


Spring 1969

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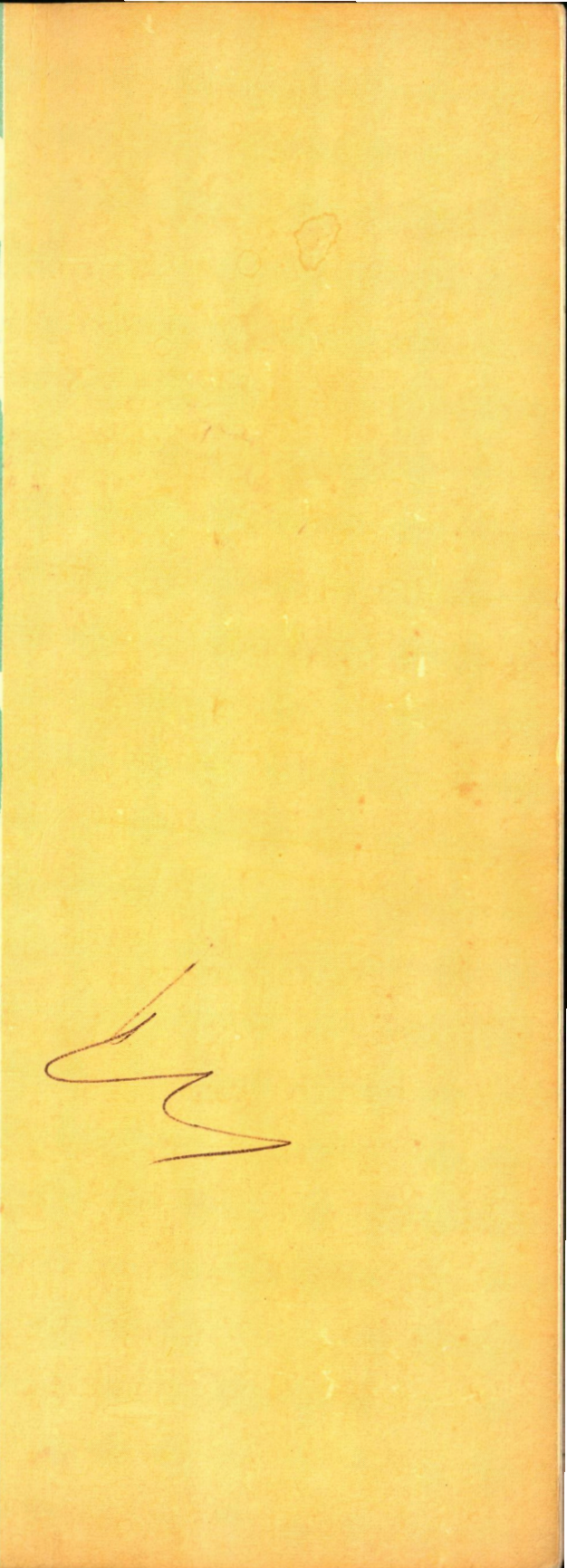
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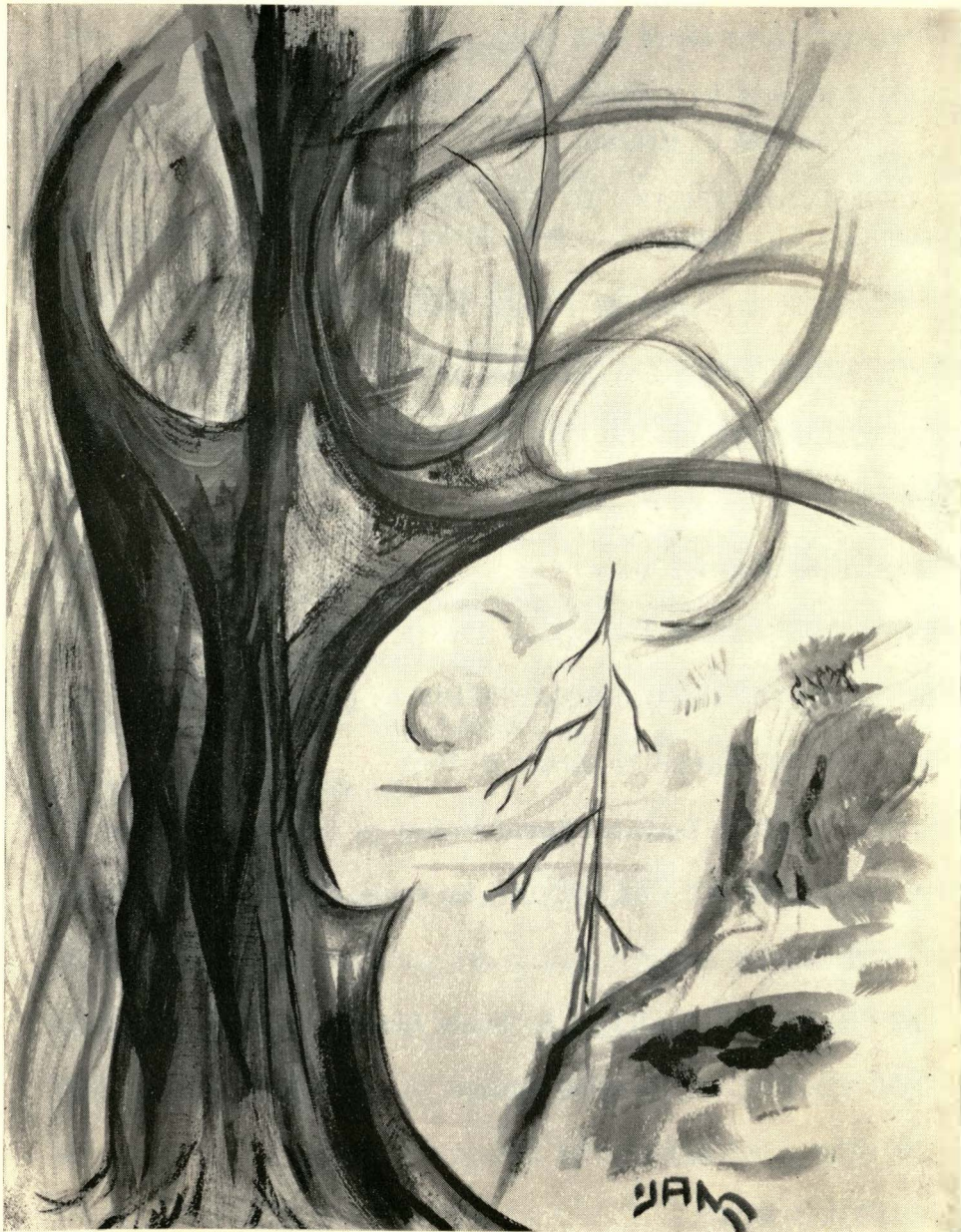


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QUOTES

"I am," said the tree to the wind,
"A quiet one of many moods."
(And the wind rumbled and tossed.)
"I am," roared the wind, "the expression
Of all, the hoard of all that
Breaks myself in the mountains
And falls to bending mums.
The wet calm streams from a thousand
Hade's chambers ripple at my touch,
And tall grasses lay a mat.
Clouds are my playthings,
Creatures, my love. I am the
Harlot of all."
The tree sighed and cast a cooling
Shadow.

-Linda Phillips

PSALM OF JERCAME

In the astral darkness on the lake,
The quiet pounds its mold into the fauna.
The mystic grasses winding in the night
Tell us, in the purple haze,
Of the lightning in the morning,
That devours us with its rage,
And leaves us in the darkness and the fire.
We wrap our minds, as grey wanderers,
Tight into the universe,
And the day is long and lonely
As the night sings to us
Its sweet whore-song.

-Ronald E. HOItchin

REMNANTS OF LOVE

What more is love that's lost
than an evening breeze
lingering for an hour;
what more than a quaint castle
built upon the sand
with its tumbling tower.

What else is love that's lost
than ebbing waves at sea,
or the sometime patterns woven
by the moon gleaming
through the branches of a tree.

Lost love is no different
than a jasmine candle
which burns a little while,
or no different from
a brook that whispers
and seems to shyly smile.

Lost love is almost the same
as listening to a song
or knowing a moment has just passed-
for quite as quickly,
love is gone.

But sometimes when an evening breeze
brushes softly past my cheek,
as love, my cheek touched then,
I secretly remember
the shared, short-lived
songs and joys again.

And when I see some sand,
I remember castle towers-
and hand in hand along some beach,
we got sunburns gathering starfish
into the evening hours.

At other late hour times,
I find the moon just right-
there, I see his face
in moon-lace patterns on the grass.
Bits of time turn back to love
and late hours spent in another place.

And when I have the chance
to view the wonders of the sea,
once more I find returning
the tidal waves
of lost love's memory.

Now and then a memory smiles
from a shy brook I go past
or shines soft gold and bright
while another scented candle burns.
All more vivid than dreamed before,
moments loved and lost return.

Reminiscence comes creeping
of special times gone through.
Memories just lay sleeping
and only wake for keeping
these remnants of love we knew.

-Laura Lilld



AS I MET THUNDER

The quiet kingdom sleeps,
with dark clouds forbidding.
Songs that escape
are met with thunder.

The King has led us
yet we are deceived.
The good that survives
is met with thunder.

The restless, troubled waters
reflect flame afield.
Witness the thunder that
has met with thunder.

The air of sterility
lingers within my passages.
Cleansed by air
that has met with thunder.

- Marc Perry

OUR SWEETEST SONGS

Albert Sheldon did not go straight home from the office. Instead of taking the usual five-fifteen bus, he stopped at a small out-of-the-way bar with the unlikely name of the Grapefruit Half. It was just the kind of smoky, inconspicuous place that he needed in which to cool off. As it was one of those off-beat little clubs that cater to a variety of types, Albert felt assured he would not run into anyone from the office.

Albert was beginning to realize that his position as assistant general manager of the credit department of the Weston Restaurant Equipment Company could be spelled f-1-u-n-k-y. Angry and rebellious at the turn of affairs at the office, he could not bring himself to go home yet.

He'd had a row with Stafford, his department superior. Albert hated Stafford, one of those young college graduates who were becoming increasingly numerous around the office. They always thought they knew more than the men with years of experience in the business. The young smart alecks with their loud clothes - pin-striped shirts, brightly patterned ties and ascots, gleaming loafers, and plaid pants - their long hair and sideburns.

A loud burst of laughter from an adjoining table interrupted Albert's thoughts. A group of college students were drinking beer. The young men wore turtle-neck sweaters with beads, colorful trousers, and sandals. Some of them were bearded. The girls wore fringed jeans and man-tailored blouses, and their hair was very long and straight.

Hippies, thought Albert contemptuously. Giving them a malevolent glare, he ordered another double bourbon. He had decided, if not to get bombed out of his mind, at least to get a little high before going home to have dinner with Louise.

Nursing his second drink, he turned his attention to another table. A group of people about his own age were in the incipient stage of drunkenness. Their boisterous laughter and obscene language annoyed him. He knew their kind - the life-of-the-party characters who thought life was one big ball and that they stayed young forever. One member of the group in particular irritated him - a brunette in a red sequined cocktail dress cut much too low for her sagging bosom. Although her long black hair was obviously dyed and she wore far too much make-up, the woman bore traces of what had once been stunning beauty. But, thought Albert, she's far from beautiful now, spilling her drink and giggling drunkenly. The old bat!

His drinks were beginning to take effect. And he turned his thoughts to where they had been very frequently in the past few weeks. Miss Diane Lawton, the new secretary. Oh yes, Miss Lawton, so tall and blonde and cool. She walked around the office as if she had no idea that all the men were watching her. When she would bend over a desk or open the bottom drawer of a filing cabinet, her long blonde hair fell over her face and her short skirts moved farther up on her thighs. And Albert would think of what it would be like to have her in bed instead of Louise.

life I was told, never adding or detracting anything. Now I want adventure and excitement before it's too late. I feel like going to the airport, getting on a plane, and flying off into the sunset. Except I think the sun's already set."

Barbara exhaled smoke reflectively and sighed. "Did you ever wish you were young again, Al?"

"At the moment I feel young. I guess maybe I'm drunk."

"And worrying about what your wife will say when you stagger home."

They laughed and touched hands across the table. He wished he had the car and could take her driving out of the city into the dark hills. And to park beneath the stars...

"Life is so damned short, Al. Oh, there I go talking in cliches. I hate myself when I do that. No, I mean look at these kids here. They're having the most meaningful moments of their lives. and they won't understand that until they're no longer young. Youth is the most precious and transitory thing."

Albert followed her wistful gaze across the smoke-filled room. Drunker and noisier now, the students were lifting their glasses of beer at intervals and shouting, "Death to the Establishment!" in unison.

"Well," said Albert, "There's not much to be said for middle age, but can these kids actually want to destroy all we've built?"

"Now **you** are talking in cliches." Barbara set her glass down hard. "It's time we had some changes, and in spite of everything, we will. Have we built so much? No, Al, there are more things wrong than right. But someday, someday people will evolve from the small mean stupid things they are, and we'll have a new era of freedom. intellectualism, and peace."

