


1968

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et cetera

'68

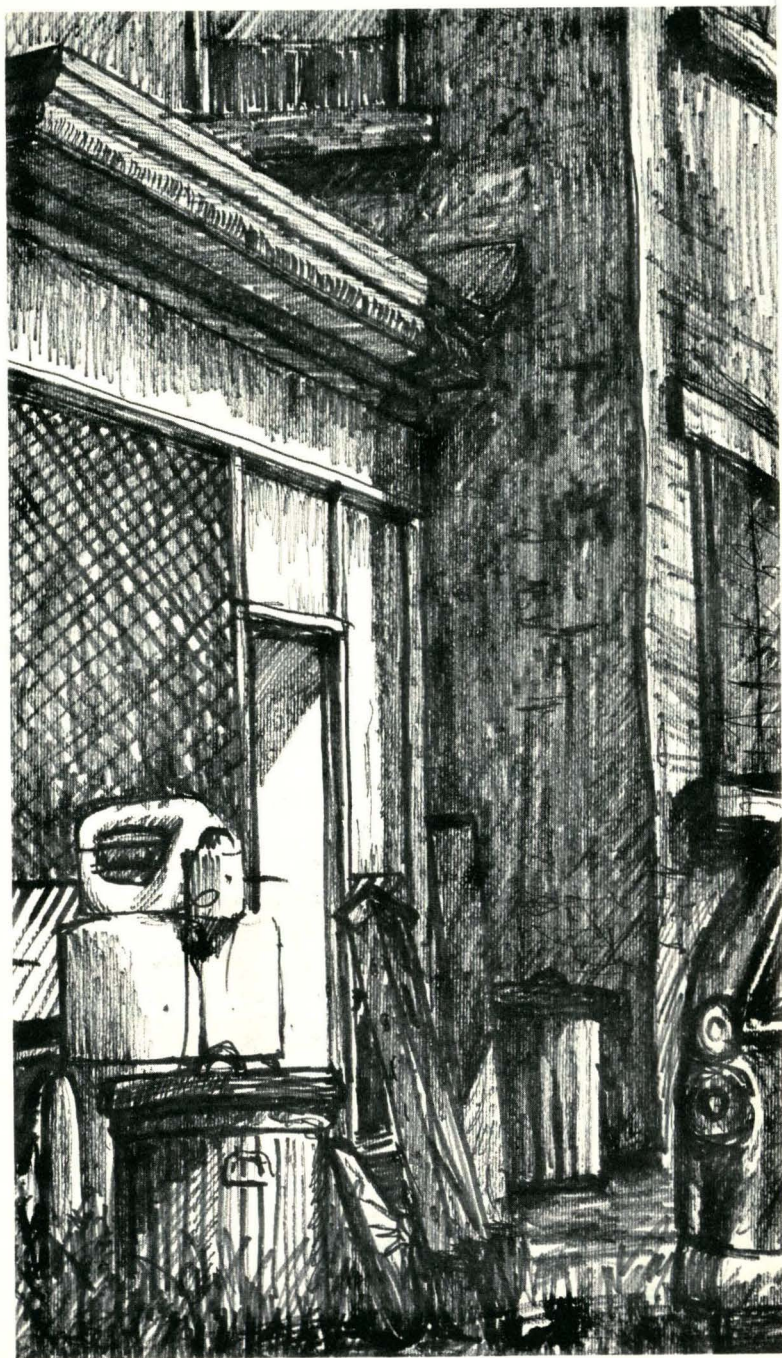
# et cetera

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Tonight I love you, Huntington.  
Tonight you're filled with sweet crisp air and kickable,  
crackly live-dead leaves.  
Tonight you are the elegant slow-moving South,  
Not the South of quiet hatred and mouse-trap minds,  
But the South of smiles and peacefulness.  
You're caught in between tonight and tomorrow,  
Because tomorrow you'll be "walk-don't walk" signs and  
"exciting new look for '68."  
Even tonight your children roar their super GTO's.  
Who'll ever want to say-the first car I drove was a 409  
with a blown 4-barrel and a flat-out sprocket?  
Maybe that's what to fear-maybe people will want to say that.  
But for a little while, Huntington, town of the chase,  
You were a dark trainyard filled with potential energy and  
flat-rumbled noises.  
Tonight your streets were brick and your mood was blank.  
It wasn't the apprehensive friendliness of the day-time world  
that is being invaded by some alien disrupting force,  
But a quiet sleep-filled dream world of front porches and  
slow-dying ladies sleeping soundly and trying to make old  
songs of mist float through their grey heads.  
I guess tonight you were mine, to do with as I please,  
And tomorrow you belong to the confused old and young trying  
to figure what the hell's going on in Huntington.  
You're changing, like every Huntington in the world is changing.  
But tonight the change was mine to make.

-Nick Boke

A knee bent and a voice  
rebellious rose echoing along with the masquerading placecards  
of the conscientious to wing  
its way and fall on ears  
unheard  
a plea  
a mortal crying of melancholy desperation reflecting  
from the stony arteries of the congregation  
reverberating from wings of curious  
innocence  
a prayer?  
perhaps.  
a suppliant moved by hysteria massed (in "mini" and  
"shades") groveling in protesting mire begging an  
audience outside the thundering id of the folk  
trio a step in the continuous march directed at an  
image higher still than the domed nest of perching hawks  
and doves  
seeking a being who will not hear  
"Oh please, let Bob Hope spend Christmas home, this year."  
-Conchata Galen Ferrell

#### AN UNEVENTUAL PASSING

They passed today; two faces in a crowd.  
One with in-turned eyes, the other with down-turned head.  
Still, they passed.  
Some recorded their plight with silence, others observed, but  
no one helped  
Him with his tap, tap, tapping and her with her limp, shuffle,  
scraping.  
They made their way.  
Two featherless Birds in a world of down,  
Naked with sympathy, but clothed in dignity and tempered  
by tenacity.

- J. J. Johnson

#### THE DAY THE COMMUNISTS TOOK OVER ST. ELMO

Now I don't profess to be an intellectual nor even to know anything much about politics, which is a different proposition altogether. However, I seem constantly to be in the midst of people who know a great deal about politics and are not in the least chary of expounding their views to anyone who will listen. Here in West Virginia, naturally, the most popular political topic is our own state system. Some recent discussions that I was privileged to hear dealt with such issues as the growing tendency in West Virginia for people, who never exercised the privilege of voting in their lives, to register and vote after they have died. I have heard boasts that our record of post-mortem balloting is second only to that unchallenged archetype of progress, Alabama.

Then weigh the case of The Honorable J. Sterling Leffingwell, one of our recent and most distinguished governors, who requested and was granted three million dollars in federal flood relief money. This was a particularly outstanding achievement in view of the fact that there was no flood in West Virginia that year. I must admit that there was something of a scandal and the federal government threatened to take back the money. But Governor Leffingwell, as always up to any challenge, arranged to open the gates of the Loadstone Dam in eastern West Virginia, thereby unleashing a flood in the Ohio Valley which caused eleven million dollars worth of damage. No less a man than the vice president of the United States commended Governor Leffingwell for "his vision and foresight in securing the flood relief funds a full three and one half months in advance of the flood's actual occurrence."

However, excepting a few minor mistakes, Governor Leffingwell is considered by many to have been one of our most brilliant governors. Wasn't he able, through shrewd investment and sound judgment, to parlay his ten thousand dollar a year governor's salary into enough operating capital to establish his own national bank upon leaving office? Where else could he have obtained the money for such a venture? It was common knowledge in Charleston for his inaugural.

Don't misunderstand me. Many of us were relieved to see the governor set up in such a lucrative concern as a national bank. It didn't seem proper somehow for him to return to his former occupation: proprietor of the refreshment stand in the lobby of the capitol building.

And I don't suppose we'll ever tire of discussing the recent defeat of Senator Clyde Barrow, after twenty-four years in the United States Senate. At the last minute a group of what Senator Barrow called "pussyfooting reactionaries" expressed grave doubts as to Senator Barrow's ability to represent the interests of the great state of West Virginia from his prison cell. However, he did succeed in becoming West Virginia's Secretary of State that year under the state's new prison rehabilitation program.

As I say, our primary concern is our own state politics, but occasionally someone will begin a dissertation on national politics. What this usually amounts to is an attempt to determine how much the President of the United States has accumulated in his personal fortune and the source of this money. I have heard his fortune variously estimated at anywhere from 10000 dollars to 137 billions, including his royalties from advertising on the Voice of America. But this is all conjecture and I would have no way of substantiating any of it.

However, the one topic that is so rare as to be almost non-existent in West Virginia is any discussion of international affairs. One thing is certain, when that subject does arise around here. Just as any religious debate will conclude by arguing whether or not snake-handling is a valid sacrament in the attainment of everlasting salvation, a consideration of international affairs can mean only one thing and no other: communism.

The day the communists took over St. Elmo, West Virginia, I spent the morning at my job as a railroad brakeman. St. Elmo, in addition to being my home town, is the location of the largest rail yard on the Great Appalachian Northern Railroad.

Late that morning my conductor, a fellow by the name of Walkie Talkie ambled up to me, as I was climbing onto a car to set the brake.

"When you get finished there, come on over to the shack for lunch," he said and away he went, walking and talking to himself, which is how he acquired his name.

By the time I got to the shack, two other crews were there: Wino and Deacon Jones, the conductors; Nasty Hog and Chewtobacco, their brakeman. I tossed up a friendly hand toward Chewtobacco, who always appeared to be smiling because of the way he clamped his lips together to contain a gigantic and perpetual plug of chewing tobacco. Railroad men are great ones for chewing tobacco.

"Hello, boy," Chewtobacco said to me. Anyone under fifty is a college boy by definition to trainmen. I took a seat near Walkie Talkie, who was eating a sandwich, as he read the morning paper.

"I see where them Chinees Reds is cuttin' up again," Walkie Talkie said, looking up from his paper for emphasis. "Yessir, we goin' to have a lot of trouble with them dudes before it's all over. You mark my words."

"I wonder how come it is they call them chinees, reds," Nasty Hog said, "I seen a little chinee boy over in Ohio in a laundry onct. Cleveland it was. He looked kind of yaller to me and his teeth buckled out in the front a little bit too. Funny lookin' little feller, if you ask me."

"Tennis shoes," Deacon Jones said.

"What?" Everybody formed the words at the same time.

"Tennis shoes," Deacon repeated, "I hear tell them chinee reds don't wear nothing but tennis shoes all the time and they can run faster'n a nigger on a alligator farm."

"Well I know one thing," Chewtobacco said, "They can sure make good radioes and cameras and such as that."

"Them's the japs you're thikin' about, Chew," Wino said. He sometimes reads an out of town newspaper and thought himself better informed than the rest of us.

"What the hell, Wino, they's all the same, ain't they?"

"Come to think of it, maybe you're right," Wino said.

"I seen pictures of 'em once in the paper and they was all wearin' arm bands and throwed ththeir feet away out in front of them when they marched," Nasty Hog said.

"Naw, that's the Germans you're thikin' about. The nazzies and Hitler and all," Wino said.

"Well they got a lot of points similar. Thay'd all just as soon kill you as look at you," Walkie Talkie said.

"Whew boy, I'd hate to see them commanists get loose down here in St. Elmo. All these people goes to church down here. Why them commanists would line ever one of 'em up and shoot 'em," Deacon Jones said. His faced contorted, just thinking about it.

