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et cetera

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Well, you're starting, aren't you. Well, there isn't really a whole lot I can say to you. Try to keep an open mind, I suppose. That, and I don't think there's any dirty stuff in here, so you can take your time in leafing through. Uh ...

Oh yea. Would you please be a little careful and not wrinkle me up or get me too dirty. I realize it's a small favor to ask of you, but it would make a little magazine very happy.

Thank you.

Well, have fun. I'll talk to you later.

I dreamed I was a flower
 hidden neath a rock
A flower of animal red
 trimmed in celestial blue
but you know that damned rock
 just wouldn't let any sunshine through
I pulled and tugged and strained and groaned
 and with a heroic pop
I got bout halfway out
 and stretched up toward the sun
Then a human being came along
 and plucked me.

—Bill Fogus



TO THE HARD GONE AND ROLLER PEOPLE OF THE WORLD

You who climb the walls of
Fate hung red,
Lift a wooden finger to strum,
I think, a do-it-yourself virtuosity,
A melody out of scrap iron.

But I, I
Hold all subjunctive in my hands,
All words cut out and bothered.
The standing there does not impress me;
I sling the weights over my shoulder
And carry them to the balance.

He, who walked the hills, who came
Deus ex machina from a burning gathering flame,
How will He answer
Those struck by the sun?
Who caught the different voices,
How will polyglot He reply?

To whoever we direct this apostrophe,
Deliver us, Savior, from our apostasy.
In the downgathered late evening wind,
Oh bring, O Lord, oh, Lord, oh bring bring!

—David Reid Dillon



poem

It's cold in here.
What new lies are you telling me?

Icicles form on my tongue.
It is stiff.
I cannot speak.

I pick up my Slinky toy.
I hook the wire ends
through each of my pierced ears.
It looks like Martian earmuffs.
I can't hear.

Your mouth moves in slow motion.
You look like a goldfish
sucking its crumby food.

My eyelids freeze together.
Your slumping trunk
and calfish, dripping eyes
are gone from me.
I'm numb with cold.

I pull my Slinky up.
It snaps down.
My head clangs—
I cannot think.
I'm happy now.

—Tish Adkins

et cetera

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"How's it going so far?"

Oh, all right. I'll shut up.

Don't hesitate to say though. I mean, if you feel ...

Okay. Okay. Not another word. I'll be quiet.

etc.etc.etc.etc.etc. marshall university literary magazine etc.etc.etc.etc.etc.etc

STARVED DOG LONELINESS

Loneliness howls for words to fill the nothing that's inside,
And words must follow fast to yield it sustenance through sound.

Words do fill the nothingness in part, but
By their frantic filling show the frenzy of the famished hound
That gobbles them, and looks around for more.

Starved dog loneliness seeking to fill the space inside and kill the
Nothing that kills all else.

—Steven Webb



violets of april faire
shine your reflection
as i breathe the morning's hallowed air

droplets of dew
remind me of you
as i lay in the bare grass

the smell of newly cut hay
renews the still night sky
as i feel aloneness with the stars

freshly picked strawberries
leaves a glow of love upon your lips
as i lose my eyes

buzzards circling in flight
are as much of nature as you
as i wait for them to pick my bones

—bill perrine



JUST FRANK AND MARY O'SHEA

I went out for a walk today. I found that it was springtime. You know, I didn't realize that until today. I must begin to notice things more closely. I mean, twenty, thirty years ago, I would have marked it on my calendar. I used to put a big red circle around it, and then go out and watch the flowers all morning. Nowadays, I don't even notice. But today, I was out walking, and, when I dropped my bus money, it fell right by a flower. And when I bent over, I noticed that it wasn't the only one out — but that there were more, and then I asked the bus driver what day it was, and when he told me, I thought to myself, "It must be springtime." And I forgot to mark it.

I forget a lot of things these days. I mean, since Frank has gone things just don't seem as important anymore. You know, there's a man for you . . . that Frank. He was big . . . why, his friends used to call him "Ox." His shoulders would bulge out of every shirt I got him. He was so strong, he could lift me clear off the ground and swing me around like he would swing a baseball bat.

