways, and he involuntarily grimaced as the Hoboken-bound train screeched to a halt in front of him. He thought for awhile about the probable speed of the train. It seemed to be going fairly rapidly, since it occasionally shuddered from side to side. I just won't let her know I'm nervous. I'll just take it slow. I can't gain anything by throwing myself at her feet.

The train entered the barns at Hoboken and she waited for the conductor's unintelligible shout announcing the destination before she disembarked. As usual, the station was cold and clammy and gray. She walked slowly

toward the stairway which led down to the subway, and sat on the first step. I wish I smoked. At least it would give me something to do. Well, I don't need anything to do. I won't even look for him.

He walked casually up the stairs from the subway. His eyes probed the crowd of people, and he saw her seated on the first step. She was watching the people, and her eyes seemed to be consciously avoiding his. He walked up to where she sat and stood two steps below her.

"Hi."

"Hi." She finally raised her eyes to his.

"Well, uh, would you like something to eat? I'm kind of hungry."

"All right." She rose and walked with him to the hot dog stand, keeping a distance in both their bodies and conversation.

"These hot dogs are pretty hideous, but that's Hoboken."

"I know. It doesn't matter."

They stood near the entrance to the street. It was gray and dirty and depressing. He thought of many ways to start but the words would not come. He finished his hot dog resolutely and deposited a mustard-stained napkin into a trash basket which was overflowing onto the pavement. He lit a cigarette and tossed the match away.

"Uh, it's been awhile since I've seen you." Awful.

She glanced at him. Your own fault, she thought. "I know."

He paused indecisively. She wasn't going to help him. "Listen, I know we fought a lot. I'm sorry. I guess it was mostly my fault."

Damn right. She shrugged his remark off with an effort. "Well, look, I guess it doesn't matter anymore." She smiled. But I love you anyway. The realization almost shocked her into saying the words which hid behind her tongue.

He flicked his cigarette butt into the street, and saw it crushed by a passing car. He shoved his hands into the pockets of his coat. "I think it does matter, though. I'm off it now. I want to apologize for all the grief I gave you." He stood, watching his words and listening to them, and feeling relieved that they had finally come into the open.

She was strangely satisfied. In their little game, she now had the advantage. He was admitting guilt. "Thank you." Her answer sounded cold and dry. I love you. I've always loved you.

"That sounded pretty cold. You can't still be so angry at me." Hey, I love you. He leaned against a lamppost and felt its chill through to his skin.

She idly picked a piece of fuzz from her jacket and deposited it on the wind. She tossed her hair from her eyes and searched her mind for the words she wanted to say. You made me suffer. You're going to pay a little bit now. "I went through a lot for you. It's not so easy to forgive." I forgive you.

"All I can say is that I'm sorry. Everything's changed now." Please come back to me. "It's getting cold, let's go back inside."

She turned and walked wordlessly with him to the waiting room. It was warm in there, and she knew that when she spoke, her voice would sound smaller. The room was huge and the roof extended upwards to where she had to bend her head all the way back in order to see its pinnacle.

He decided to start again. All right, I can be hard too. "I'd like your opinion on going back with me." Was that showing too much of his feelings?

She raised her eyes fully to meet his own, but she carefully hid the joy that had rushed to them. Slowly, now. "I don't know." She glanced away, then back again. "I just think everything would slip back to the way it was—you know—hasseling about things." Too vague.

"I told you. I'm off it. That eliminates our biggest hassle. Shouldn't we—I mean don't we owe our thing another chance?" Damn. Well, maybe I can give a little this time. He looked at her intently.

She trampled him. Mockingly: "Do we?" Sweat a bit, sweetheart. You'll get me, but not until you deserve it. She smiled slightly.

"Listen, what more can I say? I'm really getting a little fed up. I'm sorry, all right? What do you want me to do, get down on my knees?" Okay. You can worry a bit. I want you, but you're not going to get to be a martyr. He leaned back against the wood of the seats and followed the grooves with his fingernail.

She was surprised at his sudden attack. And, like an animal trained in reflexes, she defended herself. "Look, take it easy, will you? It's hard for me to adjust to the changes—in you and me." But I haven't changed. I still love you, you goddam fool. Why aren't my words saying what I mean?

