

Chase!

Down alleys

Around corners

Through windows

Over hedges

In

and

OUT!

Up

around, through

across the

S T R E E E E T

(Puff, Puff)

H E L P!

(Pant, Pant)

Hey!

where'd he go?

Cathy Rod

Now It Came to Pass . . . .

by Leo Sulentic

Then the Mets going up into the land of the Dodgers, camped in a place which was afterwards called the Land Of the Cellar Dwellers, where their team was spread.

And the men of the tribe of Koufax said to them: Why are you come up against us? They answered: We are come to bind Koufax, and to pay him for what he hath done against us.

Wherefore all the men of the Dodgers went down, and said to Koufax: Knowest thou not that the Mets rule over us? Why wouldst thou do this? And he said to them: As they did me, so I have done them.

And they said to him: We are come to bind thee and to deliver thee into the hands of the Mets. And Koufax said to them: Swear to me and promise me that you will not trade me.

And they said to him: We are come to bind thee and to deliver thee unto the hands of the Mets. And they traded him and brought him from the mound.

Now when he returned to the place of the Cellar Dwellers, and the Dodgers fans shouting went to meet him, the spirit of the Lord came strongly upon him, and as the flax is wont to be consumed at the approach of fire, so the bonds loosed.

And finding a ball, catching it up, he slew therewith every batter.



A Compendious Delineation of  
the Tantamount of Gobbledygook

by Arlinda Isley

How might one elucidate the vocable gobbledygook? In reality, the idea to be conveyed has semblance to the term in question--that is, gobbled gook. I have determined that the phraseology which is being investigated suffered a rather noteworthy upstart; however, the future state of gobbledygook is at present irresolute.

"Barnacular," "jargantuan," and "pudder" are additional technical terms which are being applied in variant sectors of this sphere to connote the idea of gobbledygook, although the latter appellation has commenced to take precedence over the former.

United States Representative Maury Maverick initially utilized the expression on his view of the vernacular present in today's governmental documents. These aforesaid data, accounts, legislative propositions, *et id genus omne*, are renown for their maximal content of gobbledygook. My logic will be made evident as I enumerate the distinctive characteristics of this specific type of composition. Included in this synopsis of factors are circumlocution (employment of a host of terms while a single vocable would have been ample) and utilization of extremely precise, perplexing, or strictly professional words or phrases.

Samuel T. Williamson, in one of his satirical pieces of work, states several general practices which would assist a writer in composing pieces similar to those of a social scientist. These guide lines are quoted below.

- Rule 1. Never use a short word when you can think of a long one.
- Rule 2. Never use one word when you can use two or more.
- Rule 3. Put one-syllable thoughts into polysyllabic terms.
- Rule 4. Put the obvious in terms of the unintelligible.
- Rule 5. Announce what you are going to say before you have said it, or say what you have said after you have said it.
- Rule 6. Defend your style as "scientific."<sup>1</sup>

Upon comparison of Williamson's specifications to those consistencies of gobbledygook I have aforementioned, it is ostensible

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<sup>1</sup>Brooks & Warren, Modern Rhetoric, pages 740-741.

that both are asserting a solitary conception. Williamson reflects the vehemence of the multitude of the populous toward gobbledygook. Will the masses have the ability to overcome their quandary?

A singular system has been embarked upon. The federal governmental organization has instigated procedures designed to combat gobbledygook in our central government. These aforesaid manners range from those applying complex mathematical principles across the spectrum to simple literary works denouncing gobbledygook while introducing methods of improvement in techniques of composition. Although this system has yet to yield an indication of marked improvement in government literature, we are permitted to observe that our central authority is continually striving to shield the general public from the disorganized maze of gobbledygook.

I have in my heart suspicions that the intermediate human being is overcome mentally by the gobbledygook available to our literary senses in this modern era. However, comprehension of this tongue assists each of us in our toleration of it, as well as, perchance, enabling the general public to detect a tinge of merriment in the art of the utilization of gobbledygook.

\*\*\*

Over All

Here Kiddies  
is a good  
solid  
synthetic  
issue

Chip Mahon

the sea of mumbling faces aroused me from my sleep  
 droning on and on they dodged in and out of

my mind I  
 grew tired of their noiseless accusations  
 I Am Me  
 and will

n  
 o  
 t

be influenced by your wise toenails  
 I screamed my feelings at them but  
 they didn't penetrate that marshmallow  
 facade  
 just slithered to the floor unnoticed and  
 lay there inert, wasted only  
 more disgusting puddles of mud to be  
 carefully avoided.

after a time the faces became blurred and  
 the mumblings grew louder and louder  
 shutting out my thoughts  
 why they were building a wall so  
 high and so wide that nothing dared  
 encounter their stupendous stupidity  
 anyway no one cared they didn't care  
 about you they didn't care about me  
 they didn't care about anybody

except themselves . . .

my eyes penetrated their self-righteousness  
 a wall so peculiarly shaped its heart  
 reaching out to something or someone.

was it me? . . .

Mary Kae Jepsen

Thoughts on Seeing Projections  
 Thrown Up on a Wall by a  
 Delighted Machine. . .

arrows chasing pierce running  
 realizing their folly I ran too, trying to  
 explain  
 soon I found myself melting into their  
 sharp, painful colors and with a sigh  
 I turned  
 and fell into the abyss between

lunge and turn  
 around, around quickly!  
 the circle  
 me, yes  
 you, no

Ruth Dreier

\* \* \*

Three small, distinct green things  
 Green of combination basics--blue, yellow  
 Of fields open and moving with the wind  
 Now sharply defined  
 Are direct routes to blue,  
 Distinguished, cool and warm  
 With harsh corners  
 And decision outlining it.

Blue, unsatisfied  
 runs to red  
 Hard and fiery, screaming circular  
 No escape now.