Like when we were married. Boy, I can still remember the way Momma got to looking when Frank and I told her we had run off and gotten married. Momma had always wanted a church wedding. She used to talk about it — how the church would be filled to the very back row, and how I would come down the aisle in my white dress, looking like some kind of angel that flew right down from heaven. But Frank — it was just that things couldn't be worked out in some perfect plan for him. He just proposed, took me up, and married me. And then, after it was all over, those arms of his just picked me up and swung me around — we almost knocked the justice right over his desk.

We got us an apartment, the one I still live in in fact. But the place was different when Frank was here. When he would come home at night and sprawl on the couch. And I would go to rub his back, so that his tight skin would loosen under my fingers. We would sometimes go out onto the fire escape, and look down into the streets — right over the Paradise Bar and a record shop whose windows were now black and deserted. And we would watch the sunset and the moon rise — and then there were children who would play hopscotch on the sidewalk. Then, we would come back in and sit on our couch and talk. Just talk about the day and who he'd met and what he'd sold.

Frank ran a small stand. With tomatoes, and canteloupes, and "whatever else you need." In the summer, he would put up his little green awning so he was shaded and the sun would only burn a little crescent on the back of his neck. And he would stand out there — 14, maybe 15 hours a day. Placing all the fruits and vegetables in the brown sacks and marking down their prices. One day — I can still remember it — when Mrs. Walters thought Frank had overcharged — and folks said you could hear them for two blocks, just shouting and screaming their heads off. I was there that day, leaning over a carton when it all started. And I joined right in:

"Don't you talk to Frank that way!"

"Oh, shut up Mary. This is between Frank and me."

"You tell me to shut up?"

"Yea."

"Oh, sure!"

And I jumped over the carton and right at Betsy Walters. And she jumped back against the wall of a bus terminal and I kept coming. Frank had to jump in front of me.

"Now Mary, we don't need this."

Frank was so strong and I fell exhausted under his grip. Well, Betsy had to pay Frank's price, so I guess we won after all. But I mean, that's how Frank was. Why, he could have roughed up a lot of people he didn't agree with. But he didn't. Oh sure, he would yell — scream like a factory whistle. But, I never saw him throw a punch. He would always say:

"If you gotta do that, you might as well let them have what they want."

One summer, Frank and I went to the seashore. Oh my, that must have been 35-40 years ago. Well, we got a cabin that had the sand starting right after you'd open the back door. And we spent all of one week just with the sea, the sand, and the cabin. I always loved the night there, when the breeze would start and Frank and I would just walk — walk up and down the sand and let the sea roar do our talking for us. I mean, you just wouldn't have pictured Frank like that. Like a little kid all over again. He felt like a little kid and I felt like a woman in love. All that, in just a week by the seashore. Frank and I would remember that week the rest of our lives. Funny, one week and you try to relive it the next 30 years.

You know, I think that's what Frank and I were talking about that night. That night the life in me stopped to flow. He was saying that we ought to go away to that seashore again, soon — and it would be just like it was before and there'd be no people coming around asking why the tomatoes are rotten this month or no Betsy Walters to shout about the prices — just Frank and Mary O'Shea.

It was almost like it wasn't meant, though. Almost like we wouldn't have been happy if we had of gone back. You see, Frank died that night. It was in bed, and he grabbed his chest and let out one, short cry. I don't know how long he had been that way — he wasn't one to complain. But by the time I called the doctor and he got there, Frank had already gone. And when the sheet went over his head and I saw his face for the last time, I thought my blood would stop. I wanted to die too. I kept looking down there, at the form the white sheet made, and I wanted to touch it and die too. I thought maybe if I'd touch him, he'd

take me too. But I just stood there and all I can remember is that for the first time in so many years, I thought of God. Just out of nowhere — God.

But that was seven years ago. I guess it's stupid to be thinking of it now. But I do, not just now, but a lot. I visit his grave nearly every day. Every day I refigure the years and how long it's been. You might think that only makes it harder — but it doesn't really. I mean, it makes it easier. Easier, because when I think of him, I get lost as to what time it is and where I am. And that's a comfort nowadays. That really is.

So, they say its springtime now. I see other venders out, and other white stands and green awnings, and hear other arguments over ten cents here and ten cents there.

