

MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE



3 7010 00260741 0

A black and white photograph of a campus scene. On the left is a large, dark, multi-story building. In the center, an American flag flies on a tall pole. To the right are several trees, including a prominent evergreen. The foreground is a gravel or paved area. The overall tone is somber and historical.

# REFLECTIONS

archives



PN  
4832  
R44

1972  
. 10

PROPERTY OF MURRELL LIBRARY  
MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE  
MARSHALL, MO 65340

# REFLECTIONS

**A Literary Magazine**

**Volume 10 1972**

Missouri Valley College

Marshall, Missouri

Sponsored by

The English Department

John McCallum, Chairman

The Art Department

Vernon Nester, Chairman

Sigma Tau Delta

Honorary Fraternity in English

Faculty Editors

Martha Luzader, General Editor

Vernon Nester, Art Editor

Editorial Assistant

Mona Bibb

Editorial Board

John McCallum, Elizabeth Heinemann, Page Williams

## CONTRIBUTORS

- DOUG BECKMEYER—Freshman 1971-72. Son of R. H. Beckmeyer, St. Louis. Doug's essay was written as a freshman composition class assignment.
- VIRGIL BROWNE—Missouri Valley College Staff Photographer. Marshall.
- EDDIE BRUNDIDGE—Freshman 1971-72. Son of Mrs. Eva Brundidge, Cincinnati, Ohio. Eddie's campus impressions were also written as a composition class assignment.
- ROD CAMERON—Junior 1971-72. Son of Earl F. Cameron, Raytown. English major. Creative Writing.
- CATHY CRUM—Freshman 1971-72. Daughter of John F. Crum, Jr., Chillicothe, Ohio. Cathy's poetry began as a freshman composition essay assignment.
- MONTE EDWARDS—Sophomore 1971-72. Son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Sullivan, Miami, Missouri. Monte's poem also comes from his freshman year.
- RUSS ESVELT—Freshman 1970-71. Marshall. Another *Reflections* contributor beginning with a composition class assignment.
- ANNE FITZWILLIAM—Junior 1971-72. Daughter of R. A. Fitzwilliam, Sedalia. English major. Creative Writing.
- JOY FRANKLIN—Freshman 1971-72. Marshall. Joy is the mother of two young school children and is an Elementary Education major. Her descriptive essay was written in freshman composition.
- NANCY GROSSE—Sophomore 1971-72. Nancy is the daughter of H. L. Grosse, Skokie, Illinois.
- JACKIE GUTHREY—1972. A. B., English. Wife of Charles G. Guthrey, Marshall, and mother of an infant son. 1971 *Reflections* writer. Creative Writing.
- ROB HATTEN—Junior 1971-72. Rob is the son of Dr. R. G. Hatten, Butler, Missouri. Creative Writing.
- ROBERT HANSEN—Junior 1971-72. Son of J. M. Hansen, Indianapolis, Indiana. Humanics major.
- LARRY HENDERSON—Sophomore 1971-72. Son of Cornelius Henderson, Kansas City. Larry wrote his essay as a freshman composition class assignment.
- NANCY KELLY—1972. A. B., English. Nancy is the daughter of Judge and Mrs. John J. Kelly, Jr., Florissant.
- GLENN KESSE—Freshman 1971-72. Son of George Kesse, Wayne, New Jersey. Glenn is another poet whose contribution comes from his freshman composition class.
- MONTE LAUDERDALE—Senior. Son of James G. Lauderdale, Lexington, Missouri.
- STEPHEN McDERMOTT—Sophomore 1971-72. Son of J. R. McDermott, Columbia.

Continued on page 68.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### ART

- Cover Photograph, Missouri Valley College campus,  
Collins Science Center ..... VIRGIL BROWN
- Six untitled experiments in mixed media .... VERNON NESTER 7, 18,  
29, 39,  
57, 65

### POETRY

- Untitled ..... STEVE McDERMOTT 1
- Octet ..... ROY WADE 4
- Time ..... CATHY CRUM 6
- An Age Remembered ..... ROY WADE 17
- Loving ..... ANNE FITZWILLIAM 19
- A Friend's Death: in quad ..... ROD CAMERON 19
- Trust ..... NANCY GROSSE 23
- Winnepesaukee, N. H., August, 1964 ..... GALE E. RAND 26
- Sea Dream ..... DAVE MAZZA 28
- Death ..... GLENN J. KESSE 36
- Untitled ..... DAVE MAZZA 37
- After Shakespeare, Sonnet XXX ..... ROY WADE 38
- Loneliness ..... ROD CAMERON 42
- Pen ..... ROB HATTEN 48
- Denouement ..... ROD CAMERON 49
- Autumn Love ..... ROD CAMERON 50
- Epistle to Robert Browning ..... DAVE MAZZA 51
- The Candle ..... STEVE McDERMOTT 55
- Wind of the Hawk ..... DAVE MAZZA 56
- Kansas City, 3 a.m. .... ROD CAMERON 58
- Untitled ..... CATHY CRUM 59
- Ode to a Lover ..... DAVE MAZZA 66
- Suzanne and the Monster  
of Waverly Holler ..... MONTY EDWARDS 67

**SHORT STORIES**

Phoenix Expedition .....	DAVE MAZZA	2
The Fifth Summer .....	JACKIE GUTHREY	8
The Man I Was Before .....	ROB HATTEN	24
A Simple Love .....	ROD CAMERON	30
The Wait .....	STEPHEN MORROW	32
The Wasp .....	ROBERT HANSEN	35
Warren's Coming Home .....	ROB HATTEN	40
One Day Last Spring .....	ANNE FITZWILLIAM	44
Saturday's Gone .....	ROD CAMERON	52
In the Park .....	ROB HATTEN	60

**ESSAYS, MEMORIES, IMPRESSIONS**

Willard .....	DEBBIE TAYLOR	5
My First Rifle .....	RUSS ESVELT	22
Death Meets Me As Fast .....	LARRY HENDERSON	27
Ride in a Snowstorm .....	MONTE LAUDERDALE	34
Thoughts About a Black Studies Program .....	BEN SMITH	37
Unity in <i>The Taming of the Shrew</i> .....	NANCY KELLY	43
The Decline of Man .....	MARK H. WINCHESTER	47
Random Thoughts .....	DOUG BECKMEYER	50
Clouds in Autumn .....	EDDIE BRUNDIDGE	55
Sometimes Ignored Beauty .....	JOY FRANKLIN	64

CONTRIBUTORS .....		i
--------------------	--	---

**UNTITLED**

Cleaves in the earth pour cities into seas  
 As the tempest blows others away  
 The fury of the Mother on her child conceived  
 Brings the holocaust of mankind to bay.

But what is Her reason for untying Her wrath?  
 People ask themselves, "What did we do  
 To mark our doom,  
 To bring our mother to this task?"

Nature's answer is subtle—but magnificent in scope.  
 She points to the life in virgin dale  
 The rascal grasses tickling blue skies  
 The whispering winds carrying love songs of quail.

Do you take us as Job? Ask the people downtown.  
 That our goodness has been our ruin;  
 Cities we've built of concrete and steel  
 Turning breeze into smog over the land we have found.

The Matron of earth sighs gusts that are cold  
 For her quest is not the misery of Job.  
 "The power I wield to destroy your steel  
 Is the same I use to create what is real."

Then the people of plastic turn to their gods  
 To ask their ignorant riddle  
 And the gods reply with subtle strength:  
 "The people will perish on land they belittle."

—STEVE McDERMOTT

## PHOENIX EXPEDITION

by DAVE MAZZA

In the Third Millennium the High Council of United Earth had decided behind closed doors that they would choose three men to send to the next galaxy. The Council would have to be brilliant in its choice, for the men were to carry the final vestiges of the civilization known as Mankind. The Earth and the other planets in the Milky Way Galaxy, which had set the minds of man on fire since Stonehenge, would nova—in one brilliant burst of light everything from Mercury to Pluto would go up in smoke.

In the third month of 23000, the Council decided. The men were Hidishi Yamo, Unified Councils of the Orient; Kantiga Zolon, Unified Councils of Africa; and Ulysses Sibert, Unified Councils of Europe and America.

The nova was expected at 25000, and as the three men boarded the launch, the hopes of a doomed civilization followed, for as the wordly elected Controller said, "You represent the achievements from year one to year 25000. May you find a new galaxy and start a better world from the one which you now are leaving."

The ship reached full power just past Pluto at about 24000, and was well out of the Milkyway Galaxy. At 25000, exactly as predicted, the light burst forth. The communications sensors picked up one weak final message announced on the universal band; it was just one word, said Hidishi, "Phoenix."

The Master Computer guided the ship and the three men looked from the window to the richly painted fresco of the now-destroyed Milky Way. The starship sped toward its destination, a new galaxy where the Phoenix of mankind would rise.

Ulysses spoke. "It took us from the Third World War to the year 12000 to pull the world together again, and then, in 17000, we reached economic utopia. Now we start over."

"It would have happened sooner had it not been for your nationalistic policies," said Kantiga.

"Our nationalistic policies!" countered a stunned Ulysses. "You are the only Council needing a dictator to keep from falling apart, a dictator equal to the Ancient Ones."

"Gentlemen, please," cried Hidishi. "We are the only vestiges left of an entire planet. Shall we make the same mistakes? Rather let us remember our achievements." The other two reluctantly acknowledged him. Hidishi went on. "Therefore: I have a plan to lay before you and the Master Computer."

"Stop!" Kantiga interrupted. "You are taking over already, just like the world-elected Controller did. Butter us up with respect, then tell us what your plan is. No, I will not stand for it."

"Listen," Ulysses said, "we will all make the plan for re-creation. Everyone will be in on it."

"Sure," said Kantiga. "We will all be in it. Sure. But I am not going to compromise."

"Neither am I, damn it!" cried out Ulysses. "I want separate worlds. Yes, that's it, three worlds."

"Racist!" shouted Hidishi.

"What?" Kantiga said. "Racism is only an excuse."

"But can't you see?" Hidishi said. "We're going back to the old ways. Our unity is going to pot."

"Good!" shouted Kantiga. "Our unified Earth was made and held together by lasers and bombs so that the self-made gods of the High Council could rule the world."

"He's right, Hidishi. Three peoples were not meant to be fused together. The three worlds were happily separated and had achieved economic utopia. We only fooled ourselves that unity was better and we gave in to force, but now we are free."

"You-are-not-free," called the Master Computer. "I-have-been-prepared-for-your-predicted-outbursts. The-World-Controller-has-ordered-me-to-do-the-following." The telescreen flashed the computer's instructions:

"You three were chosen because you hold the highest tested intelligence scores of your respected peoples. The High Council planned for world conquest; it did not plan on Nature's Nova. We know that we gained power by force, not by capturing your people's hearts. Therefore, this we attempt to do now.

"The computer's brain and your brains will be fused together. You will lose your physical identity. You will become pure energy and intellect with unlimited power. You will attain immortality. Now the petty interests of your people which are magnified in you will come to an end and the Council's Will shall reign supreme."

In a burst of green light it was done, the glowing void moving through space, the new galaxy coming into sight, the glowing void descending to its work.

In the Beginning God created the heavens and the earth. The earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God was moving over the face of the waters.

## OCTET

I

The soul of mankind  
Searching for Utopia;  
Impossible dream.  
Unknown, a black rose blooms . . .  
Seek it beyond the horizon in the morn.

II

Fall is time gone by,  
Wood pilings upon the floor—  
A Requiem to life.

III

The past remembered  
Chivalry and knights long gone,  
Never to return but in  
Gilded and shining fables—  
Romance once again comes alive.

IV

Puffed and flowing clouds  
Move softly upon the silken sky  
Without any care.  
Shaping, creating, existing . . .  
They are real, we are shadows.

V

I remember love,  
Gone by like a winter storm—  
A cold memory.  
Icy fingers passing by with  
Little stabs of frozen tears upon my cheeks.

VI

Streams like melted time are  
Moving slowly, moving now.  
Winter's icicles tingle—  
Memories melt away.

VII

Sweet child, be not lonesome;  
Fear nothing, fear no one . . .  
You will find the way.  
No longer will you need my hand to lead you;  
Your life is your own today.

VIII

Snowflakes falling from the wintry sky  
Glisten in the morning sun;  
Feel it. Taste it—freedom.  
The vision is dazzling,  
I can feel it. I taste it.  
It is mine!

—ROY WADE

## WILLARD

Willard is not an ordinary, run-of-the-mill dog. He has character. No one is as diplomatic. When others of his kind disagree with him, he doesn't argue—he simply tucks in his tail and vanishes. Never before has such a combination of colors been produced: dull black, rusty brown, and the white on his chest and feet like that found in a dirty clothes hamper. Willard's love for others shines from his eyes and wags from his tail for all to see. He's constantly stopping to greet someone and never scorns a friendship. Isn't it a shame more people aren't like Willard?

—DEBBIE TAYLOR

## TIME

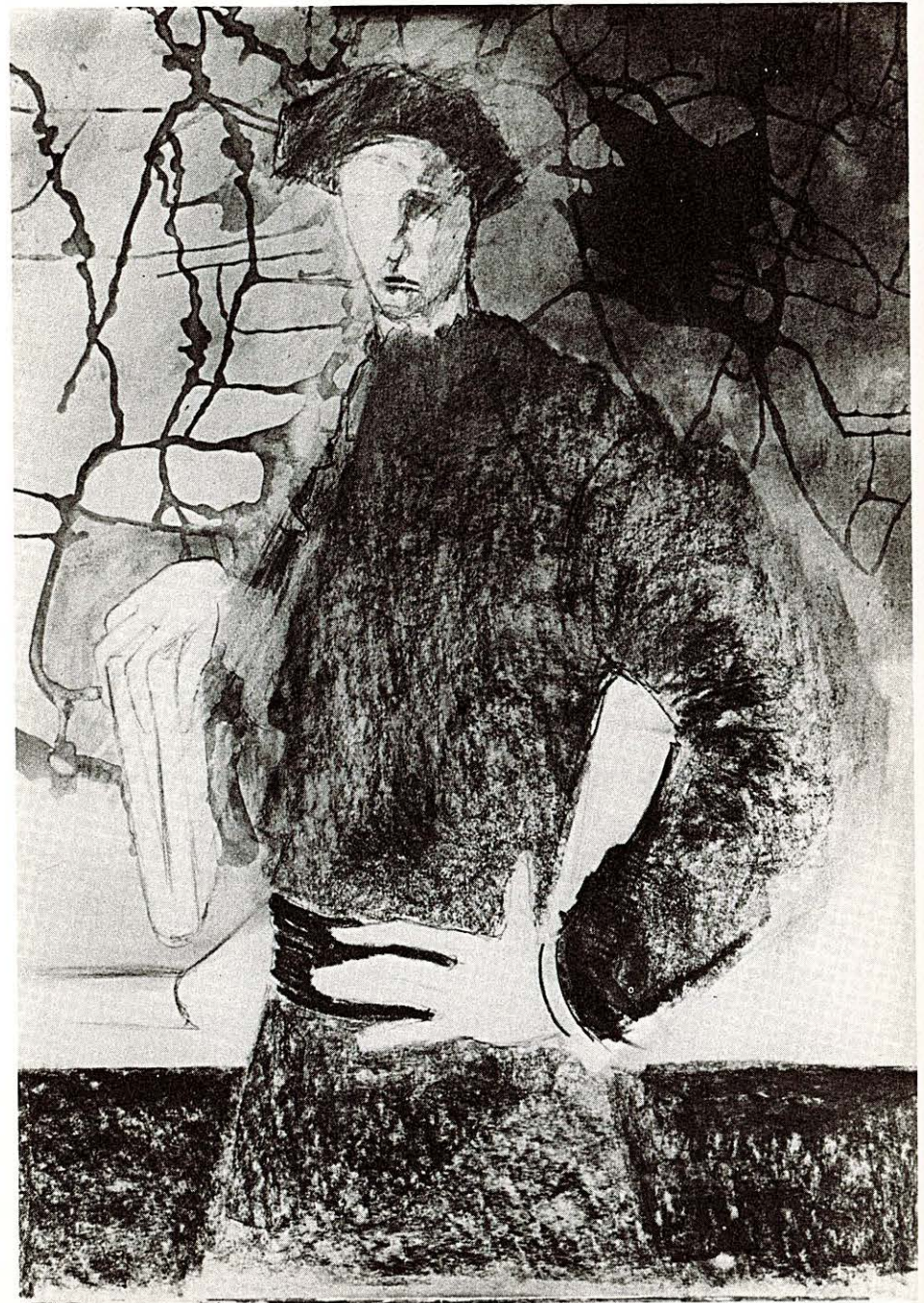
Time,  
Something which is working against me,  
Now, Then, Soon,  
Time.