"Now Deacon, they's a lot of people just hides behind that church," said Wino, who was known to be slightly irreverent.

"That's a fact," we all agreed.

"That may be so, but that don't give no commanist a right to come in here and start killin' people just because they go to church. And that's exactly what they would do too. Right here in St. Elmo, if we didn't stop them." Deacon's voice was becoming shrill with conviction. No one had ever cast him in the role of protector of the faith before. He seemed to be enjoying himself. "And another thing," he said, fixing Nasty Hog intently in his gaze, "If a man had some prize hogs that they wanted, why they'd just up and take 'em, no matter what he thought about it. They wouldn't pay him nothing for his hogs neither."

"By God I'll kill the no good sons of bitches. They can't do that to me!" Nasty Hog shouted vehemently. He never had much to say about his family one way or the other, but I knew that his hogs were his pride and joy.

"What's more they get women out and work 'em in the street diggin' ditches all kinds of hard man's work like that. How'd you like for your daughter to have to get out and do such as that, Nasty Hog?" Deacon Jones continued.

"Well I don't know. She is a pretty good hand with a plow, I allow, but I don't recollect her ever doin' any ditch diggin' or plumbin' or nothin'. Still I reckon she could learn. She ain't all that dumb," Nasty Hog said, apparently missing the point altogether.

"Gee-zus, you're really somebody to be talkin' about dumb. I'll swan, if it was left up to you this place would be crawlin' with commanists right now. Gee-zus." Deacon Jones was relentless when it came to a debate.

"I'll be damned!" said Nasty Hog, whose ire could be aroused almost as quickly by questioning his patriotism as it could by monkeying with one of his prize hogs. I said almost, mind you.

"Now boys," Walkie Talkie said, "I've heared all kinds of argument here about commanists. Just let me ask you one question. Does any one of you know what commanist means?"

"Old Jack Johnson knowed a feller onct that went to Chicago for a trip," Deacon Jones began cautiously, "And this feller told Jack that Chicago is one town that is crawlin' with commanists. He said they's a lot of them walk around in broad daylight, handin' out handbills to try to get you to be a commanist with 'em. Fellers with beards, he said, and wearin' sandals. Dirty, he said, and smel-in' bad, like as if they'd just loaded ten ton of coal. He said they believe in this free love where you can cut any old girl you want, just as long as she wants you to."

"Godamn, maybe it wouldn't be so bad after all." This came from a man who had boasted publicly on several occasions that he had been married for twenty-six years and had never seen his wife in the nude. I couldn't help wondering what kind of free lover Nasty Hog would make.

"Naw, them's not commanists. Them's beatniks," Walkie Talkie said.

"It's the same thing. Commanists and beatniks is the same damn thing," Deacon Jones said.

"May be," Walkie Talkie said, "but it looks to me like as crazy as those beatniks are, they wouldn't be much good for fightin' and killin' like you're talkin' about, Deacon. Hell, when the cops arrest 'em they just lay down and take it and don't even fight back at all. What do you say to that?"

"I've heared that explained," Wino said. "I went to a meetin' onct. A John Birch man come through here and come over to the bunkhouse to talk to us. The way he said it was that it's all a trick, them commanists pretendin' to lay back and take it that way. They want to lull us to sleep and then bust down on us. He said they's already puttin' stuff in the drinkin' water right here in St. Elmo to poison you but they tell you it's stuff good for your teeth. And your television set. They got a way to shoot something out of your televisin set that'll make you sterile. They're usin' that around here now too, that feller said."

"Jesus God," somebody said.

"Go on, Wino," Walkie Talkie said, "What else did that feller from the ... where'd you say he was from?"

"John Birch. It's a kina of a club to watch out for commanists. This feller claimed there was a commanist under every tree and bush. This place is lousy with 'em."

"Yeah, John Birch, I've heared about 'em on television. Seems like they're always causm' a commotion and gettin' thrown in jail somewhere. Go on, what'd he say? How do you stop 'em from takin' over?"

"He didn't seem to know what to do about 'em. He only said, if it was up to him, he'd get 'em all down and alter 'em or take 'em out and lynch 'em. He just said watch out for 'em, that's all, because they're tricky."

"I have heared that them Russians drink vodka right straight out the bottle. Could be one thing makes 'em so crazy," Deacon said.

"Did you ever see the way they dance, a settin' down like that?" Nasty Hog said.

"That's another thing," Deacon said. "Don't seem right does it?"

I was about to add the sin of speaking in a foreign tongue, as another possible source of their problem, but thought better of it: I was a new man, and according to railroad protocol, should not venture an opinion unless asked for it.

"You boys would really have it rough in Russia. They ain't got any railroad unions. Don't allow no strikes nor nothing. If you was to set down on the job 'or something like that, they'd ship you off to a place called Si-beerya. Now that's a fact. I've heared 'em say so on the television news." It was a long speech, even for the eloquent Walkie Talkie.

"Hell you say! They can't do no such a thing. It's unconsti-tooshnal," Nasty Hog said.

The discussion continued along the same general plane for several more minutes, during which the participants compared the relative merits of the communist party, the Nazis, the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the DAR and the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America, deciding finally that, as Walkie Talkie put it earlier, "They got a lot of points similar."

"Now boys, I got an idea how we can solve this thing onct and for all," Wino said.

"How's that Wino?" Deacon Jones said in behalf of everyone.

"Ask the perfessor there," Wino said, pointing to me. "He been to college and all. Maybe he knows something about it."

They all turned and looked at me. "How 'bout it professor? You know anything about this commanist stuff?" Walkie Talkie said.

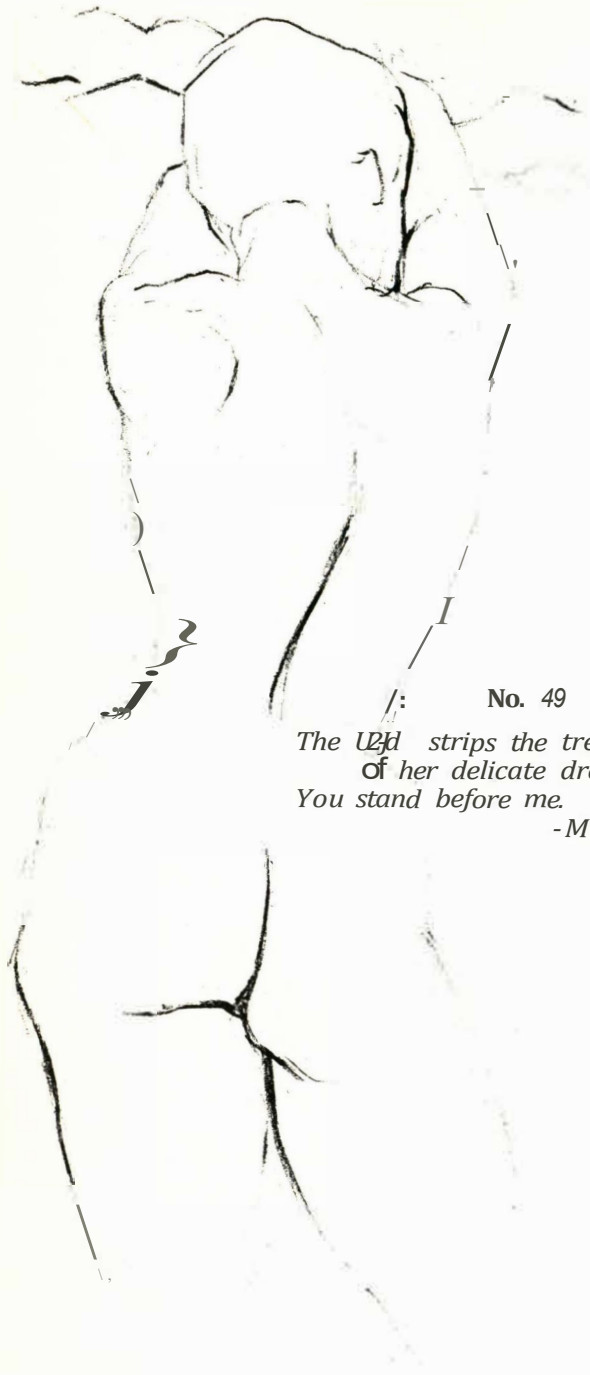
"Yeah, a little bit, I guess," I said.

"Well, let's have it," Walkie Talkie said.

"There are different kinds of it," I said, "but basically it just means that all the people own everything and no one man owns anything. But in practice it never seems to work quite that way because a few people end up controlling the works and the large mass of people end up with the day-in, day-out drudgery and very little to show for it. A man needs more than that. I don't think I'd like to live that way myself. But some people seem to favor it."

Walkie Talkie stared at me for a couple of minutes, pondering my answer. "Well, some says it is and some says it ain't," he said. Fortunately for me, the last lunch whistle blew and it was time to get back to the serious business of shoving boxcars up and down the tracks; I never had to answer that last argument.

- Carl Adkins



No. 49

The Uzd strips the trembling tree  
of her delicate dress,  
You stand before me.

-Marcia Allen

## THE CAGE

Grasping, clutching fingers reach out from a corner crucifix and guide a baby's hungry lips to the breast of a captive.

Born in an inherent cell and destined for the curious, the infant sucks. Knowing only the warmth of bottle-capped eyes and the loneliness of a Monday at the Zoo.

Slowly the furry, fragile head slips from the instinctive breast and with ecstatic twitches enters the jungle of his dreams.

- J. J. Johnson

## HIGH TIME, HIPPIE, THAT SOMEONE PLUCKED THE NAU'IONAL FOREST PLANTS

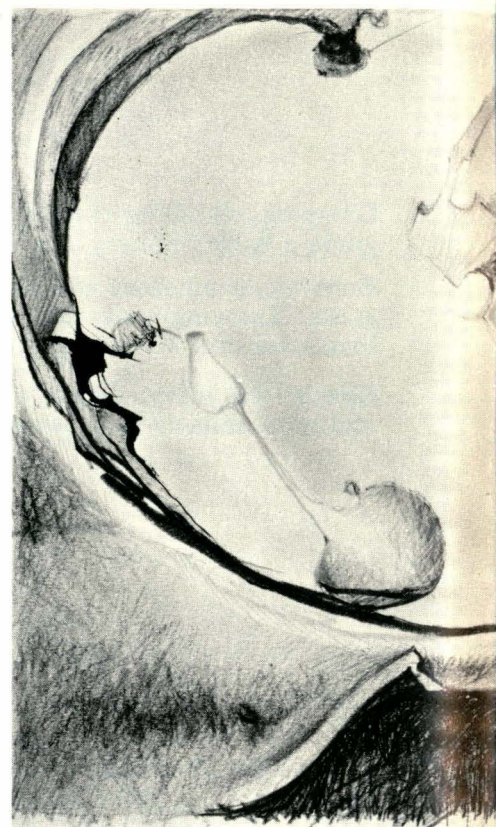
A shining bell,  
making a pretense  
of having been taken from the soft  
corpse of an old Indian,  
Made tinkling sounds  
hanging from her waist.  
A yellow scarf fell downward  
carelessly  
dangling to a drop  
That found her latticed feet-  
A paisley kerchief  
wound unconcerned through  
ropes of tangled hair - wanly, mimic  
All the gentleness of antelopes and  
All the wise ignorance of the anti-social savage-  
She offered Mars a flower.

