



## Massachusetts

Trees now barren face the frost,  
October's apples withered brown to nothing.  
Lost!  
to codfish skies and entropy  
the grey trustees of winter's cost.

Across the marsh we damply slushed  
to the outer edge of town where  
houses, hushed,  
left vacant in the autumn's wake,  
marked time as time fast southward rushed.

Sienna, curling, battered boards  
drop off the vacant house's walls  
like broken people, falling towards  
the empty peace of giving up,  
of going south, to flee December's icy swords.

But somehow other walls stay long.  
In blasts of bitter cold they stand,  
as we do, for here they belong,  
fighting the cold, fighting the wind,  
wary of the easy comforts . . . holding strong.



**THE ANNUAL ENDEAVOR**  
**OF THE**

**CREATIVE WRITING CLASS**

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## Dedication

*The Cub '72 is dedicated to Mrs. Carolyn Hynes, who so selflessly has given her heart and energy to the students of Ventura High.*

*We will never be able to appreciate fully the love and understanding that has come so abundantly from your kind, gentle heart.*



# Table of Contents

## STORIES

"Allergya" by Peter Fish	46, 47
"Come Saturday Morning" by Deborah Maggipinto	13, 14
"Home Sweet Home" by Conley Smith	38-42
"Ordeal at the Beach" by Dianne Daniels	9
"The Plant Hater" by Sherrie Basham	18, 19
"The Prize" by Tom Hefner	49
"Tommy" by Conley Smith	6, 7
"What a Friend We Have in Malthus" by Peter Fish	24-28

## ESSAYS

"Homo Paradoxica" by Mike Ribble	10, 11
"In Memory of Michael" by Karen Phillips	53
"Master of My Fate" by Peter Fish	2
"Misplaced Phrases Not Nice Are" by Peter Fish	60-1
"The Good Life?" by Deborah Maggipinto	32-3
"The New Boy" by Lucy Meierling	45
"The Son Stands" by Stephanie Todesca	35
"The Wonder That Is Nature" by Cheri Newberry	17

## VERSE

### Serious

"Autumn" by Kym Leggett	62
"Balloon Man" by Lori Lee Sage	22
"Changes of Time" by Lori Lee Sage	48
"Christopher" by Vicki Wuerth	54, 55
"Flying Kite Days" by Michael Beeler	5
"Happiness to a Chicano Is" by Berta Payan	51
"Ghosts and the Summer Evening" by Ron Kirchhoff	63
"K.S.L." by Peter Fish	52
"Listen" by Sana Peterson	16
"Navajo Morning Prayer" by Marilyn Secody	23
"Old Man" by Pat Rattery	33
"Painting" by Kym Leggett	16
"Sept. 28" by Kym Leggett	21
"Soaked Notes from a Fool" by Michael Beeler	62
"Songs of an Aged Wanderer" by Ron Kirchhoff	30, 31
"Sonnet" by Peter Fish	22
"Teachers" by Peter Fish	43
"The Innkeeper" by Deanna Thompson	36
"The Litter Man" by Sandra Williams	15
"The Plight of Man" by Jane Myers	12
"Veteran" by Mary Bryant	12

### Humorous

"Bubble Gum" by Pat Galligan	43
"Caveat Emptor" by Pat Galligan	47
"Limericks" by 1. Bruce Cates; 2. Deborah Maggipinto; 3. Deborah Maggipinto	20
4. Pat Galligan; 5. Bruce Cates	8
"Platform of the American Momist" by Pat Galligan	8
"She Squished a Bug in My Book" by Charles Chapman	29
"Test Pattern" by Barbara Wunder	9
"To Be or Not To Be" by Derek Price	19
"Truth Is" by David Callegos	44

### Haiku

Haiku by 1. Vicki Wuerth; 2 and 4. Tom Hefner; 3. George Mickey.	37
"Pollution Haiku" by Peter Fish	59
"War Games" by Peter Fish	56-59
Wilson-Nichol Contest Winners	64

## FOREWORD

The *Cub '72* holds within its pages the dreams, hopes and fears of youth. We would like to thank those adults who believed enough in our dreams to give their time and knowledge to our common cause: *The Cub*.

Judges for the Wilson-Nichol Writing Contest include: Don Ingalls, Anne Chiquoine, Carl Jorgensen, Eric Nicolet, Betsy Quinn, and our own Alton Williams, Robert Ferris, Gerry Ricci, and Dale Myers.

We would also like to give special thanks to Dr. Robert E. Reynolds who acted as final judge for all categories.

The screening was handled by the seemingly-inexhaustible Muriel Garcia, Carolyn Hynes, and Robert Ferris. These teachers were always on hand to offer assistance whenever they were needed.

We are especially indebted to Mrs. Clara Nichol, who so graciously sponsors our Writing Contest each year. We hope this book will justify her continuing faith in us.

And to Mr. Brown, our delightful printer, we express our gratitude for having made the long hours of work in preparing this book seem almost like fun.

And last, we would like to thank Mr. Watis, who helped so immensely with arrangements for the two Creative Writing Coffeehouses, and for all the little things he so generously did for us throughout the year.

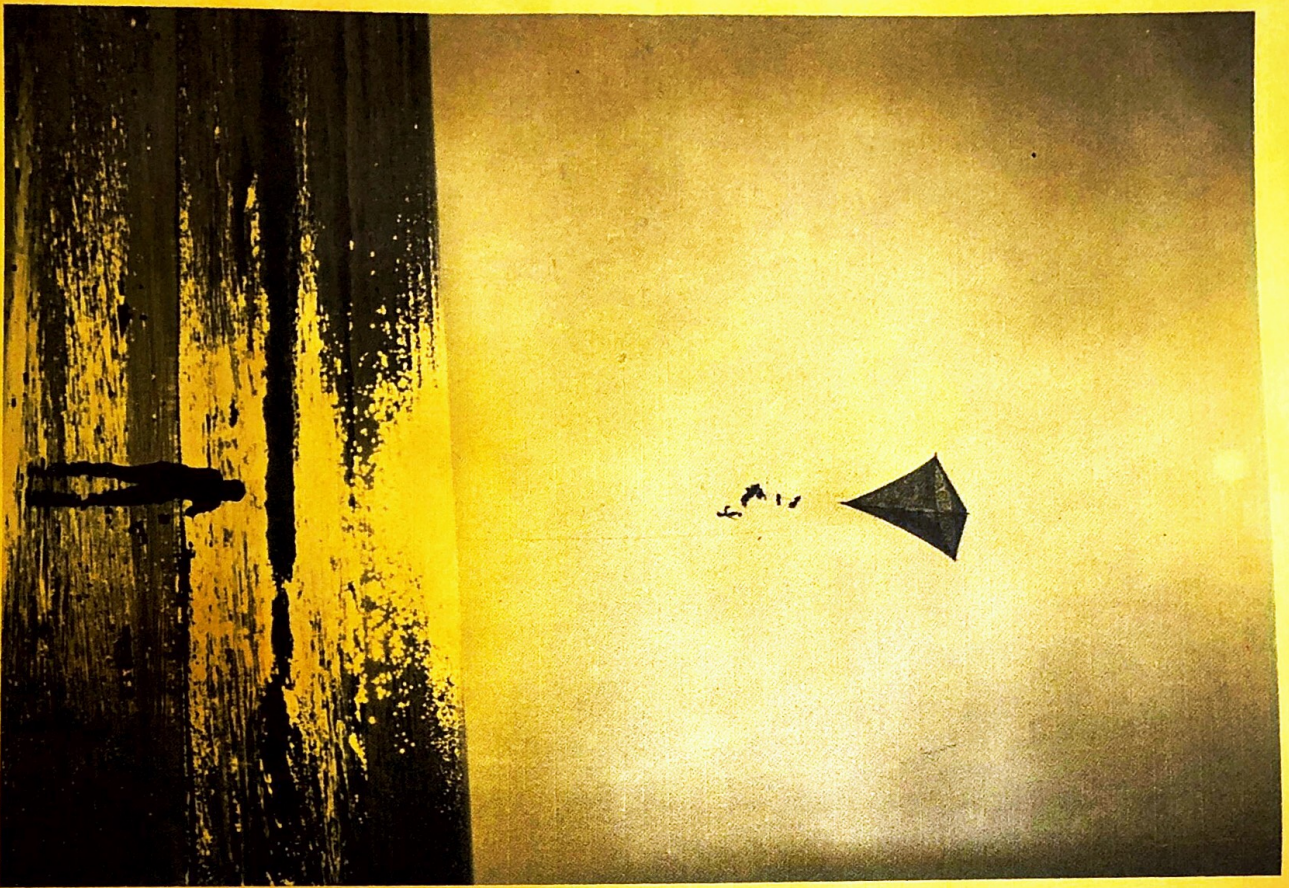
*"Bless us for we are the dreamers,  
and the day we stop dreaming  
is the day we'll stop living."*



*Flying Kite Days*

I love windy days  
flying kite days  
wind blowing hair days  
walking alone down deserted wind blown streets  
bare except for the few children who  
still believe in teddy bears  
and wise old owls  
a kite soars above the streets  
tugging the hand of a little boy  
who denies the kite freedom  
as little children look on in wonderment  
at the dime store creation  
Old men know the wind  
as the haunting ghost of past memories  
of what used to be  
what might have been  
and yet they love the wind  
for the memories it brings  
the happy and sad times it sings  
I love windy days  
flying kite days

*by Michael Beeler*





## Tommy

Little Tommy Watkins bounded out of the house and sprinted through his backyard, across the vacant lot and into the safety of the lemon grove. Mrs. Watkins hobbled out the door in half-hearted pursuit. Her withered arthritic legs objected painfully before she had even gotten across the cement patio. Giving in to the spasmodic demands of her legs, Mrs. Watkins braced her frail body against the corner of the house. "Tommy Lee Watkins, you come back here this instant!"

Tommy was half-way across the orchard when he heard his mom yelling. Sarcastically, he imitated her shrill voice. "Tommy Lee Watkins, come back here this instant!" Tommy dropped to the ground between the fruit-laden lemon trees. "She's nuts if she thinks I'm gonna stay inside and work all day," he said as he tied the shoelaces of his beaten, wornout clodhoppers. "I'm gettin' sick and tired of that old hag trying to boss me around all the time." Mrs. Watkins would not have been surprised in the least to hear her ten-year-old son refer to her as an "old hag." She was accustomed to his constant insults.

Tommy had finished tying his shoelaces. He was about to stand up when he saw a bright green hummingbird hovering in the air above a cluster of lemon blossoms. The little hummingbird fluttered about from one flower to another. Tommy hated birds. He hated all kinds of birds, especially the ones that chirped in the mornings and woke him up. He pulled a small homemade slingshot out of his back pocket. Hurriedly, he picked up a few small pebbles from the crusty, light brown earth.

The hummingbird paid no attention to the little boy. Tommy jammed a small pebble into the leather strap of his sling. With deadly skill he yanked the rubber strips back and aimed. About ten feet away the green hummingbird hovered above a high, blossom-covered lemon branch. Its wings vibrated rather than flapped. Tommy let go of the leather strap. The pebble rified through the air and ripped into the bird's neck. Its wings flailing helplessly, the terrified hummingbird fell to the ground.

"All right! I nailed him! I nailed him!" Tommy exclaimed triumphantly. His victim fluttered frantically about in the dirt. Its bright green breast was now streaked with crimson, its wings and feathers were chalked with dust. Tommy ripped several large yellow lemons off a tree. From a distance of a couple of yards, he threw a lemon as hard



as he could at the struggling bird. It missed by inches. He threw again. This time the lemon hit its mark. The once majestic, once beautiful hummingbird lay still on the ground, a pile of blood, feathers and dust. Tommy stared proudly at what was left of the bird he had slain.

The little ten-year-old strode triumphantly down the row between the lemon trees in the direction opposite of his house. He stopped for a moment to try to slap some of the dirt off his ragged pants. Before going on again, he checked to make sure that his trusty slingshot was still in his back pocket. It was. Tommy was happy. He was smiling, and his blue eyes twinkled with contentment.



## Test Pattern

Ruby Keeler does the can-can  
Across my TV screen.  
Ed McMahon is selling dog food,  
But the canine steals the scene.  
I switch to Mr. Cavett  
And an intellectual or two,  
But wait! Here comes Ralph Williams  
With Storm, the Second, too.  
Clark Gable is in San Francisco  
During the perilous quake;  
He is digging in the wreckage  
While my shoulders start to ache.  
Cal Worthington comes blaring on  
With the latest, greatest cars . . .  
Alas! No one is watching  
They're into the cookie jars.  
Sounds are drifting in and out  
My eyelids start to droop  
Let's hear it for Buck Rogers!  
Hooray for Betty Boop!  
Joan Crawford's in a haunted house;  
Bette Davis finds a friend;  
Charlie Chan will solve another crime;  
And the Lone Ranger rides again!

*by Barbara Vander*

## Platform of The American Momist

Jet airplanes and missiles,  
Mom and apple pie.  
If it weren't for H-warheads,  
They might have to die.  
  
All of our defense sights  
Are there to save your mom;  
So eat your cherry cobbler, son,  
And learn to love the bomb.

*by Pat Calligan*

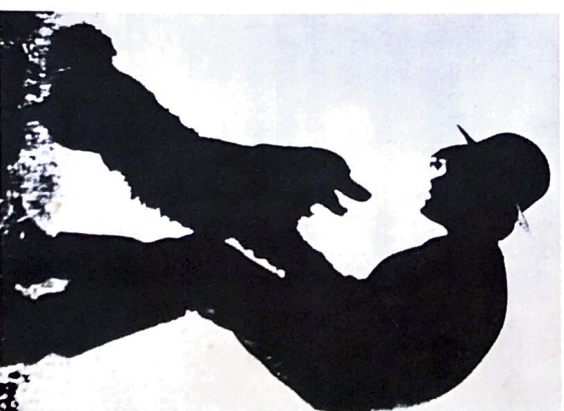
## Ordeal at the Beach

**B**ecause of the winter season, the sun hung low on the horizon. The haze obscuring the islands gave it an orangish tint, which was shattered by a brilliant yellow wedge of sunlight reflecting off the sparkling ocean water. Four careening dogs came shooting over the smooth velvety expanse of beach, dancing in and out of the foamy arms of the ocean.