He stood up. "I don't want to fight." He was utterly shocked. He was on his feet, and that signified departure. What am I going to do?

"Okay. I guess we saw each other too soon." Her face was unsmiling. She looked away from him. Please don't leave.

He looked at her tightened features. I guess she has changed. I guess I have to leave now. He tried to unlock his knees and walk away, but merely succeeded in shifting his position. Well, as long as she doesn't love me, it's good I didn't open myself to her. "Well, uh, good-by."

She tried to ignore him, to soothe the blood and turmoil racing inside her. She looked up at him, forcing a casual expression into her eyes. "So long." What am I going to say?

He forced himself to walk away. He slowly opened the door of the waiting room, listening

for her footsteps behind him. Hesitantly, he headed for the stairs which led underground to the subway. He kept listening for her. At the top of the stairs he turned involuntarily. She wasn't there. With a terrible ache in his heart, he descended the stairs. The cold wind greeted him, and the sound of his own footsteps kept him company.

When he had gone, she watched the door swing softly after him. She wanted to run after him, to thrust her hurt deep within herself. She sat on the bench, staring at the air, damning herself. I do love him.

He stood in the station which was almost deserted and listened for the rumble which would signal the arrival of his train. He watched the silver rails. Maybe I should have ignored my feelings and my impatience.

She sat stiffly in the waiting room, justifying herself and making up excuses with which to pacify her seething emotions. Well, I'm still a whole person. At least I've still got my pride.

He bought a token for 9th Street in the city. He decided to forget everything. He decided to be strong and hard and just forget everything. After all, I didn't bow down to her. At least I've still got my pride.



## NIGHT HYMN

how often  
have i traveled  
the unreal city streets  
in those tired hellish hours  
in those crazy lonely hours  
just before the day blots out the dark  
  
how many backseats  
have i shared with strangers in those hours  
— together —  
performing the unspeakable ceremonies  
    of the damned  
— or all alone —  
about to give up for the night  
and go on home to bed  
— alone —  
cursing my own corruption  
— alone —  
in the glaring naked night  
  
the lights refused to quit  
the monotonous blinking continued  
the monotonous blinking lights  
  
the car rumbled on  
down the canyoned avenues  
past all-night laundromats  
with the usual assortment of burns and  
    runaway children  
past burlesque shows  
and dusk-to-dawn sex movies  
past makeuped tight-slacked faggots  
coily posed with hopes to make it  
past darkened display windows  
where armies of white and waxy corpses stand  
in this year's most expensive fashions  
and on down boarded-up half-standing streets  
with urine-scented atmospheres  
through mud-puddled alley ways  
lined with ten-year-old coca-cola signs  
tacked onto disintegrating brick walls

where the angry  
the bored  
and the lonely  
have left messages to amuse the world  
past rusted fire escapes  
piled high with maggoty trash cans  
patched folding chairs  
and ice-stiff rag carpets  
past vacant crack-glassed grocery stores  
where a few white letters from an old salada  
    tea decal  
still cling to the yellowed windows  
past wayside missions  
past soup kitchens  
past drunks  
and pimps  
and prostitutes  
whose faces will all fuse together  
before the night is over  
to form one huge life-scarred laughing crying  
    monster of a face  
and on past the buildings  
the sooty smog-coat buildings  
the warehouses  
the whorehouses  
the bakeries  
the factories  
and identical dingy brownstones  
that seem to continue on forever  
— forever —  
  
the lights refused to quit  
the monotonous blinking continued  
the monotonous blinking lights  
  
the car rumbled on  
and on beyond on  
over quietly erupting volcanic manholes  
whose ominous clouds rise  
like messages from the underworld

30

31

and over the roads  
the black ugly roads  
the roads stinking of gasoline and vomit  
the roads collaged with theater stubs  
with cigarette butts and spit globs  
with broken glass and broken men  
the-roads-the-roads  
that never stop their feverish basket-weaving  
the car rumbled on  
into the blackandblue mouth of night  
and was totally devoured

the lights refused to quit  
the monotonous blinking continued  
the monotonous blinking lights

by myself again  
wintercity  
crumbletumbling  
down on me

syphilitic sad young one  
staring strangely  
emotionless i  
meet the eyes  
rushing brain-draining feeling  
takes my body  
pulls me under — want to run