-Linda Phillips

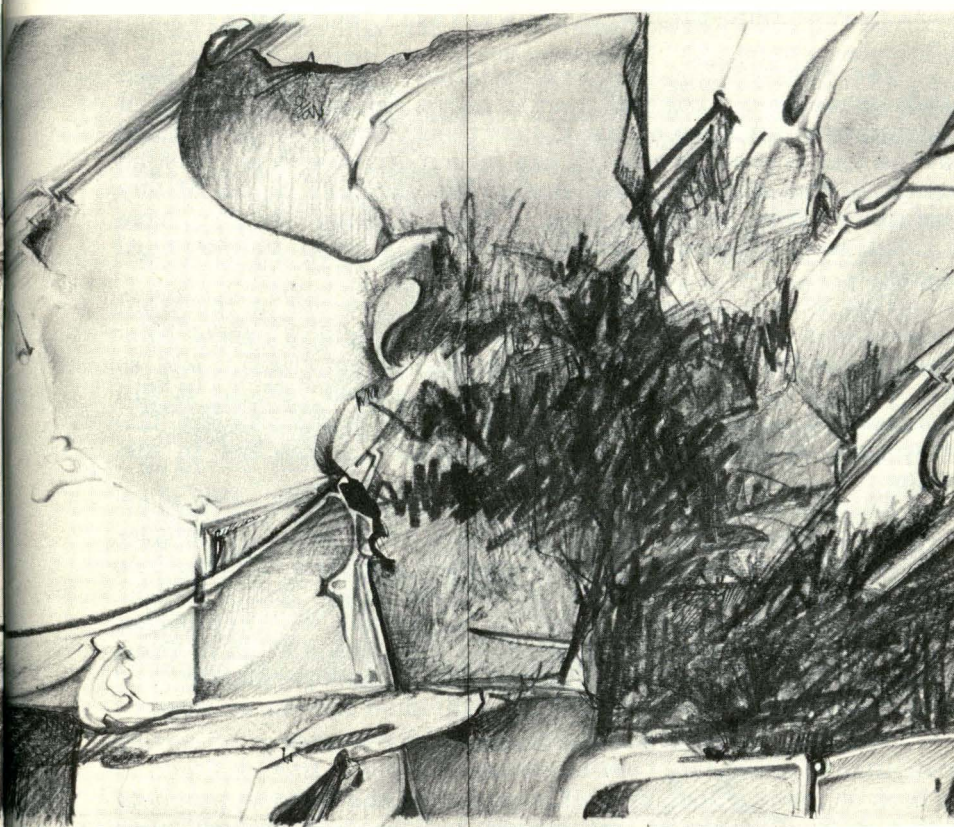


MOSTLY WIND AND  
SILVER MAPLE

Wind  
Through a silver maple  
Tree--  
I can't believe  
In trees  
And even wind  
Except by faith  
Being my third eye,  
That fails  
So wonderfully  
To see anything  
But the  
Simple  
Illogical beauty  
Of the silver maple's  
Glinting, sparkling  
Eye, moved by  
The wind, and  
Here, it is surely  
Mostly wind and silver maple.  
The vision of love  
That ends in separateness  
Excites the third party  
To memories lost and won.  
Steady eyes  
Opaque, concealing for a  
    while,  
Finally burst with loud noises  
And only cold ashes parch  
Motionless lips.  
The tear freezes--  
A tiny snowflake now  
Obscured in drifts



Shaded from the sun  
By sheer distance in time.  
The sensual caress of hair  
That once hung  
To touch the face and  
Closed eyelids  
Streaks scars upon  
Cooling skin.  
The fragrance that  
Lightly touched upon  
The senses is slowly  
Withdrawn.  
Its subtle intoxication  
Now hides to  
Wait on an expectant lover  
As the shower waits for  
    Spring.



The one is left  
With the empty  
Smell to stagnate the  
Air, and yellow hands to  
Sift dry sand.  
Culminating passion that  
    sulks  
In the shadow of the  
Touch of flesh  
Screams into the dreaded,  
Crushing orgasm  
Of loneliness.  
The four lips that  
Once superficially united  
To utter two silent prayers  
Are awakened.

The searing sound  
Escapes.  
But not to continue,  
Realizing  
Such eminent incompleteness  
Would admit something  
Even as fruitless.  
To be lost and found  
And to retrace shallow  
Footsteps with unswollen  
Feet will satisfy the  
Scratching, groping soul,  
And the spirit may at last  
Rest above  
Bleached bones.

- Tom McClure

## IS AN EXISTENTIAL CHRISTIANITY POSSIBLE?

The phrase '*Christian existentialism*' has sometimes been called oxymoronic, a contradiction in terms. Not only opponents of existentialism but some existentialists themselves have proclaimed that the tenets of existentialism are incompatible with a Christian outlook - that existentialism implies the complete denial of any absolute or higher power or level of being. Others, however, have affirmed that "*Christian existentialism*" is a valid philosophical outlook.

This debate seems to be confused by the use of the word *existentialism* as if it referred to some philosophical school commensurate with idealism, pragmatism, logical empiricism, and so forth. Such a view is quite false, and if expressed verbally it will be recognized as such by anyone acquainted with the problem. Unconsciously, however, it may work considerable mischief in discussion.

Existentialism is the name not of a philosophical "school" but of an attitude, a perspective; it implies not a particular answer to philosophical questions, but a particular approach to them. The primary word in dealing with this outlook is not existentialism, but existential. An "*existentialist*" is simply one who approaches questions with an existential attitude - an attitude of immediacy, of engagement, of continuous respect for human personality and for the irreducible uniqueness of the individual human existence.

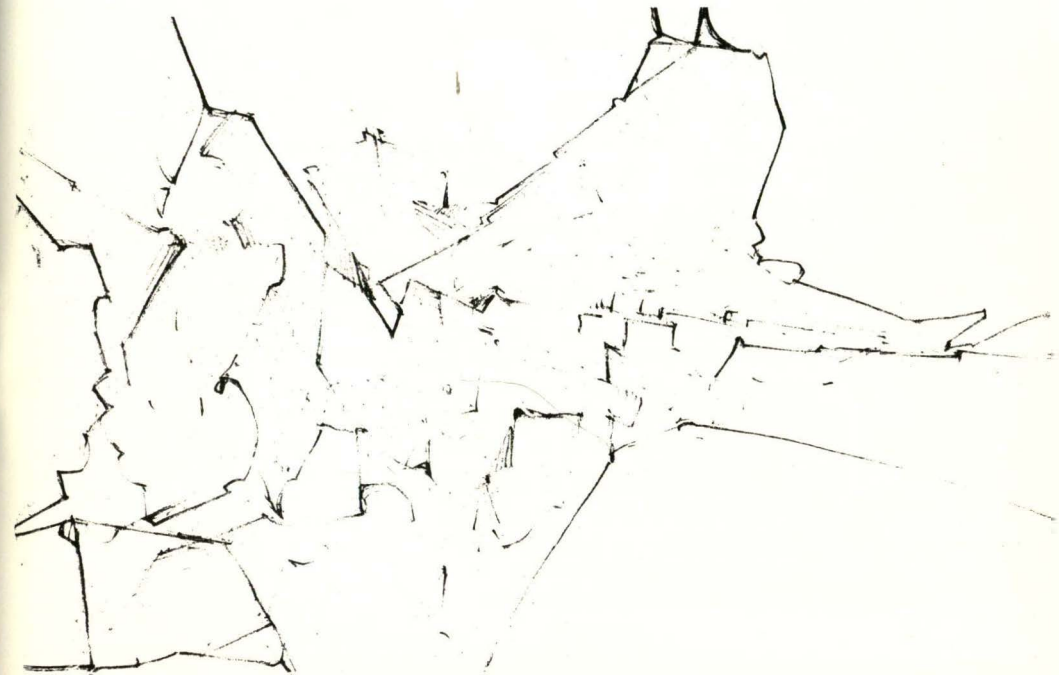
With this in mind, one can understand the attempt of certain existential thinkers (not "*existentialists*") to trace their attitude as far back as the pre-Socratic philosophers and the Hebrew prophets. Such a claim, if made for any modern philosophical "school" such as Logical Positivism, would probably be impertinent nonsense; but in this case it is justified, for what is being sought-and found, existentially-are not the doctrines of a particular ideology but the human concerns of an attitude toward the problems of human existence and toward the answers proposed by these doctrines. Similarly, it should be possible to seek existential elements in Christianity, and even to take a specifically and deliberately existential attitude toward Christian problems. In addition, degrees of this "*existentiality*" should be possible - so that, in fact, it would be hard to say in certain cases who is an "*existential*" Christian and who is not.

The phrase "Christian existentialism" is indeed oxymoronic if it is taken to mean a Christian adaptation of "*Existentialism*"; for that term, used without modifiers, popularly refers to the philosophies of Heidegger, Sartre, and Camus, which are emphatically atheistic in tendency. Why, however, should these philosophies be awarded the distinction of being considered the purest existential attitude much less that of being referred to as "*Existentialism*" simpliciter? It is true that "*atheistic existentialism*" takes certain key existential attitudes to their logical extremes, notably the anti-metaphysical and anti-absolutistic approaches to philosophy. Yet in

what way does this make it any more "*pu, e*" -- 1:α to enti?n. an more valid - than any other approach? *Christian existentialism* is a nonsense phrase only because "*Existentialism*" is, in this sense, a nonsense word. Existential attitudes, even pursued to infinity, will never produce an "*ism*"; they are solely methods of inquiry for the critique of the established "*isms*."

Kierkegaard, the "*founder*" of "*Existentialism*," never. he r? of that term- his sole concern was with the relation of the individual human existence to the reality of the Absolute, the sovereign of the universe. He was as aware as Sartre or Camus of the anxieties, the despair, which arise from our recognition of our finitude; but he did not stop there. He saw an alternative to that despair, and he sought that alternative without compromising his philosophical principles. "*Atheistic existentialism*" is more properly called "*existential atheism*"; as such, it is vulnerable to the same critique as are all atheisms. In objectifying existentiality, in elevating it to an "*ism*," and in taking the anti-metaphysical and anti-absolutistic tendencies of existential thought to their furthest extremes, a heistic "*Existentialism*" has succeeded only in achieving a reduction to the absurdum of those tendencies. The answer to the anxieties of finitude remains where it has always been - in the Infinite: in unconditioned faith in the personal Ground of Being, which alone makes human life significant or in fact possible.

-Rodger Cunningham



## AN EXPRESSION OF PATIENCE

A solitary leaf expires,  
Plumeting earthward;  
The sodden skin is clothed in weeping.  
Are you listening, world?  
Do you see drops of sadness  
Slithering down tree trunks?  
Note how naked branches tremble and bow.  
Yet, though a child perish,  
Is thought of another contraction  
Not reconciling for grief?  
Sorrow is at best but frigid sleep  
While lonely parents wait upon sunlight.

-James R. Pack



The golden grass rakishly irritates  
the scornful zephyrs.  
Migratory flocks scan and pierce  
the horizon's troubled solitude.  
His mind delves in wonderment  
and the heart feels only remorse.  
A metamorphosis is taking place,  
which Man did not affect.  
Death will out and be more apparent,  
for time has turned another lap.

-Ronald E. Houchin

## CRADLE SONG

Soft edge of the eventual, enroaching night  
Laps gently at the windowpane  
Where on a table, one small candle  
Burns, flutters, sheds wax tears  
Upon a gown of cotton gauze  
Brushed with newly layered dust.