I know my conclusion  
And how to come about  
Answering the questions of  
Time.

It goes too fast  
When I am happy,  
It goes too slowly  
When I am sad,  
It remains the same  
When I am lost.  
It seems to be working against me,  
Now, Then, Soon,  
Time.

The direction of my thoughts  
And why I am lost,  
Now-surrounding me  
Then-frustrating me  
Soon-resolving itself  
Now, Then, Soon,  
Time.

—CATHY CRUM



## THE FIFTH SUMMER

by JACKIE GUTHREY

Coming around the bend in the road, the little white house steals the view away from the wild, over-grown abundance of the countryside. Nestled amid three massive maple trees, it stood far off the road beyond a neatly tailored lawn and clipped flower beds. Its shabby edges were well concealed by the brilliance of white wash, but a closer look revealed a sagging porch, leaning chimney, and patched roof. Two cane rockers sat in welcome on the porch along with a squeaky swing, half a dozen potted geraniums, three African violets and two dozing cats. Lace curtains, well starched if a little yellow, hung against glistening windows, but were pulled tight against the hot mid-afternoon sun.

Next door, or rather the neighboring house on this deserted dirt road, a smaller house now nearly gray, squatted in a barren yard. One huge oak tree shaded the shabby dwelling, killing all hope for grass under its dense shade. Out back were three rotten outbuildings, several rusty pieces of junk, an old wash tub, broken bed springs, and two partially disassembled cars. On the bare dirt under the oak tree, five children of varying ages played contentedly despite the oppressive heat of the June day.

As the shade deepened on the east side of the house, the two sisters emerged from behind the lace curtains and sat heavily in their rocking chairs, their laps occupied by dishpans of unshelled peas. Smoothing their limp gingham aprons over their faded print dresses, they automatically shelled the peas and rocked. Mrs. Shaw pulled her handkerchief from the sleeve of her dress and mopped her forehead, pushing strands of white hair back into the bun at the nape of her neck.

"My, Aggie, what a day!"

"Too hot for white folks," Aggie frowned darkly, "Burn out the garden too."

Conversation lagged, and they hummed softly as the sharp plink of the peas hitting the dishpan lulled them against the heat.

From down the road, the motor of an automobile purred in the distance. Slowly the cloud of dust approached, hanging motionless in the humid afternoon haze. The car lumbered past leaving a fresh coat of brown powdery dust on the foliage along the roadside. Another car followed close behind and stopped in front of the white house.

"Why it's Jennifer," beamed Mrs. Shaw, rising to greet her granddaughter.

"Hello Gram. Hello Aunt Aggie," called Jennifer as she hurried up the brick sidewalk. She was a tall, slim girl with thick, dark hair pulled away from her face giving her a serious, austere look. She walked briskly and easily, her voice ringing pleasantly through the stifling air.

Mrs. Shaw hugged the girl warmly, suddenly pleased with the day. "We hardly ever see you anymore. Guess they keep you busy at the hospital, don't they?"

"Yes, Gram, they do," answered Jennifer, easing herself onto the swing which gave a loud squeak as if in protest. "We must oil this someday. Today's my day off, though; so I decided to drive out and see you. I was hoping for a little country breeze, but its not much better out here."

"We're due for a storm," Aggie predicted looking to the southwest.

"Oh, I hope not. How are you doing, Aunt Aggie?"

"Fair to middlin', just fair to middlin'. The heat's too much for me these days. I'm gettin' old," she scowled at Jennifer, "Speaking of gettin' old, how 'bout you? Set that wedding date yet? 'Bout time seems to me."

"Hush now, Aggie," Mrs. Shaw admonished, "Jennifer's going to get married as soon as she's ready."

"And as soon as Tom is ready," laughed Jennifer nervously. "He still has a year of his internship, then his residency and then he has to establish a practice. That all takes time."

A soft 'humph' came from Aggie's direction, but she was concentrating on the peas once more.

"How about the Fourth? Can you and Tom make it?" Mrs. Shaw directed her smile toward Jennifer.

"Well, Gram . . . really I doubt it. I'm not sure Tom is even coming here at all. He's really very busy."

"Of course, of course. That's all right—guess a family picnic isn't too enticing anyway."

"That's not it!" quickly.

"Anyway, that's all right; it's just that we don't know Tom very well and we'd like to."

"Yes, Gram . . ." Jennifer stifled an impatient sigh and instead studied her shoe, groping for words to make her grandmother understand. But how could she explain why she saw Tom so little; why she would probably have to drive the five hundred miles to see him next. Tom was dedicated to medicine—not to Jennifer, and Jennifer knew this and usually accepted it.

Mrs. Shaw changed the subject. "How are things at the hospital, dear?"

"Oh, busy as ever and . . ."

Suddenly the quiet afternoon was shattered by a deafening roar. Almost instantly a bright flash burst into sight, zoomed by, spun gravel and dirt in a huge cloud, and slid into the front yard of the neighboring house. The motor roared viciously twice, and just as suddenly all was silence again. The five, dirty, bare-footed children scurried to the car in

excitement, all talking at once. They clamoured around a tall, sun-browned, young man who raised the hood eagerly to show the children. With cries of admiration, they all peered at the gigantic, shining motor.

Jennifer caught her breath at the unexpected appearance of Adam White. He had grown into a distant memory—vague and blurred by time—but suddenly he was fifty yards away from her and very real. He had filled out more; he looked as if he had spent the last five years lifting weights. He looked taller than she remembered, but she could never forget that rich tenor voice and careless laugh that rang across the yards now. He wore a white T-shirt, faded blue jeans, and no shoes. He was like a child in his eager enthusiasm over the car.

Slamming down the hood, Adam picked up the smallest girl and was silently tolerant of the children's animated chatter. Half way to the house he glanced toward his neighbors and spied Jennifer sitting on the porch. Jennifer quickly lowered her head—she had been staring. The children stopped their chatter, but Jennifer never looked back up until she heard the screen door slam shut.

"Guess that's another engine to keep us awake day and night!" bellowed Aggie, "You'd think they'd put shoes on them kids, but no, always cars."

"Hush, Aggie," pleaded Mrs. Shaw.

"White trash, that's all,"

"Aggie!"

"Just callin' a spade a spade, that's all," persisted Aggie, but she began shelling peas with steady concentration again.

"Please," murmured Jennifer, "It's too hot to fight, Let's fix a light supper, Gram. Leave the peas; we'd roast trying to cook them in this heat."

"Iced-tea and tuna salad?" Mrs. Shaw suggested, her eyes twinkling.

Jennifer smiled her acquiescence.

"Used to be all you ever wanted that summer. Bless Bob, how I did worry about your diet!" Mrs. Shaw rose from her rocker and shook out her apron. "We've missed you, dear."

Jennifer smiled wistfully; how quickly time had passed since that long ago summer. She followed her grandmother and Aunt into the house, turning at the door to glance at the shining red monster parked so boldly in the slanting sunshine.

Hardly hungry from the heat, the three women retired to the porch again after their brief meal. The sun was beginning to set in the west, but the air hung heavy and still about them. Mewing pitifully, the old cats searched for a cooler place to sleep, but the bugs bothered them under the bushes so they sprawled out on the brick wall. Jennifer swung idly in the swing, silent while her grandmother and aunt listened to the evening news on the radio. It was too hot to breathe.

Laughter and voices echoed across the yards, and Jennifer turned to watch Adam bound out of the door whistling gaily just like a hundred other times she had watched him long ago. Obviously dressed for

an evening out, his cheap clothes fit snugly across his body making them look stylish and tailored; his blond hair glistened in the setting sun, shining above him like a halo. Two children scampered after him to the car putting their hands to their ears as the red monster roared to life. Leaving tracks and dust behind him, Adam shifted through all four gears before he disappeared around the bend in the road.

Jennifer's eyes clung to the red streak until it was out of sight. She politely ignored Aunt Aggie's remarks about wild young bucks tom-cattin' around. Suddenly more listless than ever, Jennifer sighed deeply and stopped her swing; she sat on the steps and tried to induce one of the cats to play, but it wasn't interested.

Unbidden, Jennifer's thoughts flew back five years. Her grandmother suffered a mild heart attack that spring and was restricted from her daily household tasks. Aggie, a constant sufferer of arthritis, was judged by the family to be incompetent to care for the household. By simple deduction, Jennifer was chosen to be the one to spend the summer in the country with her grandmother and aunt. Newly graduated from high school and anxious for the days of college, Jennifer unwillingly conceded to sacrifice her summer. The two old women immediately showered the girl with affection and her tasks were slight, but in only a few weeks the summer stretched hopelessly long in front of Jennifer.

The Whites were the only close neighbors and, although Jennifer found them degrading in relation to her accustomed friends, she soon found herself playing games with the children, sharing the afternoon soap operas with their mother and diapering and feeding the baby. Adam was seldom around and Jennifer avoided him when he was. He was familiar to her from high school—obviously not of her caliber. Kicked off the high school football team for drinking, Adam's basketball career was ended also, by a fight with the coach. It was common knowledge that he had gotten Sylvia Burns in trouble—typical of that type boy.

By the end of June the evenings were unbearably long and lonely for Jennifer. Her grandmother and Aunt Aggie glued themselves to the TV, entranced by quiz programs, Lawrence Welk, and the inevitable news. The White children quickly tired Jennifer these days, and they lost interest in her games. Adam had a 'new' car and his perpetual tinkering in the back yard enticed the children to hang over the engine full of questions and babble. Gradually Jennifer crossed the spirea hedge and found herself hanging over dirty engines with the rest of the Whites. Carburetors and fuel pumps gained her interest in defiance of Adam's mocking laugh at her ignorance. Appreciation and sometimes even admiration for Adam's mechanical skill, his quick laugh, his easy manner with the children crept into her heart. Evenings when Adam was gone grew painful; Jennifer had come to depend on his companionship. Thinking back now, Jennifer remembered well the evenings when he would leave about sunset and not return until early morning . . .

Aunt Aggie was carrying on so that Jennifer broke her train of thought to see what the trouble was.

"Just look there, Jennifer!" pointed Aunt Aggie, "Look at them clouds. I knew all day that it was going to storm. Ain't never this hot without a storm. Just look at them black clouds a blowin' up."

Jennifer squinted her eyes westward, amazed at the greenish-yellow color of the sky. Turning wildly, black clouds raced eastward dimming the sunshine. The air still hung heavy and motionless in the early evening light; not a twig on the tallest tree stirred. Very distant thunder rumbled threateningly as the black clouds shut off the last light of the sun.

"I think it really is going to storm. Maybe I'd better call mother and tell her I'm still here." Jennifer rose from the steps.

"Please just stay, dear. Don't try to go home," begged Mrs. Shaw. "All right, Gram. I might as well."

When Jennifer came back out on the porch, she was alarmed to see how much greener the sky had turned in the short time that she had been gone. Concern crept into her face as she sat uneasily on the swing; they all watched the approaching storm in silence. Still not a leaf moved. The air nearly suffocated them. Aunt Aggie kept mumbling ominously to herself while Mrs. Shaw rocked stiffly, her eyes following the clouds. Next door the children sat in a line on the steps, their eyes glued in fascination on the black, rolling sky.

The wind grew steadily, bending the trees like blades of grass, pitching pieces of trash and leaves into each gust. Dust rose in a thick choking cloud. A few first tentative drops of rain fell, then a torrent came and then quit altogether again. Beating the landscape, the vicious wind rushed harder and harder, driving the women indoors. Jennifer perched on the arm of the sofa, her eyes peeled to the black and green sky in horrified fascination. Mrs. Shaw bustled about lowering windows, calling the cats, clucking over the fate of her garden; but Aggie sat still as death in the growing dark. Fighting the tight fear that swelled in her chest, Jennifer searched for her voice, "Gram, Gram, come in here. I think we'd better go to the cellar—it really looks bad."

"I know, I know. Let's go. I'll get Aggie."

"Okay. I'll open the doors and you and Aunt Aggie follow."

Jennifer forced open the back door and let herself out into the hellish fury of the storm. Unable to keep her balance in the galing wind, she crept along the side of the house groping for the two slanted wooden doors that led to the cellar, but dust and debris slashed against her and blinded her eyes. Refusing to give up, she braced herself against the wind and drove her way to the doors. Padlocked. Jennifer jerked with all her strength. Again and again. The doors clattered and banged, but the lock wouldn't budge. Jennifer threw herself against the doors, but it was no use.

Vexed and frightened, Jennifer turned back to the house. She had to get the key. Half a tree crashed to the ground, its top branches scraping the house. Jennifer screamed. She froze—fear caught sobs in her throat; she couldn't move. Suddenly the wind knocked her down. Blindly, she crawled to the door sobbing openly now. Another limb splintered and slammed to the ground. Jennifer couldn't move fast enough. The door seemed a mile away. She kept going. The door budged open and a hand reached out for her.

Inside again, Jennifer was suddenly calm. Tears streamed down her grandmother's face and Jennifer attempted to sooth her.

"I'm all right now, Gram. Please don't cry. The doors are locked. I couldn't get in. It's too late now."

They found Aggie still sitting, still and white as death. Jennifer urged her to the hall, but Aggie refused with a shake of her head. Mrs. Shaw and Jennifer dragged her with them. They huddled together in the hall, fear leaving them numb and speechless.

The house groaned and creaked, under the constant strain of the wind. A window shattered with startling force. Another followed. Roaring and destroying, the wind blew relentlessly. The house sagged and expanded; something smashed against the west side.

The wind blew steadily now, bouncing hail off the tormented house. Like thousands of pistol shots, the hail beat terrifyingly over the house, trees, and yard. Trees bashed against the roof while hail poured in the broken windows, its icy force destroying the furniture. Fear paralyzed the three women; they could no longer cry. The roof creaked. Jennifer knew they would be buried in the old house any minute.

