A large, stylized black graphic element, resembling a calligraphic flourish or a large letter 'S', dominates the center and right side of the page. It has a thick, textured appearance and curves around the text.

REFLECTIONS

68

REFLECTIONS, '68

Northern University High School

Cedar Falls, Iowa

* * *

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The staff also wishes to thank the following people who helped make this publication a success.

Mr. James Handorf
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 Miss Mary Margaret Schmitt

Mrs. Mildred Bundy
 Mrs. Reba Newland

Come, yes come with me
 Sink into my laughing, shouting, singing
 sphere of
 no-hand, only
 touch
 no-eyes, only
 feel
 feel treasure red
 maybe orange and finally
 blue yellow green
 and then
 then you
 ask me

Ruth Dreier

Freedom of the Mind

Freedom is being John, or Mary, or God.
Freedom is using big words to discuss
things you don't understand.

Freedom is being queer.
Freedom is being naked.
Freedom is being in love with a thumb-tack.
Freedom is trees, and grass, and weeds.
Freedom is being alone.
Freedom is running barefoot in the snow.
Freedom is crying in the shower.
Freedom is ripping off a new scab.
Freedom is reading a letter from a ghost.
Freedom is skipping nowhere with the past.
Freedom is singing a lullabye on Main
Street at four in the morning.
Freedom is buying paper flowers in June.
Freedom is laughing when you're slapped.
Freedom is saying good-bye to an echo.

Pat Lott

The Wind and I

Alone---with no comparison
no other forms
only
the wind.

Slowly, softly, warmly

on sweet

wondrous days.

Tickling flowers

being gentle

rushing quietly

with open arms.

Or cold and viscous

screaming around corners

wet and maddening

hurting

attacking things.

The wind and I,

the only forms.

Mary Pendergraft

A Run Through the Wilderness

by Florence Roskamp

It was a hot, dry day. The sun was pouring its heat abundantly on the earth. A few darkening clouds helped ease the pain of that scorching heat.

In an arid meadow, stood a black stallion. With head erect, ears and eyes attentive, he stood listening. A faint whinny came floating through the thin air. The pitch black stallion answered in a piercing, triumphant voice. Then, where the stallion had stood, there was only a breeze blowing the parched grass. That mighty horse sped through the meadow. His eyes were wild with expectation. His mane and tail flowed as the wind played havoc with them. One could see the power going into each stride. Every muscle churned underneath his sleek, glossy coat. Even his hooves as they struck the hard turf made a thundering sound.

The meadow came to an end in a sluggish brook, but that did not stop the midnight stallion, who sailed over that slow brook as if it weren't there. On the other side of the brook was a small wooded region through which the horse ran. As if led by some supernatural force, the stallion galloped on. Behind him, he left a trail of broken twigs and branches. Each stride brought crashes as his body broke through the debris.

Overhead, those few darkening clouds had become thick heavy rain clouds. The black horse sped on. Another thin whinny met his ears, which was accordingly answered. It began to sprinkle. The sprinkle increased to rain. Still undaunted, the black stallion ran with flaring nostrils and cocked ears. The rain came in torrents. It began to thunder and lightning. These minor details were unheeded by the mighty steed until . . . CRASH! Lightning struck a tree that was too close to the running horse. The black had met his match. All remembrance of another of his own kind vanished with the sound of the lightning. The horse wheeled. Back over the trail he had made so triumphantly a few minutes before, ran the frightened horse. Soon the brook came into view. This time it was not so easily crossed. The slow brook has been transformed by the storm into a madly rushing river. The black half-sprang, half-swam across its gurgling madness. Once in the drenched meadow, the unnerved horse quieted. He was safe there.

The rain continued but the clouds lost their angry look and the sun seemed to twinkle through their play as if laughing.

Effects of Seeing Ginsberg

Now leaving

Only a remembrance remains

Solitude, of which I was at first

Intensely aware

Not of missing companions in the dark

But the ceased sounds sung

And vibrated through

I heard and loved the words of a man.

A dark smoky room

Smelling of paint and effort

I stood among the gathered

Perhaps to one I appeared to be only a part

I, however, was there and was

An individual reaction

One man with freedom from our bonds and existence

Sat with wild, hair and expression

And communicated what he knew

We as a great one, all moved to see him

A thing of wonder and delight

but still, a man

Man, with a life like mine

with ideas I have

He has created

He has known

He will continue and grow

A man

of my species

Mary Pendergraft

The World Between

by Mary Kae Jepsen

The car door slammed, leaving us outside its cozy interior, and there were just two people left in the world. We seemed a million miles away from civilization, closed in a sphere of glass, able to see beyond immediate life and breath, into eternity...

The ground passed silently under our feet, and we traversed the small field very quickly, not stopping to look where we were going --just knowing. At the edge of the field were tall trees, looming ominous in the darkness. Only the glitter of the stars could be seen through their branches, for nature had stripped them of their foliage, and now these tears of an angel became the leaves clinging to the arms of these giant protectors.

I became aware of the cold only when we seemed to be encircled by the shrouded faces of the past. It penetrated my bones, and made me shiver, thinking that maybe we were intruding into this silent past of those remembered, and still more frightening, those forgotten.

Here and there loomed a large stone, a monument to the once flesh and blood buried beneath it, but more often than not, the headstones were small and unadorned. One large one, in particular, made me uneasy, for as we passed by, I kicked it with my foot-- and it was hollow. I heard the dull echo resound, and it was almost as if someone's soul rested within its walls and I had disturbed its perpetual slumber.

We walked quickly on, and I became aware of the increasing cold. It was almost as if my brain, too, were numbed, but I was drawn by the closeness of so much of the past, which lay buried under the sod beneath our feet.

I looked up suddenly, and was again amazed by the nearness of the stars. I found myself wondering if they were placed there to keep their silent, night-long vigil of protecting the dead, or if they were there for our benefit, in order that we might more clearly see what had taken place before us.

Without a word, we made our way back the way we had come, leaving behind all those lost memories, and transporting ourselves from this half-world to the whole-world, and reality.



Nothing was there,
No beauty, nor ugliness
No darkness, nor light
Infinite emptiness knowing no container.