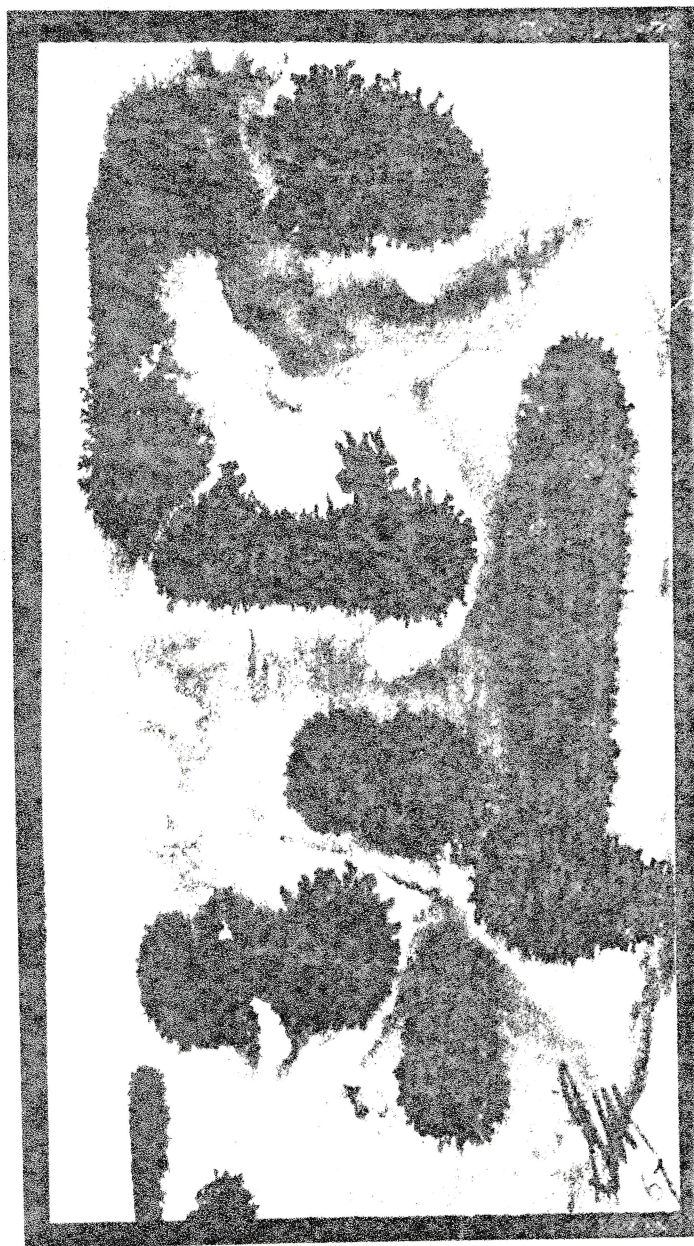
Too many decisive moves  
 Too many puzzles solved

Mary Pendergraft



Images in red and black  
 Stand out against the white grayness  
 A silhouetted figure slides quietly away  
 Into the bright darkness  
 Leaving the marred, torn black flesh,  
 To melt in the deep, red blood.  
 In the dark brightness of the midnight hours.  
 As the stars' light slithers from the sky  
 Playing tricks with their twinkling softness;  
 And the heat of the moon's light  
 Cools the cold warmth of the earth,  
 The horrible wonderfullness of death  
 Rises from the infinitely tiny alley  
 And continues on its way.  
 To lay in wait in the bright darkness  
 Of another coldly hot midnight  
 And give the terribly wonderful gift  
 Of death to yet another.

Nanci Aanensen





bare walls and  
 the recurring pattern of bars  
     (dirty linoleum  
     a cheap bedspread  
     one filthy light)

a cockroach slides cautiously  
 over a pile of rope on the floor

again

the bars

Ruth Dreier

\* \* \*

Bright, pounding lights and fast city.  
 Grey, ugly poverty and small little people.

That which makes us different from animals  
 Is that we have class distinctions  
     And that we realize it  
     And offer small whining prayers in the night.

Mary Pendergraft

### The Future

The sound emptied into it, repeating itself  
 Like a bare empty chamber.  
 The vibrations of my step rang  
 Against the walls for blocks--it seemed.  
 My very being too, was encased by sound--or lack of it.

As I followed my feet around the corner  
 The clear scrape of my step on the concrete  
 Wasn't alive in harmony with others,  
 But alone--a chill stoney sound.

My shoulders ached not of labour,  
 But of weariness and of being alive  
 In this monument to human failure.  
 The pain continued echoing too, against  
 The corridors and solid walls of my mind.

My path passed a jewelry shop  
 The commodity, a symbol of power,  
 Of success in the lost world of Capitalis.  
 A far greater loss than Atlantis, for now--  
 There is no one, no one to correct mistakes  
 Of the past--The past is all there is now.

Hale Anderson

# Pantomime for Dreamers

by Mary Kae Jepsen

Place: An average living room, in an average middle class home, in an average town anywhere in the U.S.A.

Character: Mr. Smith, a stock broker, well-respected in the community. He is about forty-five, is graying around the temples, and seems to have put on a little weight in the last couple of years. His son and daughter have both grown up and he and his wife live quietly and modestly, waiting for retirement.

As the curtain rises, we find Mr. Smith sitting alone in the living room, reading the same daily newspaper he's read for the past twenty years. The lamp next to his easy chair casts bright light on his newspaper; yet dim, forboding shadows encircle from outside. Article after article is read, processed, and filed away; this one about Viet Nam, this one about the gold crises, oh, Amy Claypoole is getting married next week, and on and on it goes . . . Slowly, a spot of red catches his eye, then one of blue, green, yellow. They merge, finally, and become words with meaning, and a sort of glow takes over his countenance.

Stop! Are you haunted by the feeling that your life is becoming hum-drum, run-of-the-mill, average? Do you repeat the same schedule, day after day? Do others seem to be the ones who have all the original ideas?

Don't let yourself become a puppet--make your life meaningful with our revolutionary new product,

Liquid Thought!

Each 10 oz., brown bottle contains your hidden potential, whether it be that of a scholar, a teacher, a general, an actor, or a scientist. For only one small dollar and ten cents return postage, your life can undergo a tremendous change.

Available for a limited time only!

The thoughts run wildly through his head. Am I dreaming, or can this be true? He begins to think how many times he has wished he were someone extraordinary--well, perhaps it is worth a try.

He will send for it secretly, so his wife won't find out how foolish he is.

Quickly, he copies the address on an envelope and slips in his own, and a dollar and ten cents. The stamp is pasted on, and he finds himself almost running to the mailbox. Ten days to wait in secret anticipation! Only ten days!