Harsh note of the relentlessly approaching hour  
Strikes booming through the soundless room  
Where rocks the young but songless mother  
Delivered of her desert burden  
In the cradle barely swaying  
In the corner's gathering gloom.

Faint glow of the reluctantly surrendering flame  
Yields inching to the conqueror dusk  
Whose slowly creeping, smoke-gray fringes  
Meld in ever-widening pools  
And drown each haloed silhouette  
With all-enveloping inkyness.

Last act of the insensibly determined day  
Grows quietly outside the darkened room  
For there the tongueless, first-cause wind  
Keening low in desolation  
Crosses the sash and with gentlest stir  
Tries to fashion words to sing a lullaby to her.

-Linda Chan



mountain water

always runs clear

from the marshy depths of shaded highland banks  
through cavernous eternal words of stone  
then into the lighthearted breeze and mischievous sunlight  
it glides

battered to a pure mist it roars from pine clothed heights  
sprays against walls of weathered oak  
and swirls into sturdy granite basins

-mountain hearts have a fancy that it will always be so  
for else  
God, himself, would have no place to wash his hands

-Shirli Ann

Rounj dark little faces  
Looking up in trust  
So full and yet so empty,  
Ready to smile or spit  
As mood would urge.

Who will tell you which is right  
And which is wrong?  
And what will you become  
If no one does?

How I wish that I  
Could press you close  
For just one moment  
And whisper of all truth to you.

But what a futile thing that I should try  
One moment cannot mold  
Your little hearts  
And only years of patient love  
Could teach your tender minds.

I want to give  
And yet, my life's already full.

I cannot stop so long  
To wait for you

But what will you become  
If no one does?

-Mrs. David Lusk

## THE JUNGLE SONG

Gather the windows  
And put them around.  
You then can see,  
Staring at the thing of wonder.  
Laugh, mock, curse!  
Your will is open and free,  
Because you're outside,  
Looking in.  
Not inside, staying out.

-Leonard Kieth Miller

## THE GYPSY CURE

In one of the coldest, bitterest winters Southamptonshire had ever seen, when thermometers went plunging down into the icy lower regions, and lakes were frozen glassy smooth and hard, Martha developed an infection. She would do it, the stubborn child. First came the sniffles and sneezes, the sore throat and cold that followed the north wind as a dog his master; next came pneumonia and a long, long struggle against exhaustion and anemia. Dr. Prusset made his living on such cases as this, and though the good man did his best to fill her with as much drippy cough medicine and as many foul-tasting purges as she could bear, an evil-looking infection slowly took a strangulation hold about the child's neck.

Mrs. Price shook her head sadly. Martha had already been through so much. Lancing that ugly sore would be a painful experience, but the doctor had assured her that it was absolutely necessary. So, in the end, she gave her reluctant consent, and Prusset promised to return the next day. As soon as she had seen him safely out the door, Mrs. Price retired to her warm little kitchen. There she brewed herself a cup of the fragrant, delicious tea that she was famous for, raked more coals over the fire, and sat down in her favorite corner to think. Mrs. Price was known to be an unusually thoughtful, as well as kind, woman. Her only problem was that when she sat down to think, she was inclined to imagine things. She sat there for a long time, wishing that some way of avoiding the ordeal might present itself. She may have gone to sleep by that pleasant hearth, although she still maintains that she did not, and could not have done so. However, at some moment during her meditations, Mrs. Price was disturbed by a tapping noise at the window. She looked up, startled, and saw one of the strangest people she could have imagined. She went to the window and rubbed one of the panes with a dish cloth in order to see better. On the opposite side of the glass another face was peering in at her. A red, chapped hand tapped again, this time with more urgency.

On impulse, Mrs. Price leaped to the door, flung it open, and drew the strange figure inside. It was an old woman; on first sight, one would have taken her for a witch. Her hair was as black as jet, her skin a peculiar olive shade. One of her prominent features was a long, aquiline nose which would have graced any bust of Caesar, but seemed completely out of place on her own wrinkled countenance. Her stubborn jaw rose to meet this huge peninsula; the two proteuberances almost touched each other. A huge, ragged shawl completed the picture. Despite her odd appearance, the woman had something about her that inspired confidence and trust. Perhaps it was her incredible age, perhaps her magic. At any rate, Mrs. Price was not at all afraid of the old crone, whom she knew to be a gypsy. It had been a long time since she had seen one, and she was anxious to question her, but before she had a chance to speak, the gypsy lady began to rub her hands together and sniff suspiciously.

"I smell sickness in this house! Somebody sick is here!" she croaked, and Mrs. Price explained about her daughter's illness. The woman finished rubbing the last bit of stiffness out of her gnarled fingers and fumbled for something deep within her garments.

"Have you any apples?" she snapped.

"Why, yes."

"Well and good, fetch 'em quick." Mrs. Price found herself hurrying to obey the order. The hag selected the biggest and ripest of them, cut out the core with a little pen knife and inserted a rank bundle of tobacco leaves. Then she thrust the concoction at her bewildered hostess. "Take it!" she commanded. Mrs. Price did. "Now," she admonished, "You be certain that you put this in the oven and bake it. Then put it on the girl's throat. Tomorrow your daughter will be all better."

"But-"

"Tomorrow, your daughter will be all better."

The gypsy pulled her tattered garments back into shape around her bony shoulders and opened the kitchen door. Mrs. Price smiled faintly and raised her hand in silent farewell, but the old woman did not look back. In a few seconds, she had turned a corner somewhere in the fleecy whiteness and disappeared. Mrs. Price was tempted to run after her and ask her about the apple, but something inside of her told her that she would never understand, and that she would not be able to find the gypsy again. The big, cheerful house lay silent and reverent for a few hours.



By the time her husband and older children returned from work and school respectively, that strange, apple-to-bacco remedy had filled the kitchen and dining room with its pungent odor. Everyone wondered what could be making such a horrible smell, and Mr. Price was one of the first to ask.

"It's just some home medicine that a friend of mine told me about."

"Home medicine? Baking in the oven?" he asked suspiciously "who told you about it?"

"Well ah you see, dear, it was a - a gypsy."

"A g'psy? You met a gypsy in the middle of winter?"

"Yes, I did," Mrs. Price confirmed.

"Darling, you know very well that there are no gypsies around here. There haven't been any for years."

"Yes there have," she added petulantly. "I saw one not more than five hours ago."

"Perhaps you dreamed it," he suggested.

"No," she protested. "I did not dream it. I couldn't have dreamed a stick of tobacco, could I? Or an apple?"

"Not very readily," her husband admitted.

"Well, said Mrs. Price airily, "I believe that the medicine is quite done now." She trotted to the stove and opened the oven door. A nauseating aroma of apple and tobacco nearly knocked her over before she could grasp the concoction with a pot holder. While she controlled an overpowering impulse to gag in front of her husband, she wrapped the medicine in a dish-cloth and headed for the door.

"Where are you going?"

"Upstairs to Martha, of course."

"With that? You can't be serious!" He followed her, protesting as he went.

"You'll kill the child with that thing! How can you bring yourself to put that disgusting thing around our daughter?" But Mrs. Price had already gained the head of the stairs. In a twinkling she returned to her husband's side.

"She's sleeping," Mrs. Price explained. "I just put it against her throat and tip-toed out." Rather than risk waking the girl, Mr. Price admitted defeat.

The next morning, when all the family assembled at the breakfast table except Martha, a knock was heard at the front door. Mr. Price rose to answer it. The caller proved to be Dr. Prusset. Silently, the good doctor and the anxious parents marched up the stairs. There was a low cough in the direction of Martha's room, then a croak, then a surprised gasp.

"Mummy!"

Mrs. Price looked inside and gasped, "'Oh, my!" Mr. Price rushed past her to see. Dr. Prusset peeked over her shoulder. Surrounded by bedclothes and used tissues, Martha pressed a trembling hand against her clean, white throat, unblemished and whole. Mr. Price was sceptical, Mrs. Price was complacent, Dr. Prusset was furious, and Martha was hungry for the first time *in* days.

-Joseph A. Seward



#### TIN CAN LONELINESS

I kicked a tin can high  
just to hear the clang (pause) bang  
and the metal roll of it,  
there was nothing else to hear but  
my own thoughts and those I did not need.

I found an ugly victrola in the  
odorous, dusty attic of a neighbor  
and spun a scratchy blues solo (trumpet).  
And pretended.

I walked down to the city  
where the neon lighted sidewalks were still warm  
from a high noon sun.  
And I laughed a lot (a hardy laugh, half forced)  
Then I wrote my brother, George,  
"The blues and the common cold-  
incurable but with time."

-Linda Phillips

ON HEARING OF A NUN BURNING HERSELF ...

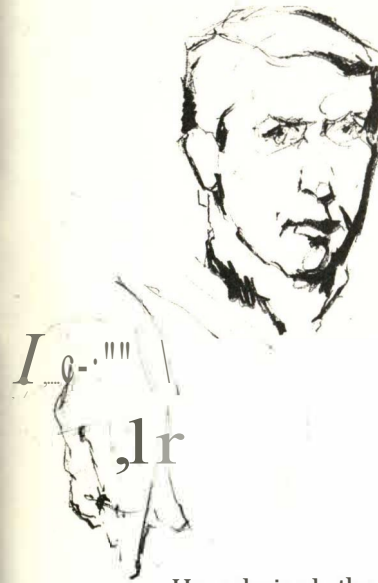
half a world away  
chaste and guileless virgins  
are burning candles on the altar of God  
the gasoline and flesh incense  
cloaks their winging souls in shadows  
someday generations of little people  
will feel the flames  
and know  
that omnipotence  
has acknowledged the sacrifice  
and  
will avenge his brides!

-Shirli Ann

No. 3

To reach my lamplight  
moths against the window fly,  
Windmill tilts all!

-Marcia Allen



THE SCHOLAR

He admired the French.  
He read the Greeks although a great author he was  
In his own right. (An Explanatory Treatise of English Tea  
Won him world renown.)  
Of course, he did not believe in God - he could not, he said:  
He was educated.

He was a respected man.  
His dress influenced the mode of the time.  
He traveled far and wide, lecturing constantly, and  
His elocution was often imitated.  
The other day he made his longest trip.  
He went to Hell.

-Thomas G. Wallace



#### AUTHOR'S NOTE

I have the moody spirit  
That paints the pictures of cold.

Simple night song, haunt me,  
And keep me from the rest.

Am I different, so much?

Knowing but not saying,  
Giving you my inner me,  
If only I could be permitted.

Tortured by the fact of your closeness.

And yet you're an enchanting dream,  
Beckoning,  
Calling,

Perhaps ... perhaps loving.

But only, I'm so afraid.

A dream,  
A jade-green dream.

*-Leonard Kieth Miller*

#### TO ALICE

Existence is not anguished yet;  
Death yet awaits.  
In the grass talking, fence at back,  
Jackal-leaping gestures he makes.

We walk by, guessing, grimacing,  
Trying not to stare  
At the harsh metaphors he cloaks.  
Iago, we must not care, not care.

It is the longing that destroys;  
Ah, Buddha, defeat me!  
The world, it lies old lies  
When it murmurs sweetly.

*-David Dillon*

#### AFTER 'THE STRANGER'

I saw an unclipped unicorn today,  
Standing in the middle of an ulterior forest.  
He was eating god-berries and unfurling the wind with his tail.  
I stood watching from behind a tree,  
Looking through a black haze.