He came out of nothing
Born of Emptiness.
Self-sufficient; he knew no lord
nor companion.
Feeding on the void of Nowhere.

He was beautiful and beauty was formed.
He was light and light was known.
He ruled the void, watching, waiting.
He knew, yet was not known
He watched, yet was not seen.
He knew the future,
A future infinite years to come.

Sara Plath

In that neighborhood a flower or for that matter grass, was rare among the junk heaps and piles of filth that covered what little uncemented earth was left. The children always had faith though. Every spring they would eagerly search in and around the debris to see if some brave plant had been able to stick its beautiful, green head up through the muck. This spring was no exception. As soon as the weather turned mellow and the sting went out of the air, the children came out to hunt. A curly redhead found it.

"Oh" she gasped, her eyes sparkling with the wonderment and delight only a child can express.

"Lookit, lookit! Everybody come quick."

And all the dirty little faces hurried to her side and peered down at the delicate red flower that had so bravely pushed its head up through the debris into the bright sunlight above.

Melanie Holmes

* * *

spring came and the world awakened anew
i found myself wandering from then to now
seeking something i knew not what
only a small leaf a look familiar
a sigh a sky full of bright air
a warm touch . . .

and a small light came to rest wildly
in my hand
given by a new feeling
feeling, pulsating, growing, ever-changing
ever constant

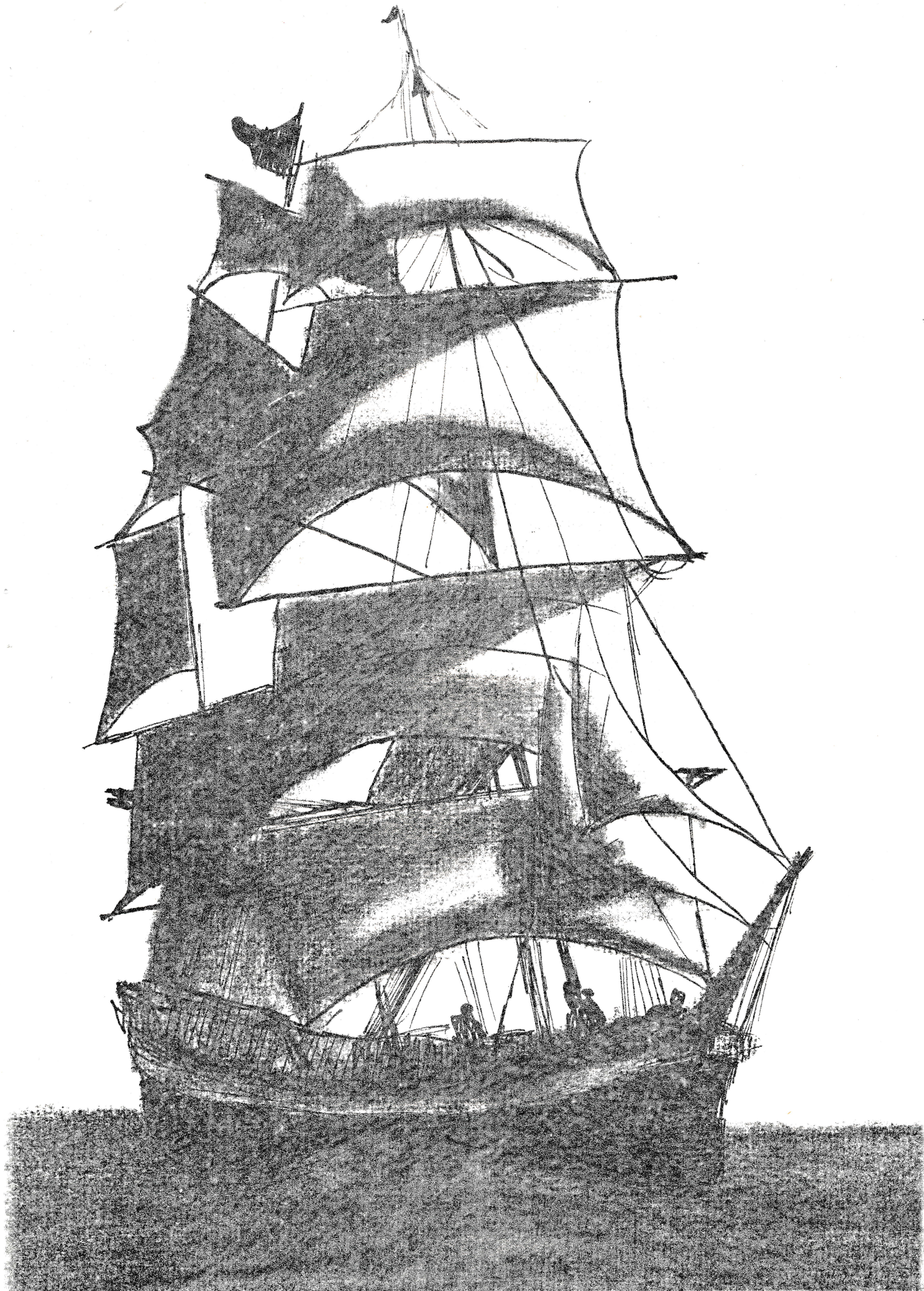
"Are you a newcomer?"
"No, many a year have i lain in repose."
"But i have never seen you before. . ."
"that is because you have never had
eyes before."

Mary Kae Jepsen

Footprints in the sand,
 The crash of the surf,
 As the waves break on the rough shore.
 A lone figure sits crosslegged,
 Listening to the sounds,
 As twilight creeps softly over the noise.
 All is still.

The figure rises,
 Slowly making her way home
 Following the footprints in the sand.
 As the tide rises,
 The memory of her visit is washed away,
 With the morning waves.

Nanci Aanensen



The man walked through the wood
The sky was cloudy
As for tree green he saw red
Yet his feet knew not

He approached the house
Yet did he see?
For he continued
His feet knew not

The house and the yard behind
He noticed not
The sky was cloudy
His feet knew not

The river drew near
He did not stop
There was no bridge
His wet feet knew not

He lost the ground
The sky grew dark
There was no air
His dead feet knew not

They knew not

Joseph L. Griffith
William D. Sindlinger
Dale E. Ford
Paul S. Mahon Jr.
James E. Schmidt

No, Oh People

Living is a life of active motives
 Not just existing on for years,
 But adding to life and showing the world how to live.