Ten days later:

Luckily, Mr. Smith has found some excuse to get his wife out of the house. So, now he finds himself alone with a small package delivered by the mailman.

Slowly, and with shaking fingers, he cuts the only string between him and his renaissance. At last! the brown bottle turns in his fingers, and slowly he unscrews the lid to expose the wondrous liquid it contains. Red, yellow, blue, and green sparkle and dance before his eyes. Determinedly, the bottle comes towards his lips, and at last the liquid runs down his throat.

Later, as he crouches in the garage, the shiny knife, relaxed and comfortable in his hand, ready, waiting, the words run through his head. . .

contains your hidden potential . . . make your life meaningful . . . life is become average? . . . undergo a tremend . . . caution: overdose may be fatal--keep out of reach of fanatics.

Curtain falls.

\* \* \*

### Life Is Like a Jigsaw

An innocent beginning with pieces set before us.  
Even after trial and error still feeling ambitious.  
Sometimes we may feel like wrecking it all,  
Determined to go on without a fall  
When we're done we find it all in vain,  
But still wanting to do it again.

Esther Covert



The white, rectangular substance rested in the sparkling soap dish. Its pretty curly cues and block-printed letters were distinctly outlined in the bar. But, bit by bit, the soap lost its individuality. More and more of its outer layers were washed away as the soap performed its tasks. Its name and designs were now obscure. A creamy liquid lay in the bottom of the soap dish—a result of the soap's decay. As duty was done the soap became a shapeless, nameless mass. Water droplets accumulated on the bar, caught the sun, and glistened. Deterioration reached its climax; a new white, rectangular substance took its place in the soap dish.

Arlinda Isley

\* \* \*

#### The Fat Man

He was a fat, unhealthy-looking man of about fifty-five. The first thing I noticed about him that impressed me was that the seat of his pants sagged absurdly, making his walk like that of the hind legs of an elephant. Then I saw his face and forgot about the trousers. There was a sickly yellow shapelessness about it that comes from simultaneous over-eating and under-sleeping. From above two heavy satchels of flesh peered a pair of pale-blue, bloodshot eyes that seemed to be permanently crying. The nose was rubbery and indeterminate. It was the mouth that gave the face expression. The lips were pallid and undefined, seeming thicker than they really were. Pressed together over unnaturally white and regular false teeth, they were set permanently in a sweet smile. With the weeping eyes above it, it created an impression of sweet patience in misery. He reminded me of a high church priest who had been unfrocked for embezzeling the altar fund.

John Keraus

Forecast: '68

by Ron Brammer

It has been a rough year for us Republican Elephants in the game of political football. With the Democratic Donkeys holding the conference title we have had little power. This is bad enough but we also have a struggle within our own team -- everyone trying to be the quarterback. The man we thought was going to be our best Quarterback, Georgie Romney, had to come out and ruin our influence (and his) by saying he was brainwashed by the other team. Things became worse when the movie people sent us people new to the game like Ronny Reagan and Shirley Temple. Our old standby, "Rocky" Rockefeller, was unsure whether he wanted to try for the position or not. To make things even worse, Dick Nixon has thrown his helmet in the ring. But, things are not as bad as they could be. Lucky for us "Bad Luck Barry" isn't our quarterback again this year.

We Elephants have it bad but the Donkeys have it even worse. With the Quadrennial shift of personnel for the conference title coming up this year, they have several contenders for the top position. Of course "Lightning Lyndon" will be there and fighting again this year, but with his present attitude and treatment toward the V.C. of North Viet Nam (the rival of the All-American Conference) it isn't sure whether he'll carry the mail again. Some sportscasters say that if we're going to defeat "the Yellow Tide," we're going to have to use a more aggressive offense and chase the V.C. out of bounds more (a principle against the rules of the officials of the side lines). Other sportscasters say we should throw more "long bombs" while others say we should cease our air attack completely. Oh well, so much for our game strategy. "Lightning Lyndon" will have to face several foes at home within his own team. The young hippy halfback from New York, Bobby "Killer" Kennedy, is going to try to fill the office his big brother once held. Another new contender for quarterback is Gene "Big Mac" McCarthy. (nobody knows much about him for some reason!) Another possible contender is Hubert Humphrey who is getting tired of being second-string quarterback who only goes to the funerals of dead opponents.

All in all it looks as if it is going to be a bleak season with no one deserving "All-pro" rating. All we can do is hope for the best and hope the fans know how to pick a winner!



The endlessly burning light  
 shown gloomy into the night  
 stillness,  
 and the empty air  
 led me to an unknown where

once again  
 as in days long past  
 a new, timely when  
 in my mind was asked

Mary Kae Jepsen

\* \* \*

He was born in a golden palace. Servants would die to bring his cup and he was entertained by jesters. But generations change as decades move.

His son lived in a two-story house in the city. It was painted blue. (Blue is for faithfulness you know, and this went over big with the boss.) The house had running water, which is convenient to use when filling the ice cube tray; and of course there was television. But another generation grew to take his place.

This man lived in a green cottage in the forest. Green made him think new and fresh. There was a pump outside within a few steps, so there was still time to tell stories and laugh.

His son lived in a dingy red shack. (Red paint is the cheapest.) He got his water from a creek a mile away. He had no leisure time.

Rachel Pinkham

# Once Upon a Time

by Jace Knieval

Once upon a time in the deep, dark, woods there lived a wolf. He was as big as they come---in fact he was jumbo economy size.

Well, as fairy tales go this wolf was very vicious and had fangs ten inches long (not really, but it makes the story exciting, don't you agree?). Then one day this big wolf came and saw a small girl in a clearing.

"Ho,ho," said the wolf sneakily, "who are you, you nice little morsel?"

"Morsel?" replied the little girl

"Mushmouse, I said. Are you hard of hearing, girly girl?" the wolf said.

"Mushmouse?" said the girl.

"Yeah, Yeah, are you out of it? That's the latest catch phrase," said the wolf. (He was covering up, if you can't tell.)

"Oh," said the little girl.

Well as you might guess the little girl was lost. (She was from the United Studios for Little Girls Whose Parts Call for Getting Lost. She was also from Kansas Contractors and Builders, but that isn't even in the story.)