They survived the storm. The house was in shambles though, and the cold rain poured in everywhere. Weak from terror, they cried in relief as the storm blew itself out. Color slowly came back to Aggie's face, but she was unable to help clean up. Jennifer and Mrs. Shaw began the long task before them, shaking as they pushed their way through the debris that filled the front part of the house. Their hands bled from the glass, their feet froze from the hail covering the floor, their bones ached with chill from the cold rain. Lamps, vases, pictures, and furniture lay in ruin. Hysterically, Mrs. Shaw sobbed again—her house of nearly fifty years was wiped out in a couple of hours. Jennifer tried to comfort her, but the shattered room spoke for itself. Poor Aggie cried too, like a frightened child.

It was past four a.m. when Jennifer and Mrs. Shaw finished cleaning the last glass and ice from the house and covered the windows with sheets and blankets to protect themselves from the chill night air. Feebly shining in the dark, the poor light from the kerosene lamp made the endless task more difficult. The north and east rooms of the house were not harmed, nor were the windows broken so Mrs. Shaw and Aggie went to bed in weary resignation.

Too nervous and over-wrought to sleep, Jennifer ventured out on the porch. Broken flower pots were strewn across the floor and the rocking chairs were completely gone, but the old swing hung firmly from the ceiling. In utter weariness, she eased herself onto its wet boards, not noticing the cold dampness that seeped through her dress. She was suddenly surprised to see the old shack next door standing and apparently unharmed. A dim yellow light shone from within. Jennifer smiled gently; all around her she could see the dim outlines of fallen trees, but the big oak tree stood.

She closed her eyes, begging for sleep. Uselessly, she opened them again; all she could see was the dim yellow light from Adam's house.

Jennifer couldn't remember one storm the summer that she fell in love with Adam White. Summer showers, yes . . . they would sit in the

old car and listen to the patter of the rain on the roof. Adam told a lot of silly stories then, and Jennifer laughed a lot. Huddled together in the back seat of that old car, they wiled many summer hours away—talking, laughing, kissing . . . touching. They seldom had formal dates, only an occasional drive-in movie or a hamburger at a truck-stop on the highway; but the days and nights were filled with the utter joy of first love. They hid in the honeysuckle hedge from the constant companionship of the children; they swam in a pasture pond on hot evenings, oblivious to the wondering stares of the cattle; they hiked and picnicked in the woods behind their homes, happy and alone. They loved.

Jennifer had pushed back all thought of the past or future that summer and she felt Adam had too. She knew her grandmother silently disapproved of their relationship, and she knew that she could never tell even her best friend how she felt about Adam; but that didn't matter—not that summer.

The last days of August surprised the two lovers with their arrival. Saddened by the thought of her inevitable departure, Jennifer struggled to keep her tears, and fears, from Adam. He told fewer jokes, fought with the children, and studied the clouds frequently. Mrs. Shaw was well; Jennifer could leave anytime, and everyone knew it.

Then one thick, black August night, Adam proposed. They should get married. He had a good job at the garage; she could work in town. Hesitating at first, Adam had grown more exuberant by the minute. He had a good car; he knew a friend who had a trailer they could rent; no big wedding, just a quiet ceremony.

The remembrance of that night drove a sharp pain through Jennifer's heart even five years later. Trying not to, but remembering in spite of herself, Jennifer saw once again the look of puzzlement turn to pain on Adam's face when she failed to respond to all his hopes and dreams for them. She remembered the hot and biting accusations he threw at her—that she thought she was too good for him, too good to marry a mere garage mechanic. And she remembered how everything he had said had been true. And Jennifer cried for the hundredth time when she remembered.

She had left the next day. Subdued and suddenly older, she had bid her grandmother and aunt good-bye and drove slowly and deliberately back to the city. That fall she went to college, joined a sorority, dated several guys and tried to forget Adam. She saw him once that winter at a local dance; he was with another girl and called a dirty remark toward Jennifer. A couple of months later, she heard he had been drafted, and she lost all track of him.

Dedicated and serious, Tom came into her life about a year later. He seldom had time for dates, but over a period of three years they decided they were in love and made plans for a future marriage. "And that's where I am today," thought Jennifer, "still planning that marriage." Drained from the storm and painful memories, Jennifer rubbed the tears from her cheeks and wondered if anyone ever got over a first love.

The noise from a motor startled Jennifer from her half sleep. Dodging fallen limbs and endless puddles, the White's old black car chugged down the road, its headlights revealing the destruction of the storm. Jennifer wondered what possible mission could induce them out at five o'clock on a morning like this, but she was too tired to care. Finally exhausted, she went in and fell into a deep sleep on the damp sofa among the litter of the storm.

Aching and cold, Jennifer woke in utter misery. Someone had covered her during the night, but her hands throbbed from her cuts, and her back felt like a million nerves on fire. Moaning softly, she pulled herself up very slowly. Gray light filtered in through the sheets over the windows, but Jennifer was surprised to see that her watch registered nearly ten thirty. Outside her grandmother and aunt were sweeping the porch, their faces drawn and silent.

"Oh, Gram! Your beautiful yard!" cried Jennifer, horrified by the spectacle in daylight.

Mrs. Shaw was grim. "Awful, isn't it? Mr. Halley passed by a minute ago and said a funnel hit ground about a half mile south of us. Maybe we were lucky."

"Well of course we were. We're alive, and I never thought we'd make it last night. We'll fix the yard, Gram. By next year you'll never know it happened."

Smiling slightly, Mrs. Shaw sighed, "If only that were true. As soon as they fix the telephone wires you call your folks. They're probably frantic with worry."

Aggie was still sweeping, tenderly preserving part of an African violet that had been blown into a corner. Aching, Jennifer let herself down on the steps. The flowers lining the walk were beaten into the ground, now just limp blobs of dirty green. Jennifer tried to shake the fatigue from her body, but the scene around her made her weary all over again. How would they ever clean the mess up? She glanced next door, noting the little shack had fared the storm much better than they had. Sitting alone in the yard, the black car was back, but Adam's red monster was nowhere to be seen. The house seemed strangely quiet; none of the children scampered in the yard—even the dog sat in lonely silence on the stoop.

Still staring at the White's yard, Jennifer was startled by the sudden bumping and splashing of a huge yellow wrecker. Behind it were the remains of Adam's car.

A sick lump lodged itself in Jennifer's stomach; her mouth was so dry she couldn't swallow. A kaleidoscope of emotions and visions ran over Jennifer—fear filled her heart. Unspeakable, unmentionable, unbelievable fears. Her eyes followed the wrecker as it lowered the red hulk and lumbered back down the road. The White family filed out to survey the red carcass; one child gave a mangled fender a tentative kick. That was too much for Mrs. White; she lowered her head and shuffled back to the shack, her face buried in her greasy apron. Jennifer hardly breathed. Two of the older children fled after their mother. Only a minute later and they all had retreated to the house. All except for Jimmy, Adam's favorite. He leaned heavily against the old oak tree.

With extreme effort, Jennifer rose to her feet—her knees were like water. Unsteadily, she walked over to Jimmy. "Jim-Jimmy?" Her voice sounded funny. "What happened?"

He raised his head, and she saw his tear-streaked face. "Damn storm." He tried manfully not to cry. "Tree fell on Adam. Killed him and Sylvia, too." He sat down and buried his head in his knees and cried in gulping sobs.

Jennifer was numb. Adam dead? But he still laughed the way he used to and was still so handsome, so beautiful. Dead? No. He just couldn't be! She wanted to scream, to hit someone, to hurt someone.

Somehow Jennifer explained to her grandmother; hurriedly, fleeing before she could hear their clucking condolences. Her car was dented by hail and a limb, but it started immediately, and Jennifer sped to the highway, not daring to glance at the havoc of the storm all around her. She gripped the wheel and drove without thinking all the way back to the city.

At home, her mother was nearly hysterical with worry. Adam's death had been on the news with numerous injuries due to the funnel cloud that hit. Was Jennifer all right? How were Gram and Aunt Aggie? And the house? Did Jennifer want some lunch?

Tucked away in her room, Jennifer called the hospital to report she wouldn't be in for the three to eleven shift. Mrs. Jacobson understood about her cuts and fatigue. Yes, the storm had been bad. Would Jennifer be in tomorrow?

Without warning, Jennifer was violently ill. She fled to the bathroom in distress. Back in her room, she felt weak and drained and finally gave in to a flood of tears. It took Jennifer over an hour to calm herself and most of the afternoon to convince herself why she had cried. She found herself blaming the storm, the black terror of the night, and the complete safety of home. Then she told herself that underneath everything she was so lonely for Tom that the tears were inevitable. Then she grasped the idea that her delayed wedding weighed heavily on her heart, that she wanted to be Tom's wife with a driving desperation. But she really wasn't fooling herself.

Staring out her window in late afternoon, Jennifer chanced to see her younger sister and her boyfriend drive up. A surreptitious kiss, a brief embrace, and one more lingering kiss, and she bounced out of the car, calling teasingly to him as he backed out of the drive-way. Loneliness assaulted Jennifer. She needed Tom; she needed to be loved and wanted to.

Unable to resist, she dialed the operator for the number of the hospital in which Tom was interning. Minutes later, Tom's brisk voice answered, "Dr. Woodsen."

"Tom, it's Jennifer."

"Jennifer, what's wrong? Why are you calling me here?"

"Well, because . . . because I miss you so . . ." her voice quavered, ". . . and I guess I'm upset."

"Upset about what?"

"Did you hear about the tornado here, Tom? Well, it practically hit us. I was at my grandmother's house."

"You're all right, aren't you?"

"Yes . . . but it unnerved me."

"Jennifer, I'm sorry, I really am, but what can I do? I'm five hundred miles away."

"I know," Jennifer's voice was small, "One of . . . my friends was killed in the storm."

"Jennifer," Tom was growing impatient, "I love you dearly, but I'm on duty. My calls are supposed to be emergencies, and I don't call this an emergency. Now I'm sorry about your friend, but these things happen. Call me later if you want to talk."

"No . . . no, that's okay. I guess I'm being silly. Don't worry about me, Tom."

"I won't, Jennifer. I know you can take care of yourself. I'll call you next week. Bye."

Jennifer heard the final click in her ear before she could say goodbye. "How silly of me to call, she thought, "Tom had a right to be impatient; he's a busy doctor." But she had a hard time keeping from tears. Restless and depressed, she thumbed through a few nursing journals, but was unable to concentrate on them. Searching her room for diversion, she happened on an old scrapbook. It was from high school. The notes, pictures, clippings and favors made her smile and fondly recall the reckless, happy days. At the end, however, were three pictures of Adam. Jennifer was fascinated by them and pored over each one, constantly blinded by the tears that welled up in her eyes.

Jennifer sat very still for a long time, crying quietly as she sifted through all the days she had spent with Adam. Five years of self-rebuke stomped through her memories; she had never really stopped loving Adam, and she had never forgiven herself for not having the courage to marry him. And now it was too late. Adam was dead.

Bright shafts of late afternoon sunshine threw their brilliance across Jennifer's desk as she sat down. Reaching for a piece of stationary, Jennifer began a letter to Tom. After she had written only two lines, she stopped and reread them. She tore the paper up and took off her engagement ring. She laid the ring on the desk and began a new letter to Tom.

## AN AGE REMEMBERED

Noble landmarks  
Fallen prey to sands of time;  
Shadows now appear where  
Noble mansions once did stand;  
Gone now——sifted all away.

—ROY WADE



## LOVING

Touching his shoulder,  
Catching an unexplained smile,  
Laughing when shyness is overcome,  
Then, crying at the wonder of it all;  
We walk at night along Spring sidewalks,  
Speaking only to tighten our bond.  
Our beings blend each with the other  
And we walk side by side until dawn.

—ANNE FITZWILLIAM

## A FRIEND'S DEATH: IN QUAD

I

I heard you died  
Last Saturday.  
I felt silent,  
Words were useless  
But they seemed necessary—  
"That's too bad.

But I guess it was for the better."  
Contradiction applied to contradiction  
Never really gave any answers.  
And that is why your death  
Only receives silence.

## II

I remember:

You stood there on the sand-bar  
 And let the Osage carefully detour  
 Around your knees.  
 I'm sure your toes were clinging  
 To the gravel on the botton—  
 Because the beer somehow brought  
 Instability to your balanced  
 world  
 Of fun and sleep.

I stood next to you  
 In waist high swirls  
 Of cleansing, green water.  
 My toes clung also—  
 Because in my youth I was unstable,  
 And I wasn't used to the freedom  
 That would have let me drown,  
     and that's why I  
     stood next to you.

But now that time is gone  
 And I have a much more mature instability now,  
 Since Death has once again decided  
 To terminate something that  
 Life once depended on.

## III

We (you and I)  
 Were not supposed to understand each other,  
 According to these times  
 When cluttered vagueness is common  
     and the young have forgotten  
     your generation.

But I could never imagine myself  
 Not communicating with you.

And before you died,  
 While existing in your  
 Struggle to remember,  
 You saw my youth  
 And heard my laughter.  
 Suddenly your struggle  
 Must have seemed cold,  
 For you, once so young,  
 Were then so old.

And now you have escaped,  
 From that past you could not regain,  
 Into the complete seclusion of death.

## IV

Sometimes I become unmoving  
 And stagnant  
 In the presence  
 Of the unfrozen minds  
 And smiles  
 Of people who,  
 Unlike yourself,  
 Try to control me and really  
 Only make dead any chance of life  
 Within me.  
 And as memory of something beautiful,  
 Like roses giving warmth in their red boldness,  
 You rekindle any smoldering love  
 I have for mankind.

But there just may be a chance  
 If I can somehow retain the feeling of  
 Any single spark that has flashed  
 Across my soul in memory of you.  
 If so,  
 Your beauty lies in your giving,  
 Something given through living—  
     and you gave so much so soon  
     that you left us like a flower  
     leaving spring in early bloom.

—Rod Cameron

## MY FIRST RIFLE

by RUSS ESVELT

How wonderful it would be to return to my childhood days, to be free of all those problems we face as we grow older. I remember so many good times when I was a child, and I will never forget the day I was given my first .22 rifle.

The morning was still hazy as I looked out my window to see what kind of day it would be. I could smell the aroma of fresh coffee mingling with country bacon and eggs frying in the kitchen. In a few moments Grandmother would be calling me to breakfast, for she woke me at seven-thirty every morning, with breakfast waiting for me on the table.

"Rusty, Rusty Joe! Time to get up. Your Grandpa has a surprise for you!"

A surprise? Could today be the day I finally get my very own rifle? Grandpa knew I had been wanting the gun for a year now. Oh, I hoped so! Then I would be the only five-year-old boy on my block with my own rifle.

I could not eat my breakfast fast enough, knowing there was a surprise waiting for me. I almost choked when Grandpa said we were going hunting. That had to mean I was going to get a rifle, for he never said, "We are going hunting." It was always, "Would you like to go hunting?"

I finished eating and cleaned my plate, for Grandpa always told me that if I did not clean my plate, my ears would get big! I believed him, too, for anything Grandpa said had to be true.

Grandpa went to the closet and pulled out a long, narrow box. He gave it to me and said, "Open it."

I was so excited that my hands were shaking. When I lifted the top of the box, there lay a .22 pump-rifle. It was beautiful to my eyes, and I couldn't do anything but stare at it. I was speechless.