The leader, a large, gray, coarse-haired retriever, bounded proudly over the dark, jagged jetty which rose to challenge him. Second in command was a courageous but mild-mannered black retriever, followed by a quick-witted, sure-footed husky. Bringing up the caboose was a care-free, gangly shepherd puppy who screeched to an unsteady halt upon confronting the hostile pile of rocks. Initial confusion was followed by several desperate attempts to go under, around, and through the jetty. The puppy, his exhausted resources having attained no desired results, resigned himself to sit and wait.

Soon the tone of distant barking came closer, and changed from searching to joyful as the three came sailing back and engulfed their lost playmate. A solemn caucus was held and a new direction elected as the squad raced homeward.

*by Dianne Daniels*





## Homo Paradoxica

It has been brought to the attention of the science world that a form of life possibly has been discovered in the Western Hemisphere. HOMO PARADOXICA (so coined by his discoverers and current researchers, a group of three Southern California scientists who, due to possible adverse public reaction, wish to remain anonymous), indigenous to North America, has presented many formidable problems to scientific thinkers the world over. If it should be established that PARADOXICA does indeed exist as a new species and is, in fact, a "living organism," as we now define such (*currently the subject of wide speculation*), many past theories previously unquestioned and long-honored by scientists everywhere may be disproved — resulting in nothing less than a minor revolution in scientific thinking.

HOMO PARADOXICA apparently undergoes stages of evolutionary advancement and regression in a single generation. Possibly genetic in nature, these stages occur in progressive annual steps, beginning at about the fifth year of PARADOXICA's life, and continuing to about the eighteenth year. These steps consist of almost instantaneous evolutionary acceleration in mental — and sometimes physical — traits: a metamorphosis that occurs in the late summer or early autumn months. PARADOXICA often regresses during the three midsummer months, however, as much as an entire year's equivalent intelligence gain, sometimes more; but always PARADOXICA stabilizes during the autumn changeover.

It is in the fifteenth year that PARADOXICA reaches the zenith of his life cycle. At this point, PARADOXICA's wits are keen, his mind is sharp, and his intelligence extremely high. He views the older members of his race with contempt, and sometimes with a little impetuosity, through incredibly wise eyes set in a body of herculean proportions. PARADOXICA sees the females of the species (*those that are his chronological equivalents*) as being typically Venus-like in physical proportions and in contour, mentally exquisite and spiritually divine. And yet, with all this apparent glory, PARADOXICA still retains his inherent benevolence towards the elders of his species. In fact, HOMO PARADOXICA rarely condescends to associate with these elder factions, if it is at all avoidable, save for occasional verbal expenditures.



At the sixteenth autumn changeover, disaster strikes PARADOXICA in the form of "negated evolutionary succession." While physically advancing (*or deteriorating, a term of relative nature — currently the subject of extensive debates by scientific factions*), PARADOXICA's mental structure is slowly deteriorating. Under the guise of social conformity, PARADOXICA's mind slowly becomes fixed and regular in function, and the "dreamer facet," the "fantasizer," becomes suppressed and ultimately atrophied. As he begins to progress chronologically in this phase, PARADOXICA becomes the target of increasing contempt and disrespect by the species' younger generations. This seems to vary proportionately to the age differential.

Another interesting aspect to PARADOXICA's situation is that he is unaware of his own genetically-successive nature. The younger of the species see no connection between themselves and the elder members; the elder members fail to see anything but improvement in their own time. HOMO PARADOXICA is currently in a state of co-existence, a mutualism and an intermingling with the species HOMO SAPIENS—a condition totally unknown to both species; each seems to be ignorant of the other's existence.

Further research and data are currently being accumulated on this fascinating new species; perhaps someday, the entire story on this paradox of nature will be known.

by Mike Ribble



## The Plight of Man

The plight of man:  
Caught between more forces  
than he can counter-act.  
Beset by more problems  
than he can cope with.  
Surrounded by more faces  
than he can identify.  
Hearing more sounds  
that he can distinguish.  
The plight of man:  
Absolute enclosure.

The plight of man:  
Searching for more places  
than it is possible to find.  
Chasing more dreams  
than it is possible to catch.  
Running from more people  
than it is possible to escape from.  
Seeking more happiness  
than it is possible to know.  
The plight of man:  
An unfulfilled journey.

by Jane Myers

## Veteran

He was gone such a long long time  
to far away  
to unsafe places  
Now he's back  
but he's changed  
the hate  
the cold  
the death  
the things he had to do  
when he talks you can see the hurt  
in his eyes  
that burns away the love and life  
he used to have so much of  
But now he's through  
he can rest and see life as it should be  
and maybe with time he'll forget  
and laugh a laugh that's real.

by Mary Bryant

## Come Saturday Morning

Jamie sat on the front porch on Saturday morning. The neighborhood kids were choosing teams for their weekly baseball game in the street. He knew he wouldn't be chosen until the very last so he picked on the scab on his knee as he waited, listening.

"I'll take Billy, Ray and Larry," Sammy was saying, "and you can have Pete and Tommy and Tony."

"Okay," the other captain agreed, "but whose team is Jamie on?" Nobody said a word. Suddenly, Jamie was tired of playing in these Saturday baseball games. He never had any fun.

"I won't play," he announced.

With noisy arguments as to which team was up at bat first, the boys started their game, forgetting the small boy left on the steps.

"Here I am, eight years old, with nothing to do on a Saturday morning," he reflected to himself as he scuffed down the street away from home plate. He passed the postman on his way and briefly wondered if he would get a letter.

"Probably not," he thought. "The last time I got a letter was on my birthday — and that was four months ago."

Jamie hadn't celebrated the event in any special way; the guys didn't even know that he had turned eight. His mother had baked him a chocolate cake—his favorite kind—but when he tore the bright wrapping from his present he was disappointed. It was only a baseball glove. He'd shown it to Sammy and Tony but kept it in his room after that. They didn't want to play with him—just his glove.

Looking up from contemplating the worn toes of his shoes, Jamie noticed the house he was passing. He had never walked on this street before, and this particular house caught his attention. Painted bright green, it stood out from the other gray and brown houses that lined the street.

"I'll bet a million dollars a witch lives in that house and she painted it green so the goblins in the sky can see it when they fly over," he mused.

Jamie was engaging in his favorite pastime of inventing excitement wherever he looked. So far, a dragon, an Indian chief and now, a witch inhabited the homes in his neighborhood; Jamie had yet to see the real occupants.

Something moved in the corner of the green house's lawn. Jamie came closer to investigate, expecting to see an old hag with a wart on her nose, muttering incantations over a bubbling pot of liquid. Instead, he found a yellow-haired little girl giving a tea party for her dolls.

"What do you want?" she asked him.

"What? Oh . . . nothing. Just wondered what you were doing," he replied, embarrassed.



"Well, you look pretty nice. Want some tea?" she offered him an empty cup that was the size of a thimble.

"Tea? There's no tea in that cup. What a dumb girl!" he answered in the superior tone of voice that Sammy often used. Nevertheless, he sat down and looked across at her curiously.

"Is this what you do on Saturdays?" he asked.

"Yeah, or I help my mom iron my doll's clothes or I play hopscotch with Karen."

"Who's Karen?"

"She lives across the street but I don't like her 'cause she doesn't like me. She just likes my toys. See, my dolls are better than hers so she always comes over to play with them."

Jamie liked this little girl.

"What's your name?" he wanted to know.

"Alicia, but you can call me Lise. What's yours?"

"Jamie."

The formalities taken care of, Lisa happily showed him her doll friends and he pretended to take an interest in them so as not to hurt her feelings. She looked so happy to have someone to talk to and the grass was so cool to sit on that he dismissed the nagging thought from his mind.

"I can do a somersault," he announced, eager to show off.

After turning several perfect somersaults he lay on his back to observe Lisa's expression. She looked properly impressed, as her sunburnt nose wrinkled in admiration.

"Wow! Will you show me how?"

Jamie was skeptical that she could ever learn but proved to be a patient teacher. Soon she was springing all over the lawn, and he watched her progress proudly.

"Lisal Lisa, it's time for lunch. Come on in," a voice beckoned from the kitchen door of the green house.

"Hey, Jamie. Can you stay for lunch?"

Jamie thought a moment about the long trek back to his own lunch and decided to accept Lisa's impromptu invitation.

"Are you sure your mother won't mind?" he questioned Lisa.

"Why should she?"

Pulling him in by the hand, the little blond girl made the introductions, "Mom, this is Jamie. Can he have lunch with us?"

Lisa's mother, after one horrified glance at Jamie, began energetically slicing peanut butter sandwiches.

"No, dear, I'm sure Jamie's mother is expecting him home for lunch. Now run along so she won't worry." And she shoved him out the door.

Turning to little Lisa, whose forehead was lined with puzzled surprise, she said, "Lisa, you are never to talk to that dirty black boy again! Do you understand me?"

More confused than ever, the little girl nodded her head.



Says he likes rainy days,  
'Cause when he cries...

## The Litter Man

His shoulders are stooped.

He's old and tired, but he came today

To pick up papers with his toy rapier.

You can see it bothers him . . . to see things dirty.

He doesn't worry about his clothes,

Rags mostly — torn brown shirt and baggy pants.

I'm sure he isn't paid very much —

He lives at the cemetery in a cottage.

He likes to give things funerals.

Thought he was morbid — but he wasn't.

Says he likes rainy days,

'Cause when he cries, you can't tell.

He likes to give things funerals.

Gave his wife a beautiful one,

He doesn't remember what year . . .

But he lives at the cemetery, close at hand.

He was a handsome man.

He's not much to look at now;

Still, he does keep the gardens clean.

You can tell it bothers him . . . to see things dirty.



# listen

listen  
the fish under waves sound like owls under clouds  
you can't believe me  
why did the earth bother to be beautiful  
when there was no one to see  
why did the sky bother to storm  
when there was no one to beat on  
stoned of body — spaced of mind — stone age and  
space age

all at one time because  
while neil or whoever was drinking  
tang from a tube some naked man  
was throwing a rock at a rabbit  
and while you're wearing your socks  
and you don't even care who made 'em  
what you're most scared of could have happened  
a moment ago  
if time is ticking — when's the explosion  
if time is flowing — well some people have already  
drowned.

by Sana Peterson

# PAINTING

in so many words  
i painted pictures of you  
on the walls of abandoned barns  
i carry a yellow crayon  
to paint you on sidewalks  
in front of  
music stores  
and in my head i make up tunes to  
whistle into the wind  
and still  
i've yet to know the dimensions  
of your laughter  
to paint into window panes  
of streaming morning light

by Kym Leggett

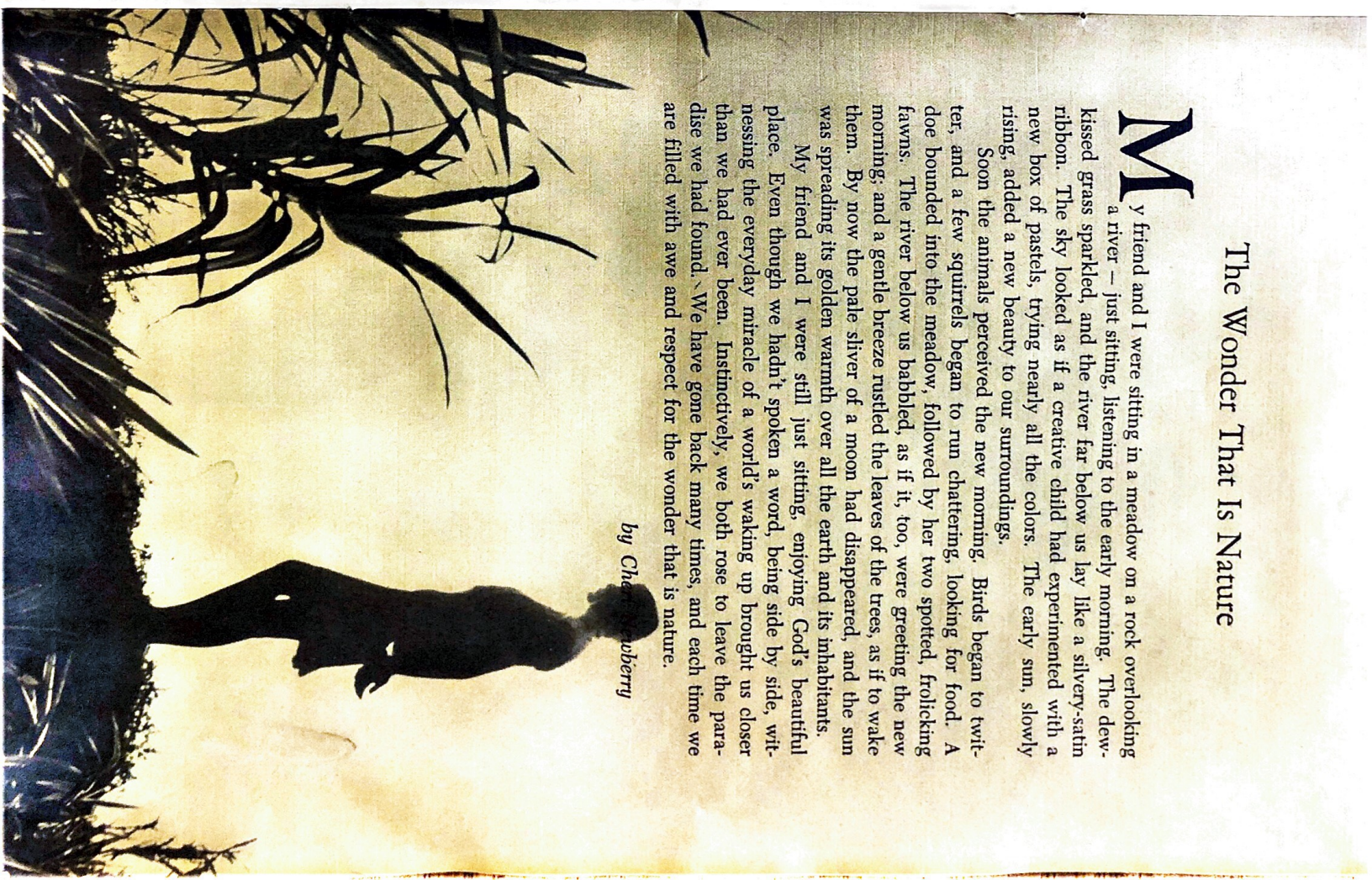
## The Wonder That Is Nature

**M**y friend and I were sitting in a meadow on a rock overlooking a river — just sitting, listening to the early morning. The dew-kissed grass sparkled, and the river far below us lay like a silvery-satin ribbon. The sky looked as if a creative child had experimented with a new box of pastels, trying nearly all the colors. The early sun, slowly rising, added a new beauty to our surroundings.