"Well," said the wolf, "come over to my house for some jello and cookies."

"Jello and cookies?" asked the little girl.

"Beer and pretzles?" said the wolf. (He was going to eat her if you haven't read this kind of story before).

Well, the little girl was also an agent from Alcoholics Anonymous and the wolf sounded like an Alcoholic Case 99-A (A beer and pretzler) and in ten minutes she had the wolf on a psychiatric couch telling her about his whole life (which, by the way, had quite a few cute girls lost in woods in it.)

As you know, a girl from all those agencies doesn't use this information for good, and in five months the wolf was broke. Six months later he died from starvation because the little girl blackmailed him to death. (It's possible, I think.)

MORAL: If you find a little girl in a clearing and she acts dumb, eat her. She may kill you.

\* \* \*

### Love and God

Love and god  
With five virgins in three rows  
All screaming to the tune of  
"Holy, Holy, Holy" !

They ran in terror  
To the immaculate definition

Colorless liquid, cold in ancient drinking glasses

A book of ancient passion,  
Forgotten warmth of being

Holy, Holy, Holy !  
Screaming, shouting, running

Mary Pendergraft

Noise.

The noise of  
 an  
 age  
 a  
 country  
 a  
 life  
 full of shouting crying screaming laughing  
 people  
 Noise  
 spilling  
 around through  
 under above  
 us  
 Pulling tugging prying  
 trying  
 to spill between  
 where,  
 between and of  
 us,  
 is stillness  
 peace  
 the quiet that  
 love  
 builds to defend  
 lovers  
 from the noise  
 the shouts cries screams laughs  
 of an  
 age  
 a  
 country  
 a  
 life  
 of noise  
 that is not  
 for  
 us  
 in our love  
 our  
 stillness. . .

Debi Thorne

Because my love was real  
 and he was selfish,  
 Because I loved too hard  
 and he only in my mind,  
 Because I thought him good and honest  
 and he thought me a transient plaything,  
 Because he never lied  
 yet couldn't tell all truths,  
 Because he gave his knowledge  
 yet never gave himself,  
 Because I've always loved him  
 yet must try to hate,  
 I cry in the loneliness  
 of my empty rain.

Candy Maurer

The rain hits the window pane,  
 And looking through,  
 I can see the colors from the neon lights in the city,  
 Melting into the kaleidoscope  
 Through which I view the world.

Cathy Rod



## Mirror, Mirror . . .

by Pat Lott

The old woman lay in her bed very quietly. She was happy that her daughter had moved it next to the eastern window last month. At the time she had worried that the sun would bother her eyes in the morning, but she had refrained from objecting since Mary had been so concerned with giving the room a "new look." Now, in the mid-afternoon, the glare on the new-fallen snow wasn't so bad and she could observe it without hurting her fragile eyesight.

There must've been quite a downfall last night. It looked as though six new inches had been added. Much of the snow had caught in the bushes and trees as it fell causing the garden to look like an odd combination of cauliflower clumps and dangling, silvery lace. She could remember waking mornings on the ranch to see each fence post topped with a cylinder of snow. Mother would make her bundle up warmly against her objections and then she'd run out to the fence. A light tap would cause the icy caps to disintegrate into a shimmering cloud. How long ago was that? Sixty years? Seventy?

Her gaze traveled from the window to her room. Mary had certainly moved a lot of furniture, but the room was still the same. As the musty odor entered her consciousness she felt slightly resentful. Did everyone's life pass so quickly? Yes, yes perhaps so, and she had led a full life and had much to reflect on today.

That glass cupboard had belonged to her mother. It was really too ornate and cluttered to be beautiful, but it remained in the family as an heirloom. Perhaps Mary would sell it one of these days. A soft smile warmed the withered lips as she remembered how she had been reluctant to get rid of it herself for fear it might offend her dead mother's memory. But such foolishness could only be resolved today, when it was too late.

Suddenly a picture on the desk flashed in the corner of her eye. Tom. She remembered the first time she had ever seen her husband. He was mistakenly in her trig. class at the college. When he was finally straightened out by the professor he was quite embarrassed, and on the way out of the class he tripped over the door sill. She used to see him in the halls often. She'd see him coming a long way off. He'd be looking every which way trying not to notice her. Then when he was almost upon her, he'd pull his eyes up, smile at her and walk quickly on. His apparent unease amused her.

They'd had a good many years together.

And now time for reflection was gone. A smile, a sigh, and the old woman lay silent.



### Know the World

Know the world if you will,  
Existing in the universe of time.  
Part of a space, that infinite  
Sky reaching for the future.

Know the world if you will.  
Travel to feel the pulse beneath  
The superficial reality of life.  
No progress exists until that beat is felt.