Finally, Grandma broke the silence by saying, "Do you have anything for your Grandma and Grandpa?" She meant a kiss and hug; and of course, I gave each of them the biggest kiss and hug I could possibly give.

Grandpa and I went hunting that morning, and I shot two squirrels myself with "Betsy." I named my gun Betsy because at that time I was a Davy Crockett fan, and his gun was named Betsy.

It had turned out to be a wonderful day, and when I went to bed, I put Betsy on the floor next to my bed. I guess I lay in bed for an hour thinking about how the day had turned out. When I finally fell asleep, I was thinking about tomorrow, for Grandpa, Betsy, and I were going hunting together again.

## TRUST

Each breath brings  
a little remark  
to tease me;  
a little thought  
to make me wonder  
what he's up to  
or thinking; it's funny  
but I trust him  
probably more than  
you'd trust  
someone you've known forever  
he's the one  
you'd trust to catch you  
at

the  
bottom  
of  
a slippery slide,  
and you'd even trust him  
to peek at your feelings  
no matter how small;  
maybe it's 'cuz  
he's he and you're you;  
all I know is,  
more than anything  
he's the one you want  
to trust you too.

—Nancy Grosse

## THE MAN I WAS BEFORE

by ROB HATTEN

I met a girl in Colorado. Actually she met me. We were working at the same hotel, and on my first day of work she approached me. "You must be Rob," she said.

kindness laughs aloud  
butterflies sing of loving  
Aspens kindle flame.

On an average day:  
Far away from the happy times  
But close enough to remember  
Aspen trees near a woodland path,  
One more month til September.

The last time I was with her,  
The time of year, December.  
Look forward to the next year;  
Look backward and remember.

She phoned me in March,

It's poetry in my head.  
Patched plaster on my walls,  
Telephone out in the hall,  
It's quite a walk to the bath;  
But I'm happy.

Maybe someday we'll meet again,  
I think of you and  
I hope to see you  
Under the lights  
Where once we walked,  
Under the trees where once we talked.

I remember a lake in the mountains. I climbed to the top of the rocks surrounding the clear water and looked down at you. I just looked and thought "How pretty. How pretty you are, and I don't want to leave." Then you saw me and threw back your head and laughed out loud—a joyous laugh. You were having a good time. I hurried back to where you were sitting so I could hold you. I couldn't hold you close enough to me—you were still too far away no matter how close you were. My only thought was that I was happy you were near me. I was content.

I now know how much I loved you. I guess you don't realize things like that until it's too late. I hope you know that. Please be happy.

I wish the memory of you was clearer in my mind. Time makes me forget. I know I thought you were pretty then. I try to think bad thoughts about you now so I can forget you more easily, but it doesn't work. You're still here—in my heart, my mind.

Maybe someday—no it wouldn't work. You told me NO once. All you could do now is repeat that NO. I don't think I could bear to hear you say that. I hope you're happy wherever you are. Is he like me? I like to think he is. I'm older now, but that won't make any difference, will it?

Kindness laughs aloud,  
Butterflies sing of loving,  
Aspens kindle flame.  
One more month til September,  
Look back and remember.

## WINNEPESAUKEE, N. H., AUGUST, 1964

With reverent search I tread the trails  
If maybe I may find  
Some opening rift, some processes  
Of the Eternal Mind.

Or seeking for His secrets here—  
Some truth of His laid bare  
In web or throated calyx—  
I know His work is there.

I see the flashing of the light—  
The gloom becomes as day—  
And this might have been the darkest night  
Had He not had His way.

I do not catch each glowing glint  
On river, lake, or sea;  
I only know I feel Him near  
When thus He smiles at me.

So when at last the Deep Woods Trail  
Shall call, and I shall tread  
The winding path with tired feet—  
The region of the dead—

When baffling shadows round me come,  
And I make my bed in earth,  
I will not fear, from thence came life  
A glad disclosing birth.

I cannot understand it all,  
I only know in part  
That the hand that rules the forest  
Is the hand upon my heart.

—GALE E. RAND

## AND DEATH MEETS ME AS FAST

by LARRY HENDERSON

Suppose I tell you I have already died once. You would probably snicker and laugh at me behind my back. But it's really true. I really did die once. It seems rather hard for me to believe myself. But I was told that by a few members of our high school's varsity football team. Even the coach and the team physician told me the same thing.

This crazy experience happened in September of 1969. I can even recall the exact day and time. We were playing a football game against a high-rated rival and there were many injuries and heat spells. Before the game started it was a fairly cloudy day with a temperature of about 60 to 70 degrees. The temperature stayed like that until the football game was midway through the second quarter. Then it began to get very humid and hot. The sun seemed to shine at its greatest intensity and I saw heat waves coming from the football field. Also the field was wet and muddy from a heavy rain which occurred the night before. This made it harder for the players to run and carry out their assigned duties. The heat seemed to delay some of the action of both sides and caused the coaches to give their players a minute or two of rest frequently.

When the half came we were ahead of the other team by six points. As the team entered the locker room during halftime, everyone looked as though they were worn out. The coach began talking and writing on the small blackboard. He was telling us what he thought we were doing wrong in the first half. At first I could hear him speaking distinctly. Then all of a sudden I had a funny feeling. In a way I felt the same way I do when I'm drinking liquor. It was a nice feeling. I felt like I was floating in air. Almost instantly, the coach's voice began to get faint. I could hardly hear him when suddenly, "blank!" My mind was blank without any feeling or thought whatsoever.

The next thing I knew I was lying in the locker room on my back. The coach was looking me straight in the eyes, smiling, but with a nervous look on his face. Then he pulled a small oxygen mask out of the doctor's medicine bag. He put it over my nose and mouth and began pumping oxygen into my body!

After a couple of minutes with that mask on my face I sat up and pushed the mask off of my face. I was surprised to see everyone staring at me with relief in their eyes. I asked the coach what happened to me, and he told me I had passed out and had stopped breathing for two to three minutes. He also said that I was technically considered dead for that length of time and he was scared blue.

I just looked at him and laughed. I told him I didn't feel a thing, and he replied by saying, "Dead people aren't supposed to!"

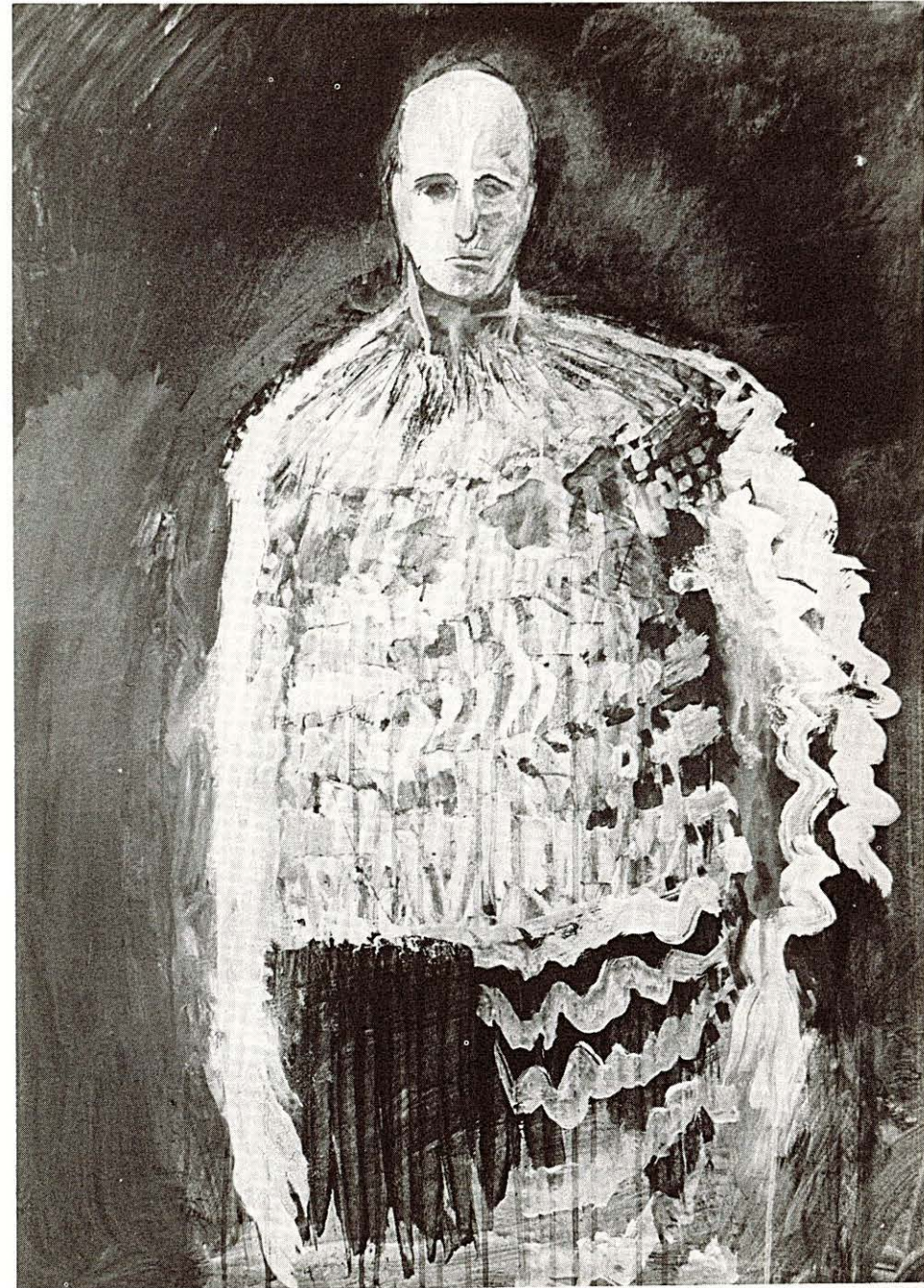
## SEA DREAM

The sea rushes in . . .  
Where what might have been,  
Towers of ivy, clasped hands, walks into sunset,  
Advancing into the radiance of the night—  
Now water rushes forth . . .  
Crashing the dream, hurtling its grasp  
Upon the cutting razor rocks of my pride.

I blew the trumpet of rage and hatred—  
I sacked the dream as surely as Greeks sacked Troy  
That glittering night.  
Now water rushes and recedes  
And leaves it only to memory  
That eats the heart.

But the soul picks up my fallen banner  
And continues along with the sea.

—DAVE MAZZA



## A SIMPLE LOVE

by ROD CAMERON

I went for a walk today. It's the first time I've done that for years. I drove out to the swamp land and found an old road, got out and just started walking.

The swamp was damp and the air seemed heavy. The grass and live oak trees sent a clear, clean smell through the place. But the heat and mist weighed it down. The live oak trees stood silent and looked almost ashamed of their brownness when everything else stood green in early Spring.

The swamp wasn't the best choice I could have made for taking a walk, but it seemed appropriate enough. I woke up all sad and depressed. I was lonely. And I wanted to be alone to think.

I'm not one for deep thinking. I quit thinking when I was about sixteen years old. I ran away from home after I quit school in Louisville. Kentucky is the most beautiful state in the Union, but I couldn't stay there with all my problems. So I took off for New Orleans. I'm glad I did. The people here have been good to me, and I haven't had to think too much, just live.

The reason for my thinking was my age. I began to notice my age, and I kinda been looking back on my life. There ain't much to look back on. The most I ever learned was to play the piano and how to hunt coons. I quit hunting coons, but I've been playing the piano all my life. Still am.

Those ain't the things I've been worried about; I've been worried about my social life, so to speak. I'm nearly thirty-five years old and I ain't never been married. Not that I've not known any women, I've known a lot of them. Some are friends; some I've laid; and others I just watch. But I never loved one; it takes too much time to love one, and they're too hard to get rid of after you've loved them. Maybe you ain't suppose to get rid of them, I don't know. That's why I went out for a walk today.

I don't have to be at work till six-thirty. I work at a strip tease joint down in the Quarter, on Royal Street. I play the piano while the girls dance. The place features the Champagne Girl. The hardest part of my night is playing chopsticks while she balances two glasses of cham-

pagne, one on each breast, then without her hands she lifts them up to her mouth and drinks the champagne. Its a good act, but I can't concentrate too good while she's doing it, that's why I play something as simple as chopsticks.

It's a great bunch of people that work down there. We're just like a big family. There's a singer, a trumpet player, and two more strippers. My favorite of the whole bunch is Helen.

Helen is like a sister to me. She listens to my problems and is usually around when I need some company. I never laid Helen, I guess she's too close to me, it would be like laying my sister. She's from Kentucky too, Lighter Kentucky, west of Louisville.

I remember once when Helen told me I was one of the few men who never tried to lay her.

"Hell," I said, "I don't lay my friends." She just laughed, but I was serious. The last thing I want to do is knock-up my best friend.

After the show tonight I went back to her dressing room, as usual, and watched her change her clothes. I usually just talk to her while she dresses. I am almost used to it; but for Cris-sake, I can't see how any healthy, red-blooded, American male could ever get used to her knockers.

I still had this loneliness thing on my mind and I wanted to talk about that. She was married to a guy in Kentucky, and finally divorced him; so she ought to know something about my situation. "Helen," I started, "you think anyone will ever love me?" It sounded to me like a stupid question, but I guess it got the conversation started.

"If that ain't the damndest question for a thirty-five year old man to ask. That's a question for a kid to ask his mother. Sides, what makes you so sure nobody loves you now?"

"Helen," I started to yell but didn't. "I ain't never had no mother to ask, so you're just going to hafta answer me yourself. You know how I am about gettin to know women, it's hard for me, you know that." I must of sounded like a hurt little boy.

"You got to know me, didn't ya?"

"Hell yes, I got to know you; but you're a friend, I wouldn't marry you." The talk was becoming high-pitched.

"Why not? You too Goddamn good for a stripper?" she snapped at me. "You ain't nothing but a horny piano player, hot-shot, so don't tell me you wouldn't marry me. I ain't so sure I'd marry you either."

Boy that hurt. I never thought about no one wanting to marry me, boy that did hurt. I answered her with a challenge. "O. K., we'll see who marries who. Tomorrow morning I'll be here at nine-thirty, you be ready because I'm going to marry you. And if you ain't ready I'll find someone respectable."

God, if women ain't the craziest animals. She smiled great big and started to cry, and then ran up and hugged me. That's the first time she ever did that.

Maybe she was as lonely as I was. I never thought about it. But anyway, tomorrow morning I guess I'll find out. I think she was happy, and I think I am. I hope this is love.

## THE WAIT

by STEPHEN MORROW

How long can a period of extended, prolonged fear last? To wake up this morning and not want to get out of this foreign bed for fear that the people here will see that I'm not supposed to be here. The bathroom of red looks like a good place for it. The blood would blend with the carpet. The mirror looks at me with a strange face—the eyes of mixed color, coated with gloss, met mine with a stare.

Walk . . . walk . . . walk. To live in a place for seventeen years and to find the places and people are more distant than when I began tells me something is wrong in my existence. The light shines into night meaning you can come sleep here, we don't like what you've done, we can't understand why you do the things you do; but we know you've had a bad time and you have the same blood.

Tears of loneliness roll down the dried face and soak into the pillow. The need arises—the need for someone who was once there to return. Tomorrow is another day of fear. How long will it last? I can't take the work any longer. Everyone is sick. There's no one here to help me.