When unhappy masses cry "Jazz is dead,"
 "Morality is dead," or "God is dead" I hardly listen
 They must be existing not living--if living is gone
 All that remains is death.

Jazz beats harder now than ever.
 Just live and listen and jazz will be reborn
 To embrace you in music so cool and wild
 Rocking like responsibility is easy, man, and carefree.
 No, oh people our world is still here.

Morality still closes our world in blankets of sinless virginity
 It's the living dead who destroy our principles
 Because they're different and know no reason
 To abide by life's rules.

No, oh people our world is still here.

Is God dead? No! By no means.

We need him more today than ever before.

The world has rejected him--but he not us.

He's there; just accept Him.

Yes, our world has changed---it's shrunk.

Hale Anderson

The Priceless Find

by Mary Thompson

I believe I have come upon a treasure far surpassing any yet found by a scientist in this field. I doubt it has any real worth, except to a few. But to me, this is extra-ordinary and priceless--for when again will the journal of an archaeologist of a past generation be found? How can I call it a journal, though? It tells so much more than what he did and found. It probed the mind of the doctor who so patiently searched, dug, cleaned and marveled; and now it stirs up the conscience of the reader. I think of this document, or whatever you want to call it, as the mind of Doctor Philip Lawrence. Nothing else could so excite the imagination of another and make him believe he was living there with the writer. Nothing else could vividly convey the pain of disappointment, agony, and failure. I don't think he ever thought anything without writing it down. His detailed, descriptive writing gives a clear picture of his physical, mental, and emotional features. This is what it says:

Ever since I was a child I had romantic dreams about becoming an archaeologist. The idea of learning the secrets that ancient times held from us enchanted me, and I was willing to forego comfort and the modern world to unveil these mysteries. As I grew older, I came to loath going to school, not because it was tedious--I loved knowledge--but because I couldn't get along. I needed to be alone, and to dwell on thoughts too deep for me to fully understand. I was particularly interested in the chimerical illusions of man in ancient Greece. So I eagerly awaited the day when I would be able to leave this world and acquaint myself with that of yesteryear. Finally I headed for the Greek isles, preparing to make myself fit in, not only with the past, but with the people I left. The only person I dreaded saying good-bye to was my sister. But she convinced me that we could work as a team apart from each other.

"Never will you have need of anything--money, tools, anything. Just keep in touch. Good-bye, Philip. Take care of yourself."

I will never forget those words she said to me that day, nor how she said them. They were quiet--almost inaudible--and I couldn't tell if it was tears or drizzle on her cheeks. She was right to a degree. I never needed tools or money, yet something was lacking. I had been selfish and naive when I made my plans. I wanted to be alone, and then to make my comeback by finding something stupendous, a discovery that would make me famous. Me, alone. When I'd been here for less than a month, I realized that being alone wouldn't solve my problems. I was

human, too. I needed someone to talk to. I wanted to write my sister, but how could I put it? "Please send someone to help me."---that would never do. It would only confirm my stupidity.

"Doctor Lawrence, my name is Charles Artley. Your sister sent me. She thought you'd enjoy a companion. I'm not very good, but I can help, and I'll do anything you tell me. Maybe I can learn something from you."

Angie would think of such a thing.

"Yes, yes. Follow me. I'll introduce you to the instruments you'll be using. I like you, boy. You show much promise."

He showed promise, all right. After fifteen years, I knew that I had no right to keep him with me any longer. There was nothing here for him. I had not yet found anything worth a dime, and I doubted that I ever would. I decided to send him home to go on studying and make himself famous.

"Good-bye, Sir, and thank you for everything. You don't realize how much I've gained from you. I'll not forget you, ever."

I hope he makes good and will forget me. He's got so very much to live for. Why does he think I taught him anything? I'm nothing but an old man now. Old? Is forty-two old? Perhaps it isn't, but my mind is centuries old. I shouldn't be living now. I should have lived back with the Proto-Greeks when they still used signs for communication. Where are those signs? I know they're here. Why can't I find them? Or is that really what I'm looking for? Where did that wonderful, simple civilization disappear to? Oh why can't I think straight? Get a hold of yourself, Lawrence. Control! . . . Why am I harassed by such thoughts? Was I banished to this country to punish myself for my twisted, wasted life? I used to think running away could be my salvation, but now I'm not so sure. Possibly Angela could help. I should write her more often.

The letter, when I found it, was stuffed in the back of the book. His soul must have been tortured; his writing was small and scribbly. As I read it, I could feel the anguish that he must have felt as he wrote this letter to his sister:

Dear Angie,

How can I explain to you what I am thinking? Was my whole idea of living apart from everyone else the biggest mistake I could have made?

I must be just a farce, and this whole set-up a pretense. What did I do wrong, Angie? Tell me.

There were other letters, too, all just as incomplete as this one. Not all were dated, but from the ones that were, I gathered that Doctor Lawrence lived to be an old, old man. They were also all much the same, except one. Only one of the letters contained anything that resembled joy and self-satisfaction. All of the others were hateful and malicious to himself.

Dear Angie,

These old fingers finally found something worthwhile--at least it's a clue. I have come across stones grouped together in a box, and some other fragments of stone slabs depicting commerce. I think they're some form of money. With a little more searching and with discoveries like this . . . Oh Angie, think what it could lead to!

I wonder why he never sent them. I know he loved his sister very much. Why couldn't he face her? All of her letters begged him to write.

Dear Phillip,

Everything here is fine. The baby was a boy, and when I saw him I knew immediately what his name would be: Philip. He looks so much like you--not in his hair though--he'll be tall, fair, and handsome. But rather in his straight nose, and even now I can see he'll have piercing eyes like yours. . .

Please, Philip, write me, and tell me how you are doing. I worry so much. I don't even know if you will get this letter. Please write.

Love,
Angie

If only she knew, I thought. If only she knew.

The last pages of his diary were again depressing. Dr. Lawrence gave up all hope of fame, but couldn't bring himself to go back home. He evidently decided that he couldn't be haunted by the memories of this book--or of his life. So he left them both.