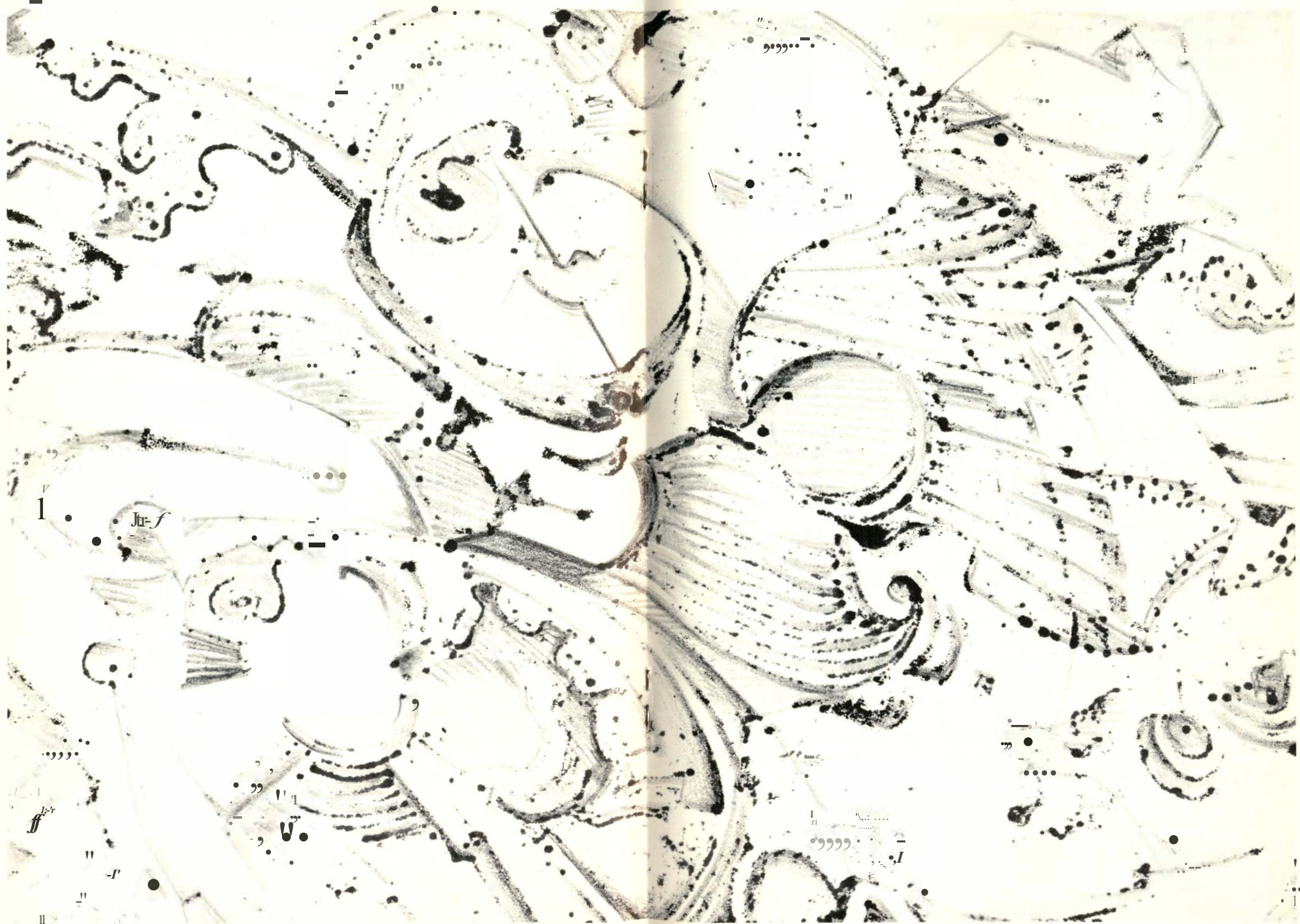
The wind he made crawled into my pores  
And filled them with icy jelly  
That only melted long after I sat in front of a medieval fire,  
Warming my hands.

He never knew I was there;  
His nostrils could only discern the pure odors of love  
and happiness, I

And those are not my smells.  
My life is quietly changed now, knowing he's still eating  
beside that pear tree.

*-Nick Bake*





## THE RELUCTANT RECRUIT

The jungle in August is an oppressive, green blanket. The quiet mass of vegetation smothers everything but the insects. The heat causes a persistent flow of perspiration that oozes from a man's body. Clothing bears white stains of salt, and after a week of sweating, men begin to smell like dead animals. The jungle of South Viet Nam is the least likely spot in the world that any man would choose to fight a war; we had no choice.

I gazed intently at the jungle's edge. The terrible night was nearly dead. The gray mist rising between me and the jungle gradually lightened to a soft white. The night birds stopped their chatter, and the world around me became a half-dim, rain-soaked grave. The sun rose slowly.

"I'm still alive! I made it through another night."

It had been raining for three days, and the last shining droplet was clinging to the rim of my helmet. I flicked it off with a shake of my head and turned my gaze slowly about the company perimeter.

We had been in combat continuously for over a week. Operation "Harvest Moon" was under way, and my squad was beginning to show the strain of little food, less rest, and no sleep. There were fourteen of us a week ago: now there are nine.

"Hey, Sam. Here are Tom's dog tags."

"All right, Bill. I'll see that the Captain gets these this evening."

Bill Murray was the leader of my first fire team. That made him my assistant squad leader, too. He came to Viet Nam on the ship with me, and we've been together ever since. But we're not friends! Friends die; acquaintances just cease to exist.

During the night a mortar barrage obliterated an acquaintance, Tom Lucas. His death meant only a weakening of manpower in my squad. This evening the Captain will write a sympathetic letter to Tom's family. Without these dog tags, the C. O. wouldn't even know how to spell Tom's name.

The commander of any marine combat unit must be impersonal, and that's why I chose Bill Murray for my second-in-command. Marines in combat have no need for emotions, friendships, or heroics.

"Sergeant, the Lieutenant wants you at the Platoon Command Post."

"O.K., Carl. I'll be there in a few minutes!"

I buckled my cartridge belt around my waist, picked up my rifle, and walked toward the Lieutenant's tent on top of a small hill near the center of our position.

Running into heavy enemy opposition and monsoon weather at the same time had forced us into this defensive position three days ago. We were well fortified in an area with two small hills surrounded by open fields for at least three hundred meters in all directions.

The fields were dotted with small bushes and crisscrossed with tangled, green vines. There was no possible cover for the enemy. If he came across those fields, he was dead. To the left of my squad's position was a small creek that meandered through the field and into the jungle. The creek was slow and deliberate in its movement to the Dong Tsu river which lay two miles north of our position.

Lieutenant Kallen was sitting in the shade of his tent when I got to the Command Post. He was reading a letter from home.

"Sergeant, this is Private Kugler. He will be assigned to your squad. See that he gets everything that he needs and then come back here. I have a mission for your squad tonight."

That was the first time that I had seen this kid, Private George E. Kugler. I stood for a moment studying him in silence. He was tall and athletic, and his face mirrored the youthful arrogance of the anti-war college students pictured in the clippings our troops received from home. We started walking toward the squad's position.

It was my job to learn what made Kugler run and what would be needed to make him fight, so I opened the conversation with a standard Marine Corps question.

"What made you join the Marine Corps, Kugler?"

"My draft board, Sarge! Me--I'm a lover; not a fighter."

We finally had one - a draftee. Traditionally the ranks of the Marine Corps have been filled with strictly volunteers, but the wartime drain on manpower forced the Corps to draw from the ranks of the "reluctant recruits."

Kugler was from Okron, Ohio. His daddy was rich, his mommy thought of him as her baby boy, and he was determined to live in the same comfortable fashion to which he had become accustomed. Things just weren't that easy in the United States Marines.

"Let's drop the formality. My name's Ed. What's yours?"

"I guess it would be all right for you to call me by my first name."

"Well, what is it?"

"SERGEANT! Now get the lead out of your ass and follow me."

Instead of going directly to the squad position, I took him to the company aid station. Just behind the big green tent was a neat row of green rubber bags - thirty of them.

"These are the men that you are replacing, private. I doubt if you will ever be half as good a marine as any one of them were. You're one step behind already because they volunteered to fight while you were at home enjoying your daddy's money and dating their girlfriends."

I could see the anger building within him. His eyes sparkled with pure hatred, and his hands balled into fists. I wished he would throw a punch, just one!

"I think you're being unfair, Sergeant! It isn't my fault that



some people are stupid enough to fight when they don't have to. I didn't have any choice but to come over here. I was Shanghied by the draft board, and I don't care how many of these fools go home in rubber bags. I could be just as good a marine as any man."

"I'll see if I can arrange for you to have a chance to prove that tonight. Go on to the bottom of that hill, and report to Corporal Murray. Tell him that you are going to be his new Automatic Rifleman."

"Sergeant, I -"

"Shut your mouth, private! You will do exactly as you were told without further comment. Now, MOVE IT!"

He walked slowly away from me, and I started back toward the Platoon C.P. Questions concerning Kugler ran through my mind.

"Would the men accept him? What effect would he have on their morale? Could I depend on him in a fight with the enemy? How could I make him fight?"

When I reached the C.P., Lieutenant Kallen was studying a map of the area.

"The Captain wants us to run a reconaissance patrol through this patch of jungle in front of us as far as the river. Take a fire team and a radioman with you. There is suspected enemy activity in that entire sector. Try to confirm these reports with some facts. You are to avoid contact if at all possible, and use your radio only to obtain emergency assistance. There is artillery available if you spot any targets worth a concentration of fire. If you run into any trouble, play it by ear until we can reinforce you. Do you have any questions?"

"No, Sir, I have no questions, but I would like to make a request."

"What is it, Sergeant?"

"I want to take the new man, Private Kugler. This is as good a time as any for us to break him in. Corporal Murray and I will see that he learns everything that he should before tomorrow morning."

"All right, Sergeant."

The preparations for the patrol took the six of us about eight hours. We blacked our faces and hands, tied our baggy clothing closer to our bodies to prevent the unnecessary snags on the jungle foliage, and I issued sixty rounds of ammunition and three grenades per man. We were almost ready to leave the perimeter when Corporal Murray called me aside.

"Why are we taking this green man with us? You know this type of mission is extremely dangerous. We could all be killed if he makes just one stupid mistake."

Bill was right about the dangers of taking a new man on a reconaissance patrol. Of course he was right. He was the best fire team leader in the battalion, but I had a specific purpose in mind when I chose Private Kugler as a member of my patrol. When our patrol had accomplished its mission, Kugler would be a disciplined,

combat-tested marine-or dead!

He's going because he has a lot to learn. Get your men ready. We're moving out in five minutes!"

We left the perimeter in single file. Bill Murray was the first man out. Murray moved like a cool, hardened N.C.O. He was quiet and professional. Next was Lance/Corporal Taylor, an eighteen-year-old veteran with three successful operations behind him. P.F.C. Lawler was an ex-grocery store clerk from Iowa; he carried the grenade launcher for our squad. Directly in front of me was the rich little boy from Ohio. The last man to leave the safety of the company perimeter was Corporal Jacobs, my radioman. We ran across the three-hundred-yard wide field that had been cleared around our positions. To anyone watching from the jungle, we must have looked like a family of huge black quail rushing for cover in the darkness.