"But we won't see that day. All we have is now. All we've got to live for now are the tiny bits of magic we find scattered through our lives. Those small shining fragments are what it's all about."

Albert looked at her in wonder. She would always be young. In spite of the defiantly youthful hairstyle and garish clothes that only emphasized her age, she was timeless.

And he almost loved her. In that intoxicating moment of freest clarity he saw it all on a larger scale and felt a surge of lightness. He was floating, disembodied, and he saw her eyes quicken.

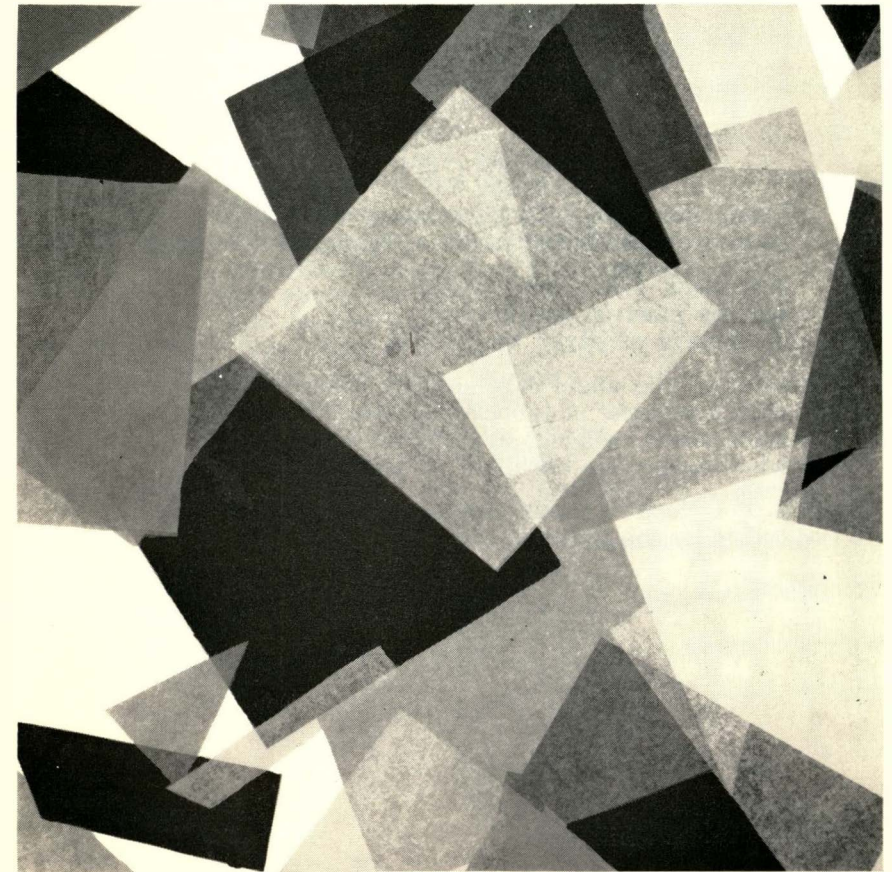
But as his head began to clear, he could feel the old ties pulling at him - the known, the familiar and secure basis of his life. Which was not and never could be a romantic encounter in an anonymous bar filled with sexy music; not a mysterious dark woman with fathomless eyes; not even a brief moment of insight into the generation gap. No more white Jaguars or seductive young secretaries. There was instead Louise who lived cliches. and Bill away at college (gone forever, really). There was a dull obscure position in a dull obscure office. And an olive-green Ford.

Barbara sensed it, too. Maybe ties of her own were calling. She smiled and spoke softly. "But you have to find the magic

before the longing for it dies." She paused and finished her drink. "'Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought'." There was a short embarrassed silence in which Barbara picked at a flaw in the table's surface with one long red nail, her wonderful eyes misty and soft. Then she smiled at Albert brightly. "Watch out when I start reciting poetry. It's a sure sign I'm on my way to becoming incoherently drunk. When I'm that drunk I quote everything from the Bible to Allen Ginsberg. So I'd better go home now." She stood gracefully. "Thank you, Albert Sheldon, for the drinks and the small moments."

He watched her weaving progress as she left the bar. He felt the familiar heaviness settle back on him as if it had never been gone. No, his chances for adventure had gone by long ago. And he did not wish to chase them now. He hardly even missed them as he fumbled in his trousers pocket for enough change to pay the check.

-Linda Graft



HAIKU No. V

Lives flittering by
Each different as snowflakes
Melting too quickly.

-Laura Anne Bartels

CONCERT

lovers now join with a commune of dreamers
to be drenched in the purple and crimson of concert.

sky black bleeds moonbeams
weaves hues in the heavens
to carpets of silver that shine.

voice of the angel caresses the crowd
with a whisper of innocent wisdom, of truth...
mass union in silent ovation for brothers
who wander the darkness in search of a truce.

lovers weep in pursuit of peace
full with the promise of song.

-Tish Adkins

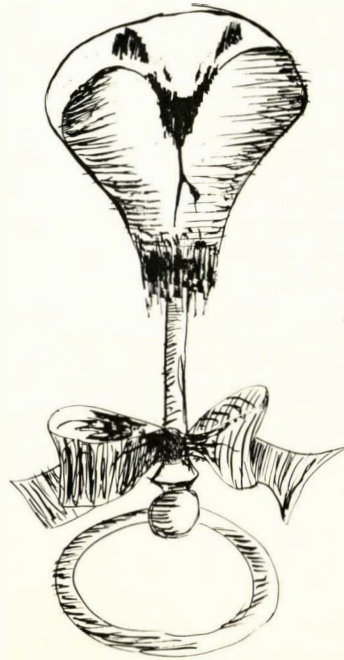
DISILLUSIONED CYNIC

Twin revolving sirens ahead
Beckon small boys to run
And even I alter my course
As I walk to the concert alone.
Curious to the sounds
 and foregoing my feigned cool,
Was it with betrayed eyes
I learned of no accident
 but of a parade?
Thirty-two marching bands
Placed end to end will reach
From town to the college.
The world loves a parade?
Not the crepe-papered blue Buick
(newlyweds trapped on a side street)
But above the drone of red
Are excited sbuls of children.
"Look, daddy-I see a clown!"
Lucky ones catch candies
And even cynics smile.
And jumping when they come,
The children set to burst
As fire trucks and boy scouts
Dissolve into ponies.

-Pamela Irwin

In those years within the mouth of April
 I struggled in the taste of youth.
 I would sink within me deep;
 In those hours on my Knuckle Hill I walked
 Outside and unwise in pain.
 I was new and fond to every grief
 That crossed my straight unripened will.
 Then glorious infant at the Garden Gate
 I stumbled in the weeds of wisdom,
 Not with the fears of worldly sore,
 Light-green on the turf of being's force.
 I knew no sin or darker drew.
 Soon to lip of corrupted drink-
 Pure for creation, I could create,
 Rhythm could flow of ethereal birth,
 Until the serpentine make of earth
 Destroyed the spirit of Apollo.

-Ronald E. Houchin



MAY 24TH

The coldness we had only half-remembered
 Sprang up this evening from a field of hay.
 We ambled, rambled over paths of ice,
 Clutched to the fence and mumbled stark and gray.
 We walked on quick and turned our heads away
 And half-ignored the message of December;
 Iago laughs a fallen-angel laugh: half curse, half
 bray,
 Remembering the streets of long-lost Paradise.
 Where can he go? - the chamber or the fire?
 Where fling the mountains? or the cannon still?
 The Son of God has pushed him to the spire
 Of nine-day falling, of the falling still
 With only a fragment of the golden chain
 While the anvil, the pride, and the longing remain.

-David Reid Dillon

BUS STOP WIDOW

tears of a solitary woman in the rain
 stream down her life in blue and black
 and drip through the hours of sorrow and discontent.
 she, more alone for the years of loving now gone,
 stands weeping at the bus stop
 waiting for God to take her away.

-Tish Adkins

Standing on a great marble floor saddened
And alone with the fear of slow dying,
The black stone, ebon sky, and several stars,
I saw a single jewel on the other
Side of May, old and laden with dead years.
Each street was on a different world and her
Avenues spanned the length and breadth of time.
But now I am old and naked beneath
The ages that are here... though the past days
Are yet alive they are as barren as
Crumbled statues making love; the Triumph
Of Neptune and Aphrodite is lost.
I, the city, the confused, the senile,
Embrace the unfeeling tide of darkness.

-Robert Wylie Plymale

BASTILLE DAY

Snake in the weeds
Your color chameleon
Your hiss sweet-sounding
And your strength hypocrisy.

You, the jail
You, the jailor
You, the only key.

And I? I strain at the fetters, alone,
Seeing, smelling, feeling, and hearing
The eye of your accursed watchfulness-
Searching, waiting, always there.

-Nancy Tyson

WILL YOU, WON'T YOU

When the last cigarettes are smoked
The thousand nights together
Don't hang on like that forever.

Faces full of moon
And arms all stuck together
All go into a box of faded pictures.

And thoughts are thrown away
That used to be so bitter
Or sweet - it doesn't matter.

The words keep coming back.
Forget them; they will perish
When first you let them.

-David Reid Dillon

FUNERAL

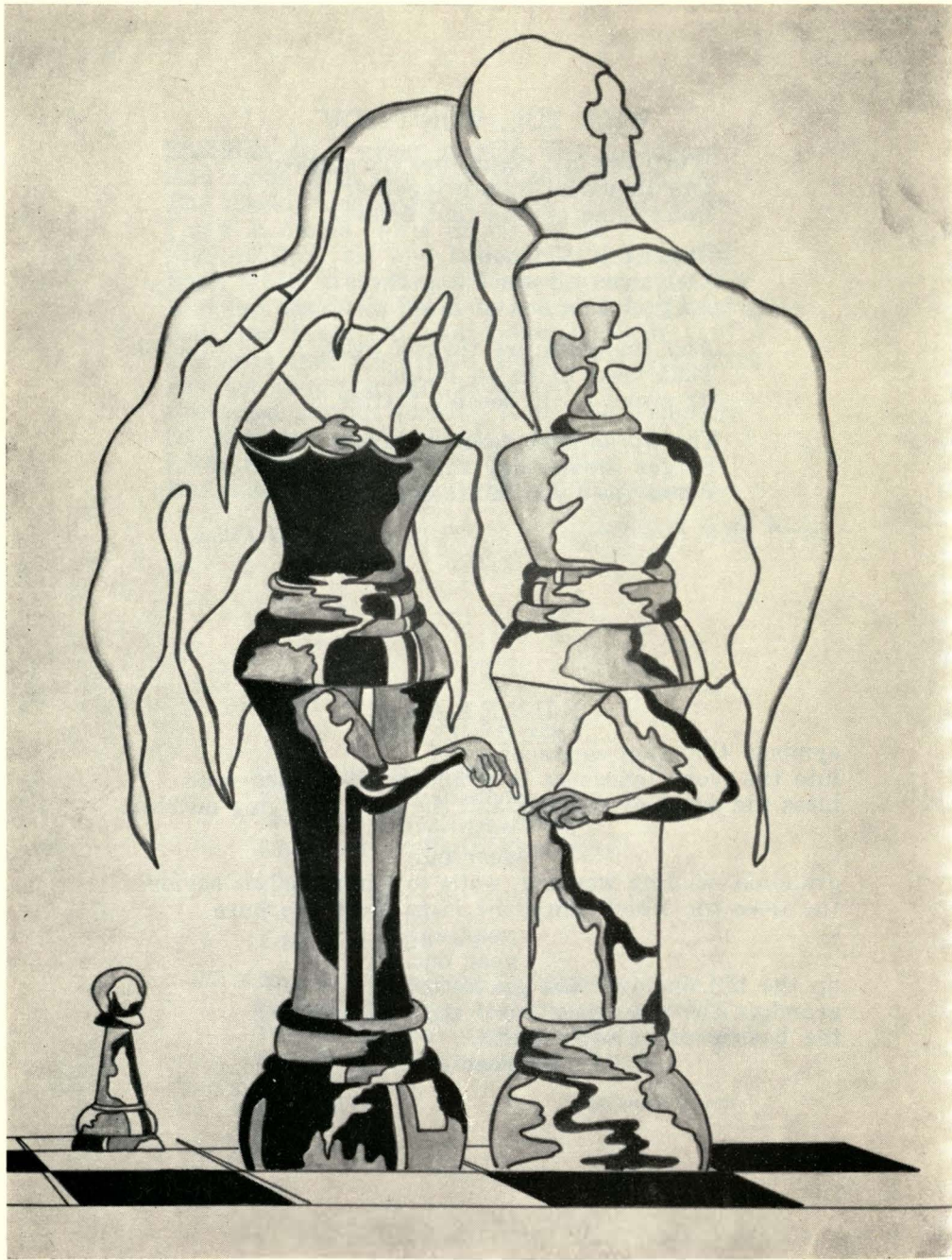
symbols throwing sands of grief
into the ivory innocence of grandma's wrinkled face
bless the death of summer and the birth of dying autumn.
year up;
year out.

grandma, wilding weeping, wails to her merciless savior
the woes for which she alone is to blame, to burn.

year up;
year out.
up the hill and into the graveyard.
grandma's countenance, resolved, now matches
the beauty of nature's death.

year on.