i am tired  
the sun is here  
the night is over

Joe Vojtko



## where are they now that you need them?

morris

Each day like summer, healing the blind. The parishioners go and bow-down and believe and the children cross themselves. The god has crossed them too. Nothing but winter's wind is left to remind you of cold December in June, and only bones remain after death. This child of mine no matter how beautiful she was could not stand niggers. And I guess I didn't blame her because they were black. Dirt is black. Black is dirt. Everyone knows that. Love is good. God is love—who knows that? i crossed the street children to school at 8:30 but why should i care if one gets run over by a bus it might be nice in eskimo country if the children can't make it themselves they die. Trees grow some die men die some grow. mothers always know it's never their child oh no **mine** is good What fools these mortals be. My love is my own my music in space visions of lost time running from itself/time consumes itself and grows and never stops growing and men consume themselves to be eaten by worms and never stop being eaten music fills time and is to drift with words flowing rhyme over dissonant chords calling men together as commoners in love with the same thing. "That nigger-boy twelve years old got music in him" that's what she said. And meant it. But i too

am filled with music music is sound and sound lives even in death

June sings her summer-song pleading in heat that men love and rabbits get shot by hunters and white fur turns to blood and coats to try and capture June in December for the fools The hunter shoots the fawn to capture beauty to stuff it and put it in an ugly room and the room reeks with the odor of a sewer works screaming death and beauty laughs for she cannot be captured not through violence music is in men deeper than all emotion for she is the means to sing out love and hate and envy and all else in men's hearts music is the church calling men on Sunday bells to gather together men to ask forgiveness the bells never suspecting just a show "Come we have to buy some new clothes for church, Mrs. Evans just got a whole new wardrobe. You wouldn't want her to show us up, would you?" she said. When will it end that nigger is hungry and his pain matches that of mine and his music is my music too i loved but its no use they don't understand it is a hard task to love those who stab and poke at you when night comes the elves don't appear to magically make shoes and men starve and good fairies don't leave enough

money to pay the dentist bills i wish time to stop for just a moment to give men a chance to breathe and end their greed time to stop a moment to let sound fill the air warning men of their evil ways sound in music sound in voices sound in death

When I was eight I was a king in school and everyone had to bow to me. I loved the crowds. The cheering. The trumpets were sounded and I drifted with them. Over the school was the sky but not like every school. This was mine. This was my kingdom and i stood on the platform and the principal congratulated me and asked if I had one wish for the rest of the students. I unrolled the speech that they saw me write and helped me write and finally wrote for me this was the speech they all approved the one that was right for the students the one that was right for them and me "As valedictorian I would like to say that my four years at this high school has been one of the most memorable and enjoyable experiences of my life." I crushed the paper and threw it at them and laughed till i couldn't laugh anymore and shouted if you've got guts and you want to learn quit school and go to the library and read read yourselves the three little pigs read

pig stories and chicken stories and sly cat stories.

Eisenhower once said, "Things are more like they are today than they ever were." anyone i know would agree to that Walter Lowrie once said, "If a man were to signify, which he were not, if he had the power, which being he were to endeavor anyhow—merely because he don't, would you?"

oh lord how i would wouldn't you foolish nonsense words jabberwocky chicken-fat mixed with cups of turnip root a dash of rock-salt a cup of hot water and cherry-tree leaves make rotten soup and false words in false proportions make for awful sentences and worse philosophies the stars gaze down on men for they are truly higher but no man is higher than any other man that nigger is not just black he is a sound and that white trash is not just trash he's a nigger everything is in everything else tomorrow the school children will stand on the corner and no-one will be there to tell them when to cross the street and there will be no sound left but mine and mine is music gently touching caressing the air .....

**LADY**

lady laughing  
 lusty busty  
 wears her body like a mink  
 throwing kisses to the masses  
 giving greenstamps with a lay

ostentatiously  
 she's singing:  
 (ostrich feathers round her heart)  
 "Go on, honey, try and fight me;  
 Come on, baby, spend the night."