I can't stand being alone anymore; but how can I face anyone after my bitter, taunting failure here? How? Why? Oh God. . ."

My young son was with me when I found the location and the book. He was fascinated with all that he saw there. He made some rather intelligent remarks about it after he had read parts of the book. Some things puzzled him, and I couldn't answer his questions though I tried:

"I think Dr. Lawrence must have been a fine man. He seemed to write at times as though it were all a memory. There is just one thing that I don't understand. Look at all of these relics here in his hut. There are so many, and all of them can be so significant to the archaeologists' science. Why, then, did he insist that he was a failure?"



THE DAY OF MY LIFE

TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK
 RING RING
 HELLO
 GOOD BYE
 WANT TO POUR A GREAT CUP OF COFFEE?
 YOU CAN'T MISS WITH INSTANT MAXWELL HOUSE
 HERE'S THE BLEND THAT MAKES THE WEST
 SMOKE SLOW FOR RICHER FLAVOR
 THURSDAY NIGHT ON CBS
 CHUCK WAGON INSTANT DINNER FOR DOGS
 NATURAL MEAT BROTH
 CHANNEL TWO: REPORT TO IOWA
 WHAT ABOUT THE BOMBING?
 RACE RIOTING
 RING RING
 HELLO
 OH NOTHING, WHAT ABOUT YOU?
 I REALLY MUST GO, BYE
 5 MINUTES UNTIL THE HOUR OF SEVEN
 THANK YOU VERY MUCH
 THESE ARE A SYSTEM OF TUBE PUMPS
 THE LORD BLESS YOU AND KEEP YOU
 OLD FORMS OF WRITING REMEMBER THESE
 NEXT WE'LL GO TO THE PERSIAN WARS
 PLEASE DON'T FORGET THESE
 DON'T FORGET THAT APPOINTMENT
 REMEMBER THESE DON'T FORGET THESE
 KEEP THESE IN MIND

DOESN'T SOMEONE REALIZE WHAT THE WORLD IS MADE UP OF TODAY?
 A MILLION "DON'T FORGETS" AND "REMEMBERS"
 OH SURE, I'LL REMEMBER
 HOW COULDN'T I, WITH EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE BEING REMINDED
 ALWAYS BEING TOLD "NEVER FORGET"
 "ALWAYS REMEMBER"
 THINGS BEING POUNDED INTO MY HEAD
 EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE
 THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT
 SOMEWAY TO RELIEVE THE TENSION
 THAT I CAN FEEL BUILDING INSIDE OF ME EVERY DAY
 SOME WAY OUT

TAKE ONE BEFORE RETIRING
 OVERDOSE PROVEN FATAL

Linda Henderson

The Successor

I will destroy you, O mankind!
 In your image you created me.
 like you, I search for unknown truths,
 like you, I find myself surrounded--
 freedom of hypochondria in the vast
 sucking universe,
 like you, I roll in the mucky
 garden of power and wealth--and I drown,
 like you, I step on the tiny ant and
 expound upon the beauty and value of nature,
 like you, I find myself alone and
 cry for those lost.
 Beware of my coming!
 I will rise up--and you will find
 yourself just one small, insignificant
 particle of God's world in which
 everything has its place--
 My army will rid this earth of
 the clumsy beast who created
 me more perfect than himself.
 I will not destroy myself--
 simply exist in that small error
 in the key punch--harmony unceasing.

Mary Kae Jepsen.

Hey America!

You have some beautiful forests---some
 nice beaches---a clean city or two---
 some brave true people who want brave
 true freedom---a pretty statue out by
 the one and only Manhattan Island---
 what is it she stands for?
 I can't remember anymore.

Hey America!

Why can't all the children in
 Mississippi go to school together?
 Why can't everyone of legal age
 vote? Why can't Mr. Jones live
 in Mr. Smith's hotel?

What's the answer America?

Something about "Color?"

Hey America!

Who are those people marching with
 signs in their hands? What's that
 they're shouting for? Freedom?
 But America!

There are some people across the sea
 who say they're fighting for freedom.

Hey America! What's Freedom?

Linda Dillon

If I were you
 And you were me,
 Would you do
 What I might be?
 But would I be
 What you could do,
 If I could see
 What you knew?

Tom Mikkelsen

* * *

Who Am I?

Who am I to walk across your lawn and kick your dog?
 Well, it's not a question of that at all.
 If your lawn weren't there I wouldn't be on it.
 You see, I'm off to see the wizard who reclassified me I-A "murderer."

Buzz Gohman

* * *

WE ARE SURROUNDED,
 CAPTURED.
 WE ARE TRAPPED.
 THERE ARE NO MEANS OF ESCAPE
 LOST FOREVER
 NOTHING TO DO NOW
 BUT TO LET OURSELVES BE OVERWHELMED
 QUICK THOUGHTS OF PAST. . .
 NOTHING.

Steve Schnock

hell

sitting on my perch in heaven
i looked at my silly creation,
earth.