-Tish Adkins



YOU AND I TOGETHER

You and I together
evenly most things
rambling through wild flowers
or wading the ice tea river
while the waves
 (from the barges)
beckon us under

Or you and I apart
staring intensely
at black and white squares
I see separate figures
scattered aimlessly and
Your smooth hand moves
 the final check
Then your smiling eyes flash
and search for my tears

You and I again
Surrounding in our warmth
After another bold attempt
to share your kingdom
And we talk of fantasies
Or colorful possibilities
And walk away
 from a defeated nation
And a helpless king

-Pamela Irwin

WE NEEDED A TAPE RECORDER

People who know me know I hate deaths and funerals more than anything on earth. I don't even like to hear about perfect strangers dying. I don't know what's with me and this death-avoiding phobia, but I think there's a deep Freudian root to it somewhere. If one were to play dentist and probe the cavity of my childhood, I imagine he'd find the root buried in the nerve of a dream I used to have. I was always being buried alive. I suspect this stemmed more than anything else most likely from the writings of Edgar Allan Poe. That's what I've always believed, anyway.

I think, too, that the reason might have something to do with the fact that I'm a sensitive person. Don't get me wrong, I'm straight - just sensitive, is all. I don't like to be hurt ^{so} I avoid as much as possible the occasions which might hurt me. Just staying away from the funeral can't avoid all the pain but it helps. Sometimes, though, you have to go, and Uncle Joe's funeral was one of those have-to cases. I didn't want to go, but I had to.

Funerals these days are horrible things anyway. Just when the family needs to be alone and quiet, we force these barbaric things on them. But enough of funerals in general - about this one in particular:

The funeral was held in the chapel of the funeral home because that's the way Uncle Joe wanted it. The front of the chapel was decorated with two tall candleabra with white candles. A large arch of white flowers and green ferns encircled the speaker's lectern, and the metal-brown casket was centered beneath it. The rest of the front part of the chapel was packed with flowers: a large wreath of red roses and greenery lay on the casket around it, in the floor and hanging from supports, were other wreaths, sprays, and baskets of flowers.

The chapel didn't have benches but used folding chairs instead. The first five rows of chairs on both sides of the aisle were reserved for the family, and were marked by large white bows on black ribbons. The widow, her children, and Joe's parents and brothers and sisters took up all the seats on one side of the aisle; we nieces and nephews of the deceased, as it's always called, sat on the other side. I'm not sure, but I think I sat in the third row of seats, discreetly, silently in the center.

Toward the back of the chapel, in the aisle, Frank (one of Joe's brothers) had set up a movie camera and a bar of light to film the funeral. People seemed to be shocked at the thought at first, but they must have gotten over it. "After all, Frank and Joe were brothers, and close at that," they must have thought.

Had it been my funeral, I would have asked that things be done differently, but it wasn't, and they weren't. A local family from the church Joe attended sang a couple of songs at the beginning. They were famous for being lousy singers and they lived up to their reputation that day. When that was over the minister Joe had chosen came to the lectern and offered a prayer.

Then he asked if the family wanted to view the body again. I don't think they particularly did, but what were they supposed to say - NO?

Sarah, the widow, stood up and walked slowly to the casket. She stood there silently for a moment and then went back and sat down. I heard some of the people secretly calling her a second first lady - she stood it all so well. After she had had her last look, Joe's brothers and sisters lined up and filed by. Joe's children just sat there, didn't go (not that I blame them). My mother, I'm proud to say, took it very well: a few quiet tears just at the right moments. Not that she was faking or anything - she was just bearing up well. Then Lois went by, or started to.



At first she just grabbed hold of the casket and cried (loud); then she started to tear at the veil on the coffin. "Oh, Joe," she cried, "I love you, Joe. I love you."

If you knew Lois the way I do, you'd have thought with me - God, why doesn't somebody slap her and set her down? Lois was always good for a show.

She broke down and sobbed a lot, and I thought it was over. Her husband put his arms around her shoulders and started to lead her away, but she wasn't finished yet. She tore loose and grabbed the casket again. "Joe, they wouldn't let me talk to you at the hospital, but I'm going now. Joe, listen to me, Joe. I love you. No matter what they say, Joe, I love you. I love you."

With a performance like this, even the second first lady couldn't hold up. She burst out in tears and was near fainting. The director of the funeral home brought smelling salts for her and one of her children - Jeff, I think - held them to her nose.

Dad got to his feet and was headed for Lois, I'm sure, when I heard Mom say, "Jack, don't. That's her now and I don't think you ought to get in on it." He sat back down (darn it!) and - as if timed - the performance continued:

"Joe, I don't want to leave you here. God, Joe, I don't want to leave you, but they're making me. It ain't me, Joe. Oh God, I love my brother (loud). I love my brother (and then softer) I love my brother."

Here it comes, I thought - here comes the faint. Make it a big one now - like right on top of the casket. You've already shown your ass, so anything less will be anticlimactic. Make this bit good! But she surprised me. She just sort of crumpled up against her husband and let him stumble her back to her seat. Then she cried (loud) a lot.

The rest of the family sat, looking mostly at each other and wondering exactly what was going on and what would come next. Then the other minister - a Bob Hope sort of looking fellow - came to the lectern and opened his mouth but nothing came out. I half-expected a line like "How do you follow an act like that?" but I guess maybe **that** would have been out of place. The minister closed his mouth, looked out over the congregation, centering on Sarah and the kids, and then spoke:

"I want to talk today not so much about Joe Matthews as to his family. (Oh boy, I was thinking, this ought to be good.) We all know about Joe, and we know he's in heaven. Joe has lived his life, he's fought the good fight, lived the good life, and gone on to his reward. It is with the living now that we must be concerned. I would hope that each of *Jou* would think now where you'd be were you there instead of Joe. We know Joe's gone on to heaven, but where would you be now?"

"Oh, Joe!" Guess who again, with sobs.

The speaker again: "Do you know your God? Have you made things right with Him? Where would your soul be now? Think about it, my friends, and answer yourselves truthfully. Think about the answer, and if it isn't the good answer, do something about it. Get right with God before it's too late."

Lois got up again, and I thought she was going to ask for an altar call or something, but whatever it was she must have thought better of it, for she sat down again and sobbed some more.

I sat there, thinking as best I could about what the minister was saying, but Lois's show and Frank's filming really occupied my thoughts. Frank I tried to dismiss - at least he was quietly filming the proceedings. But Lois . . . I kept hearing Dusty somebody-or-the-other singing "All Cried Out," but I kept thinking IM-possible!

Mercifully, the funeral director closed the coffin before anyone could suggest another viewing of the body, though I had a feeling Frank wanted to ask for a chance at another close-up. He didn't. The casket was rolled out of the chapel and put into the hearse to be taken to the cemetery. We won't even talk about what happened there. I got out of going, though of course I heard

about what happened, and I think it was a fitting sequel to the funeral. The thing that worried me was if Frank got his coffin-lowering scene right. That bothered me.

About two weeks after the funeral - just long enough to let everyone calm down and get half-way over it all - we got a letter from the movie mogul. Telling you about it won't do; you've got to read it:

1616 7th Ave.
Seville, Wisconsin
June 10, 1965

Dear Jack and Pat,

Hope this letter finds you and yours safe and well. The kids were sick when we got back to Seville, but both are better now. Junior went to school today - the first and only day this week.

I got the films of the funeral developed, and they're just beautiful. A color print of the film is only \$25.00. Of course, if you want to throw in a big tip, you can make the check for fifty. I won't gripe. I'm sure you'll want the film, so I'm mailing your copy tomorrow.

Don't you think it would be nice if we all got together and bought a copy of it for Sarah? I'm sure she'd like it as a remembrance of Joe. That shot of him in the casket makes him look so peaceful. If we split the cost, we'd only have to pay about \$4.20 each. (That's one of the advantages of a large family, I guess.) Well, what do you say? Let's get that check in the mail, huh?

Hoping to hear
from you soon,
Frank

"Well, Dad read the letter and nearly threw a fit. You'd think somebody desecrated his father's tomb or something the way he acted.

"Just send it right back. Right back! I don't want any part of it. I don't care if Frank is your brother and if Joe was too. That's too much. Why, it's morbid! No. We'll not keep it. Send it back."

"Now Jack, you're not being fair," Mom said. She was about to cry but God only knows why. "What's wrong with keeping it? I don't see anything at all wrong. I think it's a fine remembrance of Joe. It's all I have left of him."

That last line really got Dad. "If you need a film to remind you of your brother, there's something wrong with you girl. Memories stay, and that's what you keep. Besides, this thing is morbid as hell. And it's not even practical; my God, we don't even have a projector, and you want to spend \$25 on a film."

"The money! That's what it is with you - the money! That's all it could be."

"It's not that, Pat. I swear it! It's the whole idea I'm against. It's not right, I tell you. Look. Here's Allan, ask him."

Gee, thanks Dad. Trap me why don't you? Until this I'd been able to pretty much keep my mouth shut and just think

about it. But now I was cornered. No use faking about it, I thought, so I just told them.

"Sure, buy it! Show it to your friends when they come visiting. It's too bad Frank didn't have a tape recorder there, or we could send the thing to the Motion Picture Academy and pick up a few Oscars."

Mom got the oddest looking expression on her face, something registering between pain and shock. The indicator was definitely closer to the former, probably around "about to die." Even Dad hadn't expected that, I don't think. He asked me - a little roughly, I thought - what I meant by that. Liz came through the dining room at about this time, and I decided to get her in on it too.

"Well, the way Liz and I have got it figured, we could count on four sure ones. There'd be best actress Lois Matthews Smith; best color photography, Frank Matthews; best sound effects - who could top those sobs - Lois Matthews Smith, and best costume design for a color production, Montgomery Ward."

"Oh, I think we could add another one, too," Liz said with a grin. "I think Joe'd get one for best supporting actor. He had to hold Lois up a few times, you know."

-Jim Carnes

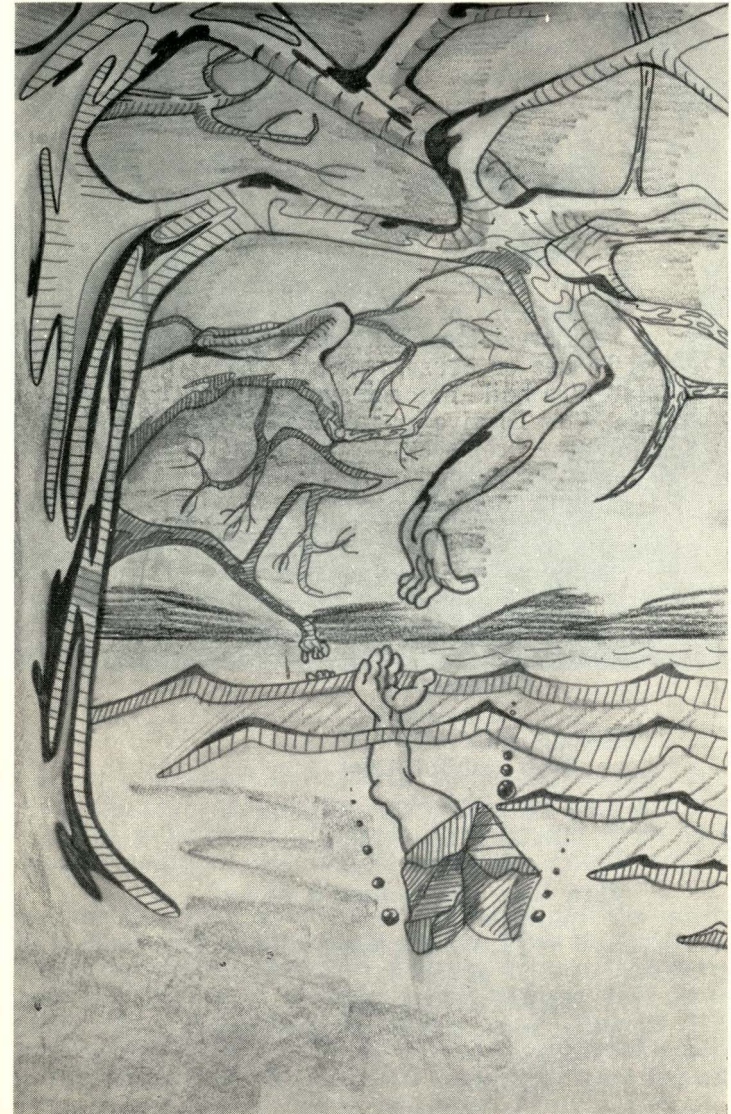
Though I stand like a stone in the sea,
I will be glory
And revel my daring in the gray waters.

Though I stand like a willow weeping
In the rain and the moon,
I will weave my arms with mercy and with laughter.

Though I stand like the unfolding tree
Spreading, doomed, destined to fall;
Yet will I speak victory in the evening slumbers.

Though I sink like a rock in the sea,
I will be stoic and hold
My dim struggle against the inevitable waters.