Soon the animals perceived the new morning. Birds began to twitter, and a few squirrels began to run chattering, looking for food. A doe bounded into the meadow, followed by her two spotted, frolicking fawns. The river below us babbled, as if it, too, were greeting the new morning; and a gentle breeze rustled the leaves of the trees, as if to wake them. By now the pale sliver of a moon had disappeared, and the sun was spreading its golden warmth over all the earth and its inhabitants.

My friend and I were still just sitting, enjoying God's beautiful place. Even though we hadn't spoken a word, being side by side, witnessing the everyday miracle of a world's waking up brought us closer than we had ever been. Instinctively, we both rose to leave the paradise we had found. We have gone back many times, and each time we are filled with awe and respect for the wonder that is nature.

by Cheryl Huberry





# The Plant Hater



**H**e'd been fighting it for a long time now, but he wouldn't admit it was winning. He hated it, and his hatred for it had matured to a hatred for all plants.

Like his beautiful flowers in the spacious gardens. In his fury at the attacker he'd ripped them all out. Bloom after bloom had been destroyed, unmercifully, and now only it was left.

His once-beautiful house was dismal and gloomy, for his enemy cast a bleak shadow over it. The weight of it was so heavy that he had closed the upper floor of his house in fear of its crushing him.

He wouldn't give into it, though; each day he vainly tried to kill more of it, cutting and hacking, until he'd drop in sheer exhaustion. It seemed to grow in front of his eyes, as it had grown into his gardens. Soon he feared its growth on him, and so he fought it.

Then the day came when it peeked inside his chimney, going unnoticed until with a violent push, it knocked half of the chimney down. He piled wood in the rubbish and set it afire, but the flames soon died, for the plant put it out with its moisture.

Next it invaded the cellar, and once in awhile the crumbling foundation shook. And finally there wasn't a room in the house that didn't have some evidence of it. But still he fought it. His hatred made him blind to his losing battle.

In panic at its aggressiveness, he shut himself in his room, determined to be rid of it forever. He sat in a chair to think. But even as he sat, it entered at the window and seemed to grow at an enormous rate. He thought if he could only get to the phone, for help, he could stop it. He rushed for the phone, tripping in his haste. Then he felt it twining around his leg. In his terror he clutched at it, but it was upon him and in its final triumphant moment he shouted, "I've won, I've won!"

A few days later, firemen, answering the calls of worried neighbors, found him after two hours of searching through the house with axes. He lay on the floor, one hand over his heart, and held tight in the other, as if trying to squeeze the life out of it, was a single leaf. Other than that, the room was cleaner than any other had been. The doctor said it was death by natural causes, but why he was smiling, no one knew. The leaf was tossed out the window and fell among others on the ground. Joining itself to a vine, it began to travel across the lawn to a neighboring yard. A new journey had begun. The ivy had won.

*by Shertie Basham*

## To Be or Not To Be

I am oft bewildered by our times;  
While the world is in turmoil, we make up rhymes.  
Pollution ubiquitous, it's in a mess.  
How to solve it, I could only guess.  
Now, at last, people kick up a fuss,  
for, "we have met the enemy, and he is us."  
It's the industry's answer to overpopulation—  
They poison the air, and maim respiration.  
The water is bad, too, that's a pretty sure bet —  
For the fish are jumping out to avoid getting wet.  
Then we have drugs—that dreadful ol' stuff  
that some wise guy discovered would blow our minds up.  
They were first conceived to help heal the sick,  
Then one guy got turned on, just for a kick;  
Soon he was hooked, and couldn't stop shooting;  
To support his habit, he had to start looting.  
We have oft wondered why up climbs the crime rate —  
When drugs do naught save directly it inflate.  
Whether "to be—or not to be?"  
That is the question that I ask of me.  
For, with drugs and pollution and all of this strife,  
It's hard to imagine "a fate worse than life."

*by Derek Price*



## Limericks

There once was an Ogre named Wimp,  
Who now walks with a very bad limp,  
If you should ask him why  
He would say with a sigh,  
"From place-kicking, barefooted, a blimp!"

by Bruce Cates

There once was a happy Aquarian  
Who went out on a date with an Arian.  
When asked, "Was it fun?"  
He replied, "She's a nun!"  
And returned to his old Sagittarian.

by Deborah Maggipinto

There once was a preacher from Frisco  
Who bought graham crackers at Disco  
Said the priest in explaining,  
"I'm sick of abstaining!  
The Lord gives us all but Nabisco!"

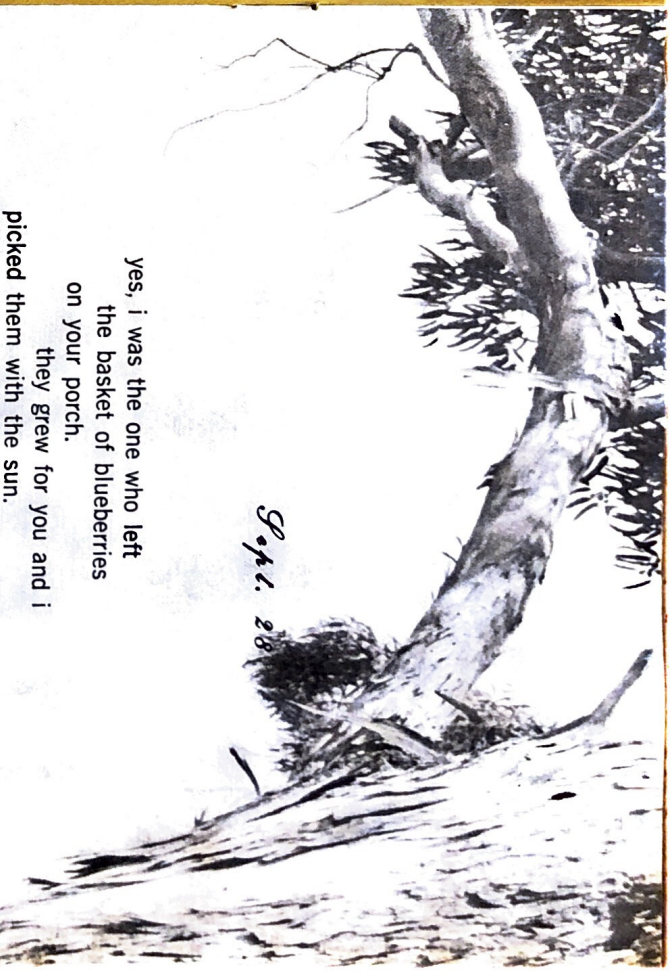
by Deborah Maggipinto

There once was a butcher named Murray  
Who to grind meat was in quite a hurry  
But his kitty slipped in  
And made quite a din;  
Now his hamburger tastes rather furry.

by Pat Calligan

I speak of an Ogre named Ogg,  
The famed inventor of fog,  
Much to my dismay,  
He hated L.A.,  
And created what's now known as Smog.

by Bruce Cates



Sept. 28

yes, i was the one who left  
the basket of blueberries  
on your porch.  
they grew for you and i  
picked them with the sun.

and that shell you found amidst  
the music was no accident.  
i knew no  
one else would find it  
because it sounded like that day you  
fell in the water.

and all those coloured marbles  
sprinkled like magic raindrops in  
the grass.  
a little boy i met one day gave  
them to me because i  
pushed him on the swing.

that is my summer.  
and i have given you all i can  
unless  
you take my love  
maybe scattered  
among the dew drops on a spider's web,  
or flying with the seabirds  
above the rocks.

by Kym Leggett





## Sonnet

We search the cosmos for a meaning hid,  
By time, and dark, and overpowering space.  
Though fearful that no truth is found unbid  
By God, we run, exhausted, our fool's race.

Holding knowledge alone is very cold.  
It cannot make us strong, or good, or wise,  
Still, when hoarded, as men once hoarded gold,  
It builds false fronts to wall out barren eyes.

I, too, have searched for truth with empty facts.  
A hopeless search, for facts were always new  
And small. No truth exists unless one acts  
To find it in the soul of one like you.

The wisdom of your heart gives strength to mine.  
Your truth fills me like heady, timeless wine.

*by Peter Fish*

## Changes of Time

My violence mellows the sky;  
My hues hush the land.  
I am the beauty of the earth . . .  
I am the garden of the Gods . . .  
I am  
Sunset.

My colors are soft;  
My blankets are warm.  
I am twilight's awakening;  
I am fresh morning . . .  
I am  
Dawn.

*by Lori Lee Sage*

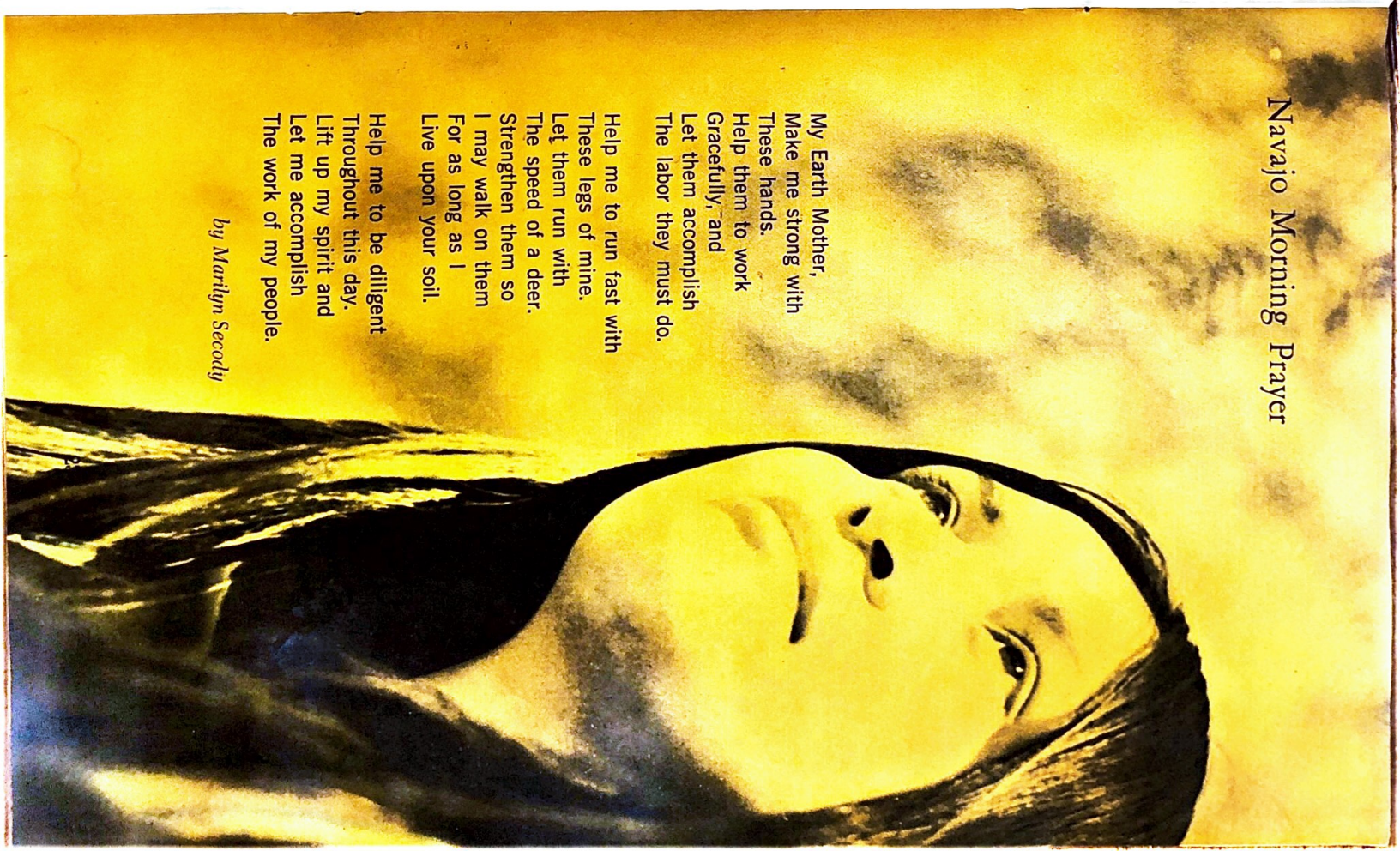
## Navajo Morning Prayer

My Earth Mother,  
Make me strong with  
These hands.  
Help them to work  
Gracefully, and  
Let them accomplish  
The labor they must do.

Help me to run fast with  
These legs of mine.  
Let them run with  
The speed of a deer.  
Strengthen them so  
I may walk on them  
For as long as I  
Live upon your soil.

Help me to be diligent  
Throughout this day.  
Lift up my spirit and  
Let me accomplish  
The work of my people.

*by Marilyn Secodly*





**I**t was dark in here. Parker didn't know where he was, but it was very dark. He couldn't remember anything after the car left the road. But he could be one of two places. First, he could be in a hospital. But that didn't seem to fit. If he were in a hospital, he should be hearing voices, like in the movies. Things like, "Doc, is he going to make it?" But all was quiet. So, he was afraid that he was already dead. After all, he had been going pretty fast. But according to present religious thought, there were still two possibilities for his location.