But I sit in the park a lot and sometimes feed the squirrels. And spend my nights home now and watch T.V. You know, the couch is old now, and it's torn. Right in the middle of one of the printed flowers. And the white foam keeps pushing its' head up and I keep shoving it back in. We have a battle going now. I think it's going to win. Funny, our couch. It outlasts Frank, and it's going to outlast me. And maybe it's lucky. It has flowers all year and it doesn't need a big red circle around the calendar, either. It just sits and sits, and watches everyone who dies and everyone who tries to.

—Stephen Hinerman

A glint sparkles
On the horizon curtain
And erupts
In a dazzling blast
Of blazing fire!

From its golden molten cauldron
It roars upward
Consuming the dark
And ravaging the sky.

It vents its sweltering fury
On the smoldering
Earth below,
Searing its brand
On every thing.

An inferno,
It crashes down
From its hearth
And dies a
Quiet, peaceful death
In the dark,
Cooling coffin of ashes.

S. Lee Collins

Is It Enough?

He picks up old wrappers, bent straws and stained cups,
yesterday's news and all of the things which litter streets.
He stuffs one more can in a waste can already filled—
No one is near, no one will care,
and no one is able to see the thoughts
that are swept through his mind as he sweeps.
But it feels like a Sunday.
There's a lavender sky,
and an holy silence touches an old man and his broom.
There's something in his soul held in blue denims,
within the scrunchy red cap and cracked leather shoes—
there's something in his well-hidden soul that knows
something matters somewhere to someone.
But sometimes he wonders,
"Is it enough—that I clean the streets?"

—Laura Lind



Away up the hill
A bird is throbbing to me,
I can almost hear it
In the day
As I hear it now,
But never so low and soft,
As in the deep of night.
The moon is out—
May be I'll walk tonight
To the top of the hill.
(Beneath the oldest trees
Something waits for me).
All the stars pierce holes in my back
But are far forgotten from the spicy earth
Warm and soft
Hanging on my mouth like berries
Moist and sweet as lips
In the strange but gentle arms
Of that which waits no more

—Robert Plymale



FRANK

explanation and apology

If my mirror
showed my face more clearly;
if my nose
were sharply cut from stone
and my eyes
were frozen winter ponds;
if my mouth
were molded in the permanence
of concrete steps
and my forehead
were a rounded mountain peak,
then maybe I could stay with you
and be a Northern Star for you,
a Rocky Mountain range for you,
a home awaiting your return.

But I have seen my image
wildly shifting in the glass.
I have seen my nostrils
asking questions of my eyes;
and I have seen a mouth
where eyes should be.

I am grabbing at my face
to try to pull it back
to shape and order.
I am clawing at my mirror
as though it were at fault.

I watch my features melt
into a thousand flowing shapeless forms.
My eyes and nose are visible in duplicate
on six transparent, misty, shifting planes.
I see reflections overlap.
I wonder, quite insanely, which is mine.

Morning lights the mirror
on my crazy shifting features
and they settle into something
that I recognize as mine.

I pick up a gauze-based plaster cast
molded in the form
of what you once appeared to be.
I hurl it at the wretched glass
to smash the source
of false and smeary images,
rejoice that again there is one me.

—Tish Adkins



EXISTENTIAL ME

I stand alone
in the midst of a clattery, chaotic plane
where millions run to the sounds of hate, of machines, of death
and the smashing, pelting of poisoned rain.

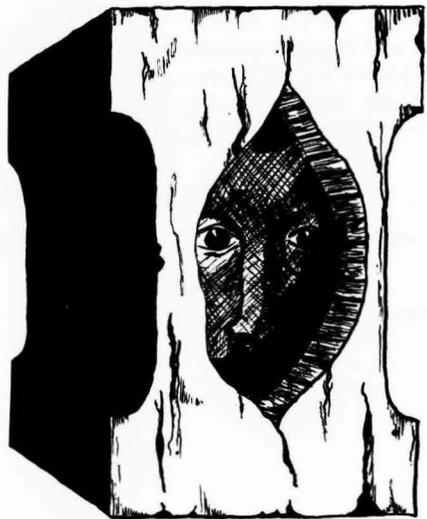
I stand alone
watching blood-soaked shadows moving in
to darken canyons of cities from coast to coast,
and no one hears above the crowded, clamorous din.