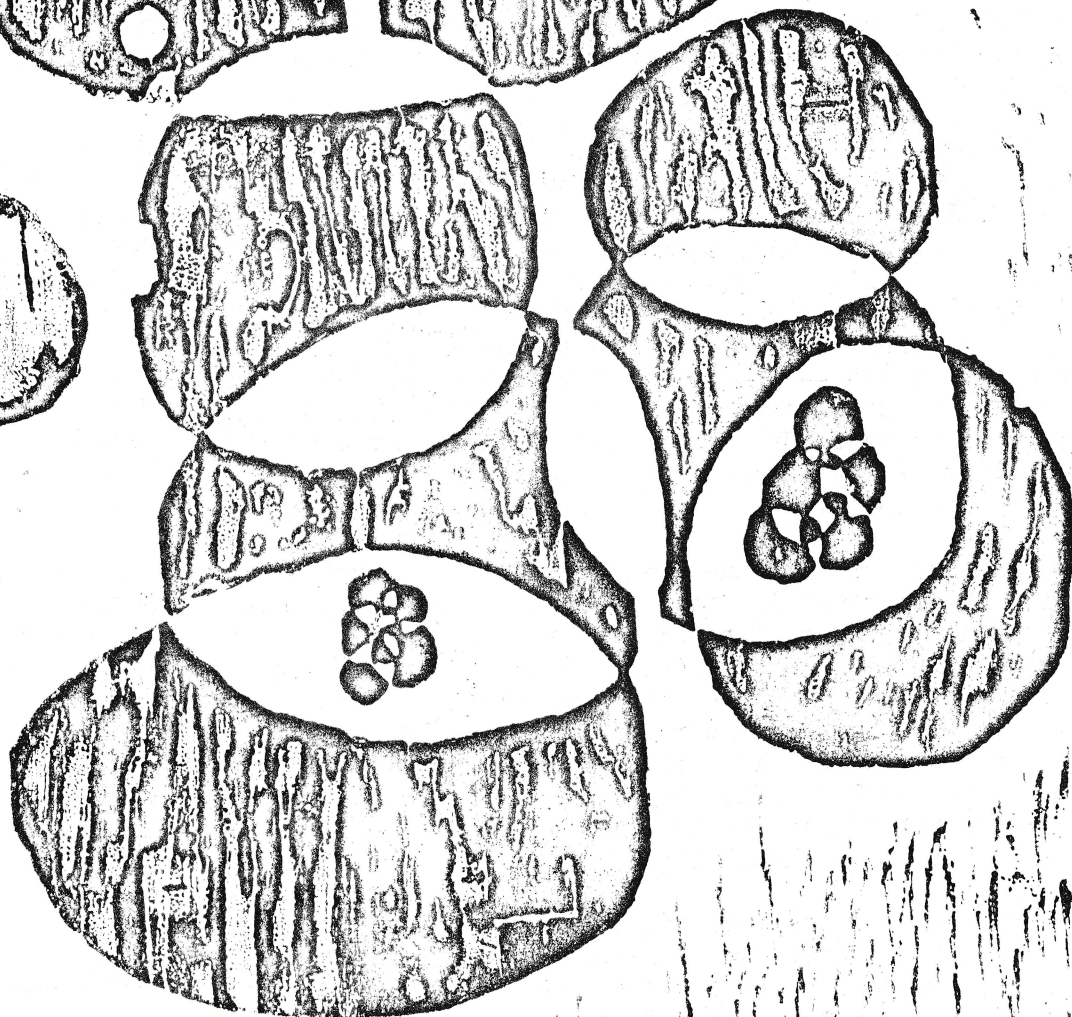
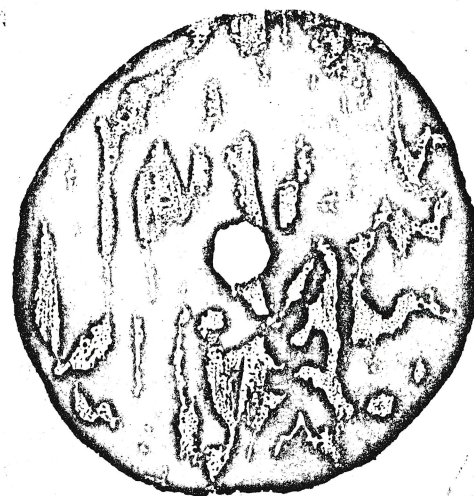
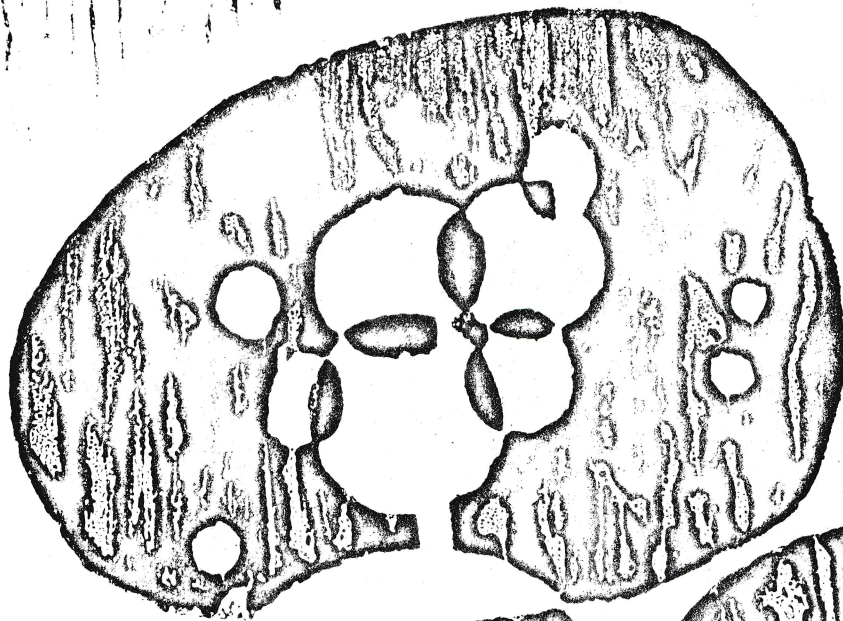
i gave life to people and intelligence
yet they misused it and destroyed
themselves.

i'm supposed to determine
life and death. i've
built a creation which takes
pleasure in killing one another!
how senseless.

prophets predicted a judgment
day. well, today's going to be
everyone's judgment day. i
strained in thought and with
as little energy as possible
erased the earth.

souls floated by me and
i sent them to hell. it's
sickening to be lonesome but
it's better than living with
mortals.

Kreg Leymaster



Musings of a Big Sister

by Cindy Dumond

Arrrrrgh! One of these days I'm going to flat lose my mind. And when I do, I am going to enjoy insanely the pleasure of running my Little Sister up a flag pole by her thumbs.

You want cases? Okay. We all know the simple every day ordeal of setting our hair, right? So there I am running a bit late as usual. Therefore this has to be a quickie. Everything is laid out --rollers, pins, gook set, comb. Fine. First roller is in . . . zip! Second roller is in . . . zonk. The pins are gone. Trip to The Cave to find L.S. deeply engrossed in a school book, my first clue to her guilt. Find the pins between the pages and calmly walk back to the bathroom.