Kugler pitched forward and fell awkwardly to the ground. He had clumsily caught his foot in one of the vines on the ground.

"Sergeant, help me! I twisted my ankle. I can't go on."

"Get Up! Six of us left the perimeter, but all of us don't have to go back. Either you finish this patrol with us, or I'll kill you myself!"

Kugler started up from the ground with a look of defiant disbelief on his face. I slowly turned my rifle toward his head. His eyes filled with the awesome realization that I was going to shoot him. He scrambled to his feet and ran after the rest of the patrol. There wasn't the slightest sign of a limp as he ran.

We reached the jungle and started to move slowly down the creek toward the river. The going was really rough, and we found it impossible to be quiet. Less than twenty-five meters from the river's edge, we were ambushed. There were four automatic weapons in front of us, ten semi-automatic rifles on our left, and two automatic rifles on our right flank. We had stupidly walked into a well-prepared meat grinder. It was useless for us to attempt a stand. The company could never have reached us in time to save our lives.

"Disperse. Everybody head for the company perimeter. Don't stop for anything."

The last word had scarcely left my lips when a rifle bullet slapped into my left hip. Although the impact flung me several feet through the air, the pain was hardly noticeable. The only emotion crowding my mind was fear. The Viet Cong left nothing to my imagination. They closed in quickly. Rifle slugs ripped the dense jungle foliage above my head, and bursting grenades illuminated the area intermittently. Then there was a moment of complete silence. I spotted two V.C. rushing me from the left, and a short, well-aimed burst from my rifle killed them instantly. There was a slight whispering sound in the jungle to my right. I tossed a grenade into the brush in the area of the sound. There was an ear shattering explosion followed by another interval of complete silence. Suddenly the jungle seem to spit enemy soldiers at me. The pain

was beginning to seep into my brain. Blood ran down my leg and into my boot. For thirty minutes the enemy charged my position and died for his efforts, but then I fired my last round of ammunition. The only defense left to me was my bayonette, and with only one good leg, I was practically in my grave. There was still the possibility that someone would make it back to the company and bring me help. I clung to that thin line of hope for five agonizing, anxious minutes before I knew that it was useless to hope any longer.

The Viet Cong realized that my ammunition was gone, and several of them started laughing as they started boldly toward my position. I watched them coming silently closer. One of them ceremoniously drew a long, curved sabre from his belt. He must have been the V.C. Commander. It was apparent that I was to be his personal trophy. My leg was beginning to throb, the blood spurted freely onto the black jungle floor, and when I tried to stand, the pain was so great that I held no hope of defending myself.

I was prepared to die. My stomach turned violently at the thought of death, my skin felt clammy and cold, and then a wave of peace and acceptance swept over me. I was calmly awaiting the sting of his sabre. The V.C. stood over me and smiled grotesquely as he raised the sabre. Then the sabre flashed high in the air as the V.C. commander's stomach disintegrated in a hail of bullets. His warm, stinking blood splattered in my face as he pitched forward. A long burst of automatic rifle fire swept the clearing, and several rifles answered the shots.

"Sergeant, where are you. It's me, Ed Kugler."

"Over here, Kugler."

P.F.C. Kugler ran <sup>1</sup>through a heavy concentration of enemy fire to reach my position. He was carrying two cartridge belts that he had removed from the bodies of Taylor and Lawler. There was blood flowing steadily from two small holes in his left arm.

"I'm sorry. I couldn't get the radio, because Corporal Jacobs ran right into a Viet Cong machine gun. He and the radio were cut to shreds. Corporal Murray is on his way back to the company. I came back to help you."

"Are you sure that Corporal Murray didn't send you back?"

"Of course, I'm sure. I wouldn't be silly enough to follow an order like that. I might get killed."

The Viet Cong launched another assault on our position. Kugler stopped most of them with grenades and rifle fire, but the last two he killed with his bayonette in hand-to-hand combat. I was certain that we couldn't withstand another attack. The V.C. began another charge, and before they were halfway across the clearing, the company burst through the jungle with their rifles dealing death.

The next morning I awakened in the company aid station. Kugler was lying next to me, and there was a slightly less arrogant smile on his face as the corpsman slowly zipped up his green rubber bag.

- Sam L. Massey



THE LIFE OF MAN

For a man there is the wine sweet taste of youth.  
Night is a blanket for his slumberings.  
Day is the mirror that glorifies his visage.  
And his world is a garden of heavy, hanging fruit  
Born by nature and fathered by his own desires  
Whose taste is satisfaction.

Weak is the man who must stand on the edge of youth  
And not embrace the wind.  
Frail is he who feels the pride of a strong body  
And then walks into abysmal shadows of old age.  
Afraid is one who yields his soul to leering pain  
And dies to give birth to life.

The breeze that kisses the hair of a child  
Is made chill in the graves of gaping skeletons.  
The only witness to the beauty of man's death  
In the horror of his life.

—Barbara Farrell

SONNET 8 ON THE NATURE OF MAN

In ever-changing uniformity  
We wind our rugged paths across the plain  
Until they cross, and cross, and cross again  
With hypnotizing regularity.  
The struggles of a worried way are we,  
Bound as to form, direction, and to plane,  
By custom checked, as paths are by terrain:  
A race of slaves - who are supremely free!  
We are life's contradiction and decree  
Wherein the sceme of things is justified,  
The force which opens up Pandora's box  
To find itself, all-potent form, inside:  
A sonnet, ordered to the last degree,  
Unshackled by its natural paradox.

-Joseph A. Seward



YOU'VE HAD TOO MUCH

"Mom."

"Yes."

"What time are you all leaving?"

"As soon as your Dad gets ready."

Karen shut the door to her Mother's bedroom. Roger was coming over in 20 minutes and she wanted to make sure her parents were out of the house before he arrived.

She closed the door to her bedroom behind her. Her room was a mess. The clothes she had taken off when she got home from shopping were lying across her bed. Her Howard Johnson ash tray was overturned, the contents lying dumped on the carpet. Karen stepped in the ashes. Damn, she thought, wonder who did that. She left the ashes, knowing the maid would clean them up in the morning.

She took off her robe and tossed it on the bed.

"Karen," her Mother said, knocking on the door at the same time.

"Yeah, come on in."

Her Mother entered the room. "I just wanted to tell you we'll be out later than I thought. We've decided to go to Baltimore for something to eat after the movie. Well, it was Bob and Janice's idea, not mine. My head hurts too much, but your Dad needs this time to get away from here. What are you going to do?"

Karen was absored in buttoning her blouse. She did not look at her Mother. "Connie's coming over in a while. We'll probably go get some pizza or something. What time is Lisa coming home?"

"She's staying with Mary Anne tonight. That sister of yours is never at home. I thought I told you."

"Oh," she turned and look at her Mother. "No, you didn't tell me. Well, I don't know what time we'll be back, but it shouldn't be too late."

"Okey." Her Mother came over and kissed her on the cheek. "Well, we're leaving as soon as your Dad is ready."

"Have a nice time."

"I'm sure we will. I just wish my head would stop throbbing." She turned to close the door behind her. "Here's your Dad now. Bye-bye, honey."

"Bye."

Karen heard the car pull out of the drive-way. She looked out the window as they drove down the street. Thank God they're gone, she thought. As she stood at the window she looked at the house across the court. It was excitely like their house. No matter how you looked at any of the houses in the development, they all looked alike. Karen Akers' parents' house looked exactly like Bob Johnson's and Howard Levy's house. There was some variation, but it usually was so slight that one hardly noticed it when seeing the houses for the first time.

The houses aren't the only things that are similar. All the women look exactly alike--platinum hair, slim figures and expensive clothes. The men all wear suits and ties to work and leave their respective houses between 7 and 8 AM and drive to the city to push their respective pencils. All the little girls in the development have long straight hair; all the little boys have John-John hair cuts, barely a fraction of an inch from their eyes. Every yard has grass always kept cut to a certain height - to let it grow longer might make the neighbors regret having let you move in.

Every household has a negro maid, who cooks, babysits, does dishes, cleans the house and raises the children. They come every day from the city and arrive at 9 AM. The 5:15 bus back to the city takes them all home every evening. Driving past them on the corner in the afternoon reminds one of a picket line as seen on the 6 PM newscast.

Every family owns a dog. The Johnsons have a collie named Buddy; the Levys have a Cocker Spaniel and Karen's parents own a skinny Boston Terrier named Tommy. He was barking loudly when Roger's motorcycle pulled in the driveway.

Karen hurriedly brushed the lint from her cotton slacks. She heard Roger run the motor of his cycle twice before shutting off the engine. She turned off the light and ran down the steps just as he came in the door. They kissed lightly as he slipped his arm around her waist.

"Don't you ever lock the door? Some kind of creep could come in and rape you or something."

"I guess Mom forgot to lock it. She thought Connie was coming over anyway." They walked into the living room. "Did you bring the stuff?" She looked up at him.

"Yeah."

"Then, don't sit in here; let's go on downstairs."

"Okey."

In the basement there are two rooms and a garage. One room is the game room with a large fire place and pool table. The other is a smaller room used mostly as a wash room. In it is a washer and a dryer, a sofa that converts into a bed, and a small book shelf with a lamp on top.

Roger pulled a cigarette out of his pocket and lit it.

"Can't you wait?" Karen asked.

"No." He took her hand as they entered the room.

"Wait, I forgot the record player." She turned and ran back through the game room and up the stairs.

At the top of the stairs, she ran into a small table that was just around the door. She stopped to pick up the ash tray and picture that had fallen off. The picture was one of herself, her sister and her mother taken two years earlier. She took a second look at the picture before replacing it to the table. They looked almost like three strangers.

In a few minutes, she returned to the basement carrying a portable stereo and some albums. "Man, you could have helped a

little," she said in a sort of mock disgust. She put on six albums and then walked to the sofa and joined Roger. She reached and put her hand into his shirt pocket and pulled out of his pocket a pack of cigarettes labeled "Marlboro". The pack was almost empty except for three small deformed-looking hand-rolled cigarettes. They were short and thin and difficult to get out of the pack.

"I can taste it already," she said, as she put it to her lips. Roger struck a match and held it for her. She leaned toward the flame and sucked it into her lungs. She held it there, deep in her body, for what seemed forever then exhaled slowly. No smoke escaped her. It was all absorbed. She took another long drag; repeated the first. She felt her whole body relax. She felt Roger's hand take hers. She knew he was experiencing a similar feeling. In her greed, she took another drag, hardly pausing long enough to take a breath of air.

"Easy baby. This stuff is potent, and not exactly cheap. It cost me two dimes."

"So, what's twenty dollars to you. If you're so bad off, I'll pay for my half. What's a little money when you can feel like this." She squeezed his hand, then closed her eyes, giving her whole body to the feeling of relaxation.

The music was blaring. Rolling Stones. Karen got up and slowly walked toward the light switch. As she reached for the switch her head seemed to move ahead of her. She stopped abruptly, afraid she would hit the wall. She put her hand out cautiously, and turned off the light. Even with the smaller light on, it seemed too bright. Finding her way back to the sofa was easy. The light was what made her feel funny.