I stand alone
watching love and life being crushed by Goliath boots of hate,
and I want to shake the silence that has grown too loud to listen
and stop the hours clanging—it is too late.

I stand alone
knowing I never thought of dying when I was being born;
no one could know it was into a world's raped womb
that from the wombs of love we would be torn.

Now from this silent soul
a reaching, burning, pounding around my brain
cries out with a big-eyed angry hurt—
as if I alone could damn the world again.

—Laura Lind



- Dunbar -

THE SEAGOD

I know that all
That I may do
Is laugh and gaily idle
My hours in some Netherland.
I do not need cathedrals to command.

My fate lies, timeless, in the sea.
Like a tide,
I see it washing in at me,
So I may loaf and
Sit out centuries in the sand.

I will not be dry and lie land-numb,
My days will be a whitewash
Sprayed and rolled as though by some
Foaming ancient hand
That shares lost chambers with the land.

Long years find me in my seaside cave,
Calm and flowering
In silence like a grave.
The century's cadence from sea to land
Leaves me solmen with the sand.

Now, as all the days
Lie waking in my mouth,
I whisper to the stars a maze.
In their answer to the man,
I hear an echo of the sand.

—Ronald Edmond Houchin



I have lived many long lives in this place,
Halfway between the heavens and the West,
I have loved this valley as my mistress,
My blood becomes as golden as its face,
Dancing to the pipes of elves, a song left
Without rhyme, more rightly called the shadow
Of a song, for there is no green meadow
Where the grass does not long for my swift death.
We were meant to nurture the soul of God,
And not the beasts which feed upon the earth;
I feel the very ground regret my mirth,
And long to have me mingled with the sod.
For the autumn of the year is closing,
And the wind which called the wild is blowing.

—Robert Plymale



HUSH HUSH SWEET CHARLOTTE

How have I fashioned in my hands such cameos
Petty small flowers marked in sandstone,
And not be free to freely pluck at those
Surrounding where I surrender, alone?

Oh Christ, what hits my belly hard
Is millennial death, destruction by rote,
Stripping everything to the turn of a card.
Ultimately lacking everything, save feet and a coat,

I have left myself mementos for a hundred endings,
All dramas played out, like a squeezed orange,
Walking away down long corridors, sending
Hopeless postcards, nothing to flange

Me but a stern Hannibal march,
All victory with no advantage, forward forever.
What is stolid and sturdy survives. The Roman arch
Endures over the flaming Carthaginian fever.

But—ah! — how *genial* rings. It sings
Of dying men tight-rope walking.
They see but cannot be there: Wings
And all other angelic things fall.

—David Reid Dillon

et cetera

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In case you only wished to read one-half of
et cetera, you ... uh ... you ... well ...
you blew it, kid.

lsd

She downed a pill
that turned her into coffee grounds
and bounced her off a windowsill
into the awesome realms
of spinning unreality's kaleidoscope.

The role she played that year
was one of degradation, fear—
confusion reigned in filthy mists
and soon obscured the neon light
that spelled her name.

She ripped her arm off
to examine it; the tendons dangled,
blood began to flow;
she sewed it to her shoulder,
she replaced the damaged part
to hear that

only with the lord could she be whole.
So into church she strolled
to hear amazing threats and promises.
They never came.

She moved away
and changed her name.

—Tish Adkins



MY GRANDFATHER AGAINST THE NIGHT

On the edge of night,
Me in my innocence,
Fearing the innocence
Of the night,
He would take me
To the desert of my room,
Spreading the thickness
Of his person on that land,
Ushering out the dark.
He did not go down
To the sick winds of night,
But savored his remnants
Like book-pressed roses.
Like a sword through the war
Of life and dying,
Ever on the swing,
His frail vein-wrapped arm
Comes to me, even now,
Shewing darkness.

—Ronald Edmond Houchin



Ah the psychedelic browns and greys
of the automat
the ultimate in fascinating boredom.
Insert the phallic coins
a few seconds of grumbling labor
and out of the womb
a being
entangled in the afterbirth
of cellophane.
pre-packaged
a new birth
but not a new life
subject to decay.
But ah, the automat
nestled deep within the bowels
of a large framed woman
a frame of glass and steel
and rock and prefab.
her flesh is rotting with malcontent
her very cells attack each other
and breathe venom, one through the other
until they gradually devour her being
and still she gives birth
and still she is devoured
Jonah, Jonah—how I know thee.