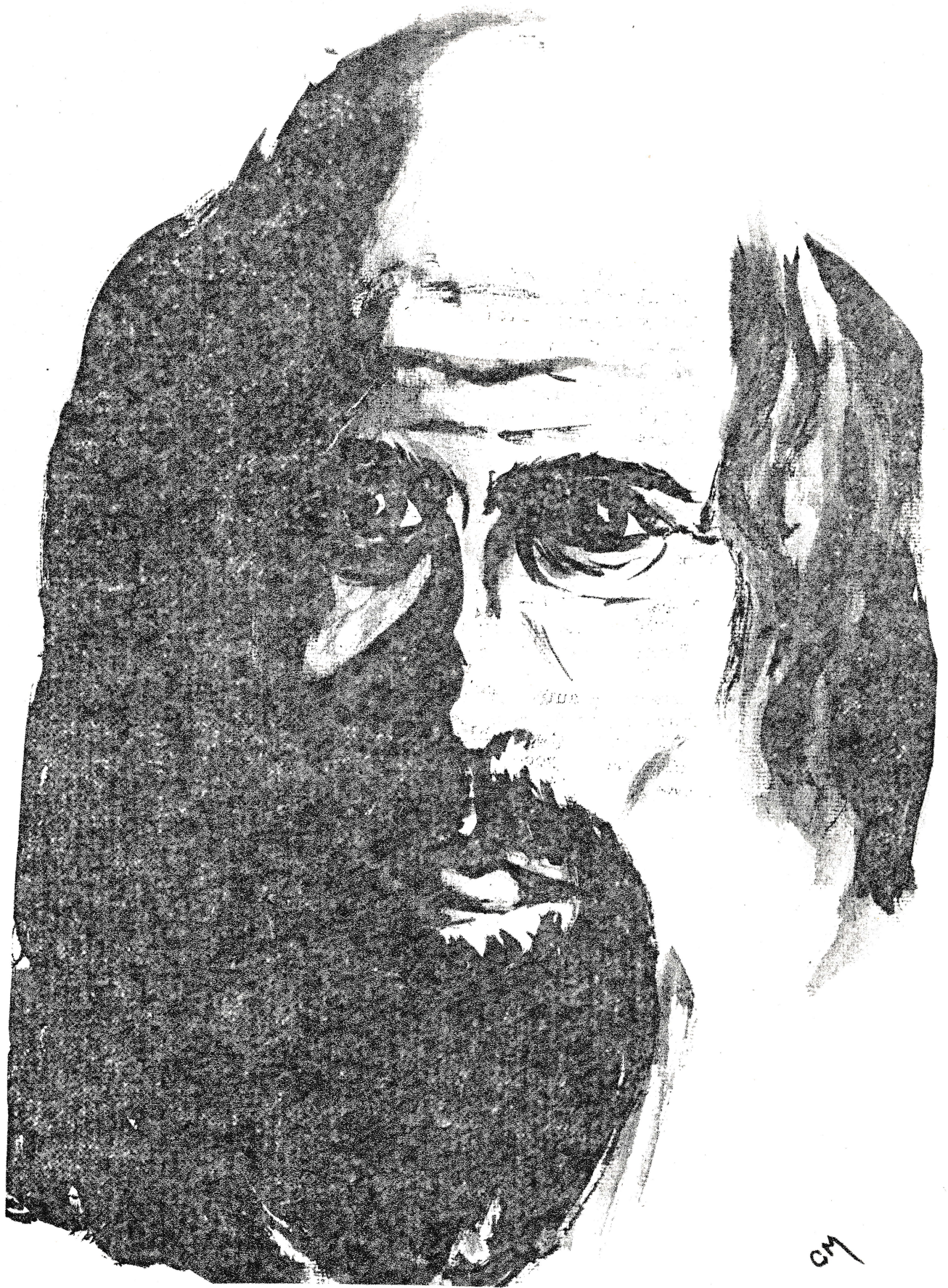
Know the world if you will.  
A twilight mood alone--alone  
Absolute separation and yet,  
A meeting between one and the earth.

Know the world if you will.  
Peoples of all nations together  
Can be seen as single bodies of reason.  
Still only reason--not truth.

Know the world if you will.  
For truth is to be found. It's there  
Existing in the universe of time,  
Part of a space, an infinite sky.

Hale Anderson





CM



Small delight of kaleidoscope brilliance  
Cheer of great pleasure  
Summer loves,  
Nights of intimacy

Small delight of kaleidoscope brilliance  
Shining wonder and glory

Forgotten golden things  
Gazed upon through the film  
Of my present eye

Are remarkable only for their  
Unreality and plasticity

A bitter hurt stings my eyes  
Tears for beauty I had once known

Reminiscent colors shining  
Forcing me to recognize their beauty  
I looked, realizing they were only colors

Mary Pendergraft

## Kismet

A knight in tarnished armor. . .  
 the little Christ with a too-tight halo  
 breathes billowing bags of hot air  
 on a once-willing audience  
 that no longer trusts  
 an incredible honest man.  
 There are no degrees in honesty.

The loving words from a lover  
 unable to love, whose  
 apparent thirst wants quenching  
 from a vaguely familiar yet  
 now waterless sea that can no longer  
 fill the desires of an empty well.  
 Eventually every self-made god crucifies himself.

Candy Maurer

\* \* \*

The world  
 was thrown  
 at my feet  
 last night,  
 and I?  
 Well,  
 I refused it.  
 After all,  
 what do I need  
 with a world?

Candy Maurer

## Too Soon Joyful

by Tom Hansen

Alone in the eternal night of the universe a single scoutship flashed along an invisible pathway towards an unseen planet yet light years away. Its power generators screamed in protest as the tiny vessel was urged to an even greater speed by the dark alien form in the dim, cramped quarters of the habitable portion of the ship.

The form inside was impatient with the ship. It knew the ship could attain no higher speed, but it sensed that even now the pinpricks that were stars barely crawled on the velvet platter of the sky.

On the distant planet ahead, another form was impatient. It sensed that its partner was hurrying and still he could not understand why the ship should be late.

The tiny scout neared and jubilation radiated from the dark form inside. Radiating back, the form on the planet professed his joy also. As the small ship entered the atmosphere a terrific explosion rocked the hemisphere. The frail scout existed no longer.

If the formless being had had a mouth, that mouth would have been resting on its toes, if it had had toes. Dismay radiated from its entire being. The radiation band reached it and it flashed into nothingness. All that remained were the yellow-green bushes and pale sun over the green, lapping ocean. The light breeze died down and all was still.

## Unicorn

Glowing mane,  
 Falling in silky waterfalls of light.  
 A stream of flying sparks,  
 Forms a tail of only brightness.  
 A sleek white body,  
 With an unearthly glow,  
 To its rippling flanks,  
 Moving with the grace of a pantheress  
 Blazing fire in wild, red eyes,  
 And a silver horn of light,  
 On a proud head.

Sara Plath

\* \* \*

## African Bushman's Tale of a Thunderstorm

"The night held its breath like a frightened child unexpectedly alone in the night without a fire or companions. The sky was black but there were even blacker things, like huge vulture wings, that moved across the sky and, like a great mouth, ate the moon. It was the god of evil darkness--we know. Then the fire god saw we had none of his flames and he was angry. He sent down a white fire snake that lashed out its forked tongue and set the vast bush afire. Then as if she resented what the fire god had done, the goddess of water began pouring droplets of water down from the great hut of the gods to put out the flames; and it was over. The gods had had a war. We have seen the war many times before. We will see it again."