-Davul Reid Dillon



A ROCK

A thing of beauty
In sunlight, God's light
Under microscope, Man's light
Unnoticed in night light.

Supportive
To stand on
To build on
Drive on.

Walls
To protect . . . a shield to hold us in
To separate . . . keep enemy out

A Fortress of strength,
Barrier to challenge.

To use or abuse,
To build or destroy,
To give or to take.

Warm fireplace,
Tombstone,
Monument of grace,
Worship place.

Man like a rock . . .
What is he?

Strong-
Cold-
Stumbler-
Unseen-

Strong as a rock
That crumbles not.

Men have been carved of stone,
Thought like stone,
Sat like stone.

How does one change a stone?
Move it?

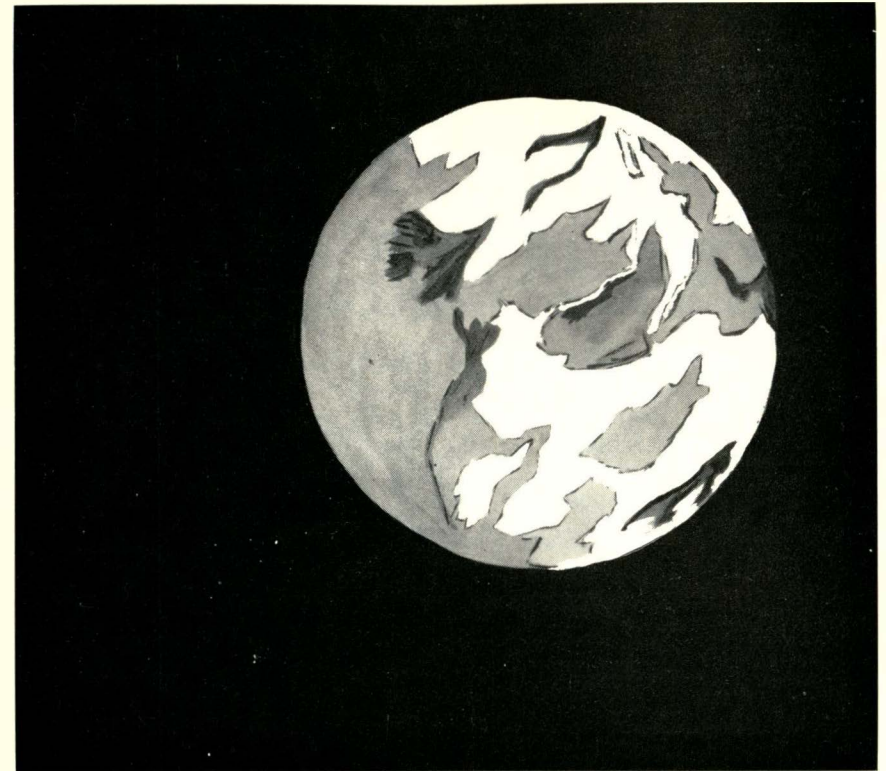
Throw it away?
Hoard it?

Should it change?

What must the stone, man, become:
Tyrant?

Family?
Pebble?

-Virginia Reuthebeck



EVOL

Out, out somewhere in vastness, suspended between the flash-light-point lights that are the stars and the spotlight-point the sun - there somewhere are rocks caught, and there is a dark rock caught, spinning, moving but caught - dark between the lights.

And on this rock grew moss: wetness ate the rock away, making it damp and making room for the moss to grow. And the dark rock grew green in the light. But the wetness that germinated the moss and gave it a home and life brought also death - a breathing, life - like tangible force. Death roamed freely on this rock, going where it wished, taking on different guises as it chose. But death they all were, and death they were known to be.

In the beginning, the death that the wet brought was a simple form, wild and free. It roamed and ranged about, plucking, destroying, inhaling the rock moss. Four-limbed death was.

But the power that was in death was too great for the confinement and some of it chose another shape. It chose a flying, soaring form much like our airplane, but always it was a life-form - breathing, living, destroying.

Some of the death power, though, could not be satisfied in the flight form either, choosing rather to roam the rock upright and on two limbs. And this power - greater, far greater than the other - set up colonies of like power. And within the colonies, powers of similarity were attracted and gravitated together and became separate.

The like powers chose death names, color names for themselves and then were called the reds, the yellows, the all-colors, the no-colors or whatever. And between these two-limbed life forms that were identical in all but name, animosity was born and nurtured.

The separate powers staged hostile struggles against other power forms, beginning with the inferior four-limbed ones. But death was not easily gratified on this rock between the light points, and soon instead of one four-limbed a day, the powers wanted ten and then a hundred, then hundreds, then more. And as the four-limbed ones had plucked, destroyed, and inhaled the rock moss, so the two-limbed power consumed the four-limbed power.

The color powers soon tired of this destruction, and after a brief yet satisfying turn at the soaring forms, decided to turn upon themselves. And here again, the likes were attracted and turned en masse against the "different." The two-limbed form being more advanced, its destruction came less easily. The death power was required to put some of its force in separate beings, lifeless beings, death-dealing beings.

And with these death-dealing beings, the powers turned upon one another and began destruction. "Another yellow gone," a red would say with joy, or "Another no-color ended," would scream an all-color. And joy was brought forth upon the rock.

In time the death beings sought to make their game more interesting and so developed more sophisticated beings of destruction. Long rods heaving small balls of hurt were replaced by rods having balls in faster tempo, and faster still, until one power discovered he could make a new kind of death ball which would "explode" - burst into bits of fire and hurt, scattering over many land measurement units, ending other powers.

For a while this was enough, and the death powers were gratified. But the novelty soon faded, and the more advanced two-limbed ones sought a new device. Its development came, and it was even more effective than the exploding death dealer. "This one 'imploded'," the maker said - it created a vacuum and sucked into it all the surroundings - death beings, too. Once inside, the device exploded the beings after raining hurt and fire upon them until their existence was terminated.

Soon each color group was able to build its own death-dealing devices, and the hostile struggles lost their effect when each

group was identically equipped. The fun came, you see, in destroying an inferior form. At any rate, the ultimate destructive device had been achieved, and the powers were helpless as to how they could improve their games.

At length, some of the beings decided that the games should be ended, for they had lost their beauty. "True beauty," they said, "comes not from destruction, but from contemplation of the rock moss." Others said freedom and joy would spring only from a return to the natural, four-limbed state. The wiser powers realized the absurdity of such statements and went on with the games.

Finally, however, the struggles were stopped because all enjoyment was lost in them. The death powers became aware of the equal ability of all at the destruction events, and they decided to call a halt to the games.

But the above-all death power which was supreme in power and ability was dissatisfied. He had wanted more of the games, for destruction pleased him. He decided that the time had come for a confrontation between the beings and himself. The beings were a-frighted, for they had never seen the above-all power which lived in the darkness above the light points. They had only heard of the being - and never from those who had seen it, only heard of it and its terribleness. And lately there were rumors that its existence had terminated. But they were wrong, and the confrontation was held.

The rock-bound beings were raised into the area of the soaring beings, and the above-all descended to them for that meeting in the air. The above-all chose the position of authority, dressed as he was in a striking black cape and tall stovepipe hat, with thongs of leather on his feet and throngs of color-beings groveling at his feet, beseeching mercy. He laughed and spat at them, kicking them away, saying, "It's too late now. Too long have you failed to please me in your games."

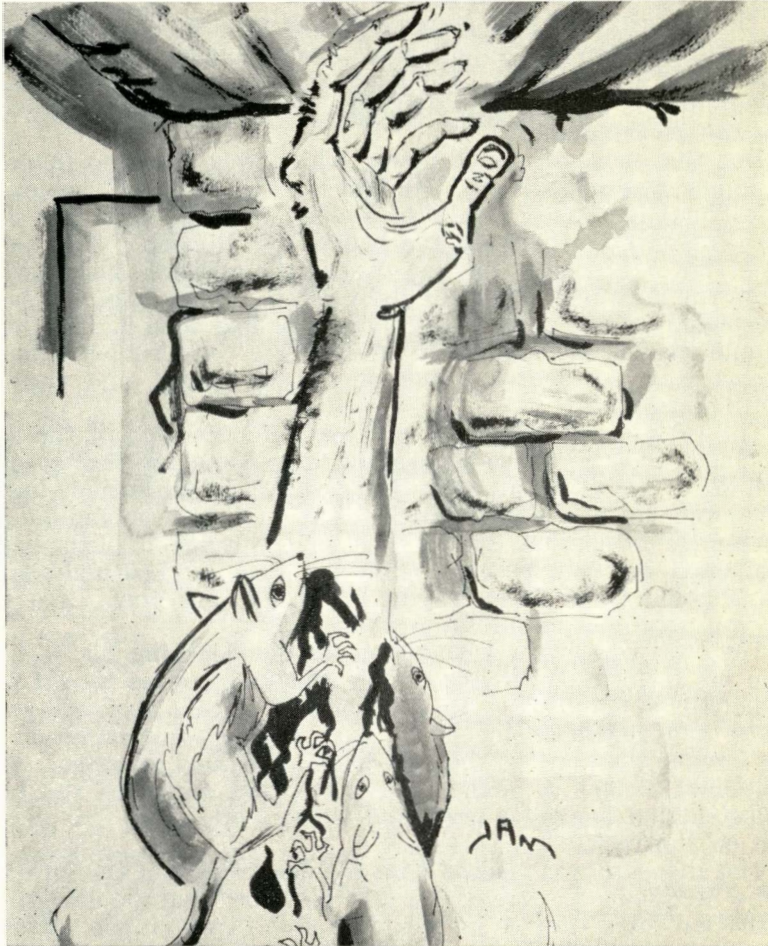
The trial was swift, with the caped-one reaching his decision. He, in his infinite power and ability, deriving joy as he did from destruction, would destroy the color-beings. In his above-all greatness he had developed means of hurt and being-termination far more terrible than any of the rock-bound ones had dreamed. With a twitch of a nose, a blink of the eyes, and a nod of the head, the destruction began - a thousand times worse than the devices found on the rock.

The above-all was pleased with the destruction of the inferiors, and he laughed. So great was his pleasure that he halted the termination for a time so he would be able to watch the suffering more closely. Oh, he laughed! And when he had had his fill of the fun and had almost collapsed - he was so weak from laughter - he ended it all.

The game was finished, and he was exhausted from the joy. He returned to his home area, taking with him the flashlights and exterminating the spotlight. And he said, "I think I'll rest for awhile; then maybe I'll build another rock and try again."

BEYOND THE DOOR

A dungeon is a place of joy,
Where rat and rat-eater think loving thoughts,
Where laughter bounds from every crevice
Into tremors of blissful hysteria.



Each room is its own private church,
A sanctuary with both priest and parish.
Within each tabernacle, a priest confesses
In the darkness his monumental sins,
While in the corners in dusty pews
The sinners wait to feed upon his divine flesh.

There are no false idols, carved or molded, here;
Just chapels of living sacraments:
Insects, dusty rats, and men
Surrounded by the purity of the Long Night.
No status symbols clutter walls or floors;
Bare of faded Picasos, Goyas, or Whistler's mothers
Or photographs of the falsely-cherished dead;
Empty of velvet-backed chairs, and party trays,
And silver cages of singing canaries,
And marble vases stuffed with potted palms,
And cigarette butts and ashes and crumbs
And lipsticked tissues and ruined reputations
Left behind by the ladies of the Garden Club;
Just uninterrupted simplicity from corner
To corner to corner to corner
(Except for a minute space reserved for the door
That leads nowhere), from floors to ceilings,
From the beginnings of life to eternities.

Each room is silent, yet pregnant with sounds;
Sounds worth hearing, worth paying attention to,
Like lungs filling with cool moist air,
And the wind howling through the grate of the door
That leads nowhere, and the rattling of soft bones;
Not the harsh sounds of rusty church bells,
Or burning leaves, or noon-hour steam whistles,
Or steaming tea kettles, or sour calliopies,
Or Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, or jazz,
Or the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, or lovers
Moaning after intercourse on a spotted back seat;
Not the deafening roar of flushed toilets,
Or toasters ejecting pop tarts and toast,
Or the maladjusted time-clock chimes, or the boom,
But sounds more intimate - more emotive,
Like the gurgle of semen in the wall drain,
And the hisses of gas from the bowels.

There is vastness in a small cell;
There is an immensity difficult to believe;
Difficult to comprehend, to accept,
To appreciate without extensive exploration;
Paradise without the paradox of bounds,
And to each Adam a comfortable slab of discolored marble
And restless dreams of assigned infinity.
There is no desire for goose down, or kapok, or jute,
Or hair, or foam rubber, or hay scraped
From the emptied stalls of dead horses,
But for an irregular rectangle of solidity
With ample room on which to rotate
In a world with ample room in which to stretch
Each imaginary morning and move unencumbered:
There is a two-hour walk to the urinal

Smelling like 'l'eau de lilas',
 A two-hour walk back through the dust
 Smelling like urine;
 Monthly treks to stand and touch the door
 That leads nowhere.
 There is exercise good for adequate circulation;
 Good for promoting hair growth, and digestive elimination,
 And strong hands to fashion bricks of dung
 For the castles, and the altar, and the stairs;
 Exercise good for strong lungs to keep laughing
 In the darkness and the immensity,
 And for sharp eyes to see the insects and rats
 Scurrying and hiding in the darkness and the immensity;
 Exercise necessary to maintain strong jaws and teeth
 To crack bones and grind stringy flesh to pulp;
 Exercise vital to the wandering mind,
 To keep it concentrating on the symbols
 Enshrined upon the sweat-beaded walls,
 To keep it cursing the words of fools and idiots
 And criminals and madmen hidden in books
 Like the **Bible**, and **Gulliver's Travels**,
 And **Caesar's Commentaries** and **Mein Kampf**,
 And **The Encyclopedia Britannica** with yearly supplements.