As I walk through the land of rotted bodies waiting for help I wish I could join them. Help rises in a red horse. My body finally stops shaking, but I still have the feeling that there is no place for me. We ride over the country and stop near the barn filled with soft hay. I can't move—I want God to say, "Come on, Honk, you've had enough." He leaves me here for another day of waiting for the meaning of my life.

Inhale deep. Hold it. Watch the colors brighten. Some relief comes. I crawl further into myself.

I know they are out to get me. I don't know who they are or what they want; but if they would tell me, I would give it.

The sky is clouded, and the night seems like it should be cold. My body feels nothing as it moves down the street. I have built a place in my head so I can leave the body and the interruptions of the physical world.

One of them comes floating on his two-wheeled machine. I run—he follows. I tell him I know he is one of them. He lies to me and finally leaves. My body moves in the direction of my regular bed. I see the light shining for me to come on in, but I don't know if the people

in there are with them or not. I retreat into sleep and live in my world of dreams.

I don't think they are after me anymore, or at least for a while.

Seven o'clock in the morning is a beautiful time of day. As I ride, I can see the colored leaves bright and glistening from the moisture made by the early morning fog. The time passes quickly as I sit amazed with the beauty of the morning. I walk across the town to the college.

I reach the dorm and sit outside to wait for her to appear. Finally she comes looking like an angel with her long, flowing, white hair. She smiles at me and tells me that she's glad I came. I know this happens only because she doesn't know me that well—one day she will be sorry she ever knew my name.

I see angel only for a short time—she has to go. I sleep out under the stars. The following night she stays out with me. I've walked for so long, the bones of my right foot feel like they are spreading apart. I develop a limp to try to ease the pressure and the pain. It doesn't seem to help.

We walk to the quarry and find the smoothest slab rock to sleep on. The night air is cold and has a touch of moisture in it. Our eyes close as we fall into an uncomfortable sleep, only to be awakened by cold rain on our faces. As we walk toward her hall, I shiver uncontrollably; the pain in my foot increases. She becomes irritated because I cannot run. After we reach the dorm I sleep for two hours. Then I limp across town to wait for a ride in the rain. I won't go back again.

This is another day I've missed from work. I've missed so many lately, I'm surprised I still have a job. I just seem to be upset all the time. The smells have become so intense; I can barely stand to breathe. I want to escape; I want to stop work; I want to drop school; I want to run away. But there isn't any place for me.

This is Sunday. The shakes are back in me; I have a hard time functioning at work. The smells are very sharp, and they seem to burn the inside of my nose. All noises are magnified. A dripping faucet sounds like Niagara Falls. It is all too much. My body becomes soaked as I break into a sweat. I take a pill and after a while, everything smooths out.

Monday. After a short session in the court room, I am free again. Free for what? I don't know. A lot of my fear has left. It is a day for the consumption of a great quantity of alcohol. I become so dulled my body slips into a deep, relaxed sleep.

I sit in this chair pleasantly stoned, watching everything work together. Suddenly people begin coming in the door, four and five at a time until the place is filled. The whole thing of it is that I only know one of them. I watch everybody laugh and have a good time. I realize I am alone. I am alone in myself because I don't know these people. I am alone with myself with people I do know. I find it strange to have friends and still be completely apart from them.

This is my last entry. Everyday comes the same. Sometimes I don't know if I'm physically here. I feel like an old person must feel waiting to die. Oh well.

## RIDE IN THE SNOWSTORM

by MONTE LAUDERDALE

It started out as just another normal day. I got up and prepared for school, unaware that the day was to end in a bloody tragedy.

It was the morning of Thursday, March 4, 1965. It had not snowed since Monday, but because of the extreme cold, the roads were still packed solid with four inches of ice and snow. I got up, dressed, and went to school just as I did every morning during the week. The day was a usual day. I talked to my friends and attended classes.

At eleven o'clock, the snow began to fall again. It was light at first but by noon a blizzard had hit in full force. At one o'clock school was dismissed so the busses could get their riders to their country homes before the roads became impassable.

Some of the kids who lived close by just walked downtown to the soda fountain at the drug store which was our high school hangout. Danny, one of my best friends, and I went down together. We stayed there until three o'clock talking with the other kids about all the things we were going to do if school was called off on Friday. Danny and I never dreamed that we would not be having any fun at all on Friday.

We left the drug store and were walking down the street when we saw two more of our friends, Mary and Katie. Danny and I got into Mary's Volkswagen to go riding around in the snow. We rode around for an hour, then decided we should go home because our parents would be worrying about us.

We were on our way home—another five minutes and I would have been there. Danny and I were in the back seat talking about what we were going to do Friday, because by this time we had come to the conclusion that, since five inches of new snow had fallen, and it was still coming down, there was no way possible to have school on Friday.

Suddenly, we heard Mary scream. We looked out the windshield just in time to see a Missouri Pacific work engine pulling from between two buildings at the elevator. Mary started honking the horn and pumping the breaks trying to stop but with the roads as slick as they were, it was of no use. We tied the big engine to the crossing, hitting it broadside. The train, because the engineer did not know he had struck us, dragged us down the tracks for a hundred feet, finally kicking us free. A big utility pole stopped us.

Luckily, no one was killed. We were all rushed to the hospital in serious condition, and where we remained for from three days for Danny, to over a month for Mary. I was in for nine days and Katie was in for three weeks. We were lucky.

It horrifies me, knowing that one day I got up to a normal day and nine hours later I was to have a bad leg for the rest of my life. I felt it could never happen to me.

## THE WASP

by ROBERT HANSEN

Squatting on a narrow ledge, the middle-aged man squinted at the milling people in the space below. It was hot and there weren't really many people out. The dried pigeon droppings under his feet were flaking and crisping in the sun. A wasp, busy building its nest several inches below his perch took off to gather up another minute scoop of mud from some unseen puddle and came winging back, circled once, and set to work again on the adobe-like structure.

Sweat was beginning to form rivulets in the man's wrinkled forehead. He shifted his feet and some of the white pigeon dung fluttered down into the empty air. The pigeons had departed when daybreak forewarned them of another day of free breadcrumbs in the park.

On the ground, the morning glories had long since rolled up their bright parasols of blue and white. The sidewalks wavered in the heat and barefooted youngsters walked on the cool grass.

A slow fan kept the hot air moving at the drugstore soda fountain across the street. One lone boy wobbled a decrepit bicycle down the road.

And the wasp droned on, adding a mouthful of dirt to her slowly growing nest. This would be a good home for her children.

The man wondered if his child had ever had a home—created so lovingly. He wished his life were simple, like the wasp's. All the wasp had to do was build a nest and lay her eggs. Nature, in its own eternal way, raised the young wasps and schooled them in adobe nest-building and other wasp skills.

Yes, Nature was good to the wasp. But it wasn't so good and understanding with people. After all, hadn't he raised his child right—the way he was brought up? He'd taught his child all the ways of gaining acceptance. And patriotism, and loyalty to the church.

He remembered a day when the boy was twelve and had begun delivering papers to earn spending money. He'd made his son put away at least half of his earnings in the bank to teach him the value of money.

Even further back, the man thought about the whole year and a half when the American flag had flown every day in front of their house. Hadn't the boy wanted to put it up and take it down by himself? It wasn't forced on him.

But now his little boy was much older, and all the hard work that had gone into training him right for his place in the system seemed to be wasted. The boy had gone to the state university and his head had slowly been turned. Somehow, all the training about money, acceptance, and patriotism began to fade away and new, strange ideas crept into the boy's head.

The boy had begun to think that the United States wasn't the way his Father knew it was. He began to talk of crazy things, like boycotting grapes, marching in Washington, or trying to have a hand in university decisions.

The man had tried to counsel his son, with no success. The bleeding-heart liberals at the college had captured his boy's mind. Damn them anyhow!

Then, he hadn't seen his boy for three years. All he knew was that the boy had dropped out of school and had been travelling around the country.

Until today, anyhow. He'd been awakened at 6:30 this morning by the loud clanging of the phone. The familiar voice of the county sheriff, a poker partner, told him the authorities had a body in the morgue in the city and asked him to go see if it was his prodigal son.

He'd gone. The body was bruised and beaten but recognizable as his son.

The officer said he'd been killed when the police had fired tear gas at a crowd and the crowd stampeded. It wasn't anyone's fault, really.

The man had come to this high, lonely perch to get away from everyone and to think. Here, seven stories up on this arid day, the only noise was that of the wasp, building her best bit by bit as her ancestors had done for untold centuries before her.

It wasn't right for his only son to die trying to change the world. Why was life so complicated for man and so uncomplicated for a wasp? Why didn't that wasp die?

In frustration, he swung at the wasp, trying, in blind anger, to kill it. He slipped and fell to the pavement, seven stories below.

The wasp circled once, now high over the spiritless body of a frustrated man, landed on the nest, and added another mouthful of mud.

## DEATH

If I could see  
I would see a world of fear.  
If I could hear  
I would hear a world calling for help.  
If I could touch  
I would touch a world which revolts.  
But if I could live  
I would live with all my senses!

—GLENN J. KESSE

## UNTITLED

Clouds soar above me, too fast to ride now.  
The printed word of men and deeds recede now,  
For she walks in her sloppy posture,  
Head cocked to one side as we walk together.  
I hold her close and melt before her large, round eyes,  
Wet with defeat, lurking behind bold cheekbones  
That shine in the night.

Son of Saturn endeavors

—DAVE MAZZA

## THOUGHTS ABOUT A BLACK STUDIES PROGRAM

by BEN SMITH

A man without a knowledge of his own culture and his past is like a tree without roots; he cannot function properly and so he is unable to grow. This is the case of the Black man in America today, stripped of his language, his culture, his history, and in some cases stripped of his mind.

The Black man was brought to America to support the institution of slavery, and because he was and is the slave of the white man, the Black man has been transformed into what the white man willed to call "Negro."

The term negro has no real or historical value. Negro does not relate to a country as Mexico does to Mexican. There is no country called Negro. The Negro does not have a language tie. For example, Spanish is a spoken language. There is no language called Negro. To be a Negro is to be nothing. The Black man in America has been made to believe he is without a past, without a stepping stone to the future, a tree without roots.

All through my school days, the text and story books picture the Black man as a slave totally dependent on the white man or as a crea-

ture anxious to please white people. An example of this is David Muzzey's *A History of Our Country*, published in 1952 and approved by the New York City Board of Education. Muzzey states that the backwardness in economics of the South was due to the Negro political leadership during the Reconstruction. When Blacks are found in books, they are scattered far apart. For example, there is Norbert Relliux, a Black man whose process for evaporating sugar cane juice made the modern sugar industry possible. Or there is Isaiah Dorman, who was General George Custer's main Scout at the battle of the Little Big Horn, a Black man who warned Custer of the danger of the Sioux Indians. These two men and many others like them are almost impossible to find in American history books. How often do we hear of Thomas Edison, Lewis and Clark, or thousands of other whites?

To know one's past is to know one's self, and most of the Black population in America do not know their past. They can tell you all about the American Revolution which happened two hundred years ago, but not many can tell you about the Mau Mau movement in Africa within the decade just past.

I remember when I was in the fifth grade. The teacher asked the class if they knew where their ancestors had come from. One white girl said that she had an Irish background and her great, great grandfather was the major of a small village outside of Dublin. But I could not say anything about my ancestors in Africa because I did not know anything about them, I had no knowledge of my African past.

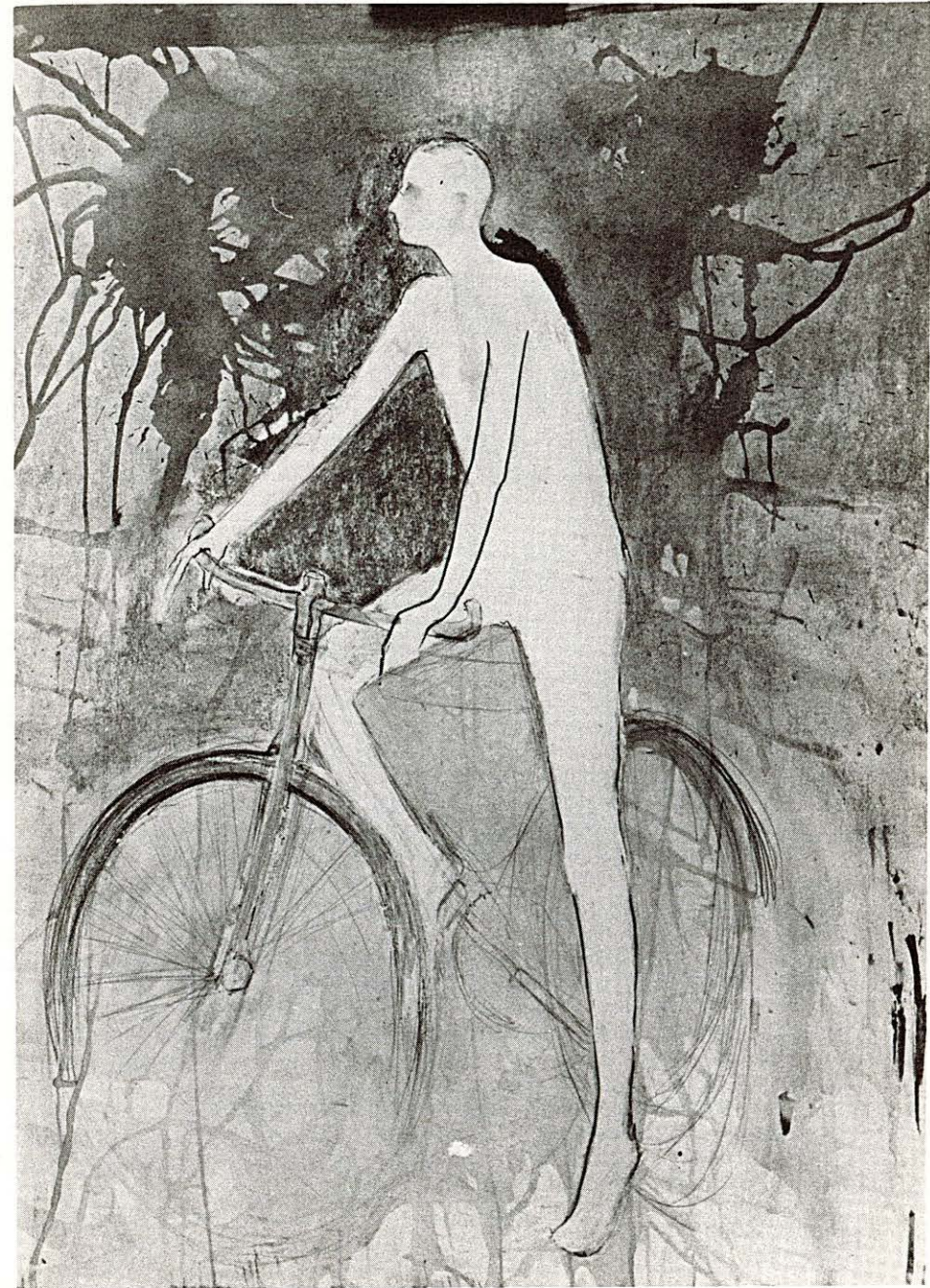
Why have Black studies? The purpose of Black studies is to make the Black American aware of his African culture and heritage, and to let the white American know there is a Black culture.