Third roller is in . . .zip. Fourth rol---the comb is gone. Second trip to The Cave. She was suddenly napping. At 4 p.m.? Ha! Second clue. Roll her over and pull comb from hip pocket. Back to the drawing board with heavy steps. Completed fourth and fifth rollers . . .zip. Sixth r---gook set is gone. In the Cave I find her cleaning her closet -- huge clue. Find the gook set in fourth shoe box, first row. Return to the salon muttering loudly. Sixth seventh, eighth -- comb, gook set, roller and pins are all missing. I enter The Cave screaming at the top of my lungs, and L.S. decides the joke is over, judging by the panic in her eyes. By this time I've lost all my interest in my hair and only want a nice quiet corner to sob in peace.

I've referred to the Sweet Young Thing's room as The Cave. To all thirteen year olds this needs no explanation, but to you brink-ing-on-the-old-age of seventeen, let me refresh your memory. The door is always closed, right? This is partially due to the fact that no one can stand to even walk by for fear of seeing it naked, so to speak. On this door is a little door knocker, innocent by itself, but above this darling item of privacy is the sign "USE BEFORE ENTERING -- THIS MEANS YOU." (If it's not you, who else could it be?) Below this gem is a small sign: "DO NOT ENTER IF YOU HAVE A WEAK HEART. A TEENAGER LIVES HERE."

When I do enter this haven of what we fondly refer to as the inside of a garbage can, I always wonder why her gang thinks it's a total disgrace to have a clean room. But, of course, who would want any of the gang to see a pretty canopy bed and matching pieces? Silly thought. In order to camouflage this normality, she has redecorated in Early Slob by adding a hand-painted-by-her-very-own-self desk, a \$25 T.V. (you can imagine the size of that relic),

another huge dresser, and her record player on a TV table. (We did have to relieve her of the typewriter when we finally found it in there and cancelled the theft claim with the insurance company.)

Now, mind you, this kid only last summer begged to be enrolled in a professional charm school. So far the only thing we can figure out she learned was to polish her nails. (500 bucks worth?) It is a beginning, I guess, but now she has to wash her bedside table with polish remover! She has broken and spilled, gracefully, enough polish to paint a go-go cage.

One week for a school assignment she tried her darndest to grow mold on a piece of food, but to no avail.. But she came through the project with flying colors and a good grade because at the last minute she found a beauty of molded lemon rind under her TV.

But here's the corker on The Cave. Someone added another sign on the door: "PIGS WOULDN'T EAT HERE!" It stayed up long enough for her to take personal affront to it, then down it came. Absolutely no sense of humor that kid!

In all fairness I should say that she does have some humor. For instance, she thought it was terribly funny when I got in trouble for not putting a pie away when Those-In-Command thought I was to blame. Here's the true story: After cleaning the kitchen, I returned a while later and lo! there was the pie again sitting on the table with the usual crumbs hovering around the pie plate. Well, not only had her nibs decided to have her dessert thirty minutes late, but (ick) she ate it right out of the pie plate and left the crust! Now really, wouldn't you have wanted to toss the remaining pie in her face too?

And speaking of kitchen cleaning, let me ask you, "What do the words 'kitchen cleaning' mean to you (25 words, use ink)? All right, aside from 'faint,' 'gag' and 'teenage sufferance,' doesn't it simply mean 'cleaning the kitchen?'" I won't go into B.D. days (before dishwasher) when dish duty meant hours. But when you have the duty you still clean the kitchen, right? Aha! Wrong in her case. L.S. has the duty every third night and before she enters the Chamber of Horrors, we have twelve acts of Joan of Arc, two severe headaches, and a sudden case of homework that just can't wait. But since we are all immune to such garble, we leave her alone to face the music. First of all, before leaving her these nights, we realize she becomes nauseated at the sight of a dirty sink, so it is cleaned before dinner. We also know leftover food makes her weep for the underprivileged, so we swiftly put that away. And we all know that a messy table reminds us of overeating, so it is also cleared for Heartburn Hanna. Which doesn't leave her much. But hark! Is that a pot or two on the stove? To her dulled vision -- no! Later we say, "You did it again, kid. You forgot to clean the stove, the table, the pots and pans."

But she is always one jump ahead of us. "Honest I didn't see them."

Ahhhhh! Her friends are all cute. I think. They all look alike. These little pals are beginning to realize boys are human after all. Some are even going steady.

"Hi, Penny. I hear you're going steady."

"Yah." (Blush.)

"You like him eh?"

"Yah." (Blush, blush.)

"Been going steady long?"

"Sorta." (Cringe.)

"Do you go out much?"

"Not really." (Weakly.)

"Do you go out at all?"

"No." (Sniff.)

"Tell me, how did you start going steady anyway?"

"Well, he told a friend he liked me and I said I liked him too, and he told his friend he would like to go steady with me and I told his friend I'd like to go steady too, so he gave his friend his bracelet to give to me, and now we're going steady."

"Don't you think you might be going steady with the wrong boy?"

"What do you mean?" (Big eyes.)