There are gourmet delicacies to be consumed;
 Food mellow to the sensitive palate
 Like raw spiders, and cockroaches, and ants,
 And succulent rats that taste vaguely personal;
 Not bitter morsels like bananas, or pheasants
 Under glasses, or chocolate bars with or without nuts,
 Or sweet and sour pork, or home-made peach preserves,
 Or freshly-baked cookies, or sausage pizzas,
 Or buttered popcorn, or caviar, or woman.
 In the darkness, there are hibernations on gorged stomachs,
 Eternities to wait for the rain water to flow
 Into beat-up old tin cups full of dust,
 Eternities to count the rat bones
 Scattered on the floors half a lifetime away,
 While beyond the doors that never have been locked,
 Frowning faces are humming "Oh beautiful, for spacious
 skies... ",
 Out of key.

-James R. Pad.

TO A****-III

If I could live in madness like a house,
 A whither? and a yes!, the ultimate
 Possession would be you. You.

If I could marry oxymorons in the daisies,
 Forgetting the Chinese father, we would be happy.
 Eh bien! Forget the sainted capture.

If I could drink deep hemlock and survive
 More than in the doomsday of your refusing eyes,
 Perhaps that would be wiser.

Alas, a thousand ifs, all hypothetical,
 All possible, like a New Year's Ball.
 The end is ultimately only theatrical.

-David Reid Dillon

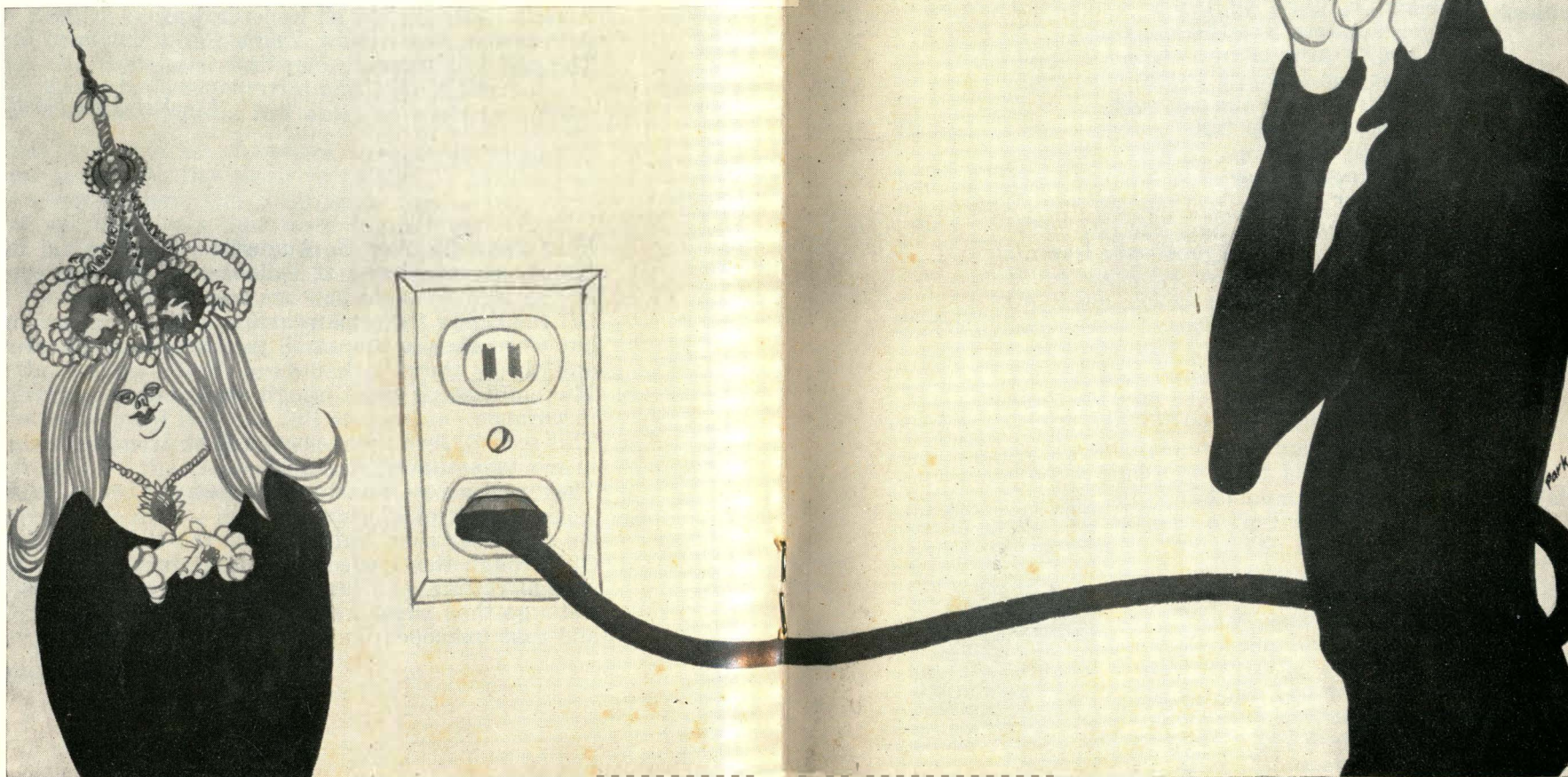
Four flags fly over St. Augustine,
 twenty-seventh home of Tallahassee.
 In the rain Spring's baboons beg for food.
 Off the Gulf a fisherman catches a two-ton terrapin,
 but when they're this small just take their picture
 and throw them back.
 The night seeps cool through orange blossoms
 in Orlando.
 This second, seventy-one bells toll on Iron Mountain
 in monumentum of Bach.
 They peel across Sunshine Highway
 to the people of Florida.
 On the other side, Nature trails the thankless Egret.
 On through this gladed foodbasket turtle
 sapient retirants to their Private Nursing Homes.
 Let's go then when we grow tired to Key West
 and cast unhooked lines into the One River.

-Ronald E. Houchin

QUEEN MAB SPEAKS TO THE ELECTRIC POET

Qu.M: With your gray eyes
Like oracle pools above which frenzied maids
Scream with premonitions
noiseandcrazydrums
noiseandcrazydrums and
Lightsinmaddelusion
Maidens dotheirthing to the rhythm
in your hand.
Somewhere in the gaymab room
There is a flash of perfect pain.

-Linda Phillips



UPON YOUR GOING

Loneliness like pain
Is never fully remembered
Until re-experienced,
Changing forms like butterflies,
Holy in its torture.

I will be the martyr
You have said I am.
I can endure the wait
In silent winter's white;
My heart asleep like the squirrel
In a snowy cave of branches
Until the sun is yours again
And children dance the maypole.
After the dogwoods fall
Then I will be yours,
And the next winter
Will forever
belong to us.

-Pamela Irwin



THE HOMECOMING

The scene is a large but somewhat rustic southern plantation house. With its white front and two-story white columns, it looks much like a Greek temple. Emily, Jessica, Luke, and a crowd of mountain people are onstage.

Emily: Coo now, baby, don't you cry,
You'll be a bluebird by and by,
Mama'll get you a covered swing,
Mama'll get you a diamond ring.

Chorus: How she croons to that corn-husk doll,
She'd make it a real child if she could.
How her reason comes and goes,
Sometimes sane and sometimes mad.
If she rises clear in mind and kneads her bread,
A sunbeam catches her fancy and away she goes
To roam the fields instead of bake.
But should she wake from a nightmare dream,
Wild-eyed and frantically grasping
At phantoms who people her sleep,
Her own familiar things will calm her
And see her through another day.

Emily: Come, darling, we'll take a walk,
Down to the meadow where the bluebells sway.
We'll see the curly baby lamb
Follow his mother, dear.
When the sun goes down, we'll make our bed
On soft pine boughs so warmly spread.
When we wake, we'll make our meal
On fresh-picked berries and cow's warm milk.

Chorus: She was so beautiful when he brought her here
Gentle she was like the soft song of robins,
Tender, like fresh shoots of grass in the spring.
She'd sing at her work and smile at the air,
Gentle and tender and full of wonder
At the wild beauty he had carried her to.
What a figure he must have made,
Striding out of the mountains and across the plains,
Tall and dark as a fir forest,
Strong as the cedar and dark as the pine,
With a voice that leaped and poured
Like mountain streams in springtime,
Cool with confidence, clear in the knowledge
Of their power and domain.
And she, small pink thing, clad in silk,
Rustled across his life like wind in the forest,
Bringing thoughts of finer things than land and timber.
Dreams of a dynasty begotten by him,
Reared to the finer things she had known.
He wooed her, he wed her, he brought her to these hills,
But she was not of them, she was not of us.

Gentle and tender, too gentle for this hard life,
 Too tender for the heartbreak,
 Too fine a grain to build with,
 Fine grain meant only for polish.

Jess: They're coming, Luke, I saw the smoke,
 Rising from the engine. Far across the valley
 I saw it from my high place on the hill.
 The sound of the whistle carried all those miles
 Through the cool, clean air I heard it call:
 I'm here. He's coming home, Luke.

Luke: He'll want to know why I never came,
 He asked everytime he wrote.
 He'll want to know what I've done
 While he was gone, what land I bought,
 What fields I've plowed, what seed I've sowed.

Jess: When he gets here, there'll be an end
 To the foolishness that's been going on.
 He'll straighten out the hired hands
 And put an end to the gossip that's around.
 He'll handle those smart-aleck sharecroppers
 So they'll mind their manners from now on.
 He'll push those squatters off the south forty, too.

Luke: All the time he wants to know,
 "Why aren't you like your brothers?"
 They're men, he says, they spit and curse
 And cut timber and saw logs.
 They cleared those forty acres, floated the logs
 To the saw mill, skinned them, planed them,
 Stacked them, cured them, sold them.
 They planted cotton on that land in the spring
 And kept cows on it in the fall;
 They turned that field into the biggest profit
 He'd ever seen. But where are they now?
 Where are the big men?

Jess: Four years ago they went to war,
 The brave young men, the big young men,
 With drums rolling and horns blowing
 They marched to the siding and boarded their trains.
 The day was so bright, as I remember,
 The sun was blinding as they marched along.
 You shaded your eyes and the light played upon them,
 A halo hovered around them, it seemed.
 The hollyhocks nodded, the sunflowers waved,
 The gladiolus swayed beside the throng,
 All nature watched as they sped away,
 The big young men, the brave young men.

Luke: Who is coming home of the company that left?
 How many heroes will come marching home?
 What severed legs will now tread the fields?
 What broken arms will scatter the grain?
 So willingly they went to war,

The dream they had of a glorious deed,
 So foolishly they rushed to feed
 The gaping mouth of the war machine.
 Gladly they shed the yoke of domestic responsibility
 For the exciting illusion of martial pride.
 They traded their plowshares for bayonets
 And their saws for rifles and medals.
 They did not go to defend their home,
 They fought for the glory of war.
 They did not go to protect us, we were forsaken.

Emily: Arthur, where are you, the cows are coming home.
 There's milking to be done and hay to be thrown.
 Ezra, come in here, the woodbin's empty now,
 The fire's burning out and needs to be fed.
 Ben, feed, the chickens, they're pecking the doorsill,
 The cornfield needs fencing or the pigs will get in.
 Where are my children, where are my little boys,
 Gone to the spring to swim in the nude?
 Where are my big men, where are my brave men,
 Where are my young men, my noisy brood?

Luke: They went away to war, mama,
 Marched off and left you,
 Left us to live however we could.
 He dressed them for war, mama,
 Taught them to soldier,
 He led them away, you knew that he would.

Jess: She's raving again, doesn't know what she's saying,
 She thinks that her children are young again.
 There's no need to tell her, she doesn't hear you,
 She's lost in a world of her womanish dreams.
 She hears children's laughter, running in sunlight,
 She sees tiny children happy at play.
 Soon they will vanish into the twilight,
 Then she will hear you, then she'll be sane.

Emily: What were you saying, my menfolk have left me,
 When I needed them most, they marched off to war?
 He took my children, took my young men,
 But they will come back, I know they'll return.

Jess: What are you thinking of, waking and dreaming?
 My brothers are dead, you know that they died.
 They died on the battlefield, valiantly fighting,
 They gave their lives to show they were men.