Suddenly, the darkness and the silence were broken: the first, ripped apart by a blinding flash of fluorescent light that bared the tiny gray cubicle Parker was in; the second, shattered by the boom emanating from a rusty loudspeaker set up in one corner of the cubicle.

"ALL RIGHT. GET UP. UP, UP, UP."

Terrified, Parker screamed, "What are you doing? Help!"

"ALL RIGHT. GET UP. UP, UP, UP."

The din was incredible. Parker struggled over to the corner of the room and gave the loudspeaker a good kick.

"ALL RIGHT NOW. GET UP. UP, UP, UP . . ."

He kicked it again. There was silence — for a moment. Then, loud voices broke through the walls, apparently coming from other cubicles surrounding Parker's.

"Harvey, what's going on?"

"Knock it off, Bernice! I can't take any more of your whining."

"Shut up, before I get my rifle and . . ."

After five minutes, the shouted insults died away. Where was he, anyway? This place reminded Parker of a tenement—the peeling gray paint, the buckled floor tile, the foul air and the filth. What kind of place was this? His thoughts were interrupted by a large potato of a woman in a frumpy gray uniform. She came clumping in the door with all of the grace and delicacy of the Battleship Missouri. She had a voice to match, screaming at Parker in a tone that sounded like a call to General Quarters.

"Just what do you think you're doing? You've broken your speaker! If everyone broke their speakers, then where would we be? Well? What have you got to say for yourself?"

Parker felt that if this was Heaven, they should get a higher calibre of angels. This one was enough to make Billy Graham turn to Satanism.

"Who are you? Where am I?"

"I don't want any back talk from your kind, Buster, so you just better not give me any. I have to fill out this form on you, and you will be quiet, and you will give me the answers I want."

Parker decided that it would be wisest to give in before he got his nose broken. The battleship took out a pencil and a white form and started to bark out questions.

"Name!"

"Willard Parker."

"Cause of death!"

"I had an auto accident."

"Social Security number, Area Code, Zip Code, and Armed Forces Registration number!"

"How should I remember? I'm dead."

The battleship glared even more fiercely at Parker. "You're no different from anyone else here. They all think they can get away with things like that. Well, they can't. I'll take care of you later."

As she lumbered out the door, Parker shouted after her, "Hey, wait a minute. When do I find out where I'm supposed to go? I'm not supposed to stay here."

The battleship began to laugh. "Ho, hol You'll soon find out. You aren't going anywhere, Buddy. You've arrived! Ho, ho, hol" She left, slamming the door behind her. The doorknob fell off.

This was getting a little frightening, Parker thought, this business of "Ho, hol You've arrived! Ho, hol" It was very strange. He hated people like the battleship. She was exactly like the uncivil civil servants he had fought with on earth. Exactly. Parker wondered where they got her.

He had to find out what was going on. Parker tried to open the door, but it came off its hinges and he was thrown across the room, hitting his head on the opposite wall. He and the door slowly struggled up off the ground. He threw the door down and left the room.

Parker was soon lost in a maze of dingy corridors. Finally, he approached a man wearing the same uniform that the battleship had worn. But before Parker could say anything, the man started shouting at him.

"Where are you going? Where's your pass? Why are you out? Huh?"

Parker stammered hesitantly, "Well, you see, sir, I'm new here, and I thought . . ."

The man screamed back at him, "You're not here to think. You can't go wandering around without a pass. If everyone went wandering around without passes, then where would we be? We'd have everyone wandering around without passes. We can't have that!"

By now, Parker was very confused. He ran off down the corridors. The uniformed man pulled out a whistle, and the screech of it echoed down the long gray hallways. Then he ran after Parker.

Parker decided to duck into one of the rooms that lined the corridor. He opened Door 235, only to be faced by a large, angry man carrying a beer in one hand and a rifle in the other.

The man belched at Parker, "I know why you're here, pervert, and you better get the hell out. Right now!" A blast roared through the air, and bits of plaster drifted down onto Parker's head. Parker left.





"Stop! Stop right now!" The uniformed man hadn't given up.

"I'm gonna get you, pervert." Another shot rang down the halls. The man from Cubicle 235 had also joined in the fun. Parker decided to try another cubicle. He wrenched open the door, only to be confronted this time with a pleasant looking young man dressed entirely in black leather and carrying a fierce-looking whip.

The young man giggled maniacally. "So," he said, "you are my next patient."

Parker stammered apologies and ran out.

"Stop," shouted the man in the uniform.

"I'm gonna get you," screamed the man from Cubicle 235 as the rifle went off again.

"Come back," pleaded the young man in black, and cracked the whip furiously above his head.

"Please, God," prayed Parker, "send a bolt of lightning down, or something. Save me." His prayers weren't answered. The noises from the chase had apparently drawn more people from their rooms. Parker felt that he was being pursued by a herd of crazed elephants. He looked back over his shoulder and saw behind him at least fifty people, of various races and eras and dress. One of them was riding a tricycle; another carried a musket; still another was armed with a cross bow. The only thing they had in common was that they were all after him. An arrow flew by his head, and then a spear. The muskets roared down the halls. A boomerang hit him in the neck. Parker knew that he couldn't keep up this pace. He had to get inside a room. He tried another door, hoping there wouldn't be another freak or maniac inside.

There wasn't. The room's only occupant was a little old lady who was sitting in the corner of the cubicle, knitting. Parker thought that that she seemed familiar. It was Annabelle Sims, his 7th grade Geography teacher, beloved by the entire town for her sweetness and goodness.

"Miss Sims! What are you doing here?"

Miss Sims, who had looked startled at first, now merely placed her wrinkled hands over her mouth and whispered, "Shush!" Parker heard the mob run past the door. He was safe for awhile. Miss Sims grabbed a pencil and paper from her voluminous knitted purse. She passed the finished note over to Parker. It read: "Shut up, Willard! They have all of the rooms bugged. Landsakes, you're no brighter now than you were 25 years ago."

Parker wrote back, "But I have to talk to you."

She passed the now-wrinkled paper back to him. "There's no time." Suddenly, the door burst open and three guards, all heavily armed, rushed into the room.

"Okay, Sims, we've got you now. Hiding an escapee is a very serious offense. You're in a lot of trouble."

"Oh, please don't hurt me," wailed Miss Sims. "I didn't do anything. I was just knitting and he just burst in —"

One of the guards silenced her with a blow that knocked her to the ground. The same guard now spoke to Parker. "As for you, you're in even more trouble. Where do you think you are? What makes you think you can escape? Well teach you a lesson you won't forget." He hit Parker on the head with his rifle. Parker sank to the floor, falling next to Miss Sims.

He regained consciousness before the guards had finished taking him to wherever he was going. But he kept still and thought. Where was he going? Why was he here? This place was awful. All of the things he had hated on earth—noise, crowds, ugliness, repression—all were here, only worse than he had ever seen back home. This must be Hell. Good God, an eternity in this place. There had to be a loophole. Maybe if he became very pious . . .

His dreams of redemption were cruelly broken when the soldiers threw him on the floor. The floor was very cold. Parker looked up and stared into the face of the battleship. Naturally, she spoke first.

"Ho, ho! I see they got you. Ho, ho, ho! Well, Buster, I hope you like waiting. Because it's going to be a long wait. The General is very busy. We don't coddle your kind." She stalked back to her desk.

It was a long wait for Parker, lying on the cold floor. An hour, another, and then another passed as Parker shivered. He could hear sobbing coming from inside the General's office. Finally, the familiar voice boomed at Parker.

"All right, the General's ready to see you. Ho, ho, ho!" The battleship rocked slowly up and down in sadistic laughter.

Timidly, Parker opened the door that read "The General". He saw a man in the usual gray uniform (save that he had five stars sewn on his shoulders) sitting at a desk. The General was angry. He spoke in the same rough voice that all of the staff used. Parker wondered if maybe they had all been sent to the same voice coach.



"You have committed a grave error, my boy. Trying to escape is a very serious offense, you know. You must pay. We'll have to send you to the punishment wards."

Parker stammered, "But I don't belong here. I have to get out."

"We have records that say you do belong here. And there is no escape."

"But an eternity here. My God, how did you ever think of it? It's out of Kafka—no fire, no brimstone, nothing like that—but it's so much worse. Horrible little rooms, crazy people crowded together, no freedom." Parker started to sob. "I could have stood fire, but this is so much worse."

The General looked thoughtful for a moment. "I'll give you a short lecture on this place. You know, most mortals, even your geniuses, like Bosch or Milton or Dante, never realized that changes occur in the places of judgment as well as on earth. We only reflect what's going on in the physical world of earth." The General shook his head sadly. "We have to house half of those who have ever lived—so many, so many. And you know about the population explosion. Your planet is doubling its population every thirty years now—a terrible increase. We need room for these people. We'll have to feed them and house them on a huge scale. We must be efficient. We can't do what we did in the old days. Oh, I miss the good old times. But everything we do here is necessary. The rooms have to be small. We need the space. And as for the guards, why, if all of our billions were allowed to roam freely, think what chaos would result. The guards protect the greater society from our sick residents. Unfortunately, overcrowding causes many people to become quite mentally ill. You've seen them, the people chasing you around. They get so crowded and so bored that they'll do anything for excitement. You should see what goes on in their rooms. That's why we have to monitor them. Yes, everything here is necessary."

Parker almost pitied the General (as he now called himself). It must be sort of tough, having to give up flames and demons in the interests of efficiency. Even having to change his name from Satan to The General must have been a blow to his ego. But still, Parker knew he had to get out. He protested again.

"That's all very interesting, but I still don't belong here. I haven't done anything to deserve this. I've led a good life. Why have I been sent here, to Hell?"

The General shook his head again, as a teacher might shake it over a slow student. "You still don't understand, my boy. Whatever gave you the idea you were in Hell? If you think this Heaven is bad, you should see Satan's domain. Guards, take him away."

*by Peter Fish*

## She Squished a Bug in My Book

As I was sitting peacefully,  
So joyful and content,  
My teacher did a brutal act,  
For which she should repent.

A tiny flying creature,  
Who was cruising near in flight,  
Looked down and saw my book so dear,  
And decided to alight.

It landed on one fifty-three,  
A page so nice and clean,  
I thought it looked so happy,  
Till my teacher made the scene.

She glanced at me and then my book,  
And then it caught her eye;  
Then sudden terror streaked through me,  
Oh Lord, please save that fly.

The evil eye to it she gave,  
He knew that terror loomed.  
She raised her forceful hand and then,  
KA-BAM, she lowered the boom.

She checked my small friend's body,  
And then with one quick swing,  
She squished his tiny carcass.  
Oh, such gore I've never seen.

She then proceeded daintily,  
To demolish his cadaver,  
She dropped her foot and flattened him,  
An attack force I'll now gather.

So now and then in English,  
As I view that lone red stain,  
I give my teach' a dirty look,  
And remember all that pain.  
I hope not now to see the day,  
She'll wantonly molest  
Another helpless ground-dweller  
That only wants to rest.

*by Charles Chapman*



# Song of an Aged Wanderer

You're passing through Big Pine,  
Bishop and Tonopah  
but on the way to where?

Not a station open,  
rusty and battered old buildings, and barns . . .  
but knee-deep beside drifts  
and the valleys and hallways, and broken windows  
and 47 varieties of wild weeds and brush  
scratching at the blue morning sky.

There are misty tempests of rock,  
and snow whipped into stone in sheltered spots,  
painted white on pointed mount  
and dusty fields; you cry to see the lone branches of trees.  
There are snowflakes that fall from five miles high,  
melting, to twist in upper atmosphere  
until finally flowing in streams  
of cracked ice in coves by the road.

Are people vacant?  
or only real in nature, among the living, open spaces  
and the questions one poses when young.  
Living, you feel joy!  
your ears pop in altitude;  
your breath steams, giggling at being able just to  
have your coat pulled tightly about you.  
In the morning air, your thumb freezes by the road,

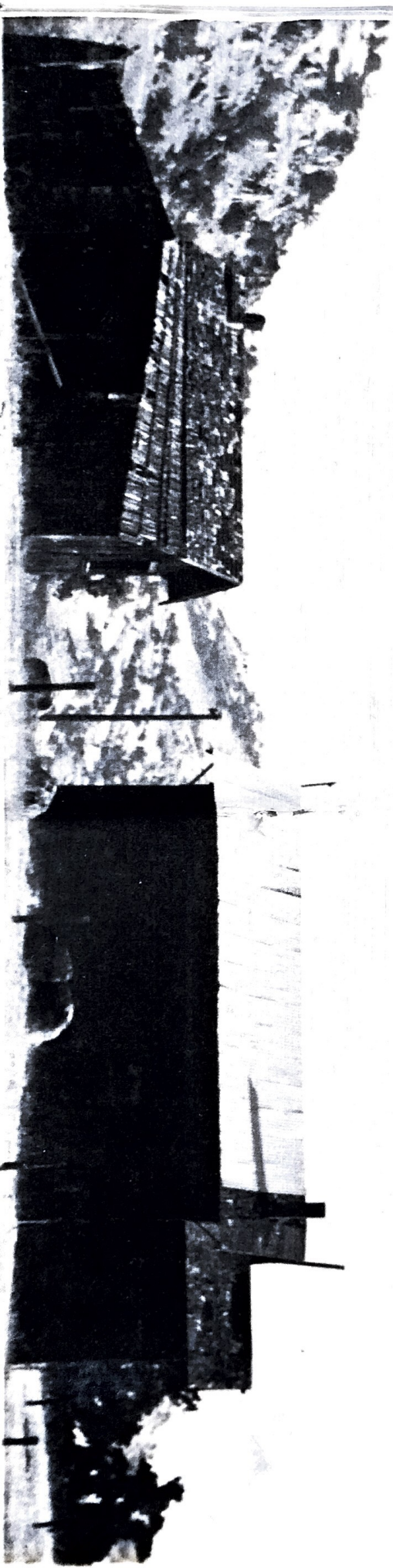
You can see asses grazing at roadside  
and speaking, you make them your friends;  
or take the road to Whitney or Onion Valley,  
cutting the wire with a wave of your hand (you slide under),  
to where they have real onions,  
wild, and tasty to the tongue.