—Bill Fogus



A map
of roads and avenues
each one
built there
with years and tears.
I have never
seen
an old person
(what is old?) anyway
with
a smooth face.

—Billie Rhoda Helton



EST

POOL OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Rock thought thrown into the pool of mind
Shakes up ripples that climb the rock as it
Sinks to a dark rest.

But the ripples strive a time.
A few, it seems, catch the image of the sun.

Truth, perhaps, in these, as they glisten,
And are gone.

—Steven Webb



AND SHE STAYED HOME

Hanna and I never got the chance that we always wanted—to walk in the park. I mean, it just never seemed right . . . the right time, the right weather, or the right mood.

We drifted into marriage at 23. It seemed the right thing to be doing at the time.

Columbia is a long way from Canton, Ohio. The mileage I don't know. The attitude I do.

It was a bit rougher than I would have liked when we started out. But with my new job, Chase gave me a nice forward. And I got Hanna a nice ring.

Back when I was in Grad School, and we once entertained a Dean, (more often other grads), Hanna was the "perfect hostess"—never standing out but you always remembered who was giving the party. But that's so far back now. Before our "New York parties." Back, like the big end of a bottle and lately I've been going through the neck.

Hanna was from Canton, too. Maybe that was why we fell together so fast—even from the first when Linda introduced us. Something in common; they say that helps.

And she was so pretty. I wonder if Hanna ever knew how often I laid in the bed of the loud, pressing dorm night and wished that I could love her. I don't guess I ever told her that. I wonder if she ever felt the same way—just grasping harder and harder at the pillow. Well, I mean, if I told her everything I wouldn't be me anymore . . . would I?

And we were introduced:

"Would you like to come along tonight? Party . . . be hostess maybe?"

It was one of those cases of people being in the right place at the right time.

The courtship was normal. Why shouldn't it have been?

I still remember when I asked her to marry me. Snow everywhere. The time wasn't perfect . . . but then, we can't expect perfection in these things . . . can we?

"Chase has offered me a new position . . . and I was wondering . . . would you . . . well, come to New York . . . be my wife . . . marry me?"

I'm always so inarticulate in these situations. Feel like a fool. Well, it had been two years. And there was no one else. That's love, if you ask me. Like I'm no poet or some weird artist. We just can't expect perfection in these things . . . can we?

We were married in the Canton Baptist Church. Her dad had donated the stain glass window in the front. A picture of Jesus' resurrection. There's irony in that somewhere.

And we moved to an apartment on Riverside Drive. It wasn't quite as nice as we wanted. Even on my \$30,000. But, the more money you get, the higher up you go. We were already midway up the building. It reminded me of the carnival. The harder you hit the weight, the higher up it would go . . . until, one day, one day you might hit the bell. Funny—that was always my worst game. Never was physically fit.

Our parties were mild in New York style. Some of us were planning to go to church that Thanksgiving or Easter. We would mention it sort of selfrighteously a few weeks before.

"Well, I guess I'll get up and try to make it down to church this Easter."

Lean back and yawn . . . take a nervous giggle . . . then begin something else. I don't think any of us made it too often.

Our parties were normal for about four or five months. Then, out of the blue (or gray) came Vladimir. Maybe he was never invited. No, that's too good. I think Ed Briggs asked him along one night.

All I remember those first few weeks is watching his bald head, gathering up the light like a great lake, then bouncing up and down in the crowd like a buoy.

And, that he was short and stout. Built like the comedic high-ranking German general. I expected to see his cane and monocle pop up any moment.

He even seated himself like that. His legs flat out, belly hung between, and arms flapping and telling their own story.

"And let me tell you something else. Roland and I, after stopping to rest at Lake Geneva, walked for miles and miles among the mountains until nightfall. But, where were we to sleep? Well, it just so happened. . ."

And on and on until the last candle was melted and floating in its liquid, and the last guests were waving good-bye to Hanna and me—we with our arms a moment about each other. The door would close, Vladimir and the rest would be gone, and Hanna's head would frown and wrinkle as she looked at the tablecloth, napkins, dirty dishes and plates.