Black studies is the key to awaken a people who for over four hundred years have been asleep, to awaken us to our true history. Black studies is the foundation for uniting Black people in America so that we can move in the direction of self-determination.

## AFTER SHAKESPEARE, SONNET XXX

Sessions of  
Sweet,  
Silent  
Sounds;  
Seeking  
Sighing  
Saddened  
Sorrows—  
Love Supressed.

—ROY WADE



## WARREN'S COMING HOME

by ROB HATTEN

I drove my car up to the huge wrought iron gate. A man's features flickered onto the closed circuit television screen and I told him who I was coming to visit. As I drove through the grounds I passed the golf course and the swimming pools. I passed the tennis courts and fishing lakes and thought of my brother. He had been living there for the past six years. His wife, Martha, who took over Warren's responsibilities with the kids and the job, didn't want to come pick him up, so I had to come alone. My coming alone was better anyway, because during the past couple of years Martha's and Warren's marriage had been falling apart. I parked in front of Warren's apartment and as I walked to the door I remembered my camera was in the car. I went back to get it, locked the doors and then walked back toward the apartment. Warren's dog ran playfully toward me. He always remembered me. I came to visit Warren almost every week and during hunting season we would go quail hunting.

I knocked on the door and Warren answered it with a drink in his hand. He had started to drink more often recently.

"Come on in, Paul I wondered when you would get here."

"How have you been, Warren?"

"Fine, just fine," he said, "I guess Martha didn't come, did she?"

"No, Warren, she thought it would be better if I came alone. She said that she would be waiting for you at home."

"Well come on in and sit down," he said. "Would you like a drink?"

"No thanks. What have you been doing—you work much?"

"I worked about fifteen days this month, Paul. I thought since I was leaving that I'd, well, I thought I might need a little extra money this month. How's the family?"

"Oh, they're just fine. The kids are eager to have you home again. They keep asking me, 'When are you going to get Uncle Warren? When is Uncle Warren coming home?' They are really excited. We thought we'd all take a vacation together when you came home and you could get reacquainted with Martha and we could do some fishing and have a good time. What do you say?"

"That sounds great, Paul, except for the part about Martha. She used to come spend the weekends with me all the time, but for the past couple years I'm afraid I haven't treated her very well. You know how it is. I'm sorry, but there's not much that I can do, really."

"I know how you feel, Warren, but that can all be changed when you come home."

"Yeah, I guess it can. Hey, how 'bout a steak? It's time for dinner and I can't leave for another three hours. We may as well live it up since this is my last night here for a while."

"What do you mean by 'for a while'?" I asked. "I thought you were never coming back here."

"Oh, just a slip of the tongue, I guess. You know how it is. You get into a routine and it's hard to break away from it. You fix a salad while I put the steaks on the grill and the potatoes in the oven."

I went into the kitchen and started to fix the salad. This apartment Warren has is all right, I thought. Fully automatic kitchen, air conditioning, new furniture, privileges on the golf course—he's really got it made here. Too bad he has to come home today. I wouldn't mind living here myself if it weren't for the kids.

Just then Warren broke into my thoughts when he hollered through the window at me. "Hey brother! Quit standing there with your hands in a bowl full of lettuce and put some music on the stereo, will ya? Just turn on that album that's on the turntable. I always time the steaks by the length of the songs. I turn mine over sixteen bars into the second song."

"All right, all right," I answered as I walked to the stereo. "Yes sir," I said aloud, "Warren, you've really got it made here."

I stopped by the bar on my way back to the kitchen. "You might as well have a drink," I thought. "After all, your brother's coming home."

"Hey kid brother," I yelled as I walked back into the kitchen. "What are you gonna do when you get home?"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't thought about it very much. I guess I'll lie around for a while and then maybe go to work. Jerry said that I could have my old job back with a pay raise! How 'bout that—right back to the old ten day a month job routine."

Warren walked in with the steaks steaming on the platter, closed the door with his foot and put the food on the table.

"What have you been thinking about, Paul?" he asked. "Those potatoes will be burned black before you get that salad made."

"What I meant, Warren," I asked as I mixed the salad, "was what are you going to do about Martha? She'll really be glad to have you home again and so will the kids."

"I know what you meant," he said rather angrily. "I haven't decided yet. I know she wants me home, but it's just not the same anymore with us. I've changed a lot and . . ."

"Well," I interrupted, "we'll talk about it later. Let's eat these steaks before they get cold."

"Suits me, Paul, I'm starving. You know, it's really not too bad living here."

After we finished eating, we cleaned up the dishes and started the dishwasher and went into the living room. "How 'bout a drink to celebrate going home, Warren?" I asked.

"You go ahead and fix one," he told me as he walked toward the door. "I want to go next door to see Joe before I leave so I can get his

address. He goes home tomorrow. I'll be right back. Turn on the T. V. if you want to."

I fixed another bourbon, turned on the tube and sat down in a reclining chair. I pushed myself back and started thinking about the good times Warren and I used to have when we were kids. We really had fun swimming and fishing in Lake Hammon and floating that homemade raft down the Grand River all the way to the lake. Mom said we'd never make it but we did. We had some good times.

A knock on the door interrupted my reminiscences. I answered the door and the man standing there asked me if I was Warren's brother, Paul.

"Yes," I answered. "What do you want?"

"Have you seen your brother in the last hour?" he asked.

"Yes, I have. He said that he was going next door to see Joe before he went home."

"That's what we thought," said the man. "May I use the phone?"

"Certainly," I said. "What's the matter?"

He didn't answer, but went straight to the phone and dialed. "Hello Warden?" he asked. "It's just as we thought. They have both escaped. O.K."

"Warren's escaped? What will this mean?"

"It means," said the man, "that his parole will be cancelled. He will be put on a full-time work force at the country club where he was working before, with all privileges denied him, and he will be confined to quarters when not working. But, if his behavior is good he'll regain his privileges and will be returned to a normal work schedule of ten days a month within a year. He has had a good record up to now and probably will be entitled to a parole again within two years."

"You'll catch him, won't you?" I asked.

"Oh yes, we always do."

## LONELINESS

The struggling remains  
Of a fire,  
Smoldering and almost out;

A snowflake awaiting  
To touch the warm ground  
And be destroyed;

Both are mirrors of myself  
Because I, too, am alone.

—Rod Cameron

## UNITY IN THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

by NANCY KELLY

Unity in *The Taming of the Shrew* is not due to the three Aristotelian unities of place, time, and action. However, there are strong factors involved in unifying all parts into a cohesive whole.

Shakespeare presents three variations of the relationship between personality and identity. In the "Induction" a Lord and his servants bring about an unconscious change of personality on the part of Christopher Sly by manipulating and controlling physical elements. The beggar is placed in a new situation, including new costumes, new surroundings, and new people. He is given power. Above all, the people about him treat him according to his new station. Gradually he assumes it and becomes who and what they expect him to be.

Within the sub-plot, Luciento takes on the identity of a schoolmaster and his servant assumes his master's identity. Hortensio poses as a music master and Pedant poses as Vincentio. In each case, these men choose their identities and remain themselves, essentially. It is possible, then, to consciously assume identity and yet retain your original personality. The key to this is that the person must be aware of his assumed identity, or be aware of his own identity.

The Katherine-Petruchio plot presents a variation on the situation in the "Induction." Petruchio consciously changes his personality, posing as a shrew himself, without changing his identity. He, like the Lord from the "Induction," treats another as a certain kind of person—identity and personality—in order to bring about a desired change. He uses no props to induce this change; quite like the Lord, he uses wit. Petruchio treats Katherine as a gentlewoman in order she become one. Kate, in a way similar to Sly, unconsciously changes personality and identity.

This fine interweaving of theme variation is the most important unifying factor. The pace of the two "plays," however, also serves this function. Although the main plot goes one step beyond the sub-plot—in taming the shrew once she is wooed and married—the parallel runs through Act III. The sub-plot is necessarily slower than the main plot since the latter covers one more situation. In III ii, Petruchio and Kate are married. This, then, is the change-of-pace marker. The main plot continues in Act IV in the first and third scenes, the sub-plot continuing in the second and fourth scenes. Both plots are reunited in the fifth scene, in which Petruchio and Kate meet Vincentio. In Act IV, the climax of each plot is reached by the marriage of Bianca and Lucentio and by Kate's submission to Petruchio's whims. Act V makes use of the three marriages (that of Hortensio and the Widow making the third) in order to display publicly Kate's new state.

Theme and situation, parallel structure in the first three acts, and the pacing in the last two form the major devices Shakespeare used for unity in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

## OUR DAY LAST SPRING

by ANNE FITZWILLIAM

Jerry was still bitching as he got ready for his shower. "If she doesn't get her head together! She's really a sweetheart most of the time, but this is a little much. I can really see us at a party with those people—feeling sorry for someone and being nice is one thing, but a party with Danny Wood has grota and naucious written all over it." He grumbled all through his shower, but he finally admitted to himself that maybe he was just scared of what people would think about him and Pam—and not so much worried about having a terrible time. "I've had bad times before and lived through them, and I guess I will again if that's what it comes down to." Still, he could hear his buddies already—

"Always did think Jerry was a little strange. Have you seen his new friends?"

"Yes. You always did say his real self would have to break loose sometime."

"Yeah," he thought, "well, we'll see how it goes, I guess." Jerry thought about Danny Wood all the while he was dressing. As he slammed the door of the Volks, he thought, "But if he's as much of a psycho case as people say he is, this should be quite a night!"

Pam was ready when he called her at the dorm, and they went right to the car. When they took off she said, "Hon, you're not going to back out on me tonight now, are you?"

"Now how do you expect me to do that? I know what'd happen then. You'd never speak to me again and I'd spend the rest of my college life doing what I did before I got to kinda like you—chasing little girls and being a degenerate!"

"Oh, stop a minute and be serious, Jerry. It won't be that bad, I promise. All he needs is for someone to give him a chance."

"Oh, O.K., so this isn't just a one-night deal, huh? I suppose we'll get him a date and all play bridge together tomorrow night."

"Can't you please cut the sarcasm," she said.

Jerry softened up then, "O.K., I'm sorry. Let's not fight about it anymore. Didn't you say Cherry Street was where he lives?"

"Yes, it's that little house set back from the street, I think. It sure doesn't look like much from here, does it."

"That's what you call a good example of the sufferings of a college student. Well, if you've got the hair," he said, "so do I!"

Instead of taking the challenge, she took his hand and they ran up to the door laughing. They composed themselves as someone answered their knock. Jerry didn't have long to think about his queasy stomach before Danny welcomed them.

Pam made the introductions, "Hello Danny, you know Jerry Feig don't you?"

"Sure, sure—glad you could come." Danny said.

"Thank you. It was nice of you to ask us," said Jerry feeling the insufficiency of these niceties.

They began talking and Jerry asked, "Do you live here alone or do you have a roommate?"

"No, I don't—have a roommate I mean, not since last week," Danny said.

Jerry began to say something else, but caught a look from Pam and changed the subject. "Do you mind if we take a look around at the art work? Is it yours?"

"Yeah, some of it isn't very good, but go ahead," he said.

They began walking around the room. There weren't too many people there. Jerry figured that maybe it was still too early. Those who were there, maybe six or seven of them, were all in one corner talking and laughing. He could see that they were the same kind of people as Danny; all of them judged to be strange in some way, and none of accepted by the majority of the college community. He wondered again how he'd let Pam talk him into coming. They examined some of Danny's paintings, but the only one that Jerry could understand was the big eight by eight foot canvas of a nude woman on a bed.

He and Pam watched as Danny tried to become a part of the rest of his party, but he was a misfit even in their circle. They made snide comments to him, laughing at his expense, making him the butt of their comedies. Jerry wondered how people could be so rude to him in his own house, and why he took it. In a few minutes Danny got up; Jerry saw the anger in his eyes, but it lasted only for a moment. Danny came over to them.

"Would you like for me to explain some of these, Pam? Later I'll show you the one I haven't quite finished yet. It's about you."

Jerry was getting a little hot as he thought, "Hey wait a minute—there'll be none of that crap!" But he didn't say anything, remembering he was supposed to be nice to Danny.

Pam said, "Can't I see it now?"

Danny said, "No, wait until later and I'll give it to you when I'm finished."

Jerry watched the 'corner group,' as he now thought of them, start to leave and he said, "Your friends are getting restless." Perhaps he said it a little too sarcastically, he judged, as both Pam and Danny stared at him.

Danny hurried over to his friends. "Where are you going? The party isn't even started yet—half the people aren't even here yet."

Laughter broke out among them. One of the guys said, "Yeah Danny, well, we've got a previous engagement. You go ahead without us."

Danny was beginning to lose his temper, "Go ahead, leave, there'll be plenty more people here in a minute. I sure don't need you jerks to have a party."

One of the mouthier girls piped up, "You know damn well no one else is coming—what would they come for but to watch a real nutso in action! You're a little sideshow all your own."

"Get the hell outta here! Just get the hell outta here, you little slut!" He was losing control, and Jerry and Pam looked on in disbelief.

Another girl jibed, "Oh Mommy, the little boy has such a potty mouth, oh!" so obviously egging him on.

Danny grabbed an axe and ran at the group who were scrambling to get out the door. Jerry wondered what he was doing with an axe, but he was too stunned to say or do anything. Danny chased them into the yard where he stopped and satisfied himself by screaming obscenities after them.

Pam began, "Oh, Jerry—"

"Jesus, Pam," said Jerry, "did you have any idea he was like this? I mean, the others were pretty nasty, but this kind of thing is wild. Let's get outta here now. He'll start in on us next!"

"No!" Pam tried to sound calm. "No, he won't hurt us, and I'm not leaving him like this. He needs a friend now, and that would really do it if we left too."

"I am going. And I am not leaving you here with him. Come on now," Jerry said.

"Jerry, I am not leaving now. If you really want to go, go ahead; but I'd like for you to stay with me," Pam said.

Just then Danny walked in, overhearing Pam. "You can both get out too—it doesn't matter. I just wish everyone would just get out and leave me alone." His fury was ended and he looked stunned and confused about what he'd done.

Pam said, "Now Danny, that's ridiculous. We came over to see you this evening, not those other people. Why don't I fix some coffee and we can all talk?"

Jerry could see that Danny was having trouble deciding what to do. He was apparently frightened, but Jerry couldn't be sure if it had more to do with the earlier episode or with them.

"You just lie down and relax," she said, "while I fix the coffee, and we'll get you up when it's done."

Danny didn't argue anymore. He lay down on the bed. Pam hunted the coffee, and Jerry paced around the room, fuming that Pam had won again. For the first time he became aware of Danny's paintings. They seemed to be full of pain, loneliness, and confusion. He began to sense and understand a little bit of the torture life must be for Danny. It was quiet in the little house but for the clattering of Pam in the kitchen. Jerry relaxed and let himself be taken up in one of the oils Danny had done.

Then, the quiet was crushed with a scream and the shattering of glass. Jerry swung around and Danny was gone from the bed.