(woman was a time remember  
 naked time and you were bare  
 woman was a time remember  
 darkened time to sit and stare)

sleeping when they don't surround her  
 cooing. . . posing when they do  
 now she knows she'll have no lover  
 now she knows the truth of death

(woman was a time remember  
 one had answered yes he would  
 woman is a year december  
 in the dark you lost your love)

Joseph Vojtko

**LOVESONG TO A LOST SUMMER**

A harlequin madcap  
 swooped through the azure  
 while an emerald-backed turtle  
 ate the tangerine sun;  
 and,  
 those on the dinghy  
 sailed through the darkness,  
 enjoying the sun's sisters suns.

Back came the sailors  
 with a star that had fallen.  
 They gathered around it  
 for warm;  
 under the eye  
 of the great god of fire,  
 discovered  
 Omega and Om . . .

C. R. Williams

**The Arbor**

he was found  
 at the entrance  
 of the arbor  
 beneath the vines  
 which so carefully he nurtured  
 which so lovingly he trimmed  
 just as they bore  
 their full-bloodied fruit  
 strangled by tendrils  
 so tenderly trained  
 for other men's necks

C. R. Williams

**wish**

would  
 i were (silly?)  
 a flower. (no!)  
 pretty,  
 i could give then  
 beauty (love)  
 and have at least  
 the Friendship  
 of Children.

Pat Hódakowski



## FROM THE JOURNAL

i shall go to you  
 in sorrow-drunken madnights

when the hot blood of your ulcerated soul  
 leaks out pussied and poisoned on your  
 sweat-wet goose-bump flesh--i shall go  
 to you

when your eyes are puffed and popped ex-  
 ploding from their cradles in your swollen  
 fevered face--i shall go to you

when your summer slimy hair begins to hiss  
 and crawl above your head like an ani-  
 mated crown of thorns--i shall go to you

when your moist and nervous lips slink about  
 your mouth-cave--some pathetic wounded  
 animal searching for a place to hide and  
 die--i shall go to you

when your bony bitten fingers scratch your  
 yellow-scaled feet which are tapping to  
 the spooky-tunes of latin-chanting fune-  
 rals that only your ears hear--i shall go  
 to you

when the taste of cigarettes and mucous  
 leaves your tongue invades your body  
 and you drink your all-night super-heated  
 bitter-bitter coffee--i shall go to you

when your worn-out druggy voice shouts out  
 incoherent nonwords to an audience of  
 moths and mosquitos on the screendoor--  
 i shall go to you

when the urge is heavy on you to rip your  
 stomache open and you think you hear  
 the unsound start to weep--i shall go to  
 you

## OF THE HELLSUMMER

when you've given up your visions and you've  
 burnt your unmailed letters and you  
 rhythm-read the mustard bottle lable--  
 i shall go to you

when a rosary of faces comes back praying  
 cross your thoughts and a tri-decade of  
 lost times makes you smile ever slightly  
 --i shall go to you

when the plaster mask of loneliness you don-  
 ned to meet your critic's expectations  
 dries fast and at last you are your finest  
 work of art--i shall go to you

when your haunty gaunt dream lover fades to  
 vapor in the nightmare mist but you've  
 no power left now to conjure up another  
 --i shall go to you

when the birch tree through the window is  
 the devil in the wind who is grinning as  
 he beckons you with wild hypnotic eyes--  
 i shall go to you

i shall go to you

i shall go to you

i shall go to you

you shall come to me

we shall go together

we shall fall together feel

the full of it

and know the weight

of hell's hotsummer hauntings

Joe C. Vojtko

### Uglier with Time

In my youth,  
 They gave me an empty coke can.  
 And filled it with promises.  
 Then when I could read,  
 They gave me a T.V.  
 And filled it with lies.  
 But when my innocence was lost,  
 They told me a story.  
 Then at fourteen,  
 When I understood all there was  
 They found a religion for me to believe in.

And all along They told me:  
 How it goes up and down  
 Or round and round.  
 And when I understood all this,  
 They gave me a piece of paper.  
 And sent me on my way.

Now older  
 I see young girls meet hangmen  
 And play games of petty thoughts  
 But their minds and faces,  
 They get uglier with time.

Bill Kern

That summer's taste was peanuts,  
 peanuts in their shells, but not roasted;  
 we never took time to roast them,  
 you and I. Soon I grew sick  
 from their rawness  
 or perhaps just weary of the taste.

With a stomachache  
 I ran away with the popcornman.  
 Do you recall him—tall and copper tan?  
 You, with your shiny face, never understood.  
 Do you still find pearls in the morning sand?  
 The popcornman had a dirty beard.