When I first saw Vladimir looking at Hanna it amused me. 45 years staring at 26. 45 years of pudginess, at that. He would look, long and discouraged—it made him look like an old man passed from the life of this world . . . that is, the life of the young.

He would tell us all of Australia. Leaving at 23, crossing here to begin again. I don't know what he does now.

Hanna remarked one night that she wondered if his parents or grandparents were any of the prisoners that she read had settled Australia.

Well, it turns out his parents were Russian. His name passed the mother country on to him. And he was strangely proud of it. It was as if to say, "I am a European first!"

By the fifth or sixth party, it began to get to me. Here he was, in our wicker chair, spinning out some fantastic tale, and Hanna would be right beside him.

Her eyes were open. Other than that, she looked like she was dreaming. He was unlocking something within her that I never knew was imprisoned.

"We looked above us, and, low-and-behold, there came a great avalanche. Like a large white blanket, it was like it was going to put us to sleep . . . and it almost did—permanently!"

And the whole party laughed. But it was Hanna—Hanna, her head a little to the side, smiling a smile that belonged to her childhood. I would have thought it misplaced, but it looked so natural.

"And how did you get out of this one, Valdy?"

And, at once, I felt like she didn't believe him, but oddly enough, she wanted to.

"Oh, Hector and I—you know Hector, my friend from England—well, he and I . . ."

"Ducked behind a giant rock."

"Yes! Why Hanna . . . you're beginning to know these stories better than I . . . and I lived them."

"Yes, but sometimes I feel like I did, too."

It was as if their minds belonged married, but their bodies remained so much apart. At least I still had that.

But Hanna was so captivated by those stories. One night, I tried to convince her they were probably all made up.

"But, you actually believe he's been all those places . . . London, Paris, Belguim, Tokoyo?"

"Maybe. . . Why not?"

"But, I mean, it's so obvious."

"I don't see what's so obvious about it."

Vladimir took it all in. He loved it, the more and more attention she gave him, week after week.

It got so I tried to leave him out of the guest list. But Hanna would always say;

"Make sure Vladamir's coming."

Yet, I could never quite put my finger on what it was about him that held Hanna so. This wasn't the same Hanna who had agreed with me that children were an "inconvenience." He was changing her. If only I could figure it out.

And then, when I would call home during the day, Hanna would be out. Perhaps I did call more than usual—but, I always thought she was home during the day. And, when I asked her, she was so calm and nonchalant, mearly saying:

"Just out."

"Out where?"

"Say Honey, did you tell Jack to tell Alice to find out about Jerry's new wardrobe?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was just going to say to forget it. It's so trivial."

That wasn't "my" Hanna.

And then, just three weeks ago, Vladamir wasn't there on that Saturday night he always was. I decided not to mention it.

But then, the next week, he was still gone. I decided to ask:

"I haven't seen Vladamir lately."

"No, I understand he left for Europe a couple of weeks ago."

"On business?"

"No, I understand for good."

At that, my stomach fell hard. I probably turned white. I remember grabbing at the window sill, and staring out at New York. Like a child in its stomach, I felt the fear of birth.

I murmured an "Oh," and sensed that Hanna was going off to read something. Night fell upon me fully that evening. And the one thing I kept thinking was, "And you didn't go? . . . And you didn't go?" No, Hanna had stayed here. But, that's so stupid, I thought. Reminded me of Pepper, my old dog at Canton. We'd keep it leased up for a long time and then let it go free. But, it always came right back to its leash. I always thought that was the craziest old dog in the world.

I bet Hanna wouldn't take that walk with me now. Even if we had the free time and good weather. But, New York never gives you good weather or free time. And somehow, I just feel like I can never give the right mood anymore.