"Pam, Pam are you alright?! Answer me Pam!!," he screamed as he ran into the kitchen. Pam was on the floor. "Oh Jesus, Pam," Jerry cried as he felt for her pulse, but it was steady. He could see that it was the door glass that had broken. "Pam, Pam can you hear me?" He

carried her in and put her on the bed. She was still unconscious—he judged by the red coloring of one cheek that Danny had hit her. He called the police while he put a cold cloth on her head. She finally roused. "Are you O.K.?" he asked.

"Oh, my God, Jerry, you have to go after Danny. He's got the axe. I saw his face just before . . ."

"It's alright. I called the police and they should . . ."

Jerry didn't finish because just then the door was flung open and Danny stood before them, axe at his side. "You are the only ones left. Everyone else left. Why didn't you leave? There was no reason to stay!"

Pam was terrified. Jerry could feel the cold sweat clam his hands as he realized what would happen if the police didn't get there quickly. Danny had completely flipped out, and he meant to kill them. "You stay right there and drop that thing. You don't need that here," Jerry said.

Danny said, "Oh, but you know I do. I have to use it. You, and you Pam. You two are just alike, aren't you? You don't need me, do you? Well, I don't need you, either. I just wish I didn't know you. But I'm going to take care of that. If you don't exist, then you can't be a part of my world, can you? I'm not afraid any—"

Jerry was grasping at anything now, and he said, "But Danny, by killing us, you'd make us a permanent part of your life. That doesn't make sense. If we walk out of here and never—"

The door opened behind Danny and police grabbed him before he had a chance to run.

Pam said, "Danny, I'm sorry. I didn't mean for things to end like this. You know that. Do you understand?"

But, Danny wouldn't answer, so they watched him drive off in the police car. And then they did the only thing they could do, they went home.

## THE DECLINE OF MAN

by MARK H. WINCHESTER

The date is January 3, 2000. Almost all the population in the Far East has been destroyed by sickness and lack of food. Most of the European population also has been destroyed in a continental war. The United States was not involved in this war because of a Civil war which erupted in the South and spread to the North.

The Africans have all been wiped out by a long-term war which started in 1968. All that remains in South America are a few bushmen, but it is believed they will die out as soon as the concentration of DDT rises to a fatal level, compliments of the United States.

The Eskimo population has been completely destroyed by a large oil slick which killed all the fish. Of course, this destruction was not completely the work of the oil, for tons of pollution have been dumped into the ocean since 1900. All but a few thousand animals in the world have been killed from eating DDT-contaminated food.

A world-wide truce, to be held in Sweden, has been called in order to discuss what can be done about the impending disaster and to determine how much time we have before it is too late.

People are leaving Los Angeles by the thousands and are asked either to stay in the city, or if they must leave, to go by some other method than car. The exhaust from the cars is increasing the pollution, already well over the danger level.

The report now has come in from the meeting in Sweden. It has been decided that all motor vehicles will be destroyed. It will be a sort of every-man-for-himself. For those who can make it to the southern part of South America, there will be an attempt to live together, to live in a peaceful world and preserve humanity. Space communes have been instructed to return to Earth in fifteen years to see if there is anything worth saving and, if possible, to make a new start. If the Earth is beyond hope, they should take the people who are well and able with them to the other planets and start new colonies for Earthlings and try to keep the race of people alive.

I wonder if this is a good idea. Will they make a go of it, or will they just destroy more land and prolong this slow and painful death?

## PEN

This pen, an  
extension of  
my mind, is  
searching for  
something to

believe in  
identify  
eulogize  
applaud,

but it moves  
too slowly  
across this  
helpless page.

—ROB HATTON

## DENOUEMENT

Grown  
For the purpose of being destroyed,  
And knowing it will be destroyed,  
The apple  
Hangs silent in a tree  
Waiting for catastrophe.

Waiting for a hungry bird,  
Infectious worm,  
Or waiting to fall  
Into the grass  
And with the others  
Rot in mass.

And silently  
The apple remains  
And only hangs,  
On the end  
Of a limb  
Of a tree,  
Waiting for catastrophe.

—ROD CAMERON

## AUTUMN LOVE

During that time we laughed  
And fell into the leaves,  
And laughed  
And ran through the woods  
    we both were alone.

And during that time we cried  
And loved,  
And cried  
And parted—  
    we were afraid.

And the last moment of that time  
Left us alone and afraid—  
    that final moment left us silent.

—ROD CAMERON

## RANDOM THOUGHTS

As I lie here touching the grass with my arms and legs I feel as though I'm reaching out, experiencing a spiritual union with nature. These chances seldom come for one who lives in a city filled with impersonal machines which run his life, machines that contain no soul, only steel and grease to make them run.

Man creates steel and grease; God creates warmth and beauty so that man can continue to relate to God through nature. If you stop to compare a tree full of life to a building standing impersonally in a city, the tree will make a better impression upon a man who still is able to love and feel the beauty of God's creation. A tree grows constantly, reaching for the stars; a building is built and then is never able to grow again.

Man must, like the tree, grow constantly and reach for union with God, never placing himself within a wall, stunting his growth. Unless man realizes this, will be forget nature and, in turn, forget God?

—DOUG BECKMEYER

## EPISTLE TO ROBERT BROWNING

Mr. Browning, what would you write of me?  
Fate is painted before me,  
But passions urge me on.  
Reason is covered by the heart.

I urge inwardly to rage like a storm upon her.  
Clouds are massed purple against Oden's thunderbolts,  
And I, naked before it, with sword uplifted,  
With the force of the wind hammering in my face,  
I hold my hand open to her—  
So beautifully free of the gods—  
And I so in love with Valhalla.

I stand before her,  
A raging ocean dying to engulf her  
As the forming Atlantic gently pulled  
Atlantis to its bosom.

—DAVE MAZZA

## SATURDAY'S GONE

by ROD CAMERON

I detest morning. I've often wondered, when a guy gets out of bed is he man, beast, or a rare combination? It seems such a shattering way to begin a day. Blind and tired. Blind because of the sudden burst of light when I've finally convinced myself to open my eyes, and tired from memories of previous mornings.

At any rate, my detestation was at its annual peak on this particular morning. This morning began my birthday. I've had sixteen other birthdays, yet I still have this returning ghost of parties and congratulations. I'm getting to the age when the idea of relatives drooling over me as if I were a juicy steak doesn't appeal to me.

Nevertheless I know this is coming, and I might as well prepare myself for being surprised at my cake, appreciative of presents, and having to remember the time I flushed my sister's baby food down the toilet because I thought it was vomit.

If today were a weekday instead of Saturday I wouldn't have to worry about all this embarrassment. Not very many kids at school know when my birthday is, except last year when my girlfriend called the local radio station and told them to sing "Happy Birthday" to me over the air. Birthdays wouldn't be so bad if people didn't do that kind of stuff to rub it in so much.

So, there I lay, looking up at a spider crawling across my wall till finally I heard someone walking down the hall toward my room. I shut my eyes so I would appear to be asleep if they came into my room and maybe they would leave me along.

No chance. My door burst open and as my door knob fell out of its hole and hit the floor, my two sweet, idiot sisters began half-singing, half-yelling "Happy Birthday." I was overwhelmed and deeply touched, and I almost deeply touched my oldest sister with a tennis shoe. I got out of bed, determined to be as grumpy as possible, and told them they didn't sing well enough to make it in a flea circus.

All this time Mom was yelling at me to hurry and eat my breakfast so I could get my dishes washed with the rest of them, my sister was yelling that I was getting senile in my old age, and while fitting my doorknob back into the door I was yelling that I'd be there in a minute.

I walked into the kitchen, past Mom, and sat down to read the paper. "Aren't you even going to kiss me on your birthday?"

"No!" I told her, and I meant it, I was all set to be a hard guy.

"Well then you can't have the car today."

"That's blackmail."

"That's the truth," she replied with a little more honesty than I cared to believe. So I got up and kissed her on the cheek and asked if I could have the car. She wanted to know where I was going so I told her to the library. I knew it was an old excuse to get out of the house; and evidently she knew it too, because she asked where I was going after that.

"Rock's house." Rock is short for Roxanne. She is my girlfriend. "She said she wanted me to come over because she has something to give me. For my birthday I guess."

I left the house as soon as I finished my breakfast. The day was really beautiful. It kinda felt like Saturday with the smell of leaves burning from across the street, and the garbage truck parked next door. It felt good getting out of the house, and by the time I was headed toward Rock's house my mood was beginning to change.

I turned into her driveway with my usual vigor and nearly rolled my Ford on its back in her front yard. Then I inched as close as possible to her garage door, a habit I picked up by trying to scare her after dates. I walked up to her door, rang the bell, and stood with my eyes shut and hand out waiting for my present.

She came to the door and flatly said "hi."

And right then I thought to myself, "this ain't gonna be no birthday present." She asked me into the front room, and I flopped lazily into her dad's favorite chair.

She turned and said, "I think we should break up, here is your ring."

"What, and ruin my birthday?" I asked jokingly; but she wasn't smiling so I asked her why.

"Just because that's the way I feel."

"You said yesterday you loved me."

"I only said I was happy."

"I thought you loved me."

"I do."

"Then why break up, after all this time, Rock, why break up now?"

She didn't answer. She started to cry, so I left.

I didn't feel like going home after leaving her house. I didn't feel like being gloated over, not right then anyway. I decided to go downtown and walk or something.

I parked the car on the tenth level of one of those eleven-story parking lots. The city, for once, didn't seem hostile. Instead it made me feel like staying and walking around. For a Saturday it wasn't all that crowded and there was even a little sunlight seeping through the smog.

It was getting to be around two, and I thought I probably should eat a couple of hamburgers even tho I wasn't hungry. No girl was going

to starve me to death. There was a snack bar down the block and I could get a feast there.

On the corner stood a beggar. He must have been waiting for a hand out. I've always hated those kind of people. They represent intrusion into my world, and I always tried to overlook them. But usually when they ask for a dime I give it to them.

This guy was leaning on the "Keep Our City Clean" sign at the corner. He was short, thin, and very old. All I really noticed about him was his grey overcoat and the smell of sweat that soaked it. I had to stand next to him at the light, and I kept expecting him to ask for the dime he knew he would get.

The light finally changed and he hadn't asked me yet, so I walked quickly across the street feeling as if I had just been through a swat line without being hit.

Across the street I got my order of "2 hamburgs, 1 fry, and a coke to go." I paid for the order and turned from the counter with my wallet in one hand and my food in the other. As I turned I smelled the bum behind me. The same smelly coat.

"He followed me across the street. That's a new one." I thought to myself.

"Could I have a dime, sir, please?" At least he was honest enough not to ask if he could borrow one.

I gave in, as usual, and as I laid my food and wallet on a table, I wondered what kind of wine he would buy with it. I dug into my pocket and finally pulled out a quarter and gave it to him. I suppose he didn't have change, so I let him keep the whole thing.

I picked up my food and walked out into the city, thinking of a good place to eat my birthday feast. Actually I had almost forgotten it was my birthday (mission accomplished). The light was already green when I got to the corner. As I stepped onto the opposite curb the light changed. At that same moment I felt my back pocket for my wallet. I always do when I come out of a crowd. It wasn't there. I turned to go back and get it.

As I did, I heard a muffled, strained voice calling out from behind me, "Boy, you forgot your wallet." Then I heard the tires squeal, a horn blow, and I saw a man sprawled on the asphalt street. I walked to the lifeless body, broken and silent within the grey coat. French fries were scattered, soaked in an almost inseparable mixture of blood and ketchup. At the end of his outstretched arm the bum clutched my stained and worthless wallet.

From that point on, the police, the people, and the questions were all a haze, till I found myself driving home in the dark.

My party had come and gone by the time I arrived home. Mom asked as I came in the door why I was so late.

"I've been growing up, Mom."

I shuffled back to my room and opened the door. The knob fell to the floor and rolled under my desk. I dropped onto the bed. I was exhausted with my growth.

## CLOUDS IN AUTUMN

As I sit here on this bench I am fascinated by the clouds over head floating in a rhythmic motion to the command of the wind. As the wind blows on my body, I feel the coolness of a summer day so clean with life that the sheer joy of breathing takes control of my life. As I look up to the sky I see the clouds moving by and this makes me feel as though I'm moving too, up to the light which has been hiding in the darkness.

Clouds are strange, they make me think of heaven. Sometimes I wonder what it would be like just to be up there looking down at the world. Clouds make me feel happy when I am sad, and they make me feel sad when I am happy. Clouds make me think about God and all the things he has done for me. Clouds make me wonder about the world in which we all live. What is a cloud if it does all these things for me?

—EDDIE BRUNDIDGE

## THE CANDLE

Burn, you candle; leap, you flame!  
Heave your life to the sky.  
As for your heat, let it glow;  
It may warm a soul nearby.

The light you spray to comfort my home  
Is jeweled with a flicker to calm me,  
And the will you show to burn alone  
Lets my mind believe I can be free.

Have pride, candle, you see your domain  
With your fiery head held high.  
For all you give, with nothing to show,  
Except for the puddle of tears that you cry.

The pearls that spill roll down you and mix,  
Forming a blanket at your feet.  
As your life pours out with the flame of Phoenix  
You've created your son to continue to weep.

—STEVE McDERMOTT

## WIND OF THE HAWK

Into the howling wind I stand  
Naked in body, free in mind;  
I lift my soul and my arms  
To the dark clouds that conceal  
The forces of primate brevity,  
Of natural freedom,  
Willed by the wind,  
Sanctioned by the gods  
Howling forever  
In wild rage.

It cleans the earth  
With its tears of rage.

My mind screams FREEDOM—  
Immortality of the wind.  
I thrust my dagger  
Into the heart of the hawk  
And drink the blood of the bird  
Of the wind.

—DAVE MAZZA



## KANSAS CITY, 3 A.M.

Approaching it from Northern side  
Across the struggling, chilled Missouri,  
The empty physiqués  
Of the silent ghost of daytime,  
(exemplified by their lighted guts),  
Are nearly hidden  
By the mist that rises  
From the watery belt.

Not limitless in bounds,  
Not so large and meaningless in population;  
But bulky in its smallness—  
    a city not quite full.

A city as wide and deep  
As any memories in caverns held.  
A city all my own  
At 3 a.m. Vacant and clean,  
Symmetrical—  
    encompassing that I may view it  
    as celestial and serene.

—ROD CAMERON

## UNTITLED

As I walk on,  
The tide rolls swiftly in  
And my feet are dampened  
By the salty water.  
As I walk on,  
The feeling of being lost,  
This body without a mind,  
Without a heart.  
As I walk on,  
With no destination  
Beneath the darkening sky  
And a cool summer breeze.  
As I walk on,  
Beside the beautiful sea  
On God's pure sand  
Alone and secure,  
As I walk on.

—CATHY CRUM

## IN THE PARK

by ROB HATTEN

I was sitting in the park that Saturday afternoon as I did almost every Saturday afternoon. I wasn't sitting in the same place where I had been seated the Saturday before. It had been three weeks since I had been in this particular spot. If I sit in the same place for two weeks—two times rather because I don't get to go to the park every week—the scenery becomes rather monotonous. It's difficult to imagine different things in the same place two weeks in a row.

That's what I do when I'm in the park, you know. I imagine things. One time I saw a man call to his dog—a big yellow dog. The dog ran to him; and when it had almost reached him it jumped at his master, and in mid-air, in mid-stride, it changed into a raging tiger and mauled the man nearly to death. Of course that didn't really happen. The dog just jumped up on the man and they rolled around on the ground playing until the dog got bored with that and ran after a bird that was pulling up worms. It had rained early that morning and the day was cool. I don't know what happened to the man after that, my attention was focused on something else when he left.