Share a cup of soup with a stranger,  
with a man who owns a fertile face  
on Pangborn Lane; aren't you glad you stopped?  
Spilled a few minutes from the jar kept by the roaring fire;  
tomorrow it will be gone, you know . . .  
But where is it?

Probably nowhere, something ponderable . . .  
Yes, I know, but where? In the crevice of a foothill,  
or feeling sunny faces pop up through the soil in spring?  
where the legend states  
in memory of the Earthquake victims of 1842?  
and where there's a trailer with a wooden fire casting shadows  
by the trail, and the lake?  
by the scent of coffee and granite-hewn sundials?  
Maybe nowhere, but on my way.  
Because all the visions  
of the cubicle dwellers, with jarbled air waves,  
with chrome and plastic reinforcements,  
can't make up with sensitivity and dreams  
for not having slept with breaking sheets of ice  
by the path, or unraveling the secrets of cubbyholes (with eager hands)  
letting the bird fly loose and cattle range  
and toast to the tunes, delectable and sweet to the palate  
and nature of the soul.

These are the songs of the aged wanderer—  
Sing them as you go.

*by Ron Kirchhoff*





## The Good Life ?

One of the greatest weaknesses of American people today is our tendency to pity the underprivileged, not only of the United States but of the world. From the birth of our nation until the present time, American society has looked down upon the poor through eyes that see only material poverty. This is a basic misconception that must be corrected if our value system is to remain healthy and workable.

It is a common belief that the poverty-stricken people of Asia, of Africa, and of America are groveling in the very depths of despair. If this were true, then there would be no population explosion, for the suicide rate would overcome the birth rate. It appears that along with the knowledge of their destitution, these people retain a will to live. In a recent issue of *Time Magazine*, one migrant woman commented, "There's no point to feeling sorry for yourself, or else you want to go by the side of the road and die." Obviously, it is the American value system which needs sympathy, for apparently those who believe that poverty means death have nothing more significant to base their lives upon than money.

Difficult as it is for some to accept, it is still possible to enjoy life without so-called essentials such as the automobile and television. Though they own only small portions of land, the mountain people of the Appalachias have what the flower-children and "peace and brotherhood" advocates are still seeking—a closeness with nature and with their fellow man. Because they can be unconcerned with the alleged "finer things in life," these mountaineers can hand down to their children an understanding and optimistic attitude toward the future. Very few adults in the cities can do the same. The poor, black people in America's urban ghettos cannot offer their children much in the way of material goods, but the young people can expect and do receive what some youngsters of materially well-to-do homes never experience — a strong, steady, supporting love. That is all they have to give.

In discussing the overpopulated, undemourished and widely illiterate nations of the world, we must not assume that our values can apply to these other countries. Because rapid improvements in communication have, figuratively speaking, decreased the size of the world, Americans are more aware of world-wide poverty, and the rest of the world is more aware of American affluence. We must not, therefore, freely bestow our pity for our wealth has created a value system that can function only in a nation such as ours; and under *our* conception of what constitutes "the good life," we are not prepared to condemn the life-styles of other nations. For example, in the United States, the man who accepts a higher-paying job, though it means moving to another state and being separated from his family, is thought to have ascended one more rung on the ladder of success. A European making the same decision might

be ridiculed or even pitied for having pursued wealth instead of choosing the more desirable alternative of keeping his family together. In this aspect, religion plays an important role. According to American ideology, the church and state are separate, and people are free to worship as they please. This is part of the concept of the "melting pot" and is conceivable in the United States. But in other nations of the world where the vast majority of citizens belong to one faith, the people live by more *human* standards and govern their lives by their common religious convictions. Thus, as a people with basically only material values in common, Americans are unqualified to pass judgment on foreign ways of life; and all our accumulated wealth still does not give us this privilege.

The fundamental standards by which most Americans live are both high and mighty. The goals of freedom and equality are great ones that require tremendous efforts to achieve, and they are worth the struggle. But in our idealistic elevation of these rights, we must take into account the differences between people, and realize that those values which work in *our* society may not be stretched to include other, distinct societies. It is only when we allow others the most important right of all — the right to be one's own person — that we can rise above many mistaken beliefs and see clearly the real reason for living.

by Deborah Maggipinto

### Old Man

His joys are limited,

He carries no wine,

And celebrates nothing.

The language he speaks is the tale of a mute

Heard only by a world, sullen and morose;

Of the tenement Brownstone's peeling wallpaper and

Its

Putrid fantasia of timeworn flowers

That capture and haunt his memory's repression;

Of younger days smoting the

Life

He lives now.

His outstretched arms of ivy-growth

Reached in line for a plastic vial

Among the rows of small brown bottles and

Vivid colors of Life's desire.

Placing the contract in his mouth

(His worn, dry throat could hardly swallow)

He washed it down without a gulp,

Wincing at pain the victory brought

To him and not to Death.

With his tale of onslaught glory

He carried his corpse in his mind

For yet another day.

by Pat Raftery



## The Son Stands

**W**aves eagerly kissing the warm sparkling sand . . . Sandpipers furiously prospecting for a tasty morsel . . . Sea gulls, gliding gently on the breath of God . . . Rocks carefully being bathed continually by the small ripples . . . The sun, like a bright orange, casting bold shadows upon everything it sees . . . Then . . .

Sudden disaster . . . A black substance quickly infiltrates the once blue water . . . Sandpipers trapped hopelessly by immovable wings . . . Sea gulls glide, hoping to find a place to land safely . . . Bubbles slowly ooze up between the rocks . . .

And yet . . . The sun still glows . . . Unaffected by the havoc below . . . offering warmth and light.

*The world once beautiful, delighting the imagination of man . . . Birds chirping happily . . . Everything content to fulfill its place . . . And then disaster . . . Sin crept in like fog . . . wrapping its icy fingers . . . around everything it saw. Penetrating the good things . . . making them distorted and ugly. And through it all . . . The Son patiently stands . . . waiting to be noticed.*

by Stephanie Todesca



## The Innkeeper

Yes, I remember that night . . .  
The woman, very pregnant,  
And a man guiding the mule  
Asked for a room—  
But I, as others, had no vacancies,  
This being a good time of year for business.

However, being a kind-hearted man,  
I let them stay in the stable.  
My stable-boy told me that  
The woman gave birth that night.  
A boy, I believe he said.  
They left early the next morning,  
I wonder what became of the child?

*by Deanna Thompson*

遊春

HAIKU

A dragonfly lights,  
Motionless, the frog waits.  
Snap! Another meal!

*by Vicki Werth*

The glistening snow  
Hangs doggedly to the branch;  
Winter is again.

*by Tom Hefner*

Silver-minted blue,  
Her wings beating woeful tune,  
A martin soars high.

*by George Mickey*

On a withered branch  
The snow falls silently down;  
Spring calls in vain.

*by Tom Hefner*





Mark Howard sat by himself in the back corner of the room where Mrs. Johnson had put him on the first day of school. The red welts burned painfully every time he accidentally leaned against the backrest on his seat. As the substitute took roll Mark's freckled hands were busy beneath his large enclosed desk. He kept his blue eyes studiously intent on the substitute while he loaded his plastic straw with a small wad of soggy notebook paper.

"Robert Gordon."

A dark-haired boy in the front row raised his hand and mumbled,

"Here."

"Suzanne Halkan."

"Here."

"Mark Howard."

Mark raised his free hand and said too politely, "Present, ma'am." He waited for the laughter, but it never came. He had expected at least a few chuckles. The substitute glared at him through her thick spectacles; the class remained silent, and Mark's face became almost as red as his hair.

"Thomas Jackson."

"Here."

When she had finished taking roll the elderly substitute quickly read all the seventh-grade bulletin notices. She adjusted her wire-framed glasses before addressing the class.

"By now you're all probably wondering what my name is, and you shall know momentarily. But first let me warn you that as far as my name is concerned, I completely lack a sense of humor. So take a hint, and don't get yourselves into trouble." The substitute then turned around, picked up a piece of chalk from the desk and started to write very slowly and methodically on the board. Something about her reminded Mark of his mother.

Mark placed the blowgun between his thin lips and took aim. She had written just a few letters when he blew a blast of air into the straw. The moist wad sailed across the room and hit the blackboard about two inches above her gray head.

This time the class roared with laughter. The substitute angrily reached over, pulled a Kleenex from a box on the desk and wiped the blob of pulp from the chalkboard. She finished writing her name, which turned out to be Mrs. Goodenderry.

When the class finally settled down, Mrs. Goodenderry gave the students their assignments. They were to write about their Christmas vacations.

While the others were busy writing their compositions, Mark scribbled absent-mindedly and daydreamed about rabbit hunting. With

his red pen he drew a small picture of a rifle belching lead and fire from its barrel. Next to the rifle he drew a figure of an exploding firecracker and printed in large red letters: FIREWORKS AT LUNCH! He had hidden a firecracker and his cigarettes in his left coat pocket.

If the substitute asked him why he didn't write a composition, he would tell her that he spent Christmas vacation in jail. That will make a good joke if she asks me out loud, he figured. Mark often thought of funny things to do or say in his spare time so that if the opportunity arose he'd be ready.

A few minutes before the passing bell rang he got up and sharpened a brand new pencil almost to its eraser before Mrs. Goodenderry told him to sit down. On the way back to his seat he threw his crumpled artwork into the trash can.

From his desk Mark watched Mary Rogers stroll gracefully to the front of the room to turn in her paper. Her silky golden brown hair hung to her waist, and it waved back and forth as she walked. She set her neatly written paper on the teacher's desk. As she turned around she caught Mark staring at her. He didn't look away quickly enough. A few days before, after he'd done a Nazi salute during the Pledge of Allegiance, she had called him a crummy little show-off. It wouldn't have been so bad except she said it in front of the whole class.

The passing bell rang, and Mark was the first one out the door. He rushed straight to the boys' restroom for a smoke before his next class.

The two hands on the cafeteria's outside clock stood straight up. Mark Howard and little Billy Tucker sat on the litter-strewn grass in front of the cafeteria. Mary Rogers sat about twenty feet away with a group of girls. Mark glanced at her for a second as she bit delicately into a red apple. He threw a half-eaten tuna sandwich into some bushes and reached into his coat pocket for the pack of Marlboros. Without saying a word to his companion he slid a large firecracker out of the box with his index finger and put the cigarettes back into his pocket.

"Hey, Mark, you're not going to light that here, are you?"

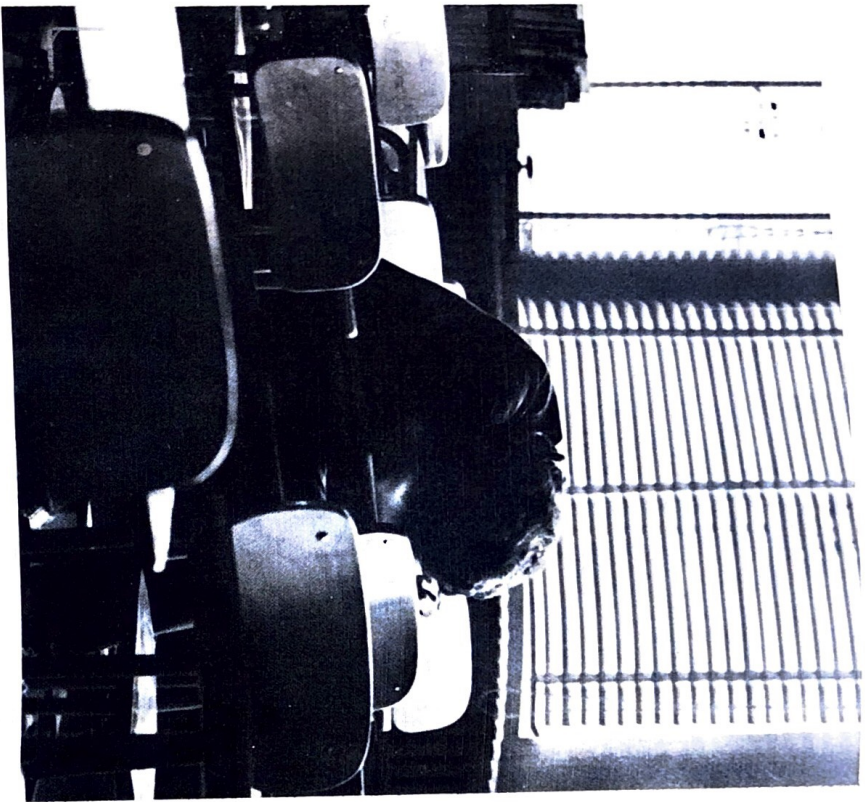
"No, I'm going to eat it."

Mark looked around to make sure it was all clear. Mr. Tubs, the lunch-duty teacher, was in the cafeteria and the vice-principal was nowhere to be seen. There were students all around, but it didn't matter if they knew who lit it. Mark wanted them to know.

He flipped the lighter's steel cover back, spun the flint wheel with his thumb and stuck the firecracker's short gray fuse into the flame. As the fuse sizzled he casually tossed the firecracker over his shoulder. KABOOM! It exploded before it hit the ground.

For a moment after the blast a startled silence hung in the air with the gray smoke. Sandwiches and apples waited outside open mouths.





The silence erupted into confused static as the lunch-duty teacher emerged from the cafeteria.

Mark didn't worry much about old Mr. Tubbs since he knew Tubbs wasn't much of an investigator. His real name was Mr. Robinson, but his pupils addressed the plump fellow by his nickname in the classroom, and Mark had even heard the principal call him Mr. Tubbs once.

Mark carefully propped his head on his thin arm, plucked a blade of grass from the lawn and stuck it between his teeth.