Rex Searcey



## The Fog

The fog  
 And my feet move me on  
 Nowhere am I going  
 No one do I search  
 My tears are not to be resolved  
 They are real, as are my thoughts

I needn't explain  
 The loneliness of my mind  
 And the electric sounds soaring, swaying  
 And groaning from the front to the back

I stand alone  
 Surrounded by fog disguised as silver mist  
 Noticing that I am alone  
 Without sight  
 Without being seen

Mary Pendergraft

## An Observation

Rain pouring down drenching my body  
 Standing outside a small cafe  
 I stop to think of all my leashes  
 A body hidden by dreams  
 Cast out in a maze of  
 Mud  
 Neon lights  
 Coca-Cola--  
 A child's dream  
 How many times have I looked  
 At something without seeing it?  
 I'm too sleepy to the World  
 To look past its man made  
 Finish lines  
 To appreciate my private  
 Utopia  
 I'm a master of my own trade  
 I sell--as do others--  
 Disappointment

Bob VanderBeek

## Ode to William Shakespeare

Out, Out, brief flourescent light  
 Of life  
 Life is but a broken teeter totter  
 And I a child  
 With skinned knee

Bob VanderBeek

I love you.  
 Shall I give you this candle?  
 Take it--now don't look at me like  
 that, I love you.

*Laugh.*  
 I didn't think, don't make me now.  
 It was selfish, Assuming you were me.

*Laugh.*  
 I think you're fine.

*Laugh.*  
 DON'T  
*Laugh, laugh.*

Please don't.

*Laugh.*  
 I beg you.

*L...*  
 Laugh.

Laugh. Laugh. Laugh . . .

Pat Lott

\* \* \*

He is gone,  
 He's left--  
 Forever.  
 I hear  
 The sound of broken glass.

Connie Grantz





Haiku

Shadows--light on dark  
Lying alone in the night  
Are plaid like my thoughts

Becky Hanson

Plaid shadows appear  
As I walk through the darkness.  
Omniscient Conscience?

Arlinda Isley

## And Life Goes On

Life

Living

Sadness, Happiness, Laughter, Love  
Wealth, Crime, Luxury, Learning  
Waiting, Listening, Charity,  
Opportunity, Poverty, Sorrow,  
Sympathy, Disease.

Dying

Death

Linda Henderson

\* \* \*

## Lonely Hunter

He walks toward the West  
Tired and empty.  
He has nothing, not even the satisfaction of work.  
Yet he goes on.

He seeks anything  
Yet finds nothing, except the sweat on his brow.  
He still proceeds though.  
That or die.

Perhaps someday, he will find something.  
What that is  
No one knows.  
He hopes it is happiness.

Joe Griffith

Father Brennan

I was the eldest son of  
Jacob and Elizabeth...

Through my ignorance  
I fell into the trap of

Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience,  
The trap set through my parents.

They lied and proudly  
Told the neighbors that

Their son was called  
To dedicate his services to God.

I have no sympathy  
For the human race.

They do not wish to  
Keep your commandments.

Sue Bolger



Gurgling, rolling on the floor  
 Crushing bodies  
 Foaming mouths

Look at that -- I think it's dirty

Gurgling, rolling on the floor  
 Crushing bodies  
 Foaming mouths

The wild-eyed lunatic  
 Hideous pleading faceted

Gurgling, rolling on the floor  
 Crushing bodies  
 Foaming mouths

"Come laugh with me" he moans  
 And no one laughs but he

Gurgling, rolling on the floor  
 Crushing bodies  
 Foaming mouths

I, a freak, laugh until  
 The body gives out  
 Heeding a release,  
 A shrill screaming cry

Gurgling, rolling on the floor  
 Crushing bodies  
 Foaming mouths

Mary Pendergraft

## The Vulture

by Rick Allen

Spreading its huge wings wide, the condor dived off the cliff edge. At ten thousand feet above sea level, the air was cold and thin. The condor was used to gliding most of the time, seldom flapping its wings. Only when air currents failed or when landing, did he ever move the awesome wings. The enormous bird was a scavenger, feeding on the carrion of kills made by some predator. Its twelve-foot wing-spread stood out in sharp contrast to the grayish-colored sky, studded with shifting black clouds.

The condor wheeled in a wide circle to the left, and, catching a sharp updraft, filled its wings with air and slowly rose toward the sky. The skudding clouds grew darker and more numerous as the condor rose still higher. Its keen eyes scanned every inch of the green, wooded terrain three miles below. The sky grew darker.

Suddenly, the great eyes focused on a movement on the slope of a small gully. A mountain lioness had killed a fine white-tail buck, and she and her two cubs were just leaving the carcass. The condor half-folded its wings and dived on the carcass. As it lit, the condor's eyes were filled with the relief of a long fasting. There was enough meat left to last the bird a month.

Slowly, with a full stomach, it rose on the wind. Yard by yard it ascended until it finally reached its rocky nest. There it could rest and wait for the following day. It started to rain.

## Judgement Day

The night is dark and the jungle is deathly quiet. Suddenly the heavy silence is broken by the screaming metallic bird rocketing overhead. It is quickly gone but it leaves behind a metal cannister which falls swiftly and silently to the ground.

A blinding flash and the jungle is alive with light and sound. The small animals run, terrified, from the flaming inferno that was their home. Their brothers, the men, run from their huts trying to rip the flaming jelly-like fire from their faces but only succeeding in removing their melting, formless skin. In horror they run, screaming, trying to flee the flaming hell. When they finally escape the searing flames, they sit, hoping that life will be extinguished from their pitiful bodies. As they sit, grimacing from pain, they wonder who has sent this terrible punishment, and why. Was it God? Or was it . . . Man?