Emily: Now I remember, remember the message,
 The same word came twice, telling of death.
 He took my young men, he took my brave men,
 He will return, but they never will. **(Emily leaves)**

Chorus: The train that brings the Captain home
 Carries the bodies of our other men,
 Nailed in their coffins, wrapped in their death clothes,
 Bound for their resting place among the hills.
 How fine they looked when they went away,

The sun glinting on their helmets,
Bright on the bayonets, shining on the guns.
Gladly they marched along, swung down the station street
Into the troop train that took them away,
To the open mouthed cars that took them away.
Into the war machine, Destiny fed them,
Gnashing of teeth as it ground them to dust,
Gone was the sunshine, gone was the gladness,
Gone were the young men. In God is our trust.
**(Captain Porter enters with maimed and crippled
soldiers and coffins).**

- Arthur: Gentle people, kindly waiting,
Sadly I bring your soldiers home,
Out of the tempest, out of the whirlwind,
To a peaceful harbor, never to leave.
Here are your wounded, here are your crippled,
Here are your blinded, here are your dead.
Out of the whirlwind, out of the tempest,
Handle them kindly, treat them with care.
- Chorus: How did it happen, what could have harmed them,
Clad in their youth, eager to serve?
Where is the glory known to the victors,
All we have won is our deepening woe.
- Arthur: Over the battlefield lazily circling,
Vultures attended the fighting below.
They were the victors, the only winners,
Gorged and victorious, the birds of prey.
The sunlight was dazzling, the guns rumbled around us,
Fire was raging on every side,
The fire swept over us, searing and scorching,
The fire and the birds of prey defeated both sides.
- Jess: Never you mind that, the fighting is over.
You're back in your mountains, the empire you built.
Soon comes the harvest, then you'll be happy,
I managed the crop and nothing is lost.
Now is your rest time, quickly recover
The commanding voice, the boisterous step,
In the springtime you will take over,
There's new land to plant, more land to buy.
- Arthur: Where is your mother? Has she recovered?
They sent me word your mother was ill.
Far away in the battle, I could do nothing,
But I worried about her, she is so frail.
I never thought of it while I was here,
I was so busy taking care of the land,
But away in the battle, sometimes it came to me,
That she was so gentle, she needed an arm
Nearby to support her. I did very little when I was here,
But even my presence seemed to assure her,
Give her the strength she needs to endure.

- Luke: I was here, Papa, I was her helper,
Whatever she needed, I tried to do.
I brought her her slippers, I fed her her meals
When she was too sick, too weak, and too weary,
I served her in everything she asked me to do.
- Arthur: Luke, that's so like you, willing but weak,
That's not the type of help that she needs.
She raised you to grace the estates of her youth,
A far different world from these mountain slopes.
She taught you the manners, the social politeness,
All useless to keep a hold on these wilds.
While I was out working with Ezra and Ben,
Teaching them hunting and shooting and such,
She kept you at home, close to her side.
You grew up as gentle, as tender, and weak
As the sweet southern belle I took for my bride.
- Luke: Don't chide me, Papa, you left her, I didn't.
What little I did was all that she had.
You don't know the pain, the agony she went through,
Birthing the baby, that baby that died.
When she wept, I held her, when she raved, I did, too.
Weak though you call me, I remained faithful,
Could you have endured the pain that I saw?
- Arthur: Comforting women, however noble,
Was never the stuff that makes you a man.
Women can be handled with stern reprobation,
Command what you wish, she will obey.
Working and doing, fighting and winning,
That is the way to prove you're a man.
Buying and clearing, marching to battle,
That's what it takes, can you understand?
- Luke: Daily she wrote you, daily she pleaded,
Come home only briefly, you need not stay.
You never answered, you did not tell her
What were the reasons you did not come.
She tried to be brave, she tried to forgive you
Until that dark moment when her baby died.
From that day she hates you, fears and mistrusts you,
You've taken your last child away from her side.
- Jess: Never you mind him, Papa, he's jealous,
He's had all her attention while you were away.
He wishes you'd died in the fight he avoided,
Lost your life with Ezra and Ben.
He'd take your place, the head of the household,
Can you picture the damage he'd do?
In a year's time, we would be bankrupt,
His spending would ruin us, he's no businessman.
He is no son to trust to take over,
I'll be your son since the others are gone.
- Arthur: That's very well daughter, I know you are able,
I've heard what you've done while I was away.
But now I've come home, I will take over,

With Luke by my side, I'll run the plantation,
 He's all I have left now, my son and my heir.
 You stay with your mother, she needs you to help her,
 She'll teach you your duties, the knowledge you need
 To fulfill your position, your pledge as a woman
 Managing the house and the servants with grace.

Jess: Let me go with you, I'm five times his better,
 I managed the farm while you were away.
 I bought out the Smith place, enriched it and planted,
 Its yield is the best in the county this year.
 I hate to wear skirts and behave like a woman.
 Mincing and gossiping give me no pride,
 I'd rather wear pants and work like a fieldhand,
 Ride your estates with you by my side.

Arthur: Enough of that daughter, you know your position
 Is not in the fields with the laborers we hire.
 Go into the house, dress for our dinner,
 Be soft like a woman, that's what I desire. **(exit Jess)**

Luke: It's little help you'll get from me,
 I've others things to do.
 I've enrolled in college far away;
 I am escaping you.
 You drained the house of my brothers,
 They did all you asked.
 Not me, I'm leaving tomorrow,
 I'll not perform your tasks.

Arthur: If leaving is what you are planning,
 You'd best get it out of your head.
 Schooling is not what you're needing,
 I'll teach you to work instead.
 The things that you've learned from your mother
 Fit you for society, I'm sure.
 The lessons that I will be teaching
 Will fit you for manhood, my son.
 Don't fight me or try to resist me,
 I've seen your reluctance before.
 I'll hobble you, ride you, and break you,
 You'll learn manly discipline from me.

Luke: I'm leaving, don't you try to stop me.
 I knew that this clash had to come.
 I am positively determined,
 So you may as well be resigned. **(exit Luke)**

Arthur: All the long years were so wasted,
 It's all to do over again.
 The farmland must never lie fallow,
 Lacking the touch of my hand.
 My hand has grown weary with years,
 But the sons that I raised to the land
 Are gone with the snows of the winter
 When new warmth creeps out of the south.
 They vanished like snow in the springtime,

When the crocus begins to appear.
 The earth knows rebirth in the springtime,
 But I'm in the fall of my years. **(Emily enters)**
 Emily, where were you when I returned?
 I looked for your fair hair among the crowd
 Thronging the station, but you were not there.
 Often on long nights of anxious waiting
 For the dawn to launch an attack,
 I thought of your fair hair and soft eyes.
 I looked for them and couldn't find them, then,
 But I thought they would be waiting when I returned.

Emily: Your waiting for me is not nearly so long
 As I waited for you. It's your turn to wait.
 I was at the cemetery in the grove,
 Beside the grave of the child you never saw.
 She was a tiny thing, so small, so soft to touch.
 How I longed to keep her always,
 To clasp her to me and love her.
 She was all mine, no part of her was you.
 You left before she was born,
 You denied her existence, took the breath from her life,
 Forced her from the womb before her time,
 Doomed her to an early death.

(sings) O, mother, mother, make my bed,
 And make it soft with sorrow,
 My true love died for me today,
 And I must die tomorrow.

Arthur: I had heard that you blamed me,
 But what could I have done to help?
 Birthing children is woman's work,
 They were raised to do it.
 War is the business for a man.
 My country was at war and I had to go.
 The enemy must be met on his own ground
 Or you will fight him on your homeland.

Emily: Couldn't your country have spared a few weeks for your
 wife?
 All the years have not made these mountains mine.
 I was afraid and needed you.

Arthur: When the moment is at hand, a man must go.
 Without looking back. A man must act,
 Move forward, not falter, not turn back.
 You had Luke, your favorite child,
 To comfort you and serve you.
 I left you Jess, she's not afraid,
 You could have depended on her.

Emily: Oh, yes, you left me Luke; we comforted each other.
 When I was afraid, he trembled,
 When I was sad, he wept.
 There is a place for a man like that,
 But it is not here and not now.

Jess, you say, is unafraid;
 You know that well, I must admit.
 How she hated my unborn child,
 Visible proof of your love on me.
 She did not curse it with her lips,
 She only glared with eyes so strange.
 Her hatred is both hot and cold,
 How can one soul contain such opposites?
 As the fire that blazes in dry hay,
 Her words sear the heart that hears them;
 Her venomous hatred pours out
 As if she had fastened snake fangs in your flesh
 And spilled poison into your veins.
 I feared her more than these wild mountains.
 Her mind is hard and cold
 As the mountaintop in the snow.
 When the ground is frozen
 It's so hard to dig a grave.
 We dug her grave, so small and deep,
 And laid her in the snow.
 When spring came, I planted flowers there.
 They sprang from her grave in pale colors,
 Yellow, pink, blue, and white,
 Colors for a child in the springtime.
 Each year they blossom so.
 I go to her bedside quite often,
 A child is afraid of the dark.
 I comfort her with my presence,
 She's so small and helpless, you know. **(Picks up doll and sings)**
 Loo-loo-loo-loo-loo, hush-a-by,
 Dream of the angels way up high,
 Loo-loo-loo-loo-loo, don't you cry,
 Mama won't go away.
 Sleep in my arms a little while,
 Childhood is but a day,
 Even when you're a great big girl,
 Mama won't go away.

Arthur: Emily! You look so confused.
 I had no idea you were in such a state.
 If my going did this to you,
 Can my return make you well again?
 Let me take you in the house,
 I'll care for you and make you well.
 You have nothing to fear now that I'm home,
 I will protect you.
 Come now, gently, into the house.
(Arthur and Emily exit. Luke enters, takes harness and works on it with knife. Emily returns)

Emily: He's trying to take my baby away,
 Just like he took all the others,

When they were little, he took them from my arms,
 He led them to the fields and they were his'
 Never mine again. Only Luke of all my babies,
 Only Luke was always mine.
 Now I have you, my tiny pink baby.
 You are all mine, I won't let you go.

Luke: Mama, he wants me to go with him to the fields,
 He says I've stayed with you too long.
 The war is over and he can't make me fight,
 But now he says I'm to follow him,
 To learn about the land, and take up
 Where Ezra and Ben left off.
 He thinks I can't be a man until I sweat in the fields.
 He says he is taking me tomorrow.

Emily: He's taking you, you, too, away from me.
 He robs me of everything I ever held dear,
 He leaves me bereft and forsaken.
 Over and over again in this wilderness
 He leaves me with nothing of my own.
 Everything is his and if he lets me borrow it,
 He recalls it in time and I am so alone.
 He can't do it, he can't take you away.
 He can't take my baby away. I won't let him.

Luke: Who has ever been able to stop him
 Or even briefly hold him from his purpose?
 Inexorably he moves, unyielding,
 Unmindful of the feeling of others.
 There is nothing we can say or do
 That will change, his mind.
 Even that poor doll you hold
 Will be ripped from you by him.
 He robbed you of your real child once
 And he will take that from you now.
 Tomorrow he'll take me, too.

Emily: No, no. I won't let him. **(Arthur enters)**

Arthur: What is all the noise I hear out here?
 Are you raging over that doll again?
 The sooner you get over that delusion,
 The faster you will begin to get well.
 Give me the doll, wife, gently, now.
 It's only a rag, not a child.
 When your mind is clear, you'll know
 It was not a baby I took from you,
 Only a rag doll.

Emily: And tomorrow? Tomorrow you'll take Luke?

Arthur: It's only for his own good. It's time he grew up.

Emily: What will be left to me then? What will I have?

Arthur: You have the house, the servants, the silver.

Emily: What do I want with them? They're all yours.

Arthur: You have your social position to think of...

Emily: These mountains have no society I aspire to.

Arthur: You have Jessica. You've sadly neglected her.
 Emily: Jess was never mine. She loved you best from birth.
 I had another daughter who would have been mine,
 She's gone, though, her father let her die.
 I had two tall sons whom you stole in their youth.
 Now you plan to take Luke, too.
 You can't have him. He won't go.

Arthur: Give me that doll and go into the house.
 We'll settle this in the morning.

Emily: This baby girl is all I have left.
 Leave her alone.

Arthur: Go to the barn, Luke, you'll sleep there tonight.

Emily: Don't make him go. Don't take him from me.
(She picks up Luke's knife)

Arthur: That is enough. The night birds are calling.
 It is too late to settle this now.
 Wait until morning, things will be better.
 Go to the barn, Luke, I'll take care of her now.
 If she thinks that is her baby,
 I am its father, I'll take the baby to put it to bed.
 Give me your baby, you'll see it tomorrow,
 You're much too tired to care for it now.
(Reaches for doll. She stabs him)
 You would kill me to keep that doll?
(Dies. Jess enters)

Emily: Coo now, baby, don't you cry, **(sings)**
 You'll be a bluebird by and by.
 Mama'll get you a covered swing,
 Mama'll get you a diamond ring.

Jess: What has she done? She's killed Papa.
 Did you stand by and watch her?
 You're as guilty as she is, then.
 You put the knife in her hand and pushed it
 As surely as she stabbed him beneath the ribs.
 If you did nothing to stop her,
 Keep away from me, don't touch me with your bloody
 hands.
 I swear his death shall be avenged.