Bill saw Mary rush over to Mr. Tubbs.

"Hey, look! Mary Rogers is talking to Tubbs!"

Mark turned around in time to see Mary pointing directly at him. Mr. Tubbs nodded his head in thanks, and without taking his eyes off Mark he strolled across the grass to where they were sitting.

"You'd better come with me, Mark."

Mark looked up scornfully at Mr. Tubbs. "What for? What did I do?"

"You know the rules about firecrackers as well as I. Now let's go."

"But I didn't light any firecracker! I heard one go off, but I didn't light it!"

Billy pulled an orange out of his lunch pail. "Yeah, he didn't do nothing. I've been sitting right here with him all lunch period."

Mr. Tubbs pointed a stubby, round finger at Billy and said, "If you don't stay out of this, you'll find yourself in the office, too!" Then he said to Mark, "Are you going to come on your own, or do you want me to have to go get the vice-principal?"

Mark stood up and brushed some dry grass off the seat of his wrinkled pants. "I never said I wasn't going to go." On the way to the main office he looked unsuccessfully for Mary Rogers.

Mr. Bellington tried to get him to confess, but Mark denied everything. After about a half-hour, the vice-principal had to send him back to class for lack of evidence.

Fourth period was half over, so he cut it. He walked up and down the corridors, knocking on windows and burping outside classrooms.

Mark slept through his fifth period class. The curtains were drawn, the room was dark, and he wasn't interested in the feature-length documentary on Abe Lincoln. His corduroy coat made a good pillow.

Mark forged a gym excuse so he wouldn't have to dress for P. E., sixth period. He didn't want anyone to see the long, narrow welts across his back. These wounds weren't even a day old yet, and they would sting like mad if he took a shower. He sat on a hard wooden bench all period and watched the others play basketball.

He had math seventh period; it was his favorite class. Mr. Radcliffe was the only teacher at the whole school that Mark got along with. Radcliffe had vouched for him and saved his hide more than once. Mark bragged to a few of his classmates about how *he* had lit that firecracker at lunch.

Mr. Radcliffe cracked jokes and told stories for over half the period before assigning the homework. He explained the material briefly, and a few minutes before the final bell rang, he called Mark to his desk. Mark sat down on a small chair. Mr. Radcliffe looked him in the eyes and said quietly, "Mark, I'm going to make a deal with you. If you promise to try to do the homework tonight, I'll take you hunting this weekend."

Mark stared at the tile floor. "Rabbit hunting?" he asked softly.

"Sure, if you'll do your homework."

Mark looked up and forced a smile. "I'll try," he promised.

The three o'clock bell rang, and everyone made for the door. Mark was the last one out of the classroom.

The red-haired seventh grader walked home from school alone. He was trailed by white cigarette smoke, and he carried his math book in his right hand. It was the first time he had taken a book home all year. The sun hid behind some large clouds, and everything looked dismally gray.

He strode up the steep, tree-lined hill to his large, white house and let himself in through the front door. No one was home. He had a glass



of milk and a few "store-bought" chocolate chip cookies before turning the television on. The boob-tube sat on a shelf against the living room wall below Mr. Howard's custom hardwood gun case. He watched cartoons until dusk.

Mark remembered that he had promised to do the homework. He stuck a TV dinner into the oven and got his book. He found some lined paper in his dad's bureau and started on the homework.

Forty-five minutes later he pulled the steaming TV dinner from the oven. He had finished the first few problems of the homework, and he hungrily devoured the meal.

Mrs. Howard arrived home at about seven o'clock. Mark hoped she would notice that he was actually doing some homework. She clumped by the desk in her high heeled shoes and snarled, "Why didn't you clean up your mess from dinner?"

"I will," he promised.

"You'll do it right now!" She smelled of expensive perfume and alcohol. "Oh, I've got to get out of this girdle," she said as she disappeared into her bedroom. Mark went into the kitchen and threw the empty dinner tray into the wastebasket.

He had struggled through about half of the assignment by the time his red-headed father stumbled in through the front door. Mr. Howard stomped down the front hallway and into the spacious living room where Mark was working.

Mark's eyes froze on the thin steel-studded, leather belt. "Dad, . . . do you think you could help me on this math assignment? I've been working for over an hour and I . . . got stuck on some hard problems."

Mr. Howard threw his hat onto a hat-rack against the wall and dropped his briefcase to the floor. Mark looked at the belt, waiting for an answer.

"It's your homework, not mine! When I was in school I never got any help on my homework! I either did it myself, or I didn't do it at all! Where's your mother?"

Mark stared at the math book. His eyes were moist, and the print looked blurred.

"She's . . . in the bedroom."

Mr. Howard staggered out of the living room towards the master bedroom. "I've got better things to do than waste my time on your lousy homework."

Mark slammed the math book closed and ripped his homework paper in half. He stood up, walked slowly to the far wall and opened the glass door of the hardwood gun case. He had to stand on his tiptoes, but he managed to lift the double-barreled shotgun out of its rack.

His body was moist with sweat, and the red welts stung. He grabbed two shells off the lowest shelf, loaded the rifle and crept stealthily into his parents' bedroom.

Mary Rogers was doing homework in her upstairs room when she heard the two firecracker-like blasts from next door.

## Teachers

Teachers are  
classroom hangers-on,  
comforted by dry chalk-dust smells and coffee.  
Secure with tenure,  
happy in meetings and lesson plans,  
hidden in corners with roll sheets,  
safe from life.

Teachers are  
compromisers.  
Expedience wears their sharp corners off.  
Afternoon meetings with minor league bullies,  
first period conferences with uncaring students,  
hot, silent rooms, and time  
file away corners to smooth impotence.

Teachers are  
starters,  
the first step in the domino-theory of learning.  
Their phrase leads to  
a book leads to  
an idea leads to?

Another generation pushing back to the dark,  
And teaching their children to do the same.

by Peter Fish

## Bubblegum

Top 40 stations fill the air  
The D J's go insane;  
To make them play  
That trash all day  
Seems to me quite inhumane!

by Pat Calligan



## The New Boy

TRUTH IS

by David Gallegos  
1/12/72 A.D.

Truth is a conglomeration of linear symbols usually found in the dictionary.\*

[\*See Footnote #1.]

<sup>1</sup>Dictionary: a conglomeration of linear symbols usually intended to explain the meaning of more linear symbols. Also used as a guide to the pronunciation.\*

(See Footnote #2.)

<sup>2</sup>Pronunciation: a collection of linear symbols conveying the abstract.\*

(See Footnote #3.)

<sup>3</sup>Abstract: See "TRUTH IS", a poem by David Gallegos, 1/12/72 A.D.

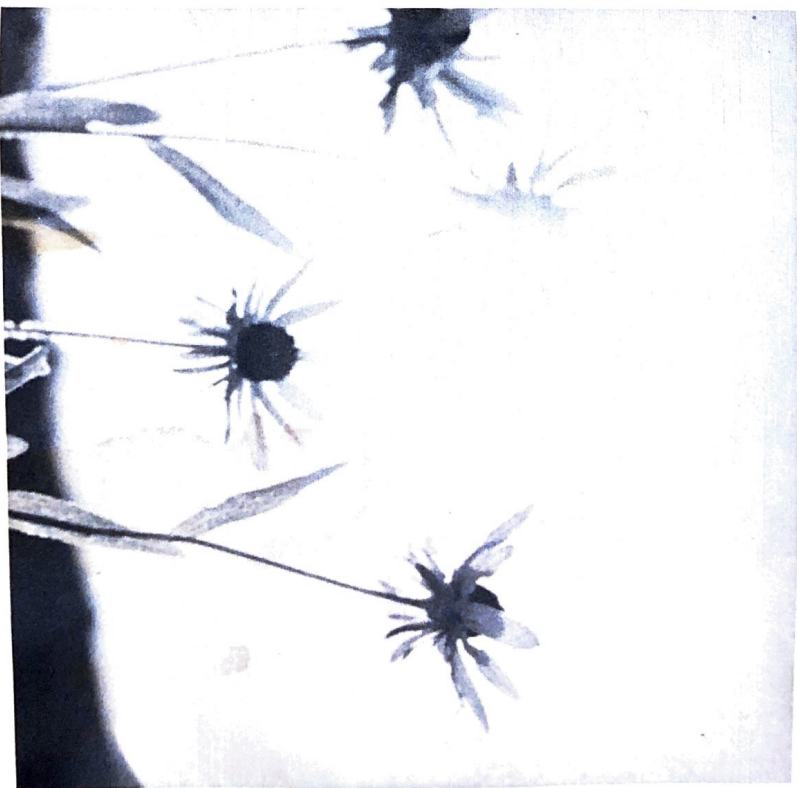


**A** spider crawls into a beehive, and suddenly all action stops. But only for a second, because instinctively the bees know that the spider is an intruder and must be killed. The spider disappears under a swarm of bees which sting it over and over until the spider is dead. Then it is dropped out onto the ground, to be left there and covered up by the leaves.

A war is being fought. A small army of men walk into the enemies' camp. They are going to talk of peace; but before their chance is given, all of them are shot down. Then their dead bodies are moved away as if nothing has happened.

A boy enters a classroom. He is new, a foreigner. All eyes turn toward him and tell him he is alien. As he walks forward, there are whispers. The eyes, the faces, and the whispers attack him, stabbing him and tearing him apart. They destroy him before he even sits down.

by Lucy Meterling





# Allergya



(after evening spent reading the collected  
works of Edgar Allan Poe and Bennett Cerf)

**A**las! How well do I remember those tragic sequences of events—they have left me bereft of comfort or hope of any kind. You say I deserve my Fate—and that is true, for I have done as foul a deed as could ever have been committed. But I was mad,—the clear light of reason was totally enshadowed by my mad passion.

I once loved her—my precious Allergya—whose every motion was filled with Grace, and whose every feature—save one!—was beauteous to the extreme. But, Alas!—for that one feature. It was her nose! Formerly, it is true, her nose was as beautiful as the rest of her. But, a horrible accident took place only a year after we were wed. She was taking bread from the oven—Oh! Wonderful cook that she was!—when she heard the crystal song of the dear little birdie whistling its merry tune. She tilted her head to hear it more clearly—forgetting, alas! that she still had her head in the oven. Oh! Unfortunate occurrence! She bumped her nose on the hot roof of the evil appliance. She did keep her wits—as she always did—and quickly and cleverly took her head out of the oven. Despite intense, grinding pain, she took her head out of the oven and reached for something to put on her nose that would ease the mortal agony. She poured some of the cool healing liquid—or so she thought—from a little bottle on the counter and onto her lovely, if now slightly red, nose. But alas!—the bottle was filled with lye!

Her nose was now a feature of the most awful magnificence! The horrid chemical had eaten half of it away, and the other half of the nose was swollen to twice its normal size by the oven. You may say, if one half of the nose was gone but the other half was twice its original size, then you would have a whole nose, but—such was not the case. Oh! her beautiful nose was now gone! At first it didn't upset me. I still loved Allergya. But I began to have dreams—dreams so awful as I can scarce tell them. Horrible demons intruded on my sleep, shouting, "No Nose Is Good Nose", "There's No Business Like Nose Business", and even "My Love Is Like A Red, Red, Nose". I grew insane. My nights—my days—my every thought was filled with images of sweet Allergya's horrible nose! But, I loved her! Her nose was undeserving of the radiant beauty that belonged to the rest of her face. I resolved to do something. But what?

With the clarity of madness, I devised a plot to rid Allergya of her horrible curse. I practiced often, and one night I crept into her room so I would not awaken my dear sleeping beauty. My hatchet was the sharpest, and my hand was steady. Then I came upon a remarkable idea. I could not bear to see Allergya feel any pain, so I would simply close my eyes as I swung the instrument of Allergya's salvation. I raised the hatchet, and accomplished the deed. I sat by the bed and waited for Allergya to rise from her scarlet sea and thank me. But alas! the minions of the law took me away, and so I never heard her sweet, dying words of gratitude.

by Peter Fish

## Great Impitor

Dull commercials on my screen  
Not mentioning the ones I've seen—  
Ex-Lax, Ajax, Ultra-Bright,  
Alka-Seltzer, every night,  
Liquid Plumber, Drano rest,  
Cause Roto-Rooter does the best!  
Cal Worthington is selling Dodge;  
Should I put one in my garage?