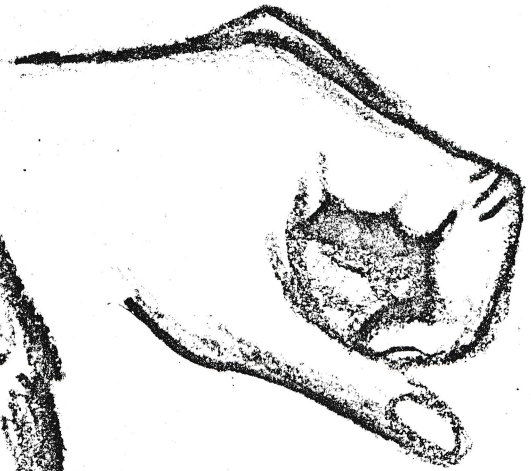
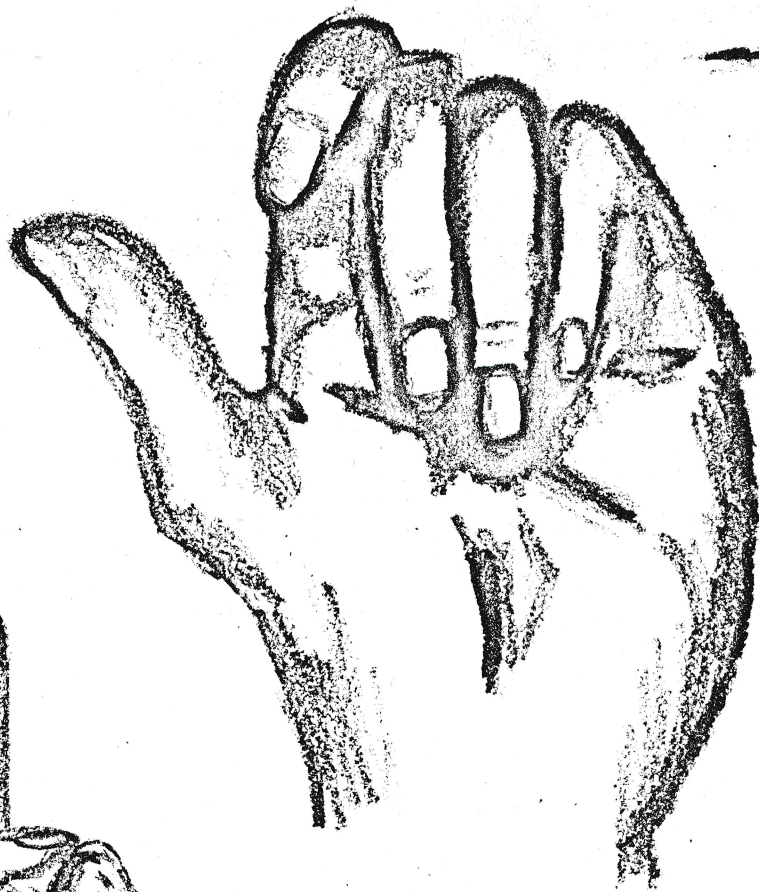
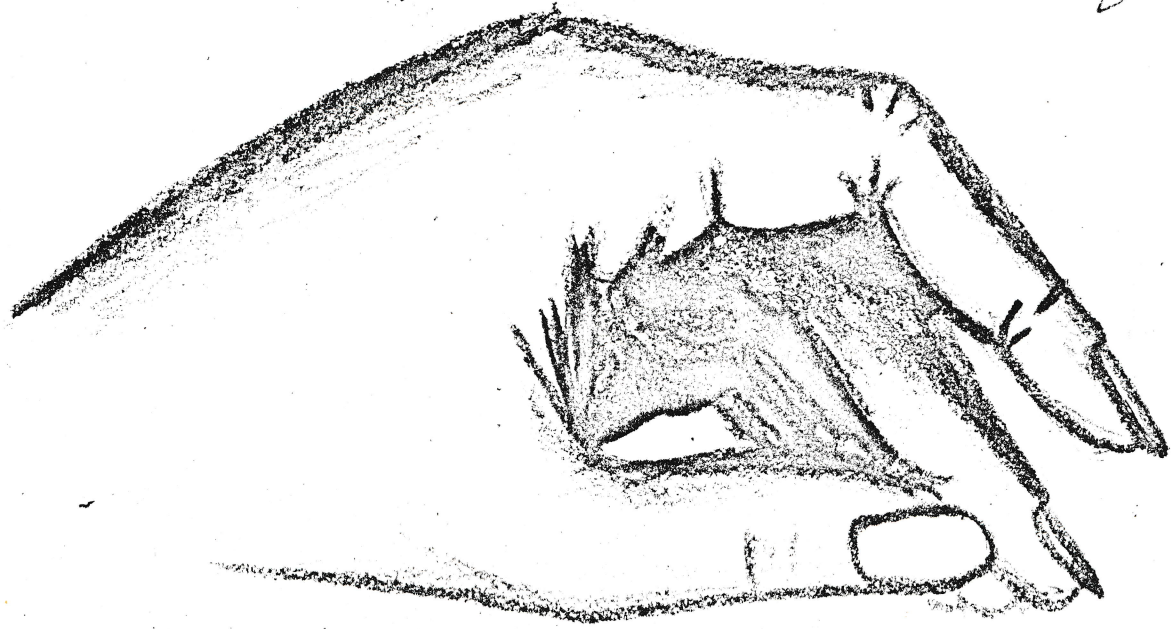
Ron Brammer

\* \* \*

You all accuse me  
 You say blue, not red  
 You say fresh, not bled  
 The world has a beautiful destiny?  
 You didn't hear what the dead man said.

Rachel Pinkham





*Arthur Thompson*

## Ex-convict

"Come on and get me," he cries shaking his fist.  
 Defiantly the man challenges the authority  
 The establishment to come. He has everything to gain  
 And nothing to lose but his life. The crime,  
 Like his cell, was final, done solidly with  
 A premeditation as determined as the prison  
 Itself. From atop the block he looks the animal  
 Caught in a trap. His face slow, cruel, yet showing  
 The tension that existed behind the countenance,  
 Behind the superficial toughness of a convict doomed for life.

Haggard with weariness, unshaven, bleary eyed  
 He flings himself over the last wall. His body gesticulating  
 Wildly as a dummy in the wind. With split second timing  
 Bullets hunt him out. Envoys of society with a mission:  
 To destroy, to eliminate the nonconformist.

Dying a thousand deaths the body rolls  
 Down the incline to the road below--  
 Hard, bare, untraveled death comes to the road  
 Staining it with what once was the life  
 Of a man denied the freedom known to the rest.