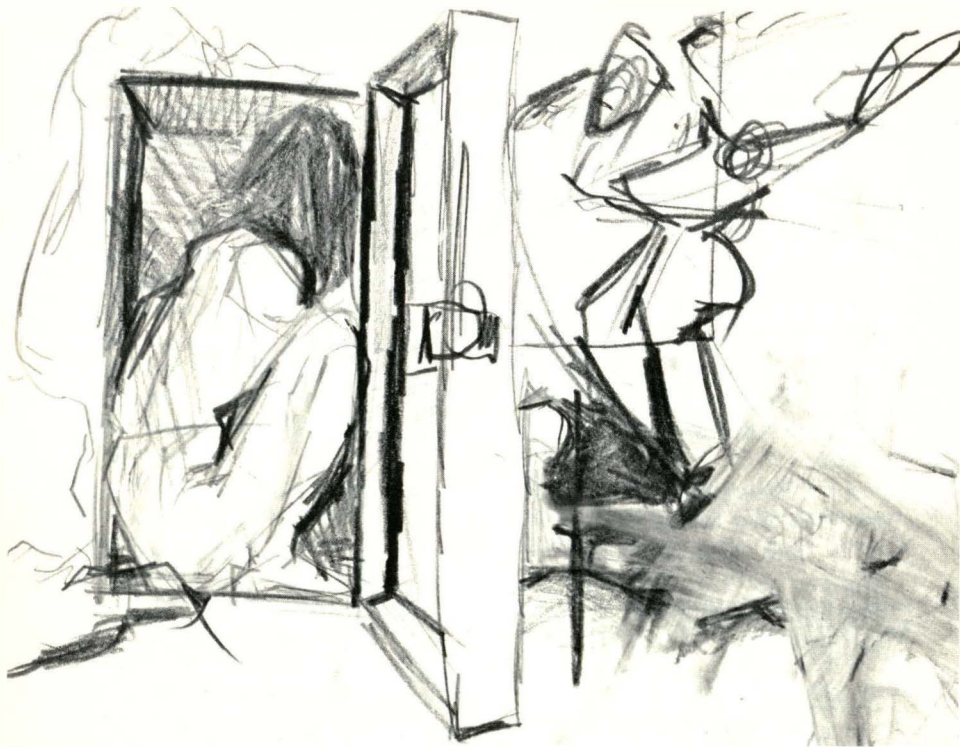
Karen joined Roger on the sofa. The small lamp on the book case was the only light. Karen took another drag. She reached around behind the sofa and took a cigarette holder from her hiding place in the lining of the sofa cover. With the holder, she could smoke her cigarette to the very end, wasting none. She heard Roger say something, but couldn't understand him. She looked at him. The light was dim but she could see he was lighting another cigarette. Hers was gone now, so she took another from the pack before he could replace it in his pocket.

The silence of the room was broken as the record player clicked loudly. Shankar filled the room. She could almost get stoned just listening to his music melodies. She tried to get up again but found it difficult, so she rolled off the sofa onto the floor and crawled across the floor to the music and turned it up full volume. She sat in front of the box and swayed to the twangy sound.

She tried to get back up but could not. "Roger, come help me. I can't get up." She heard her voice, but it was far away, almost like she hadn't said anything at all. "Roger. Roger." She began to cry.

"What?"

"Come get me. I can't get up." She couldn't stop crying.



"For Christ's sake, crawl. That's how you got there."

"I can't. My legs won't move."

"God. I think maybe I shouldn't have bought this stuff for you," He murmured to himself. He looked at her, tears streaming down her face. What's the matter? Too much for you?"

"Roger, please help. Please."

He got up and went over to her. He picked her up, having some difficulty because he was so dizzy and when he touched her, she went limp.

"I love you, Roger."

"No you don't." He laughed. "Remember me - Roger - the guy you didn't love until you found out I bought some grass - good grass." He carried her to the sofa and sat her down. Then he walked back over to the record player and turned the volume down.

"Don't leave me, Roger. I can't move when you leave me. I can't breathe." She grabbed for his shirt and clung desperately.

"Okey. Okey. Just let go." He picked up his joint from the ash tray on the floor and took another drag.

"Give me one."

"No. You've had too much already. This is a lot stronger stuff than what you're used to. Man, I'm never getting this stuff for you anymore."

"Please. I'm okey."

"That's a laugh. Nobody can come down that fast. But,

here, take a drag of mine. That's all you get though." He sat down next to her.

"What's today, Roger?"

"Saturday. You go back to school tomorrow." He laughed to himself.

She vaguely heard what he said. Her head felt heavy, like she couldn't hold it up. She felt herself begin to cry.

The telephone in the game room rang. Karen heard it but it sounded too close and loud to be their telephone. Silence. Karen tensed her body in preparation for the next ring. It sounded. Her body trembled as the piercing sound vibrated her nerves.

"Roger, stop the ringing. It's too loud. I can't stand it." She put her hands over her ears but it only made the sound echo louder.

"Answer it Roger. Take it off the hook."

"What? Are you out of your mind? We're not supposed to be here, remember?"

"Roger, stop the ringing." Far away a dog began to bark - Tommy. It was impossible to tell if he was barking at the ringing or the cries and noise coming from downstairs.

Karen was screaming hysterically now. The ringing had stopped but she seemed incapable of hearing anything now except her own cries.

"Damn it, shut up. You want to wake up the world?" He looked at her and a look of fear came to his own face. Her face was red and contorted. Tears were streaming down it. Roger began to panic. He got up and put his hands under her arms to take her outside, but quickly abandoned the idea. Suddenly he jumped on her, straddling her legs, and slapped her hard across the face once. The sound had a piercing, deadening effect on him. He let go of her blouse and saw that he had part of it in his hand. He had hit her with such force that the blouse, the one he had given her for her birthday, had ripped.

The music was still blaring. Shankar had long since left. Another silence filled the room. While the record was changing again, Roger heard a noise from upstairs. He froze. He glanced at Karen nervously. She was breathing easily now, almost like she was asleep. Even at a quick glance, he could see his hand imprint on her face.

He heard footsteps upstairs. He jumped from Karen and made a leap toward the record player. He made it in time to stop the next record from sounding. From there, he went to the window and looked out. It was a high window but just about right for him to look out. His motorcycle was outside, but he could never get Karen anywhere on that.

He went to the telephone and quickly dialed Connie's number, but hung up before he finished dialing.

Roger stood paralyzed for a moment then walked quietly over to the small lamp on the book shelf. He turned off the only remaining light.

He then felt his way out of the wash room across the family



room to the bottom of the steps. His 64 frame was clumsy, and he almost fell over the throw rug in the middle of the floor. The door at the top of the steps was open, so he stayed in the dark and listened.

"Wonder why Roger's motorcycle is out front." It was Mrs. Akers' voice. She was walking around in the kitchen at the top of the steps.

"I don't know. They probably all went out tonight in Connie's car."

"I don't like Roger coming over here when Karen's alone."

"Good God, Rose. The girl's 20 years old and I'm quite sure she can take care of herself."

"That's just what I mean. I remember how I was when I was her age, and like I said, I wish Roger wouldn't come over when no one else is here. I just don't trust either of them."

"That's your whole problem - you don't really trust anyone - especially your own daughter, and she knows it."

Mrs. Akers was walking across the kitchen floor, and Roger could hear her running water in a glass.

"Wonder how long they were here?"

"How the hell should I know. Come on. How would you like to be left sitting in a car while your guests went into their house for an aspirin?"

"She should have left me a note or something."

"Will you shut up and come on. They're not here now and that's that."

"Don't rush me, for God's sake." The footsteps were moving toward the front door. Roger heard the door slam.

He stayed where he was until their car pulled away then went back to the wash room. He sat down next to Karen again and when he did, she stirred slightly. He put his arm around her waist and she murmured something. Roger moved his ear closer to her face.

"No, Mom. I'm not lying. No." Roger had no idea what she was talking about. He took her chin in his hand and tilted her head back and moved his lips to hers, then kissed her lightly on the lips. She responded but in a sleepy sort of way.

After a few minutes, he got up and turned the small light back on. He looked at her. She was lying down on the sofa now. Her blouse was ripped and partially open. Her slacks were wrinkled and her hair was tangled and looked like it didn't really belong to her. He stood looking at her with his hands in his pockets, a Winston cigarette in his mouth.

Karen opened her eyes about five minutes later. The small amount of light hurt her eyes. She saw Roger standing leaning against the wall staring at her. She sat up.

"What happened?" Her tongue felt thick. She felt weak, drained.

"You just got back." He made no move toward her, but stood staring instead.

She sat with her head resting in the palm of her hands. "Oh yah. One thing about this stuff that's bad is when you have a bad trip you can remember it all." She looked up at him, standing, staring at her. "What time is it?"

He glanced at his watch. "Twelve-thirty. I'd better be getting out of here. Your parents may come in soon and it'd be great if they found us down here ... this being your last night and all." He laughed to himself.

"Okey. Help me up and I'll go upstairs with you."

When getting up, Kaen saw her blouse was torn. She looked questioningly at Roger. "God, it was bad, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. Pretty bad. Sorry about the blouse. Maybe when you come home again, I'll replace it."

"That's okey. I'll keep this one anyway." They walked upstairs.

They stood in the hallway next to the front door. Roger put both arms over Karen's shoulders. Her blouse was open but she didn't care. Her face was still red but he didn't say anything about it and she had failed to notice it, or had at least neglected to mention it.

"You'll be gone a long time," he said.

"I know. School is a bore, but I'd go mad around here." She gestured, taking in the whole world with one sweep of her hand. "At least at school I learn some things once in a while. At home I go stale all over."

"Oh, it's not that bad." He took a deep breath and turned to leave.

"Hey, I didn't mean when I'm with you. We've had some pretty good times this summer, but some pretty bad ones, too."

"It won't be so bad when you get used to the stuff. You just had too much."

"Yeah. Maybe I'll practice at school; just for you."

"Yeah, you do that." He turned to leave. As he closed the door, he said, "Take care. I might miss you a little."

"Okey. See you Thanksgiving." She blew a kiss to him as he turned to wave to her from his motorcycle. Tears came in her eyes. She couldn't understand why. Roger didn't mean that much to her. She wasn't sad to leave home by any means; she was even kind of glad to get away and back to school.

Her head was still floating, and had begun to hurt. Maybe he did give me too much. I've never had a headache from it before, she thought. Next time it won't be so bad though.

She stood leaning against the door until she could no longer hear the roar of his motorcycle, then went back downstairs to clean up the mess they had made.

-Donna L. Wilson



GOOD ADVICE - No. 2

Smile, sapient theologian, lest your expert logic  
Inhibit spiritual progress.  
What can a ruse of authenticity accomplish  
If everyone knows how falsely restrictive  
Are the principles of worship?  
A godless religion would certainly suit most parishoners,  
Though I doubt whether a poll would ascertain  
The extent of decay about that core.  
Can you deliver any finer eulogy to their glory  
Than boast of the size of a sanctuary,  
Cluttered w'ith shiny ornaments and polished crosses  
Stationed at appropriate positions of respect?  
I'm pleased to note your progress toward the respectable  
Stained-glass cage of splendid isolation.  
Have you always had aspirations for immortality?

*-James R. Pack*

CYCLE

Weaving,  
like the current of a hidden jungle river  
through the dark and soundless night.

Flowing,  
as streaks of rain descending  
down a window pane.

The mind, searching and souless,  
silently follows remembrance back to the beginning.

Slowing,  
to hold events and time still.  
To re-examine the quality of experience.

Doubting,  
the very truth and rightness  
of all that one tries to learn.

The wanderer turns and discovers not the source,  
but an endless trail leading to Nowhere.