Francine Gratkowski

she is in a bittersweet mood.  
 she hears music

soft and slow and light  
 and it carries her to a field of dead grass  
 and there the wind rolls along the ground  
 and this dried, yellow straw  
 always with the wind, moves for the last time  
 before the snow buries it forever.  
 alone,  
 swaying with the wind,  
 she doesn't want the snow to come.  
 she doesn't want the music to stop.

cathy mccormick

### The Alley

A line of air, division  
 of space  
 between bricks,  
 old dirt  
 with a new face.  
 Forgotten print  
 on a torn soap box . . .

(Were the words important?)

Playground of a dirty child,  
 playground of a dirty  
 mind . . .

Toys of trash  
 and thoughts of  
 darkness,  
 doubting light,  
 with only stagnant  
 air  
 existing . . .

And now I'm on the  
 busy street . . .  
 with alley-thoughts  
 remembered . . .

Clark Bromfield





## The Nightclub Fire

Inward.  
The doors opened inward.  
Those at the back of it,  
Clawing toward the head,  
Didn't know;  
Those at the front did,  
But the strong weren't strong enough  
And the weak were crushed  
And/or trampled.  
The doors opened inward.  
Costly whim of the architect.  
But should he really have known?  
Would he have allowed himself the thought?  
Inward.  
If there had been  
Just one second of order . . .  
(How long does it take to open a door?)  
Or even if one had rushed  
To those doors  
And beaten the rest . . .  
But they had reacted together;  
Instinctively.  
Lemmings to the sea,  
They were all there at once.

Russ Williams

## folk elegy

August days,  
pert nose-gays,  
fire, flare, and fan,  
laughter's flight  
(sheer delight)  
belong to Julianne.

Apple cheek,  
mountain peak,  
church spire's soaring span,  
arbor seat  
(love's retreat)  
speak of Julianne.

While, in the vale,  
treading the rail,  
content as best it can  
to whistle a sigh  
on the wind blown by,  
the train sings "Julianne."

Smothered spark.  
Silenced lark.  
Mire, mirth, nor man,  
nor healing herb  
will disturb  
the peace of Julianne.

Autumn days,  
dried bouquets,  
bear with her blithe young man,  
when yet he hears  
November's tears  
rain down on Julianne.

Think of her as you prefer:

a season past,  
a time too fast,  
a way of life no more;  
for when she leaves  
each man, he grieves  
and can but close mind's door,  
(ere thought becomes too sore).

Biedrycki

## CHAPTERS

then fearing ends of episodes  
i stretch the length of sentences  
and ramble on for paragraphs  
and paragraphs  
and let the last word tumble  
roll and tingle on my tongue  
and linger into afterwhispers  
foggy at the bottom of my throat

cruel light  
of a white page  
beating at my brain

sad fight  
and my hero is insane

seems my time is separated neatly like a novel  
seems i'm not permitted to revise it or reread it  
only left to wonder do i have a valid theme  
only left to start another chapter

Joe Vojtko

## forever passing

Existing on uncertain thresholds  
of death and tomorrow  
Four Tireless Druid Quarters  
change round triangles  
using only time and a smile

Phones, short skirts, springs  
and pictures  
each change the distance  
between two moments  
or two memories

Draperies hang crooked  
(often between  
moments and memories)  
as if a fabric of illusion  
defining here and there  
with time and a smile

Stop once, to lean  
against a streetlamp  
and observe  
people passing  
passing people (and)  
people passing  
passing forever (and)  
forever passing  
time with smiles  
and smiles with time.

L. S. H.

there  
 up on  
                   the hill  
 below  
 the ocean floor  
 a picture  
 an image  
 of a girl  
 of a smile  
                   no more  
 sun breaking through  
 morning mist  
 delicate dew cautiously creeping  
 around a man's mind  
 whispering  
                   (go to the hill)  
 a wrinkled wearily wept  
   tear  
   drops  
 whispering  
                   (climb the hill)  
 and the man obeys  
                   the whisper  
 he runs  
 steadily  
   slowly  
   stumbling  
 falling  
 screaming down  
                   the hill  
 below  
 the ocean floor  
 and  
 becomes the picture

morris

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