Eczema, and Dandruff, too,  
Hemorrhoids leap out at you.  
I could have stopped my warts-to-be,  
But I have turned off my TV.

by Pat Galligan



balloon man

balloon man

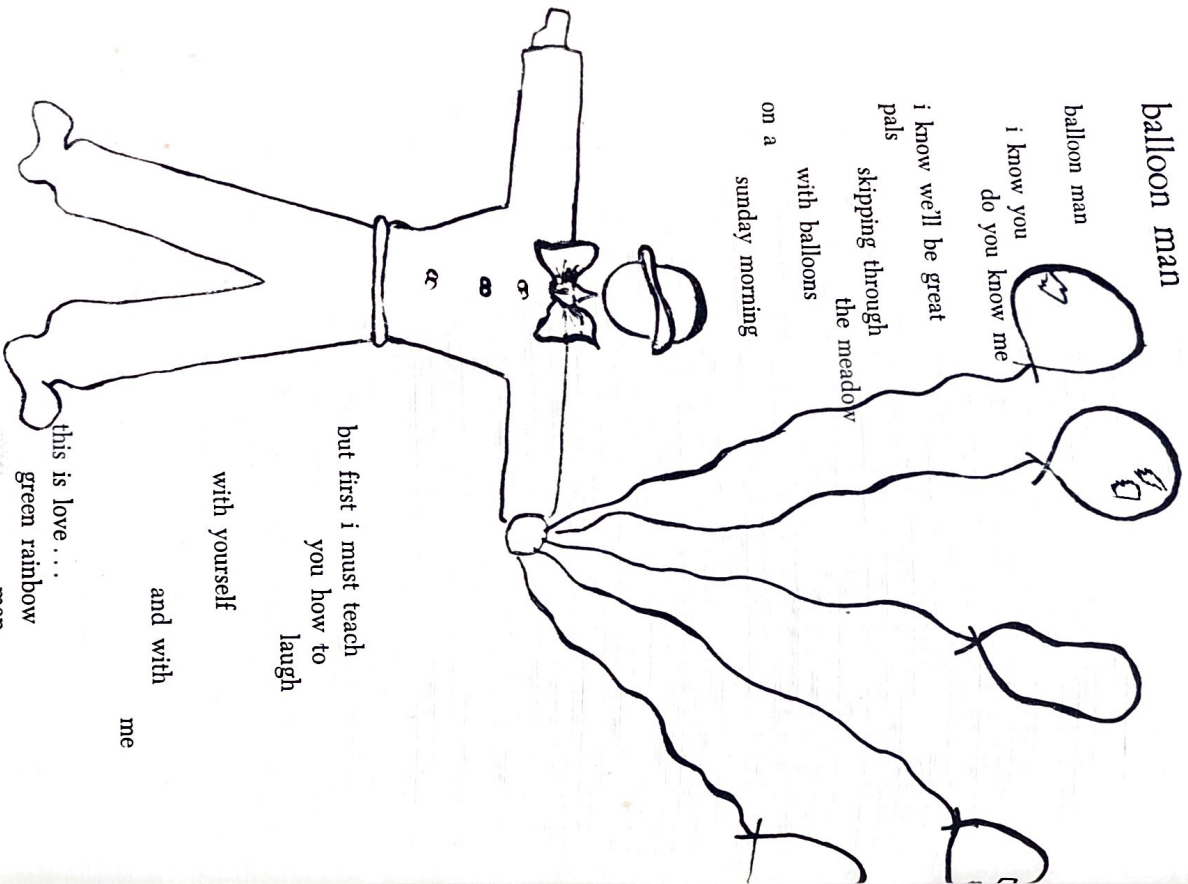
i know you  
do you know me

i know we'll be great  
pals

skipping through  
the meadow

with balloons

on a  
sunday morning



but first i must teach  
you how to  
laugh

and with  
me

this is love...  
green rainbow  
man.

by Lori Lee Sage

## The Prize



A strange glint caught the sun, and the attention of a small boy. He stood staring at it on the shale hill, thinking about it. He knelt down, taking off his boots and socks, and rolled up his pants. "Well, up we go," he mumbled to himself as he started up the hill. Before long he was covered from head to toe with a thick layer of dirt. His hands and arms were getting scraped and were bleeding in some places, but that didn't matter. He kept at it doggedly; he just had to find out what was making that glint!

A half-hour passed, another, and finally, a dirty little hand reached out to claim the prize he had worked so hard for.

Eagerly he shoved it into his pocket and made a headlong rush for the bottom of the hill. Shale filled his pantlegs and shirt, savagely poking him and digging into his skin. But it didn't matter to the small boy. He had the prize he wanted.

Once he reached the bottom of the hill, a small hand thrust deep into his small pocket. Past the ball of string, the big marble, and the rest of the things he had in his pocket, and grasping the object, he pulled it out. With it came other things that dropped to the ground to be forsaken there.

He looked over the object found on the hill, a broken piece of glass colored reddish by the sun. At that moment a big bug crawled across his bare foot. The glass was shoved away in his pocket as the bug caught his attention. "Where you going in such a rush?" he questioned the bug.

by Tom Hefner



## Happiness to a Chicano Is

Happiness is hearing your little *primito* yell Chicano Power!  
Happiness is gettin *pedo* with your *carnales* Saturday night.  
Or lowriding down Cooper in your '56 Chevy.  
Happiness is knowing that *La Casa* is your reason to fight!  
Happiness is writing *Viva La Raza* all over the walls at school,  
Or rapping with the new *Chicano* down the street.  
Happiness is a little *Chicanito's* first word,  
Or taking a *siesta* in the afternoon's heat.  
Happiness is buying the newest Santana album.  
Happiness is watching Plunkett throw six touchdowns in one game,  
Or reading the poem "Yo soy Joaquín."  
Happiness is knowing that when your *carnal* comes home from Chino,  
he won't be the same!

Happiness is listening to your *El Chicano* tapes.  
Happiness is two little *viejitos* walking hand in hand.  
Happiness is buying a new *Zapata* poster,  
Or knowing *Para Mi Raza*. I will take a stand!  
Happiness is the Midneters singing "That's All!"  
Or getting an "A" on your Mexican History test.  
Happiness is taking *abuelita* to church on Sunday morning,  
Or ethnocentrism: knowing that *Mi Raza* is the best!  
Happiness is passing a bottle of *Spanada* up at Steeple Park,  
Or a warm *burrito* on a cold, rainy day.  
Happiness is a bumper sticker that says "I am proud to be Chicano!"  
Or parading down the street in your Brown Beret!

I may not have their looks, their money, or their fortune, pero yo  
*tengo mas! Yo tengo mi familia, mi orgullo, y mi Raza!*  
*Que Viva La Raza!*

by Berta Payan





## KSL

Night — over the deserts,  
the mountains, the mesas, arroyos —  
is old and has slipped  
down into bleakest 3 A.M.,  
taking Globe, and Ely, and Pocatello  
into the jet void.

The night's cold kingdom —  
thousands of miles of darkness  
broken, here and there,  
by the neon of Conoco Station  
and fifty thousand watts.

In faded rooms  
people sat and talked of the heat,  
and California.  
But that is gone now,  
their conversations  
dying in the night,  
a flame smothered by the black night blanket,  
their lives emptying out into the night,  
as the mantle clock marks the silent gray hours.

The box on the nightstand speaks — almost too late.  
A chance to restore the warm flame of life.  
An electronic flame perhaps,  
but all there is at 3 A.M.  
"— Radio KSL."

The announcer now speaks,  
"Please, folks, call in.  
Our lines are now open.  
Our lines are now open,  
for calls from Utah, Nevada,  
and New Mexico."

It is three A.M., and they call in,  
from darkened rooms  
in Tonopah, Cedar City, and Butte,  
talking of the heat,  
and California.  
Faded souls sheltered from the night, once again,  
still knowing that night is but a rehearsal.



## In Memory of Michael

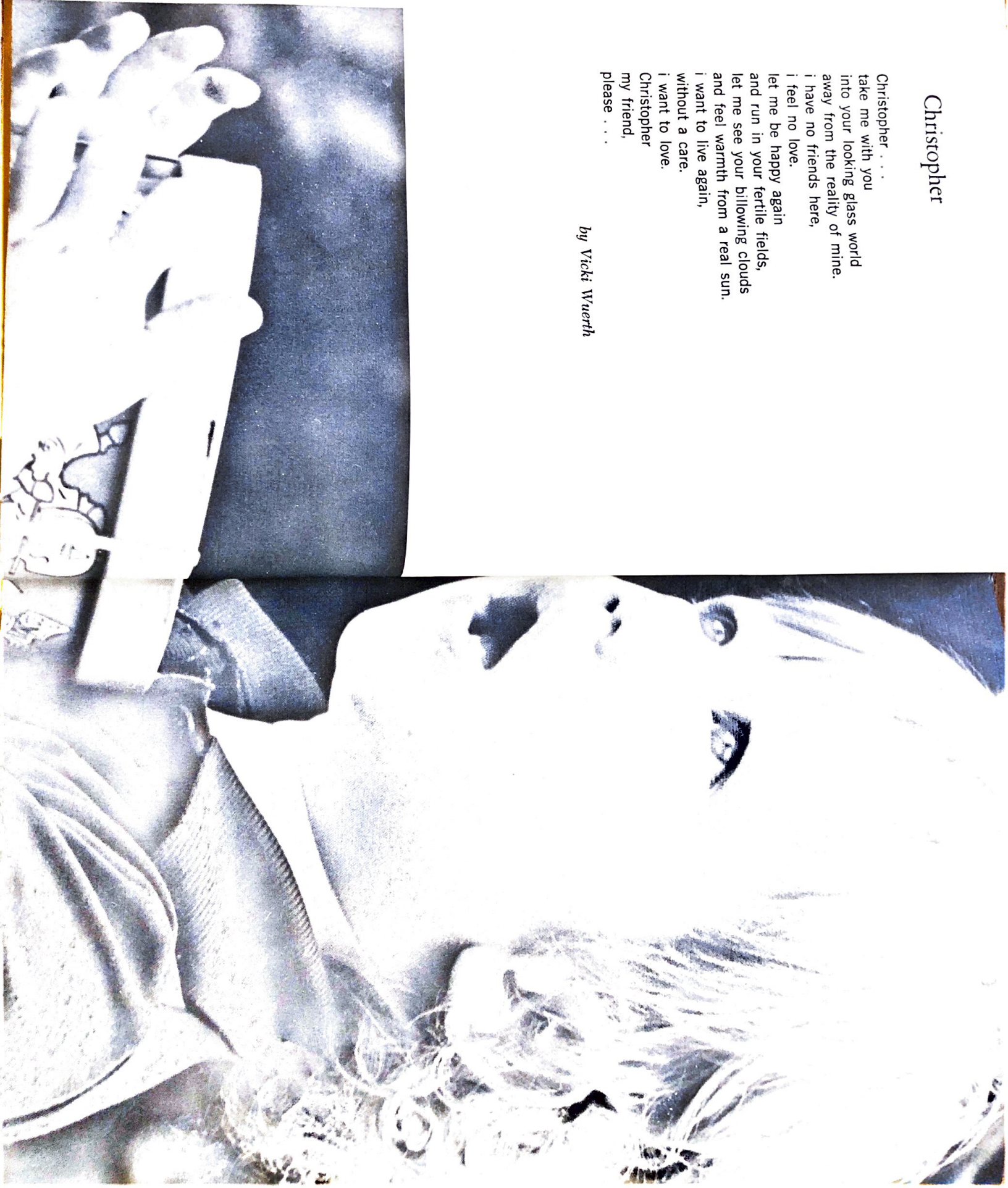
I'm leaving here. My friends, my home, my life will change. As I prepare to walk out the door the hardest thing to leave behind is not my friends. They will always be my friends. It is not my home, the place I have grown up in and loved. The hardest thing to leave is a single crayoned word in green and all it means to me. "Mike," it reads. Mike, oh Mike, I've looked upon that so often and smiled or cried but always remembered. Written by a small, plump hand. You were five and I was eight. You were my brother and we fought and screamed but always loved. I'm leaving here, but I will not leave you behind. You are memories to me, and I will take them with me.



## Christopher

Christopher . . .  
take me with you  
into your looking glass world  
away from the reality of mine.  
i have no friends here,  
i feel no love.  
let me be happy again  
and run in your fertile fields,  
let me see your billowing clouds  
and feel warmth from a real sun.  
i want to live again,  
without a care.  
i want to love.  
Christopher  
my friend,  
please . . .

by Vicki Wuerth





# War Games

**T**he stage is dark. Some slightly jazzy, cheerful music starts loudly to play, and as it does, a **YOUNG MAN** very neatly dressed in a suit and tie bounces onto the stage, his path marked by a spotlight. As he smiles brightly at the audience, the music reaches a crescendo, and an offstage **ANNOUNCER** speaks.

**ANNOUNCER:** And here it is, folks, the game that all the world wants to play; The Cold War Game, with your host, Thor van der Blast. (APPLAUSE)

**THOR:** Thank you, thank you. We've got a real hot show for you today, taking off from where we left yesterday with our three contestants from the United States, The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and Sweden. (As he speaks, Thor waves his hand to indicate the now lighted table, where two men and a woman sit. One man is wearing a Stetson; before him is a pitcher of water and the sign, **UNITED STATES**. The woman in the middle is plump and blond. Before her is a water pitcher, a large cloth purse and a sign reading **SWEDEN**. The man on the left of the woman is wearing a fur cap; before him is a sign reading **U.S.S.R.** and a water pitcher.)

Meanwhile, a lovely young girl dressed in a very tight spangled costume walks onto the stage. She stands a little behind Thor, waiting for him to finish his speech.

**THOR:** Yes, and we have some truly exciting prizes for our winner today. (He waves his hand at the girl.) Bubbles, tell the audience about the fabulous prizes our winner gets.

**BUBBLES:** (After stopping an attack of giggles) Yes, Thor, we have some keen prizes for our lucky winner! Today they include Costa Rica, Albania, and Thailand, plus much, much more! (As Bubbles speaks, she has slowly moved back towards the panelist's seats. At the end of her speech, the man from the **U.S.S.R.** reaches over and pinches her. Bubbles squeals and turns around and slaps him. She exits.)

**THOR:** Now, now, **U.S.S.R.**, wait until the end of the show. You don't even know if you've won yet. (Thor continues more rapidly.) Now, as you all know, the object of the game is world domination. You can use any promises or threats you like (but no actual murdering of your opponent country's representative up to and including the last resort — an all-out atomic attack.) Yes, all you have to do is pick up your Hot Line, and within minutes, hundreds of merry missiles will be winging their way into the cities and towns of your

opponent's country! (As he speaks, Bubbles distributes three red phones, one to each contestant.) Just remember that the attackee has 10 seconds after you pick up your phone to do the same to you. If you can't call without his (or her) seeing you, then your country will be destroyed, too, and what's worse, will be out of the game. So, play dirty and get out there and win. (Exits.)

All three of the contestants have been watching each other suspiciously, and at the end of Thor's speech, all grab for their Hot Line at the same time. Then, seeing that they all had the same idea, they warily smile at each other and put the phones down.

**MRS. SWEDEN:** (still smiling) Lovely weather we're having, isn't it? Almost like Stockholm.

**MR. U.S.:** That may be, ma'am, but it isn't nearly as fine as good old 100% American weather. (pompously) Why, it almost brings tears to my eyes when I remember the warm prairie sun of Kansas, America's breadbasket, the cool fogs of Oregon, the crisp autumns of New England, the cradle of our democracy—

**MR. U.S.S.R.:** The hurricanes of Florida, America's mosquito capital.

Bahl!