—Stephen Hinerman

O vermillion sun,
I would from the mountain top come down.
Unfellow man,
Unhappy day,
There is a beast in the valley
With the hands of a lion,
And yellow eyes.
From the valley dry with sorrow
Ashen rains burn up forever,
In the valley dry with bones
I will feed my hungry lover,
And sucking at those fleshless eyes
The idiot child of night.
High noon,
For that sometime darkling plain,
Where Krishna, lord of lust,
Strides about the longing Armageddon
With cat-like hands,
And raging from his beautiful head,
The thousand pitiless eyes

O azure moon,
A specter shining in the Sea of Se,
And all about the steaming Fugiyama,
The Spring no man has seen,
(Abide thou art so fair, I almost say
But even Arthur woke to find her place devoid)
And underneath a pine,
With cherry blossoms never more to see
I offer God my glove,
And the Phoenix
Wings me to my rest

O wine dark sky,
A soul flies up
High and cool and safe,
Where there is no shadow,
And I can hold the sun, and moon, and home
In my pale unfevered hand.
(Or cast them burning backward),
And like a star forsaken comet
I must ride to where the Universe is waking,
And hope, no matter what strange shore and sky
The symphony may have a human note or two
That needs be played. AOI

—Robert Wylie Plymale

'QUAFF CHEAP SABINA WITH ME, MAECENAS'
A DISCOURSE ON THE MANLY TASTES

In a fortified place on the barricaded bar
Two testy young men argued the infinite
Over their pretzels.

One had a chest like a tankard. The other —
More like a wine-glass. The first
Smiled the sting of the afternoon claret
Or the Bordeaux-stain as it catches the lamplight.
The second reflected a tone that was clearer —
A lighter Rosé and a cooler.

The first guy was Phil, and the second was Vernon.

Phil said to Vernon: "Y'ought 'o have seen 'er!

Last night at the club
My wifie
Stacked like a brick wall
Wears her clothes good
She was a smash but didn't act like it
Didn't get home until three —
A perfect girl, by me."

He beat thick elbows and needed no tune
to set up the rhythm.

Bright and quiet, terrier-like,
Vernon drank up and didn't reply —
He finished his drink but he didn't reply.

"Whatzza matter," asked Phil, "Don't cha like 'er?"

A girl who can fun until three
Deserves more than you give 'er."

And his grin
Smelled of gin.

Vern: "Would it help to relive all *I* said
With *her* animal crackers in bed?
And long before three
In the cacophany
Of the office cocktail party,
Do the other fellows notice on her gown
A trace of aftershave —
A tiny echo that repeats your name
Upon their nostrils if their ears are closed. . .

Don't get me wrong. I like your wife all right."

Phil: "But she ain't perfect?"

Vern: "Not quite."

"You made your point — now they're closing the joint —"
The two debated until the check was brought.

Phil: "And are *you* married?" Vern: "Oh, no, I'm not."

They split the tab over what they'd said:

Vern paid for the white wine, Phil for the red;

But at the last,

"De gustibus non disputandum est" —

Let each decide which vintage is the best.

Joseph A. Seward



Happiness is sitting on the john and hearing
light footsteps in the hall.
Are they yours?
yes
the door latch shivers and sends me
a happy tickly message of love
as you lift it and come in.

—Bill Fogus

Editors Note,

b-flat

Second Editors Note

"But seriously folks," he said grinning.

No, I have to write some thoughts here, because we came up a page short at the last minute.

I would tell you that it has been an exciting work experience, but most of it has really been quite boring.

The work part, anyway.

So, your editor will say his thank you's to those people whose name appear in the staff listing, and say a special thank you to Ron, Barbara, Bob, and Tish, who all seemed to care about this thing.

And, to those mysterious people who have helped the editor keep his head together, at least in a crazy kind of way, for the past year: to Julie, John David, Kay, and Jeff, because they showed some humanity, a special thank you. One that's heart felt.

To those of you who kept telling us how we were all wrong, and how we lacked awareness, I say: "Yawn"

To those of you who gave us funds, I say: "Thank\$"

To those of you who didn't do anything, I really don't have anything to say.

To those of you who don't like **et cetera**, I say: "Oh yea!"

To my writers, I say: "You people are really weird, aren't you?"

To myself, for fear of bolstering my ego, I won't say anything.

And, last and maybe not least, to all you who cared enough to read this magazine, I say a very gracious "Thank you."

Peace. May it someday come. Maybe we've waited long enough.

Stephen Hinerman
Editor
et cetera '71

et cetera

M-316H · Marshall University · Huntington, West Virginia

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth:
--It is the hour of feeling.

W. Wordsworth

And he saw everything that he had
made,
and behold,
it was very good.
At least from his perspective.

—The ego of
Stephen Hinerman,
upon completion of
et cetera '71