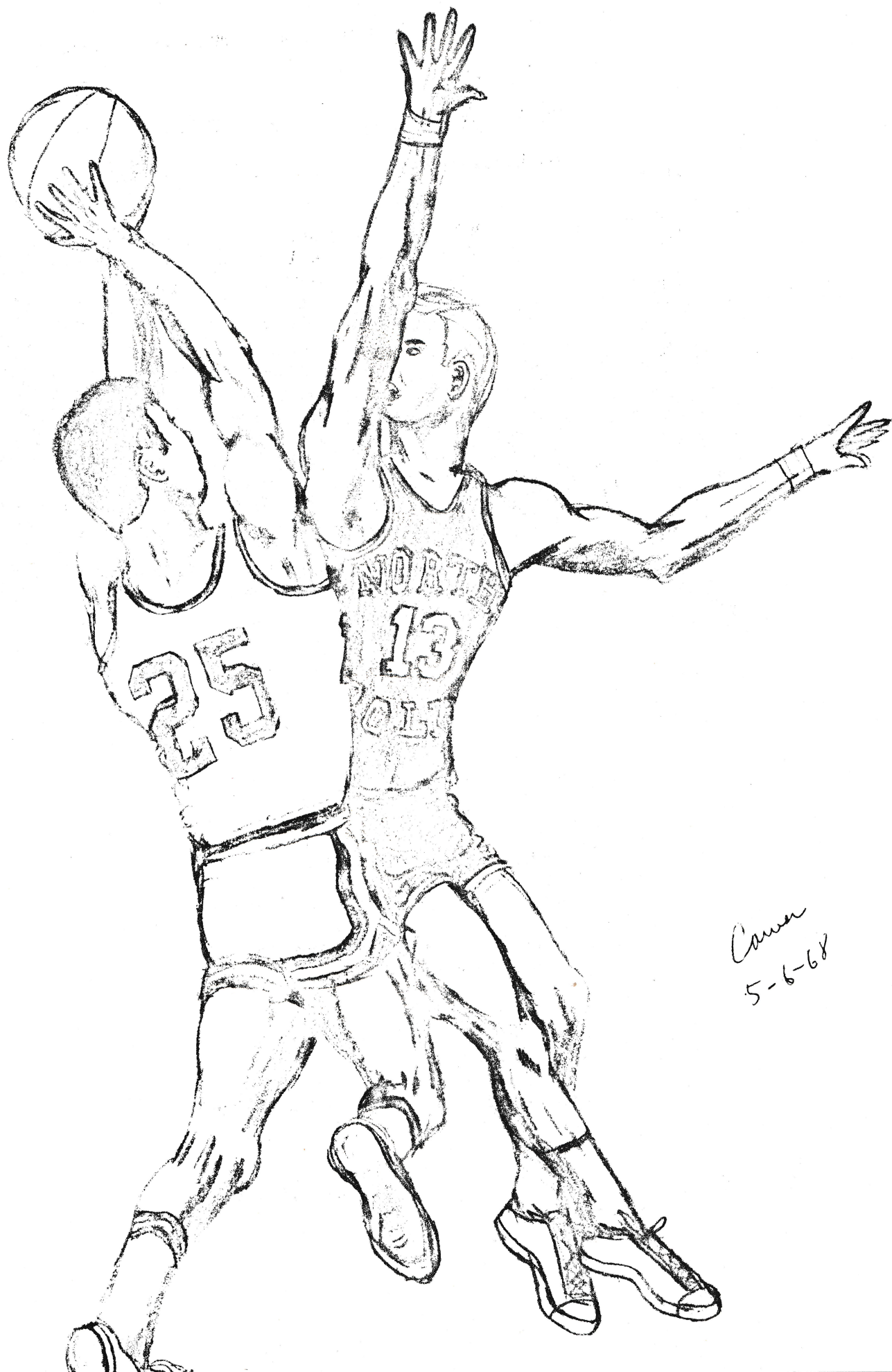
Now come on, is this a way to go steady? These days it must be. Last summer L.S. and her little troop were all grooved up on a dance.

"Say kid, what are you wearing to the big dance? Your new blue dress?"

"Dress! Are you nuts? What do you take me for. I'm wearing my cut-offs." (Huff-huff.)

So pardon me. I waited up all that night to hear the giddy details of the Big Dance.

(continued on page 32)



"Well, how was it? Did you dance every dance?" (Pant.)

"Dance? Are you crazy?"

"May I ask what you did do?"

"Heck man, we sat on the edge of the bandstand all night. What else?"

So that's her idea of getting her kicks at a dance. HMMMMMM. Here at home her idea of fun is chasing me around the house with a feather duster. One night I was in a natural hurry. I was taking a shower in the bathroom that has a faulty lock. No, I didn't have to worry about missing towels or anything like that (we do have some rules), but when I tried to get out, she locked me in. Fantastic? Not for her. She had taken some clothes line and, starting at the door knob, worked it all around the furniture in our folks' room. After screaming, pounding and threatening, I gave one last gigantic pull. KA POOM! Down went Dad's dresser.

What really gets me about L.S. is that she gets such good grades in school, she really is pretty under all that hair, and she really is loveable in spite of her faults.

A Love

Moody, everchanging.
One minute good, kind
 a warm smile, a touch on the cheek.
Suddenly fiery, biting
 a cruel laugh, a slap in the face.
Confusing, strange.
I can't understand.

Then the sunny side comes up again
and I forget.

It's the beauty inside a person that makes
you love him.

Melanie Holmes

The Magic Theatre

At sight of the lonely haunted eyes
 my sex leapt to my throat
 A paradox, his tragic love of
 all and none
 All and None
 a pain too much to bear
 Yet one can find an uneasy comfort in shaving accidents

Holding--

wanting--
 tears within
 a warm falling
 into a hard goodbye
 he will not return
 to my joyful house
 of moonlit flowers
 and glass-eyed children
 "Such funny-wonderful noises"

Lie within me
 forever
 and come again
 when life seems long
 to die a gentle sleep
 of thousand worn out dreams.
 It really should have
 rained
 today.

Candy Maurer

Spirit?

by Mary Thompson

Lonely now, with no companions, I amble along, not really caring where I go, because I have no destination. For days, I have been in the company of looters and barbarians. Though this is shameful, I don't regret it, because the times we had were wonderful. I had no limit on myself, and I could well have been the wickedest and most feared of all the villains.

But now I am apart from all those memories, and I'm wandering along, adopting the gypsies' life.

My wanderings lead me to a pleasant valley, where the inhabitants are peaceful, friendly, and primitive. Although I have a desire for a more active living, I think I'll stay awhile, for I'm weary from all my traveling. The people seem to welcome me, perhaps because I offer a change from the ordinary, and relieve some of the burden and uneasiness of the men during the long days in the field.