**MR. U.S.:** (rises from his chair) Wait a minute, Russkie—

**MR. U.S.S.R.:** (rising also) Shut up, capitalist pig!

They both stand up and start to hit each other. **MRS. SWEDEN** bounces up and down in silent giggles as they fight. Then she reaches for the phone. Just as she picks it up, **U.S.** and **U.S.S.R.** notice what she is doing and stop fighting. They both put their hands around **SWEDEN'S** throat. She is saved from strangulation only when she puts down the phone and picks up her purse and starts to hit her attackers with it. Eventually, the struggle ceases, and all three calm down and smile at each other.

Then, without **U.S.S.R.** noticing, **U.S.** taps **SWEDEN** on the shoulder, and motions to her to get up. **U.S.S.R.** still doesn't notice anything as they walk to the front of the stage. The stage goes dark, except for a spotlight on the pair.

**MR. U.S.:** Listen, ma'am, you saw the way that Russkie attacked that poor little Bubble girl. Doesn't that make your blood boil? (Sweden nods.) Well, I have a proposition to make. (Sweden looks shocked.) No, a business proposition. We both agree that his kind aren't fit to rule the world. So why don't we go into partnership? You dis-tract him for ten seconds while I call the Hot Line. Then you won't have to worry your pretty little head about being attacked. Well, what do you say?



MRS. SWEDEN: (Giggling) Oh, such a clever man you are. What a sweet idea. I'll do it.

*U.S. and SWEDEN sit down as the lights go up on the table again. They both smile at U.S.S.R., who smiles back. Then, without U.S. noticing, SWEDEN whispers into U.S.S.R.'s ear, and the latter two leave the table. The table grows dark as it did before, with the spotlight on SWEDEN and U.S.S.R.*

MRS. SWEDEN: (Giggling) Oh, I have such a nice ideal. Why don't we get rid of that awful American? I just can't take him any more. His voice! His manners! Such a change from the old world, where men know how to behave. (Giggling again, trying to be seductive.) You know how to behave. I can see it in your eyes.

MR. U.S.S.R.: What do I have to do?

MRS. SWEDEN: (Suddenly businesslike) All you have to do is distract him. Keep him busy for ten seconds while I call the attack. You can do it easily.

MR. U.S.S.R.: You are an unusual woman. I will be most happy to get rid of that boorish imperialistic swine. I'll do it.

*SWEDEN giggles happily as she and U.S.S.R. return to the table. They both smile at U.S. as they sit down. After a few seconds of mutual smiling, U.S.S.R. reaches behind SWEDEN, and without her noticing, nods his head at U.S. in the direction of the front of the stage. The two get up and leave, again without SWEDEN'S noticing anything. The stage once again grows dark except for a spotlight on the conspirators.*

MR. U.S.S.R.: Isn't that woman's giggling and babbling driving you mad?

MR. U.S.: I can't say that her voice is music to my ears.

MR. U.S.S.R.: Well, don't you think, as men, that we should do something about it? Women don't belong in politics. They're too unstable. I don't see how they ever let her in.

MR. U.S.: What do you suggest?

MR. U.S.S.R.: It's simple, really. All you do is keep her busy for ten seconds while I dial the Hot Line. With your rugged American charm, it should be easy for you. I already know how much she admires you.

MR. U.S.: (flattered) OK, then. You're on.

*They return to the table, where for a few more seconds they smile at SWEDEN and each other. Then, THOR comes back onto the stage, brightly smiling and addresses the contestants.*

THOR: All right, gang, what have you come up with? Any major wars? Any small wars? (Hopefully) Any border incidents? Assassinations? (Incredulous) Nothing?

*The contestants look at each other carefully. First, U.S. nods and smiles at SWEDEN, who nods back at him. Then SWEDEN nods broadly at U.S.S.R., who nods back at her. Then U.S.S.R. utters a common signal, all three pick up their phones and scream "Attack". They stare in horror as they realize that each of them has done the same thing. From offstage we hear BUBBLES scream. Even THOR looks terrified as the stage goes black and a distant rumbling, like that of an explosion, grows louder and louder.*

by Peter Fish

## Pollution Haiku

Gophers eat the roots;  
Clouds pass over the dead corn.  
Farmer's children starve.

Big Alice moves us.  
Sweat and blood are flowing.  
Roller Derby game.

Oily gray salmon  
Once live and pink, now  
Dying in man's greed.

Stagnant lily pond;  
Fatal sewer overflows.  
Froggy sits dying.

by Peter Fish



I think something should be done about the friend who makes up the questions for the standardized tests that we all know and love. I'm talking about the SAT's, the ACT's, and the Achievement Tests—those tests that require a half-hour of driving, along with five or so hours of torture that you endure in the hard, folding chairs. The powers-that-be apparently feel that these tests prove something besides physical endurance, so you're forced to take them.

The questions that I simply don't know aren't the ones that bother me. They take up very little time, for as soon as I realize that I don't remember why President Van Buren was defeated, or what the radian measure of  $\frac{1}{2} \pi$  is, I can go on to another question. But some of the questions on these tests seem to be designed to make me stop thinking about the test and start thinking about the weird and grisly implications of the test questions. This wastes a lot of valuable time that should be spent in trying to remember what a predicate nominative is.

The main offenders are the English Composition questions. Whoever makes them up has a mind comparable to Poe and Hitchcock, and he has used his talents for the strong and macabre to bedevil students. He doesn't put his most gruesome efforts at the beginning of the test, of course. He prefers to make us feel secure amid misspelled words and synonyms. But after we begin to feel that maybe the test isn't so bad after all, he starts to throw in some of the products of his warped mind. For example, what would you do if you were told to correct this sentence: "A man in a brown suit named Johnson came into the room."?

Would you try to correct it, or would you spend time wondering how a suit would get a name like Johnson? Was its father's name Johnson? Did it come from a sheep named Johnson? Was Johnson its first or last name? What did its friends call it? Did it have any friends? Did its owner call it Johnson, or just "that old brown suit"? These kinds of things take hours to answer. And this is a mild example of what the test throws at you. A worse one is: "There was a sensational sale of a piano by a man with four beautifully carved legs." To me, this one sentence vividly describes a scene of pure Gothic horror. We are in an ornate auction room, rich with red velvet carpeting and silk curtains. The crowd is composed of elegant matrons and distinguished looking men. This is the social event of the season. At the front of the room is the auctioneer, impeccably dressed. He is standing by a grand piano. He walks over to it, rubbing his hands over its fine gilded contours. Suddenly, the sound of tearing clothes is heard throughout the room. A ro-coco edge of the piano has caught the auctioneer's pants and ripped them apart. Men shudder and women faint as the horrible truth is revealed, where the auctioneer's legs should be are four beautifully carved wooden

legs, polished to a deep gloss. The auctioneer cringes in terror when he realizes his secret is out. Screams fill the room. What will happen next? It's too awful to speculate.

Once you get an image like that into your head, it's very difficult to get it out. I can still vividly recall the scene that was described by one incorrect sentence, as vividly as if I had watched it on television last night. Indeed, the situation described in the sentence, "Having eaten our lunches, the excursion boat took us away" isn't at all unlike the grade B science fiction movies that TV is so fond of showing at one in the morning. I can see it now, in all of its technicolor gore. A happy crowd of vacationers is standing on a dock. A beautiful young girl is perplexedly looking through her belongings. She calls out to the man next to her, who, despite his youthful good looks, is clearly a distinguished scientist. "Mark, I can't seem to find my sack lunch. What could have become of it?"

Mark takes the pipe that he was smoking out of his mouth and replies, "That's odd, Gloria. I can't seem to find mine, either. And I sure wanted to dig into a hunk of your delicious chicken-peanut butter sandwiches. Don't tell the others about this — they'll only get panicky."

But it is too late. The other vacationers have noticed that their lunches are missing also. Since Mark is the *de facto* leader of the group in time of crisis (and this certainly is one), the crowd rushes up to him for an explanation. But it does no good. One of the men turns away from Mark and stares at the large excursion boat that brought them there. The man starts to scream, "What are all those paper bags doing in the water? My God, the boat is smiling! It's eaten them! Help!" As the rest of the crowd looks towards the boat, its smile turns into a demonic sneer. The boat starts to advance towards the dock, and as it does so, its serpentine fire hoses rise up off the decks and wrap themselves around some of the people on the dock. The victims are carried, struggling and sobbing, into the ship's hold. Mark tries to lead the rest of the crowd to safety, but it is no use. My final image is of Gloria, screaming desperately for Mark as the evil hoses wrap themselves around her voluptuous body.

Now how can you get any work done with that sort of thing floating around in your mind? If they were testing your powers of concentration, I could understand their putting in these sorts of questions, but they are supposed to be testing your English prowess. Does it make them happy to know that they are driving millions of innocents to mental breakdowns? You may tell me to calm down, that it isn't as bad as it seems, but I tell you, it's worse. For you see, the last question I saw was this little gem: "When do we eat Mother?" Think about it.

by Peter Fish



## Autumn

from bakery windows  
i see the sigh of winter  
winds button up coats  
of children as they pass  
bundled under warmths  
of scarves and coloured sweaters  
they sing of skipping summer  
days in lazy silence

they will find forgotten autumn hues  
leaves in the pockets of  
their jackets long after all  
the leaves are blown away

by Kym Leggett

## Soaked Notes from a Fool

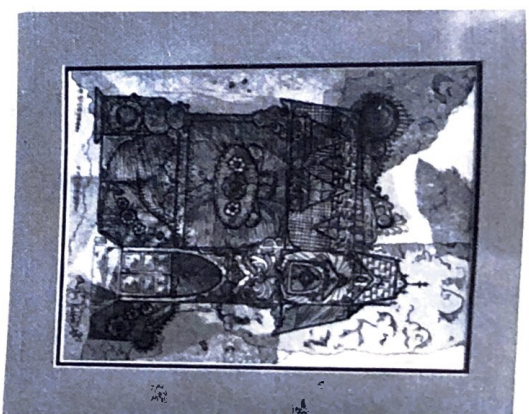
This story is about rain,  
dreams, sorrows, tears, frogs and princesses.  
It's not written in beautiful handwriting  
on gold and satin velvet;  
It's just a bunch of funny words  
that I seldom speak,  
only whisper late at night, and  
then only to the lifeless walls of  
my shrinking room.

They're just soaked notes from a fool  
who never saw the morning  
and never understood the night.

Turn the page and I'll just fade away  
FADE AWAY

FADE AWAY

by Michael Beeler



## Ghosts and the Summer Evening

(the memories of youth go calling.)

There's a distinctive echo to the place, that crawls  
in and out of the silt and chipped block brick,  
into the very skeleton of all the tin-dotted streets,  
warily creeping to the alleyways upon the paws of gutter calicoes —  
even among the young girls felling summer nights  
with pleasure for young boys...  
(or whoever dares climb to the beaten stoops),  
under gaze of the feline hand  
poised, the guise of lacey coverings.

The asphalt and cement with plugged cracks of black,  
and ugly mongrel dogs biting air in the trail of bicycles,  
or autos with bumpers bent, chipped glass and littered bottles  
echo upon the scent of muggy evenings, when they are vacant.  
The boarded landings, empty; sheets and drizzle coming down.

The flavor of heavily breathing children as they run  
or possibly spilled ice cream on steps,  
singing back in the form of ghosts, on such evenings,  
when porches are filled with livid, breathing personages,  
when aromatic stench fills the nostrils . . .  
singing vital and sometimes moanings slowly,  
passing softly through my shoes  
the reek and living of the inner city tableaux,  
my herd of gentle ghosts.

by Ron Kirchoff



## Winners of the 1972

### Wilson-Nichol Writing Contest

#### Short Stories:

- First Place—"Come Saturday Morning" by Deborah Maggipinto
- Second Place—"What a Friend We Have in Malthus" by Peter Fish
- Third Place—"Home, Sweet Home" by Conley Smith

#### Formal Essays:

- First Place—"The Good Life?" by Deborah Maggipinto
- Second Place—"Homo Paradoxica" by Mike Ribble
- Third Place—"Capital Punishment Is Out" by Teri Teel

#### Informal Essays:

- First Place—"Misplaced Phrases Not Nice Are" by Peter Fish
- Second Place—"Master of My Fate" by Peter Fish
- Third Place—"The New Boy" by Lucy Meierding

#### Humorous Verse:

- First Place—"Test Pattern" by Barbara Wunder
- Second Place—"Truth Is" by David Gallegos
- Third Place—"Caveat Emptor" by Pat Calligan

#### Humorous Prose:

- First Place—"Allergya" by Peter Fish
- Second Place—"All the Data That's Fit to Print Out" by Peter Fish
- Third Place—"A Story" by Bruce Cates

#### Dramatic Script:

- First Place—"War Games" by Peter Fish

#### Serious Verse:

- First Place { "Massachusetts" by Peter Fish  
              "Songs of an Aged Wanderer" by Ron Kirchoff
  - Second Place { "Painting" by Kym Leggett  
                  "Flying Kite Days" by Michael Beeler
  - Third Place—"Veteran" and "Silence" by Mary Bryant
  - Fourth Place—"Sept. 28" by Kym Leggett
- Commentations: "The Innkeeper" by Deanna Thompson; "Daring Me" by Michael Beeler; "A Mistake" by Susie Clary; "The Plight of Man" by Jane Meyers; "Anthem" by Ron Kirchoff; "Teachers" by Peter Fish; "Listen" by Sana Peterson

#### Song:

- First Place—"California Immigrants" by Peter Fish
- Second Place—"Dusty Road" by Deanna Thompson
- Third Place—"She's a Woman" by Michael Beeler

#### Haiku:

- First Place—Peter Fish
- Second Place—Vicki Wuerth
- Third Place—Tom Hefner

The very texture of every enduring work of art must imbed the glowing life of its own times and the embers of the past. If it does not cover space as history, it must plumb the depths of emotion in an individual to reach the universal perception.

—Young E. Allison,  
My Old Kentucky Home