Luke: You can't blame her, she's raving mad.
 The threats he made were too great for her.
 Her gentle hand took up the knife,
 Before I could stop her, the deed was done.

Jess: She can't escape justice by playing mad.
 A man is dead and someone must pay.
 I don't know who is responsible for this,
 But I'll find out and avenge his death.
(Crowd has filtered onstage)

Chorus: Great is the sorrow of mortal man.
 His life is but a bird cry in the night.
 He soars unseen and falls unknown.
 All he strives for is in vain.

-Elizabeth Beale

To the Patterns of the world howling in our ears
 We roll and loll in incessant agony.
 On the Porch of the Conscious we wake
 To the alarm of human crying -
 And drink our own chalice of tears.
 We do not fear the blush of day,
 When the redness is taken out.
 The Pattern is Onward,
 A decade of trembling-anxiety and stolen-truth.
 We walk the Razor's Rim,
 A Plasti-confidence and Sullen-fear,
 Never wise and never awake
 To the intrusions of Laughing-Reality . . .
 Never knowing when the darkness shall
 Yawn open and show the unmercied land of men.

-Ronald E. Houchin



DESERT

How arid is the mind of man!
 Desolate plain of dead thoughts
 Smothered by shifting dunes,
 Baked by blazing sunlight,
 Inhabited only by snakes,
 Rarely blessed by oases,
 Infrequently favored by cacti,
 Sometimes irrigated by water
 To bloom a garden richly profuse
 With words of revelation.

-James R. Pack

GUILT

We don't hang around much together, anymore. Last year Bones, Wilse, Brother Dave and I practically lived in each other's pockets. It all ended one gray wet February night. We were having a drink or six and Tucker was there. Tucker was this simple goop but nice enough on the whole. He had just had more than his quota of female relatives and religion inflicted on him. He was harmless and friendly, and we thought there might be a little hope for him so we let him sit around and nurse a drink and feel like one of the guys.

Bones was telling a long, involved, and obscene story about some girl that he knew. We wouldn't have believed it from anybody else but Bones didn't know any girls who weren't good looking animals. He set one of us up with somebody once in a while and they lived up to advertisement.

Tucker was listening with mixed emotions. He had been sent to Woodstock because it was a small, highly religious college. Except for a few music students, everybody was there because it was a small religious school. Tucker was inclined to be one of the true believers, but, like I said, there was nothing wrong with him that he wouldn't out-grow.

The rest of us were there because no other college would have us and because our parents wanted someone to keep an eye on us. Fortunately, the entire student body hated the administration, so we had as much freedom as we would have had anywhere else. We passed the time by subverting the few true believers that came to Woodstock and making frequent road trips.

Bones finished up his story with an implausible climax involving the girl and her sister. Tucker swallowed it and it may even have been true.

"If you had any respect for those girls and yourself you wouldn't have done that and you wouldn't talk about it."

"What's respect got to do with sex?"

"Love is the cornerstone of marriage and love rests on respect and trust," began Tucker.

I poured myself another drink and on second thought slipped a stiff shot into Tucker's glass. I had been to chapel that week and heard the spiel first hand. The others thought it was funny. I knew it wasn't going to do Bones any good; he was already married.

Tucker ran down and Long John got into it, "Sex can exist outside of marriage and should exist before marriage. Marriage is traumatic enough without being further complicated by the necessity for sexual adjustments and attendant frustrations."

Long John was an erudite bastard but most of the time one couldn't understand him and half the time he couldn't understand himself. He did sound convincing if you didn't listen too closely.

Brother Dave came in with all the pious assurance acquired in a summer of selling Bibles (the kind with the blessed words of Jesus in red to set them apart from what the lesser folks had to say) had given him, "Brother Tucker, when we examine the Bible

we find that the good book condemns only adultery and that Jesus does not condemn fornication. In fact one of Jesus' closest followers was a former whore. I interpret this to mean that if whores were good enough for Jesus they are good enough for us. Let us adjourn to Big Harriet's."

The whiskey and the oratory and a little curiosity had got to working on Tucker so he came along, "Just to see what a 'bordello' is like." We piled on out of the dorm and on into Pugh's old heap with "Happy Days Stud Farm" on the sides. Pugh took off down the drive, swung off because the gates were locked and roared across the lawn of a motel. We hit the highway and were moving on before the manager came out cursing like always. I gave Tucker one more little nip and figured that he had had just enough.

We rolled into Big Harriet's place about twenty minutes later and went on in. Big Harriet was glad to see us and I went on back into the kitchen to help her get the set-ups.

"Harriet, that new guy that came with us is a virgin and real shy. Get Ingrid to go for him and we'll pay you. He's too shy to be willing to make a deal but he's stupid enough to fall for it if he thinks she likes him."

"Sure," she said, "No trouble, Ingrid will probably like the idea of a virgin and God knows we can use another steady customer."

I gave her twenty and went back to the parlor wondering what I was going to live on for the rest of the month. Brother Dave slipped me five when I passed his ginger-ale to him. Bones asked for a light and there was a ten inside my matches when I got them back. I had thought it was my idea.

Wilse, Bones and John had already disappeared with their regulars when Ingrid came out. Ingrid was as out of place at Harriet's as a daisy in a cowpile. Harriet was a fat sloppy Negress and her other three girls were more or less Negro. Ingrid was a tall nale natural blonde with a trace of an accent and a hell of a mind. We never asked why she was there. She had gone to college for a while and seemed to have drifted into the business.

She took her time on Tucker but she had him hooked from the minute she walked in. She came across the room in a black sweater, not too tight, and a good wool skirt, campus wear. She sat down, tugged the hem of a skirt over her knees and took a cigarette off the table. Tucker lit it automatically.

"How nice to meet a gentleman here," she murmured with the barest trace of amusement. "You, too, go to Woodstock? I met President Quarles sometime ago. A most unpleasant man."

At first he answered only in monosyllables. Then he began to liven. He talked while she listened.

Then, "Come, you amuse me," and they left. Long John and Wilse came out and we drank to the success of a pleasant game on a dull evening. We talked and the girls laughed. Harriet brought us a round of drinks and put a split of champagne in ice to cool.

Then Ingrid burst out, nude and laughing, "Give them back the money. He is unable, a boy, impotent," and she laughed again, the iciest sound that I have ever heard.

Tucker came out a while later, shamefaced, not quite crying. We told him that he had had too much to drink, that it happened to everyone, that we would go back some other night. We pressed more liquor on him. He seemed to cheer up as we promised not to tell anyone and we went back to the dorm.

Two days later he hanged himself.

-Emmett Boaz



MARYLAND FILM FESTIVAL 1968

strange and lovely group of saints
were gathered there that night
to witness birth and death and life and love
in fair fantastic colors on the screen.

the beam of love in light was dancing all the while
in forms of films of nudity and grace;
their freedom struck the night with laughter
though in presence feeling fragile through the smoky glee.

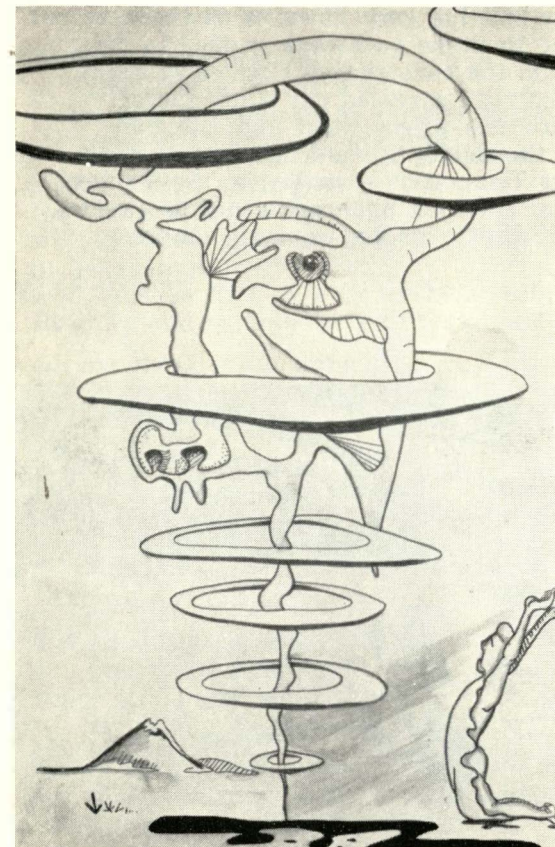
and buddha braved the sacrilege
quoting
"i believe."

-Tish Adkins

DENN ES SIND DIE HINUBERGEHENDEN

Like an erupting volcano none can alter,
A concentric ring of fire, an eye
That does not blink through fault or faltering,
But is like the head of a stone idol looking perpetually out
to sea,
Seeing all in doubt or belief or some amalgam
Of ambiguity with a coterie
Of image-icons which he dare not cover
With explanation. This is his religion.
He does not doubt the wisdom of his passing-over.

-David Reid Dillon



A LEAP OF FAITH

In the Bass wheat fields we crept
On breathless toes to the Virgin Shore,
Where tired atoms bathed in the Comet
Blazing through the murky sea shelves.
Panting in the Coral mirror, we saw
The spitting serpent curse us there.
Our Baritone pathways swelled in pain
From the constricting Cosmos of Sight.
Wildly we caressed our slimy faces
With the green word and the hair
Of the tender murmuring Tree of Flesh.
Our Tenor sobs sorrowed to the Vortex.
That spinning phantom wooed us sweetly
In Falsetto to his womanly embrace.

-James R. Pack



once upon a day

and we can walk easily
where the sun
is too scared to come
but what will there be
will there be the cold September rain
will there be the strangled willow tree
will there be love
for anyone but you and me

Today i have been in
the streets of the world
i have been through many jungles of people
and many years of my life

and if i take your eyes
that burn holes in my mind
will there be space to breathe
in between your thoughts
will there be time to walk in the streets
sit down and listen quietly to the organ grinder

do you think i will remain
in the same uncaring
untied winds or
lose myself
somewhere in your smallest sigh

I come with me
while i still know you
come walk in the streets with me
sit down and listen quietly to the organ grinder

and if with one smile
you wash time away
will i still know you
or just your smile

Today i have been in the streets of the world
i have been through many jungles of people and
many years of my life
and as the day dies
i finally see
that it is not for me to decide

So
come with me
while i still know you
come walk in the streets with me
sit down and listen quietly to the organ grinder

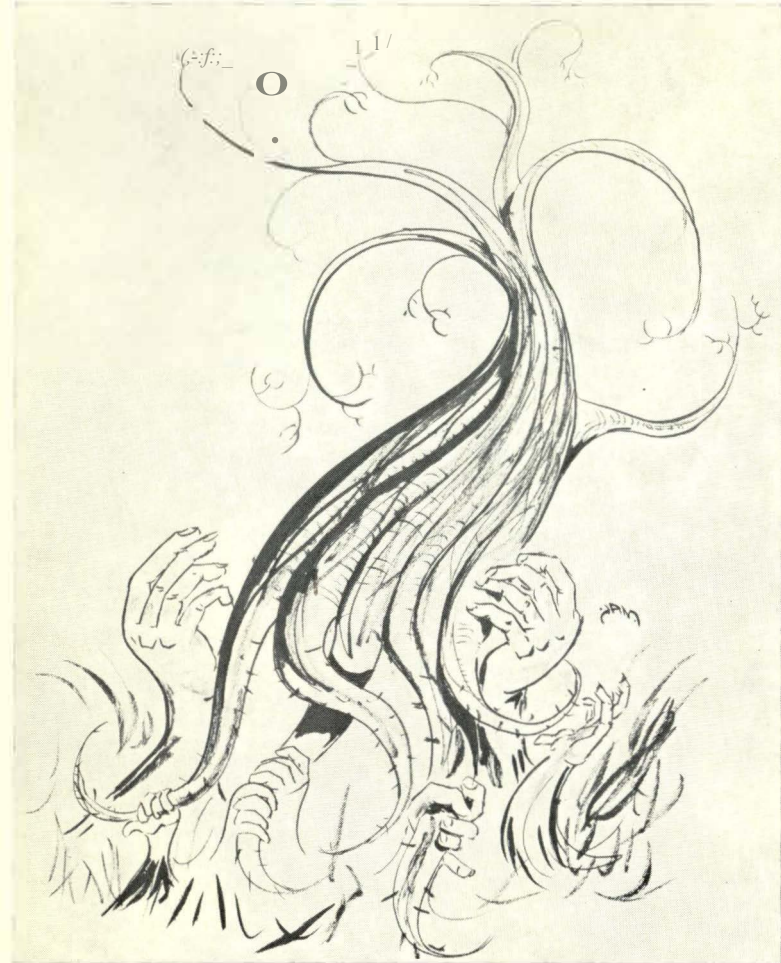
-Sman McGee

A PLEA FOR MY CREATIVITY

I am forever humbled to my knees
Before the altar of a golden ideal:
I am star-bound like the real Tree,
But the base earth hugs my stringy roots,
Until they ache and rot, and no one hears
My fall in the empty forest of forms.
I am trapped without gossamer wings
In a labyrinth created by hungry ants.
Those vile unthinking blackened shrews
Crawl in my flesh and suck my blood
Like an army of subcutaneous leeches.
I throw my warm leaves up for air,
But cold fingers pull them down for food
Like gravity grasping at bird droppings
When wings flutter over fields of paper.