Returning,  
to the starting place.  
Rushing.  
Seeking.  
The heart cannot answer and the mind can only question.

-Cecilia Ann Sharpe

CHEER! CHEER! THE PUPPET PEOPLE ARE GONE

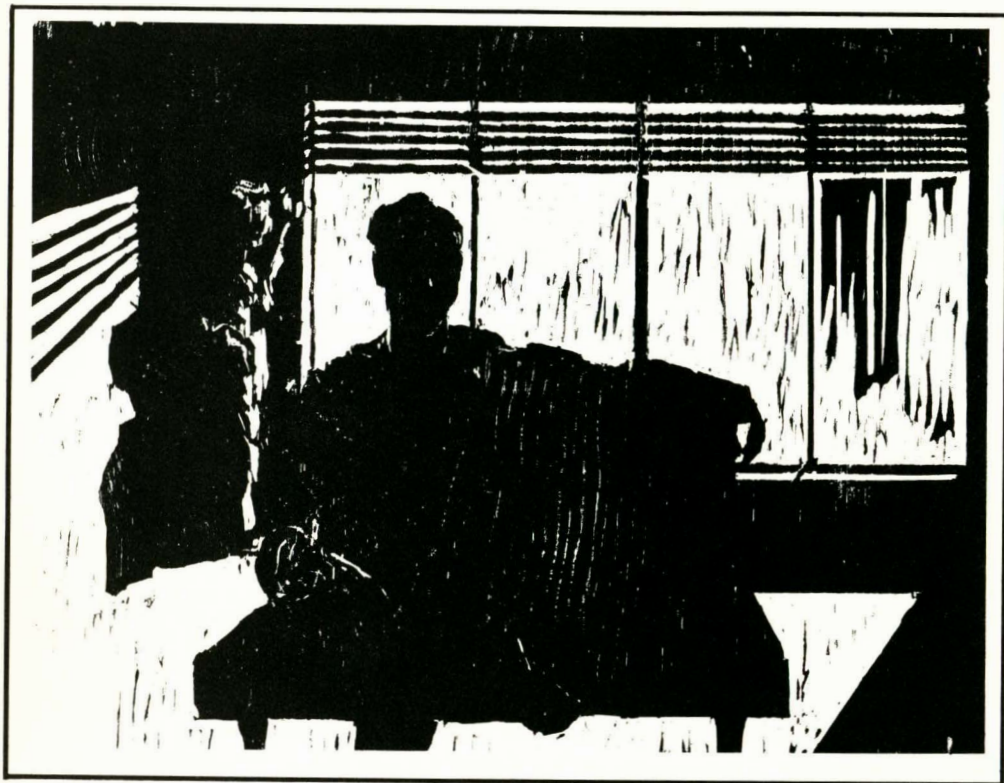
Bringing dissonant sounds,  
the Doll People enter.  
Their dreadful invocation to terror comes  
from their loud, ceaseless mock of quiet.

They're coming to take you away  
- to a land of discarded, broken radios;  
headless, mindless, and forsaken puppets;  
and smashed, neglected, and forgotten promises.

Devoid of wires and strings,  
the Accusers give words and signs  
to unutterable and brainless thoughts:  
Cheer the demise of the Puppets!  
Hail the rise of the Dolls!

-Cecilia Ann Sharpe





### SONNET TO BLAKE

Truly this is a world of hate.  
 Even an atheist says "Godda n".  
 In the prison of I-am  
 All that dies not, must wait  
 And wait and wait and wait  
 For the coming fly swat  
 The hand of - what?  
 Call him FATE?  
 The dangling weight  
 That made thee, lamb,  
 Is it you or he I am,  
 The eaten or who ate?  
 In the machine, the cam  
 Or the faceless, busy thing beyond the grate?

*-David Dillon*

### TO SAFEWAY

Lost between tiny barrels of soup  
 And chile con carne.  
 The sign-posts of nutrition  
 Sprout at equal intervals,  
 Guiding me out to the unclashing cash ovens-  
 The gods of this Californian Gomorrah.  
 Twenty-seven horns o' plenty  
 Filled, not with pomegranates and mangoes,  
 But by salted roasted peanuts and seedless oranges.  
 Honest scales and sanitary napkins and Vitamin D milk,  
 Products from the product-makers,  
 Stand at attention, ready for consumption, digestion, excretion.  
 Flashes of red and blue and yellow and orange,  
 Each a little brighter than the next.  
 Free towels and glasses and knives and coupons  
 For cleaning and filling and cutting and buying.  
 To get more  
 Free towels and glasses and knives and coupons.  
 Midnight-god and the angels close down heaven for the night.  
 The hangar for the great peanut-butter airplane  
 Stands locked, emptied of souls, but primed with bait.  
 Its massive eye shines dimly, constantly into the neon night  
 And the moon hides behind a flourescent cloud.

### DU BIST MIT UNS EINIG

A dream I have dreamed - ah, think nothing of it!  
 Like the wasting oceans on the shore  
 I have hoped in all my tiny dreams -  
 Could my one tiny prayer sing of it?  
 For even now the crooked seams  
 Of the world split and shred  
 Beyond the repairing of it  
 The blind-deaf, syphilitic tailor we implore  
 In all our primitive folk-dreams  
 Works, laughing to himself, sitting on the floor.

*-David Dillon*

### EPITAPH I

After Old Sol did die  
frail Chastity came out.  
Nocturnally she continued  
her gauntleted orbit with  
mild beams sagging.  
The Eastern kiss shows there . . .  
no longevity.  
What doth she care for  
The heads of murmuring flocks,  
No more will grasp her for their suite  
Where to find the blind  
that embraces the unfortune,  
that consoles the heart's dying.

*-Ronald E. Houchin*

### THE PRIMAL HOUR

Silvery rays in predawn night  
Light a pale horse shying at shadows-  
Mounting a crest, the white-hot sun  
Scatters the vapors - watering flowers.  
Vanquished wisps of the nocturn phantom  
Float in the valley - hiding in hollows,  
A lingering ghost of yesterday-  
Breeding spectres of tomorrow.

*-Linda Chan*

*"Words live on forever ...  
While thoughts are gone in  
a moment's time ... "*

*Put yours below*

## EDITOR'S NOTE

The et cetera magazine was created in the Spring of 1953. For 15 years this magazine has been creating, creating an outlet for the extremely talented writers enrolled in Marshall University on both the undergraduate and graduate levels. Though the et cetera has constantly grown in size and quality, the 1968 Spring issue easily outclasses any previous efforts. This issue contains 60 pages, including the cover, and the work of approximately 25 individuals, including the artists.

Let me tell you a few things about former issues of et cetera. The 1954 issue had as its editor Marilyn Putz, present faculty advisor to the 1968 issue. That magazine contained the work of eight contributors. The 1956 issue published the writing of 13 students, and its editor was Jeannine Hensley. On the cover of the 1956 issue was a pencil drawing of the Old Main building. In 1957, because of the inavailability of funds, the magazine was brought out under the auspices of the campus newspaper, Parthenon. The editor of that unique issue was Patricia Fannin, and the issue contained the creative writing of 18 enrollees.

The issue published in 1962 was graced on its cover by the bust of John Marshall in the traditional university seal. A new administrative title, "Editor-in-Chief", could be found in the staff listing, and Frank Enslow held that all-too-important position. Later issues of et cetera incorporated the use of extensive art work, though this practice has been tempered in recent productions. Et cetera's history has been a long chain of innovations and improvements, and the burden imposed by such an outstanding tradition is great. However, the burden does not rest on just a few shoulders. True, a magazine's staff is vital to the magazine, but the magazine is nothing without the support of the students who read it. Therefore, I urge you, the readers of et cetera, to help us, its staff, to bear the responsibility for its future. The et cetera is your outlet; use it.

I certainly hope that you have enjoyed reading the 1968 issue of et cetera. I have immensely enjoyed supervising its production, and I now wish to thank my staff for their fine work and the contributors for their excellent submissions. Thanks also to those who submitted manuscripts which were not used. I sincerely encourage you and any other Marshall student to plan upon submitting to the next issue of et cetera.

Sincerely,  
James R. Pack

## DIRECTORY OF CONTRIBUTORS

*Nick Boke*, author of three poems in this issue, is a graduate student. His artistic and creative ability is much admired and respected on campus. Nick is also a contributor to this year's "West Virginia Poetry Conclave."

*Conchata Ferrell*, author of one poem in this issue, is a Charleston senior in the Teacher's College.

*J. J. Johnson*, author of "The Cage" and "An Unventual Passing," is a Huntington senior.

*Carl Adkins*, author of "The Day The Communists Took Over St. Elmo," is a Huntington senior majoring in philosophy. Carl also had a short story published in last year's issue entitled "Me and Mr. Lucas."

*Marcia Allen*, majoring in primary education, is author of the two haikus printed in this issue. Marcia, active on campus in the Writer's Club, plans to teach in Appalachia's underdeveloped areas.

*Linda Phillips*, a Powhatan, West Virginia, sophomore, is majoring in English in the college of Arts and Sciences. She is also active in the Writer's Club.

*Tom McClure*, author of "Mostly Wind And Silver Maple," is a St. Albans, West Virginia junior in the College of Arts and Sciences.

*Rodger Cunningham*, Kenova senior and English major, is well-known to et cetera. Besides serving on the staff for several years, he has had several of his essays published. The et cetera is honored to publish the work of this Wilson fellowship winner and wishes Rodger great success for his future.

*James R. Pack*, editor of the 1968 et cetera is a South Point, Ohio junior majoring in English. Jim plans to teach College English and creative writing.

*Ronald E. Houchin*, a Huntington sophomore and journalism major, is a member of the staff of The Parthenon.

*Linda Chan*, author of two poems in this issue, is a graduate assistant.

*Shirli Ann*, author of two poems in this issue, was also published in last year's magazine. She was a contributor to last year's "West Virginia Poetry Conclave" and received many compliments on her creative ability.

*Mrs. David Lusk*, a Huntington junior and music major in the Teacher's College, is married to William D. Lusk, also a Marshall student.

*Leonard Miller*, author of "The Jungle Song" and "Author's Note," is a Huntington sophomore majoring in art in the College of Arts and Sciences.

*Joseph Seward*, a Huntington freshman and author of "The Gypsy Cure," is a Teacher's College registrant majoring in Latin and classical languages. He plans to teach college and loves to read books for relaxation.

*Thomas Wallace* is a Charleston freshman majoring in French and Spanish. His poem "The Scholar," printed in this issue, was also published in the Spring issue of the Sigma Tau Delta literary magazine, "Rectangle."

*David Dillon*, a South Point, Ohio sophomore majoring in Philosophy, is the author of three poems in this issue. David had two poems published in last year's et cetera, and for two years in succession has been a contributor to the "West Virginia Poetry Conclave." David is one of the co-founders of the Writer's Club.

*Sam Massey* is a Huntington sophomore majoring in physical science in the Teacher's College. He plans to teach secondary education. Sam's hobby, oddly enough, is firearms.

*Barbara Farell*, author of "The Life Of Man," is a Huntington Huntington junior in the College of Arts and Sciences.

*Donna Wilson*, Huntington senior, is majoring in kindergarten and primary education in the Teacher's College. She hopes to teach in Miami, Florida, and writes simply for her own enjoyment.

*Cecilia Ann Sharpe*, Wheeling, West Virginia graduate student, is majoring in painting. She is also a member of the Writer's Club.

## STAFF

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