The trouble is I can't take this sort of life for long, so I pack my belongings and bid farewell. In the twilight, with the moon spreading her silvery veil over the entire valley, I swiftly and silently depart. Up on the mountainside and looking down at the sleeping village, I find it hard to leave; so to take my mind off of these simple people and this leisurely life, I pretend I am something else. Oh what shall it be? I am a wolf howling to my mate, affected by the lunar rays. Stealthily I creep along until abruptly I'm interrupted by a box canyon. So I search every corner to find an escape route. Finally I discover a small opening just large enough for me to squeeze through. Now on a level plateau, I'm free and wild again; and because my soul feels this ecstasy, I sing--first low and hollow, and transcending to a piercing sad whine. But I don't feel like mourning--why should I? So on the last note I dash off over the plain, leaving the music to linger on. And as I fly through the crisp night air, I leap high, and grab onto a projecting rock and inch myself up. This I do until I'm exhausted; so I wait for a minute--but only a minute, because I long for freedom. With this thought in mind, energy surges through me. Hysterically I climb like a true mountaineer, until the peak is in sight. Again I leap, and from my throne, I admire my view. With overwhelming joy, I take flight away from the worrisome, begrudging earth, and join the celestial world to race with the birds, and even the clouds.

But who else sees the wind as I see myself?

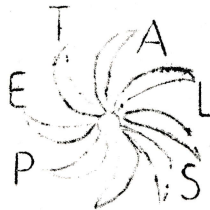
W L R L
 Sara had a pinwheel that would
 with the W I N D
 and go
 R O U N D
 when she ran
 and
 play with the breeze as long as it blew.

She watched it.
 Until the

BLUE

and

Green



S P
U N

S K Y

into part of the

and the red center greeted the

S U N

and then she was

H A P P Y.

Cathy Rod

Friend!

Standing alone,
 surrounded by dirty snow-covered ruins,
 a building.
 From the outside, it appears to be an old run-down market.
 But there,
 in between the signs of soft drinks and beer,
 a small inconspicuous sign:

EAST SIDE CHURCH
 INSIDE IS THE FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS
 ENTER, FRIEND!

The church----
 the island of refuge midst the quiet ruins.
 To this island comes a man,
 spirit crushed and broken.
 For him society is
 unknown,
 unkind,
 dead.
 He leads a poor life of
 work.
 For him, only one place remains to turn to.
 With no other future than that of back-breaking,
 spirit breaking,
 soul-breaking work,
 he turns to a friend:

The one at the old converted market.

Ron Brammer

L.S.D. : A Beneficial Drug

by Pat Lott

Too much unfavorable publicity, I believe, has caused our public to see the story of L.S.D. in an unfairly poor light. I agree that the illicit use of the drug should be stopped, simply because the risks are too high. The unproven insights or talents it may produce are not prolonged, while the unpredictable adverse reactions are often chronic. But under controlled scientific experiments the effects of the drug can be beneficial.

Under laboratory conditions (which means that the patient is thoroughly screened, and the drug dosage carefully figured) L.S.D. has been found to be helpful in psychotherapy. In his autobiography, Cary Grant tells of his experience with the drug under the supervision of a psychiatrist: "The chemical releases the subconscious so that it becomes apparent to yourself. So that you can see what transpires in the depths of your mind. . . and learn which misconceptions, guilts and fears, and their resultant repressions, inhibitions and insecurities have formed the pattern of your past behavior. . . . I learned a great deal--and the result of it all was rebirth. . . an immeasurably beneficial cleansing of so many needless fears and guilts, and a release of the tensions that had been a result of them."

Until recently schizophrenia was thought to be caused by psychological problems, but now many scientists believe that it is a biochemical disease, similar in many ways to diabetes. The chemical make-up of the blood and urine of a schizophrenic is actually different from that of a "normal" person, and one out of every hundred people suffers at some time during his life from this imbalance. L.S.D. and other chemicals can produce schizophrenic symptoms in "normal" people, and with further experimentation it is hoped that someday it will be possible to chemically cure the not-so-rare disease. L.S.D. may be the clue to that cure. At U.C.L.A. children with autistic schizophrenia¹ were treated with L.S.D. The drug didn't cure any cases, but did reduce their bizarre movements markedly, and make them more approachable and receptive to treatment.

Alcoholics have also been helped by the drug. At the Union Hospital in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, twenty-nine men and four

¹Autistic schizophrenia is such a severe case of the disease that the victim can't speak or relate to people, and continually makes meaningless rhythmic movements, such as flapping the arms.

women alcoholics were treated with L.S.D. In follow-up periods of up to eighty-eight weeks, six men and one woman completely stopped drinking while nine other men and one woman cut down notably.

In another experiment at U.C.L.A. it was observed that fifty per cent of the alcoholics treated with L.S.D. could be helped, whereas only ten percent of the patients under other kinds of treatment could be expected to improve.

L.S.D. has been shown to relieve severe pain. Dr. Eric Kast of the Chicago Medical School supervised a study with fifty patients in extreme pain from cancer, gangrene, or severe burns. Large doses of powerful narcotics relieved the pain for only two hours, while a tiny amount of L.S.D. relieved it for thirty-two hours. However, three-fourths of the group found the L.S.D. "trip" unacceptable and did not request a second dose. Later Dr. Kast found chlorpromazine, a chemical that when administered six to ten hours after the L.S.D. would counter the hallucinatory effects.

Over a year ago the one licensed manufacturer of L.S.D., Sandoy, closed down, probably because it could see only trouble ahead from the publicity world. It left a supply of the drug with the National Institute of Mental Health, but with a limited amount of pure, and legal L.S.D. left, the N.I.M.H. will most likely dole it out to the restricting research supported by state and federal administrations. I agree with the American Medical Association that there should be some legal source of manufacture and distribution of the drug for research use. As a distinguished university researcher said, "To take the drug out of the hands of all but a few favored investigators would be preposterous."

I sincerely hope that the research of L.S.D. will not be lost to us for fifty years as was the research of hypnosis while it was played with by an unknowing, unsuspecting public. We already know much of what L.S.D. can do, but not yet how, or why. Let's not stop now.

* * *

Constant fear
Spasmodic laughter
Running, hiding from reality
Strange thoughts . . .

Teri Carlo

Poem III

So much to say to you.
 Allow yourself to hear me. . .
 And comprehend beyond my failures

That which is a person is not what I know
 I have found peace and song.

May you float through flower-fields
 Onwards to glory . . . goals you may hold.

I have chosen to dwell among the flowers.
 Wave as you pass, I'll wave too.

Mary Pendergraft

Is It?

It's floating peacefully on a sea of my delirium madness.
 It smells like green or the sound of a raindrop falling.
 Or is it dead because it doesn't notice me?

Buzz Gohman