I watch the ducks in the pond quite a bit too. Sometimes when they dive for food I imagine that they have been swallowed by a giant shark or an alligator. The pond offers many opportunities of this sort. Submarines are lurking in the depths waiting for an unwary toy boat to pass by so they can torpedo it. Boa constrictors lurk in the branches of the trees that are hanging over the water's edge and all sorts of weird creatures come to drink from the clear water.

The woods surrounding this secluded pond are sometimes full of great armies from all the different countries and from different periods in history. Of course I try to make my battles as historically accurate as possible.

The reason I go to the park is to forget about my work. I teach school in a little town fifteen miles from here. All the other teachers there are much older than I. There are no other young teachers there and I don't have very much in common with the old ones. I like my work; don't misunderstand me. I really enjoy presenting the material for the students to learn. The problem, however, is two-fold. First of all, the students don't show very much real initiative to learn; and because I try to teach them something and give their minds a challenge, they think that my grading scale is too strict. It's not really that difficult, of course. The other problem is that the children are just that—children. They seem to have no ideas concerning adult behavior. They are always pushing and shoving, screaming and throwing things. This problem is not entirely their fault. I realize that. Some of it may be the attitudes of their other instructors, their lifestyles at home, or even the environment of the small town. Some of the problem may be me, though. I'm not used to childish actions. There is a child in everyone, but the adult must be in control most of the time, I think.

Perhaps there is another part of this problem I haven't realized until now. I don't think I like kids. Sometimes they really bother me. I'm sure that if I were married, though, and had children, I would like them. I would insure that their actions would be correct, though. I wouldn't forcibly impose theories of behavior upon them, but I would try to point out the advantages of correct behavior and attitudes.

Oh, I teach history. Did I tell you that?

Anyway, to return to my initial story . . .

It was hot that day. I was sitting on a bench in my favorite place. It was my favorite place because from there I could see the pond and across the hill I could watch the main entrance to the park if I wanted to. Once in a while I like to watch the cars drive in and out of the gate. Sometimes I see a man on a bicycle ride in—or a man on a horse—or a man on a bicycle that looks like a man on a horse. That place is somewhat secluded also. Not very many people want to struggle up the hill where I usually sit.

As I said, it was very hot. The leaves on the trees were hanging like hibernating bats. There hadn't been a breeze all day. I had been there for quite awhile but I had not had a chance to observe what was happening in the desert as yet. When I arrived I had noticed a dead mouse lying on the ground in front of the bench. There were flies swarming all over the carrion and I had devised a game. I drew a circle in the dust that was in front of the bench. No matter how secluded a place is, no matter how few people come to sit on that bench, no matter what bench anyone sits on in a park in the summer, there is always a spot in front of it that has no grass growing on it. The trample of nervous feet soon destroys any blade of grass that attempts to grow there. The feet, the sun, and the lack of summer rains forbid any plant, even the lowliest of weeds, to grow there. Anyway, this circle I had drawn was two feet to the left of the dead mouse. The object of my game was to see how many times in a row I could intercept a fly in flight and knock it into the circle.

I don't know where the flies came from, but they kept coming. As soon as I knocked one down, at least two others would come to take its place. I could have continued my game for three months if I had wanted to—or at least until the cold of winter drove the insects away. At least it seemed that way.

The first time I noticed her was in the middle of my third game. I was concentrating on setting a new record, a world record I'm sure. In the first game I had scored three points by consecutively knocking three flies into the circle. By the second game I was becoming more adept and scored six points. For the third game I had re-rolled my newspaper bludgeon and was scoring much easier than during the first two games. She was just standing there holding something and staring at me.

I had six points and was waiting for an easy target. I watched several fly away from the mouse but none came close enough to the circle for me to attempt to hit them. Then I saw my target. He was a big one. He emerged from the mass, circled it twice, and then flew straight for the circle. "SMACK!" He fell right into the center of the circle.

I turned and looked at her. She was standing there as she had been all that time, staring. I smiled and said enthusiastically, "I did it!"

"What did you do?" she asked.

"Why I set a new world's record, that's what I did. I now am the world record-holder, beating my own previous record, I must say, for the soon-to-become popular sport of Circle-Swatting. What do you think about that?"

"I think it's a dumb game," she said drily.

"Well I don't think so," I said. "It passes the time, it entertains me, and it's just as relevant as baseball."

She had been looking at the dead mouse but now she focused her attention on me and said, "I still think it's a dumb game. Can I sit with you?"

"Certainly," I told her as I moved over on the bench to make room for her. I had been sprawled previously full-length along the bench.

"How tall are you?" I asked.

"I'm three feet, four inches tall. Do you want to know how old I am?"

"Yes," I answered. "How old is a little girl three feet, four inches tall?"

She said, "I'm eleven," holding up both her hands with her fingers stretched out, but still clutching her doll close to her. "This many plus one more."

I didn't really believe that she was eleven years old, so I asked, "are you really eleven?"

"No, really I'm nine. I am nine years old."

"How old?"

"Seven?"

"That's better," I said.

She was a pretty little girl. Thank God she hadn't reached that awkward adolescent stage yet. If she had. I think I wouldn't have talked to

her for more than five minutes. Children at that age are so grossly obnoxious. She had beautifully curled blonde hair and was wearing a freshly pressed, pale yellow party dress. I was thinking that when she grows up she would be a beauty. She seemed intelligent enough for a young lady her age—and she was a lady. She was very polite. I was watching her, but she acted as if I wasn't there. She was looking at the scenery and humming a soft tune that reminded me of a lullaby. She was rocking back and forth on the bench.

"I'm not ignoring you," she stated. "I was merely waiting for you to say something."

"Who is that with you?"

"I knew that's what you would say. I just knew it," she said. "This is Melinda. She's the best friend I have in the whole world. Don't you think she's pretty?"

"Do you have any brothers or sisters?" I inquired.

"Oh! Melinda is my sister," she said with a bright smile. She had the prettiest smile. "I have three more sisters too, but they're at home. Their names are Nancy and Lara and Sherri."

"Are they dolls also?"

"Melinda's not a doll." "She looked angry. "She's my sister. Look there's an elephant," she said quickly changing the subject.

"Where? I don't see any elephant."

"It's over there in that jungle, right next to that tiger up in that tree," she replied. "Melinda and I were in Africa once—on a safari. You know most people are mistaken when they go to the zoo. They think that all elephants in the zoos are African elephants but most of the elephants in zoos are from India. The African elephant is larger than the Indian one, and has bigger ears. I'll bet you didn't know that, did you?"

"You know a lot about elephants," I told her.

She said, not without a tone of annoyance in her voice, "I told you that I was in Africa once. Have you ever been to Africa?"

"No," I told her. "I was never in Africa. The nearest I've been to Africa was when I was in Spain. I was a bullfighter in Malada. I faced the feared toros bravos in the largest plaza de toros in that city. I was praised throughout Spain for my brilliant capework and daring. My last fight was a triumph that will not be soon forgotten. The bull was squared; his front feet were together and his head hanging low. I leaned over the bull's right horn and slowly, ever so slowly forced the sword between his shoulder blades into his lungs. He was one of the finest bulls ever bred for the sport; I was praised by el presidente himself and was awarded a hoof from the bull. That is a very rare honor. I hope you realize that you are speaking with a man who is regarded with considerable notoriety in that country."

She didn't say anything after that. She was looking toward the entrance of the park. I started to say something, but decided not to interrupt her thoughts just then. I wondered what she was thinking about. Perhaps she was thinking of the bullfight or the safari but I didn't think so.

We both sat there silently for a while, probably wondering what the other was thinking, trying to think of something to say. Once she looked at me briefly. She seemed to start to say something, but then looked toward the park entrance again.

"When are you going to kill the doll?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "Maybe tomorrow. My name's Linda and I'm eight years old."

"Estocada."

"What did you say?" she inquired after a pause.

"Nothing. Never mind."

I thought about telling her that the wind doesn't make the trees move, that the wind is a sigh of contentment exhaled when the trees scratch the sky's back; but I decided not to.

## SOMETIMES IGNORED BEAUTY

Sitting here on a hose-snagging concrete bench, I look out upon the campus of Missouri Valley College. It's an extra beautiful fall day, the sun beaming through an old maple tree still covered with slightly discolored leaves, the faint noise surrounding me, a noise unnoticed during the daily routine of cross-campus hustle, little gusts of wind every now and then, just enough to create an excitement about the wide world.

There is never a quiet moment here, students glancing at us, cars whishing by, a contented puppy relaxing beside us. Yet with all these around, I find nature catches my eye most of all.

The sight of the trees—some completely bare, almost dead—looking, a few somewhat bald just on top, and many still showing deep shades of green—these create excitement, especially right now, because when you watch a tree, you see the branches swaying back and forth. It almost looks as if the tree is trying to shed its summer clothing, getting ready for a long winter nap. If you watch closely, a leaf or maybe two come gliding down, landing on the long green nails of grass, serving as their nestling place. All the leaves around, like people, are different from each other, varied, unique.

There are some of the sights that compose the beautiful world of Valley in the Fall.

—JOY FRANKLIN



## ODE TO A LOVER

I knew her once . . .  
When the wind blows  
She comes to me  
Through the waving leaves and branches.

There I shut my senses to her  
And rise up to reach and drift  
Over the waters of the Styx  
The eternal land where she lies.

And I, never to follow,  
Lie, shattered upon the ground  
And climb mountains  
As the wind rips my soul;  
Dreaming still of her,  
Wishing still of her,  
I advance to the tune of my heart—  
Forever marching alone,  
Face toward the wind,  
Alone,

—Dave Mazza

## SUZANNE AND THE MONSTER OF WAVERLY HOLLER

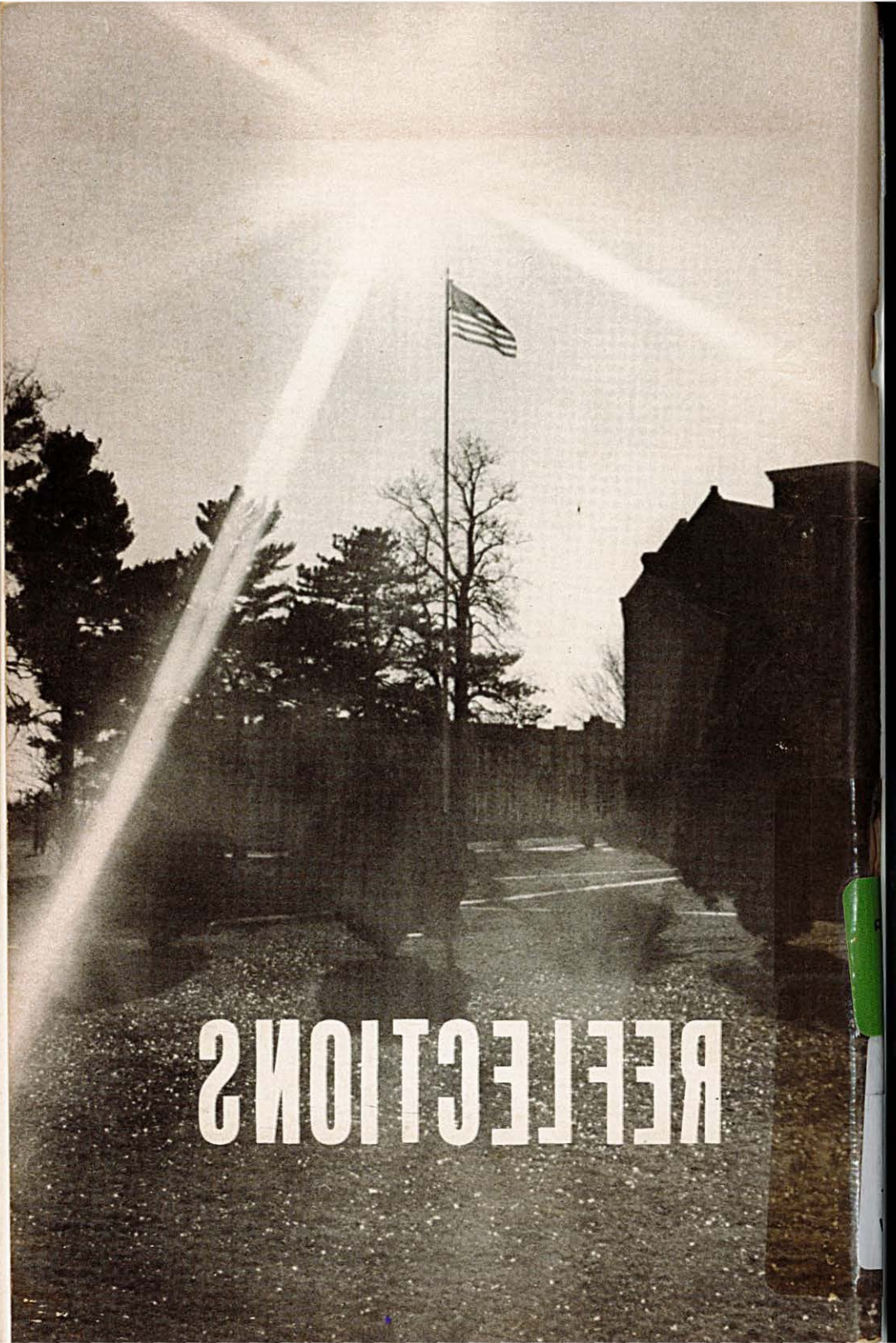
The Waverly Holler Monster was a legend to today,  
Until an artist named Suzanne frightened it away.  
It hid behind an old brick wall and watched her paint  
the sky,  
It crept behind an old oak tree as she made a bird to fly.  
The monster was stunned to see the old barn down  
on paper,  
And frightened by this witchery, this evilness, this caper.  
He feared to breathe his hot breath (she might put me  
on paper!)

Thought he, "I ought to run away and try to fight  
her later."  
Suddenly, Suzanne, she screamed at the monster that  
she saw,  
She threw the paint upon his head and the brush upon  
his paw.  
The monster screamed himself to death: "The wand,  
it has me paw!"

—MONTY EDWARDS

## CONTRIBUTORS

- DAVE MAZZA—Junior 1971-72. Dave is the son of Joseph Mazza, Liverpool, New York. He is a history major. Creative Writing.
- STEPHEN MORROW—Freshman 1971-72. Son of Alva L. Morrow, Marshall.
- VERNON NESTER—Associate Professor. Chairman, Department of Art. Marshall
- GALE E. RAND—Assistant Professor, Department of Economics. Marshall.
- BENJAMIN SMITH—Sophomore 1971-72. Son of W. B. Smith, Harvey, Illinois. Ben's essay was written as a freshman English assignment.
- DEBBIE TAYLOR—Freshman 1971-72. Daughter of George D. Taylor, Marshall. She wrote the short impression "Willard" in freshman composition.
- ROY WADE—Junior 1971-72. Son of Harold Wade, Dunellen, New Jersey. English major. Creative Writing.
- MARK WINCHESTER—Sophomore 1971-72. Son of E. N. Winchester, St. Louis. Mark's essay was written as a freshman composition assignment.



REFLECTIONS