Hale Anderson

## Betrayed

I screamed at you from the depths of realization,  
 But you grasped the apron strings of society.  
 I called to you sinking slowly in my mind,  
 But you sculptured yourself in security.

Now I hold you in my gray-wrinkled hands  
 and delicately devour you.

Pat Lott

## To Walk Away

On the steps to the Palace of Security were two large, marble cats. Their backs were arched, their claws unsheathed. As I approached they shook themselves and walked away. My third eye examined the interior of the Palace and found hollow, one-dimensional people, all acting, and feeling the same. Did I dare walk away too? The cats turned their heads and glanced at my inflated, stone body, then they ran quickly ahead.

Pat Lott



## Intermezzo

by Ruth Dreier

She walked rapidly into the room, nervously pulling at her hair. There was not much light and it was hard to see, but she couldn't look up. Someone might be looking and she did not dare to raise her eyes lest they meet hers and, . . . it was too terrifying to think about.

She found her customary seat far over in the corner where she felt the most invisible and began fumbling around in her purse for some cigarettes. She found them, lit up, and after a few minutes began to relax in the security of her Darkness.

"Whaddya want, sis?" the voice, scraping and grating over the bars around her, startled the girl and with a terrified little jump she came falling back into the World.

"Oh, just a coke please," she stumbled to the waitress, not daring to move her eyes from the pair of hands lying in her lap. When they moved she realized they were her hands, and for a moment she was caught up in the wonder of fingers moving and touching. But the thought that she could actually control something was a very frightening one, and she quickly retreated into her Darkness.

Then, as if it had always been there--a low melody woven into the lacework of her Darkness--a voice came calling--calling her name. It was beautifully low and soft and she followed it with her mind, enjoying the sensation that was so new and yet so old. She had known that it would come, and now that it was actually happening, the relief swept over her in grateful waves.

Slowly she began the ascent from her Darkness. She knew that the voice was calling her from the World. She also knew that she had no choice but to follow it. This terrified her but the sound was becoming stronger, providing strength to overcome the terror.

By the time she reached the World, blood was pounding in her head and her hands shook. Slowly, very slowly she lifted her head and allowed her eyes to focus on objects in the room. It was not hard for them to know where to look--in fact, they were drawn--to the source of the sound. He was sitting across the room, quietly smoking a cigarette, and listening to the music blaring from the juke-box. That is what he appeared to be doing. She knew better,

(continued on page 80)



Doug Schuler



and with the sound joyously singing and falling over itself in happy laughter, she rose and walked across the room to where he was sitting.

She stood there, looking at him. He acknowledged her presence with an imperceptible nod, and then without seeming to have moved at all, he was standing by her side.

Their hands touched and because the sound was so loud in their ears, there was no need to talk. In great dignity, and in rhythm with their sound they moved to the door and out of the room.

\* \* \*

A candle glows alone in the darkness  
It shines brightly but soon flickers and goes out  
A thin whisp of smoke is all that is left.

Oh, if my candle were to be lit,  
It would shine brighter and brighter each day.  
But if lit too soon  
    The wick would be gone  
    Nothing left then  
    Nothing to light but a hump of cold wax.

So I'll wait, unlike others, to light my candle.  
When the right time comes, it will glow brightly  
    Lighting up the sky!

Waiting is long.  
But my candle is forever there  
Patiently waiting.

Becky Hanson

## Behold the Earth

by Mary Thompson

A gentle, swaying breeze nudged him from sleep. Not far away, a tripping noise, combined with that of sweet, melodious, singing birds, aroused his curiosity. Finding it unable to resist, the lad followed the refrain as best he could. While making his way along, he couldn't help but notice the miracles transpiring before him: blossoms reaching out for their first taste of life; evergreens stretching to the heavens, pining for the very courts of the Most High; timid creatures peering out to catch a glimpse of humanity. He heard the wind speaking softly to the trees, courting them, and caressing them until they laughed lightly and began to sing delicately. He saw Apollo as an artist, painting for him a scene not to be forgotten. At every step he took, he could tell that something of high esteem would be encountered soon, and he pondered the thought of whether he should go on or not -- maybe this would not be for human eyes to behold . . . Nonetheless, he ventured on. The boy entered a secluded glen, veiled from all evil, and found himself at the edge of a deep, clear pool, reflecting all that was around it, and making it almost too much to bear. Following the stream leading to it, he was filled with wonderment and awe at the nearly inconceivable beauty and grace. At this point the noise was deafening, and his curiosity was at last satisfied. Looking up, he beheld a sight dazzling and magnificent. He watched a waterfall spill its splendor down a cliff, and saw the jewels of nature displayed in grandeur and dignity. In a daze he watched, and understood why even the lowliest of flowers bowed their heads to the very earth in respect, as he now did.



### Soldier Forgotten

A day a year set aside  
used to remember the dead.

Services are held,  
parades are given.

Flags wave over the graves,  
wreaths honor the dead.

People remember the man in  
uniform who died for his country.

People remember the dead,  
but overlook the living soldier,  
lonely and wet in the jungles of the world.

Curt Lindaman

## Rubiyat of Denny Krumlinde

Life is but the Rearview Mirror on a Honda  
 You go past Beauty at tremendous speed.  
 Not stopping to notice it.  
 Then, when it is too late to look,  
 And enjoy,  
 You look in your rearview mirror to see  
 What you have missed.  
 But it is too late.

---

Love and war are the same thing,  
 The only difference is that in war  
 You can choose those you fight with.

---

H42094029A-UJH5 Is life really so simple that it can be  
 contained in our many formulas and theorems?  
 19A63-084G Or is it something more?  
 Can a simple number, 480-64-4800, express a man  
 that is made of flesh and blood?  
 No, life is something more than just symbols and signs  
 But what?

---

Hate is when you fear to love someone,  
 And love is when you fear to hate someone.

---

Life is watching the past happen before your eyes,  
 Yet being unable to do anything about it.

---

The only true way to glory and enlightenment,  
 Is not through belief in God,  
 But through a belief in yourself  
 And your own inner beauty

---

True beauty lies within;  
 That which you can feel and see on the surface  
 Is not Beauty, but only a deception.  
 The true beauty of a person cannot be measured  
 In one meeting by the eye alone.  
 It must be surveyed, and studied at length, to determine it.