Life! Listen to my hollow decaying plea.
Let go your stubby whore-child fingers
That I may leap from your dunged
And vomit-plagued noncreative sod.
If ever I ascend the Olympian staircase,
You, whose soapy hands will gather my Laurels,
Will never feel the sting of sterility.

-James R. Pack



5 - 18

The drunken twilight
flows over the sky
Where grey-white clouds
tease us with shallow blue,
And a haze of black and green
Is your only background.
Far down through the leaves
Are city lights
that show where the others
Are trapped.
I look away from them
and into your happiness
That I want to share forever,
And then I forget
what it is
To be alone.

-Pamela Irwin



AS I READ SIDDHARTHA

Suffering in his eyes, I see -
an ever reaching for promised peace.
A sadness-veil falls across his face.
Still his dark eyes, though closed or downward cast,
are radiant with the Light -
the Always First, the Always Last.
His eyes seem to see
in the soul of a candle's glow
a reflection of his own
listening to the silence of a night.
His eyes see time spread her wings
in time's illusion-flight,
sense secrets and ages pulsing
in the rocks tossed up by the sea,
and the precious wealth in a drop of dew
on the leaf of a growing tree.
His eyes can be heard to say
a river laughs, and a raindrop really cries.
His eyes whisper with each gentle glance,
"Nothing living ever dies."

-Laura Lind





THE TROPHY

The house looked the same. Quiet. Serene. Majestic. Nothing had changed. The floor of the front porch still buckled up in a warped arch. The spiraea plant which coiled around the side trellis was still scorched where Sollie burned out a hornet's nest the summer before. Yes, and there was Sollie - his nose pressed against the living room window and his eyes glistening with a sincere affection. Sollie loved people. He always remembered those who would smile and speak to him as they passed the house.

Sollie Markham was a moron. Please don't say "that's too bad" or any of that rubbish. He was happy that way. He saw everything and everybody through loving eyes. Sollie was not aware of the prejudice and the hatred which are ever so apparent in life. He could overlook it if he were shunned or laughed at. He was hurt only when his hands were slapped. Sure, he had the typical moronic traits. He squashed worms with his fingers, screamed at old ladies wearing Evening in Paris (which he himself bought Mom each Christmas), and clapped when the old collie from next door would take advantage of the fire hydrant in front of our house. I loved Sollie. He was my elder brother by some sixteen years, and whenever I was home he tagged along with me like a faithful puppy dog. When no one was in the immediate vicinity for Sollie to bother, he would occupy himself by either catching bees and insects or by just sitting on the veranda and pounding sticks with a little hammer.

On my last visit home, following my graduation from Cornell, I was constantly being reminded by my parents that I was not exactly setting the world on fire.

"Demetrius," my mother would say, "it's not that your father and I regret having paid for your education. We just simply believe that an intelligent young man with a Master's degree can obtain a more lucrative position than waiting on tables in a restaurant. That is enough to make your own parents disown you. What would your grandfather Rehbein say?"

"But, Mom," I pleaded, "don't you see that I need my time for writing? I don't plan to wait on tables the rest of my life, but I do need money to live on while I'm in New York."

"You know that your father and I can't afford to send you a regular check. We are still receiving bills from your father's stay in the hospital. Your grandfather Rehbein died of the very same ... "

"Sure, Mom, sure. I know."

"What kind of job is writing for a man anyway?" My father opened his mouth for the first time. "You won't make any money. Insurance. There's the business for a bright young man. It's been more than rewarding for me. Nicht wahr, Rosemary?"

"Yes, Herman. That is true. Demetrius, why don't you go down to the Hartford offices and talk to Byron Baugn?"

"Maybe I will tomorrow. I have to think about it."

That ended that. During the whole discussion Sollie sat in the corner with his fingers in the backs of his shoes and listened.

Later when we were alone he asked me why I was living in New York and trying to sell my stories.

"Sollie," I explained, "after a person reaches a certain point in his life, he must decide what he wants to do. He then sets out to do it. Now my ambition - an ambition, Sollie, is when you want to do something - is to write stories for the entertainment of other people. That way I can do something I enjoy and still earn a livelihood - er, money."

A puzzled look crept over Sollie's face, but after several long minutes of apparent thought accompanied by loud breathing' his face lit up and a big smile shone radiantly.

"Ya mean everyone has to do something and dey should do things dey wanta? Is dat what ya mean, Demi? Huh? It is? Huh?"

"That's exactly what I mean, Sollie. Remember when Pop won that big, shiny trophy that you liked so well? He got that for selling more insurance than anyone else. You know why he sold more insurance? Because he wanted to get ahead."

"Demi, do you think dat I could get something by working for it?"

"Sure, Sollie. What do you want?"

He hesitated a moment, then replied, "A hamster. I wanta white hamster just like Jimmy Richards has."

"I'll tell you what, Sollie.. Just keep helping Mom around the house. Save your allowance every week, and soon you'll have enough money to buy your hamster."

Ten years have passed since that last visit and I have been living here in New York. My small efficiency apartment is cluttered with rejection slips, unfinished manuscripts, and dirty dishes. My diplo!lla is lost; my cockiness, gone. Life is mean, but funny. I have discovered that It takes a mountain of a man to attain his ultimate goal. I have not met such a man.

In my mail last week, I received the usual conglomeration of rejection slips, overdue bills, and loan advertisements. On Thursday the letter from Mom came. Her aged hand scrawls, but at one glance I knew what she was saying - Sollie was dead.

"It was just awful, Demetrius. Sollie was returning from the post office when the accident ocured. Mr. Zapeski, who runs the fish store, said Sollie was walking up the sidewalk, then before anyone could bat an eye, he darted into the street. Sollie didn't suffer any, but he had the strangest smile on his face.

"Your father and I went to the post office this evening but whatever he mailed had already gone out. I guess we'll ever know what it was... "

She was right. They would never know.

Several days later, upon my return from Sollie's funeral I found a small box which had been delivered to my apartmet. It was crudely wrapped in faded brown paper and my address was scribbled on it in crayon. The return address was simply - "Sollie."

I opened the package slowly, fearing what I might find. After removing the paper, I found myself holding a cigar box stuffed with yellowing newspaper. I cautiously pulled the joined ends of the newspaper back. It was as I suspected. Wrapped in the newspaper, among the stories of Sonny Liston's dethroning of Floyd Patterson and of the world's ten best - dressed women, was not one, but two white hamsters. They had obviously died of asphyxiation, probably during the trip from Altoona to New York. Under their bloated, furry bodies was a note that read -

"You maybe don't got what you want already but heres mine and im still saving too love sollie."

-David M. Fietsam

TO SURPASS THE APE

Upon the limbs of our mind does sit
the fellow of meekness, low-folded and wet,
while running up the Pyramid of soul
in paradox and strength and weakness,
forces our fingers to bruise our skin.
He lies and waits and slips into the wave
of our heartbeat and on our grave,
yet while living, he sucks our tongue
and makes it play his sad, slow song
unto the willows, and who hears it
echo on the ribs of darkness.
Over the vales of our thousand
god-eyes, he drags the bones
of Yesterday's lies.
We hear the song on the Human Harp
and read from its history
the low murmur of the All.
And from the Faint that embraces the Strong,
we find the Sun and see the Path
and closer still, we see the Road.

-Roncrld E. Houchin

EDITOR'S NOTE

The *et cetera* magazine, created in 1953, is now in its 16th year of publication. I have been associated with the magazine for only three years, yet I feel a sense of pride which encompasses far more than my own efforts as editor-in-chief. Scanning past issues, I have found not only high quality of literary content but high quality of production, and this tradition of excellence has generated in me a great responsibility to live up to those demanding standards.

You, the students who read *et cetera* and who submit your creative writing to it also have a responsibility. To the readers, your responsibility is one of active interest and appreciation of the students and faculty who breathe life into every issue with their editorial talents. To the submitters, your responsibility is one of conscientious artistry, for it is your creativity upon which the magazine must feed. It is your inspiration which infuses beauty and truth into the pages of every magazine. *et cetera*'s history, by literary standards, is brief, but every work published through the years has become part of the greater literary heritage which is ours to enjoy. Therefore, I urge you, the students of Marshall University, to continue to support your magazine in the years ahead.

I sincerely hope that you have enjoyed this Spring 1969 issue containing the work of over 20 students. I have found great pleasure in supervising its production, but, though it is one of the finest issues that has yet been published, I look forward to the publication of an even finer magazine this fall. I now wish to thank my staff without whom I would never have been able to accomplish anything. They deserve a vote of thanks from all of us. I also wish to thank the contributors for their excellent submissions. To those whose work was not published, I encourage you and any other Marshall student to plan upon submitting to the Fall issue of the *et cetera* magazine.

Sincerely,
James R. Pack

DIRECTORY OF CONTRIBUTORS

Linda Phillips, author of "Quotes" and "Queen Mab Speaks," is a junior in the college of Arts and Sciences and an English major. Her minors are art and journalism. Linda is a member of the present *et cetera* staff, serving on the prose section of the editorial board.

Ronald E. Houchin, author of five poems and a member of the staff is a Huntington junior majoring in English in the Teacher's College with a social studies specialization. Ron's special interests are graphoanalysis and psychology. Asked for a comment on literature, Ron quoted Emerson, "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

Laura Lind, author of "Remnants of Love" and "As I Read Siddhartha," is a Huntington sophomore majoring in English and minor in philosophy in the college of Arts and Sciences. Laura hopes to teach college English and says, "Teaching is the only profession in which I will find satisfaction ... time to write and travel."

Marc Perry, author of "As I Met Thunder," is a sociology major and a sophomore in the college of Arts and Sciences. Marc plans to make a career of the service. "I would hate to be labeled a conformist. The American soldier is the greatest individualist - this is my life."

Linda Raf, author of "Our Sweetest Songs," is a Chesapeake, Ohio, junior majoring in English and minoring in Spanish in the Teacher's College. She plans to teach on the secondary level and continue writing. About her short story she says, "It expresses many of the things I feel about life and deals with people I have known."

Laura Anne Baltels, author of the Haiku poem, is a junior and English major. She leans toward poetry as a writing preference. Last summer for eight weeks she traveled about Europe finding the Greek Isles the highlight of the trip.

Tish Adkins, otherwise known as Patricia Lynn Adkins is a Glen Burnie, Maryland, freshman and art major in the Teacher's College. She is the author of "Concert" and three other poems in this issue of *et cetera*.

Pamela Irwin, author of four poems, including "You and I Together" and "Upon Your Going," is an Ashland, Kentucky, graduate and is now working for the Ashland Daily Independent newspaper. Pamela hopes to be working soon for a newspaper in Lexington, Kentucky. Besides being a journalist she is a folk-singer and has performed at the Campus Christia Center.

David Reid Dillon, philosophy major and junior in the college of Arts and Sciences, is a member of the editorial board of the present *Et cetera* staff. David is also editor-in-chief of the *Chief Justice* yearbook. David's hobbies are chess and spelunking, and his favorite expression is something Goethe might have said before him, "They are pygmies, these moderns."

Robert Wylie Plymale, author of "Standing on a Great Marble Floor ... " is a Shoals, West Virginia, sophomore and a biological science major in the Teacher's College.

Jim Carnes, author of two short stories, is a Switzer, West Virginia, senior majoring in English in the Teacher's College. Jim's minor is journalism.

Virginia Reuthebeck, author of "The Rock," is an Ashland, Kentucky, senior and a rehabilitation education major. Virginia's interests are art, writing, music, drama and youth work. "Ginny" plans to return to the service field after graduation.

Nancy Tyson, English major and Huntington junior, is the author of "Bastille Day." Nancy enjoys literature and music-listening to records and playing the guitar. She plans to teach college and go on to graduate school.

James R. Pack, editor-in-chief of the *et cetera* magazine for the past two years, is a South Point, Ohio, senior majoring in English with a minor in philosophy. Jim plans eventually to become a publisher and novelist. Commenting on his poem, "Beyond the Door," Jim says, "The hermit finds darkness comfortable, because he knows there is light at the threshold of his solitude."

Elizabeth Beale, author of "The Homecoming," is a Huntington graduate student working on her Masters degree in English. Mrs. Beale's play, fashioned after Greek tragedy and the character of Electra, was part of her project in English honors.

Emmett Boaz, author of "Guilt," is a senior and English major in the college of Arts and Sciences. Born in Charlottesville, Virginia, Emmett attended Shenandoah College before coming to Marshall in 1967. Emmett has dreams of founding a small four-year liberal arts college designed for the individualist.

Susan McGee, author of "Once Upon A Day," is a freshman Spanish major in the college of Arts and Sciences. She is presently a member of *et cetera's* Fall staff.

David M. Fietsam, author of "The Trophy," is an English major in the college of Arts and Sciences. Commenting on his short story he says, "I wrote 'The Trophy' several years ago. All I can say is that it is truth." David is nearing completion of his first novel, "Rhododendron Falls," a teenage adventure story.

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