

# rosebud



two

Rawlston:

When Mr. Charles Foster Kane died he said just one word--

Thompson:

Rosebud!

First Man:

Is that what he said? Just Rosebud?

Second Man:

Umhum--Rosebud--

Fourth Man:

Tough guy, huh? Dies calling for Rosebud!

Rawlston:

Yes, Rosebud!--Just one word--But who was she--

Second Man:

Or what was it?

Rawlston:

Here's a man who might have been President. He's been loved and hated and talked about as much as any man in our time--but when he comes to die, he's got something on his mind called Rosebud. What does that mean?

# Beyond Xanadu

by Kevin Harden

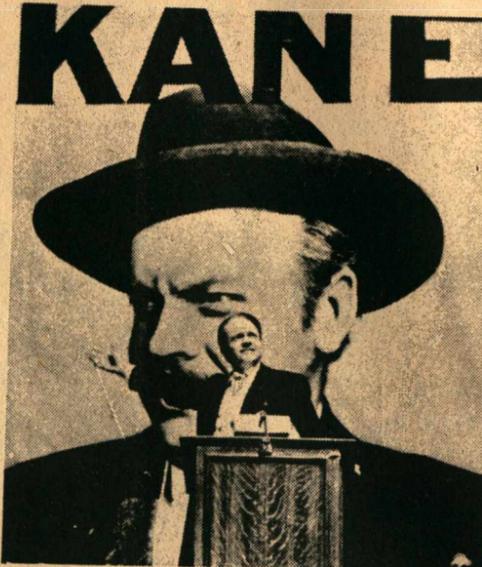
When Charles Foster Kane died he said just one word. It was a simple word, probably simpler than some would have liked.

Charles Foster Kane was a fictitious character, conceived by Herman J. Mankiewicz and embodied by Orson Welles, supposedly based on the real-life journalistic great: William Randolph Hearst--Patricia's grandfather.

It was Kane who, through his mother's good intentions and a banker's greed for Colorado gold, became one of the 1940s movie industry phenomons. He was rich. He was powerful. He could buy people and their desires. He owned the opinions of the literate United States and peddled them in the form of dozens of newspapers across the nation.

Charles Foster Kane has been called a "poor little rich boy" by many an intelligent critic. It has been said that this may be the theme of the movie "Citizen Kane".

But what is that to the reader? For those who have not seen the movie it is difficult to place a significant value on the title of this magazine. I can only



venture to say that, while knowledgeable critics and theater scholars have pondered the meaning of Kane's last words, I would like the opportunity to offer my own suggestion as to the meaning and how it relates to this unique magazine.

With his last dying breath Kane said, "Rosebud". Through the course of the movie "Citizen Kane" there are hints as to the supposed meaning of that death-bed word. The movie itself is

based on the search for that meaning. It is never found by those who diligently pursue it. Only in the end do the viewers of "Citizen Kane" realize that "rosebud" is actually a very simple thing; something every investigator seemed to pass over.

"Rosebud" was Kane's childhood plaything: his sled. In my opinion it was the true image of Charles Foster Kane. Even though he was rich, powerful and influential, Kane wanted only one simple thing: rosebud. The definition of that final wish is complicated.

As you read these bits of creative writing provided by students of our college, remember one thing: each author is, in some way, expressing their wish for a simple meaning. Some may seem complicated, others may not. But each is asking the reader to look for one thing: the simple meaning.

Through the many lines of prose, poetry and fiction contained in this magazine each reader should find for himself one meaning. And with that meaning it is hoped that each reader will find "Rosebud."

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# brudeor

# rosebud

We at the CRUSADER would like to express our appreciation for those who contributed to the success of this magazine. We would especially like to thank Janae for the long hours and hard work she put in as our typist.  
 Once again, thank you.

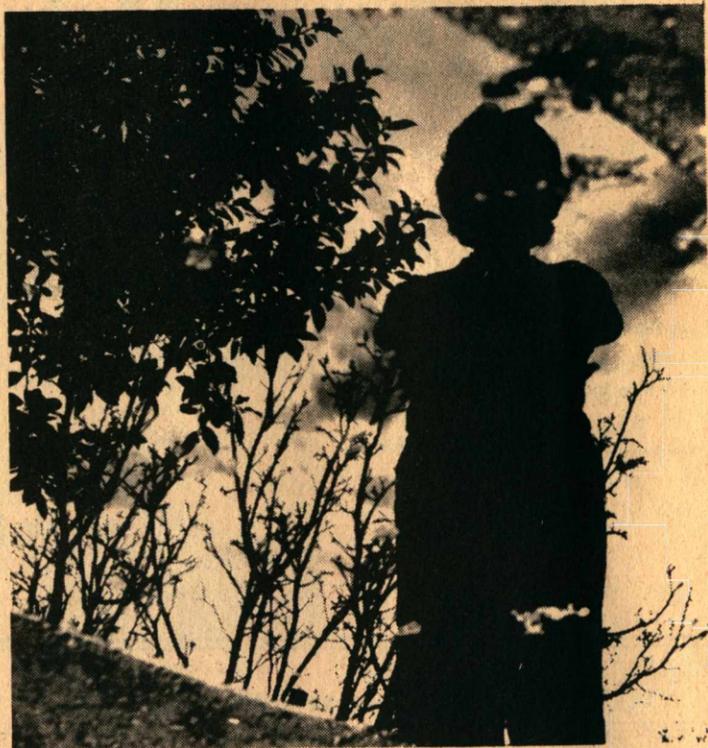
REFLECTIONS

watching faces, Lord, in your sanctuary--  
 so many my heart longs to reach out and touch  
 yet seeing my hand their eyes fast become wary,  
 they retreat to the shadows and remain there as such.

Fellowship, Brotherhood, Sharing, Caring...  
 only with those whom we know and "feel safe"..  
 but how can I join in the smile you are wearing  
 if all of my efforts you firmly erase?

Come out, let me know you,  
 Let our spirits grow close,  
 I'm a person, I need you,  
 --shared life--Jesus, the Host.

---Kathy Kennedy

More Than A Consolation

warm breezes  
 and sneezes.....  
 all the things in life  
 that  
 do  
 and  
 don't  
 please us  
 should make us  
 happy  
 and of course  
 sometimes sad  
 but  
 over all, glad,  
 that  
 we're  
 here  
 and have each other to  
 share

---S.H. Harris

mountains and valleys  
 spiritual geography  
 mapped out  
 by God-ordained cartographers

---Bob Sevier

WAITING

Each day I wake up to the dawn  
 with anticipation of hearing from you.  
 But, to my dismay, these days  
 drag on and on without any word.  
 No word, whatsoever, from the one  
 who means so much to me.

Only the Lord knows how my heart aches  
 through each empty day.  
 Even though He has our relationship  
 under His control,  
 The waiting is the most difficult to endure.  
 Do you still care for me the way  
 I have always prayed you do...  
 Or am I just a close friend  
 and that's all I'll ever amount to?

Answers..that's all I ever pray for,  
 but I must have patience to wait.

Each day my heart tears a little more...  
 waiting for you to answer.  
 Oh, Lord...stay close to me, for You  
 are my only source of strength.

At times my system feels drained fom all  
 hope of our relationship developing.  
 But, as one wise person said,  
 "Anything worthwhile is worth waiting for".

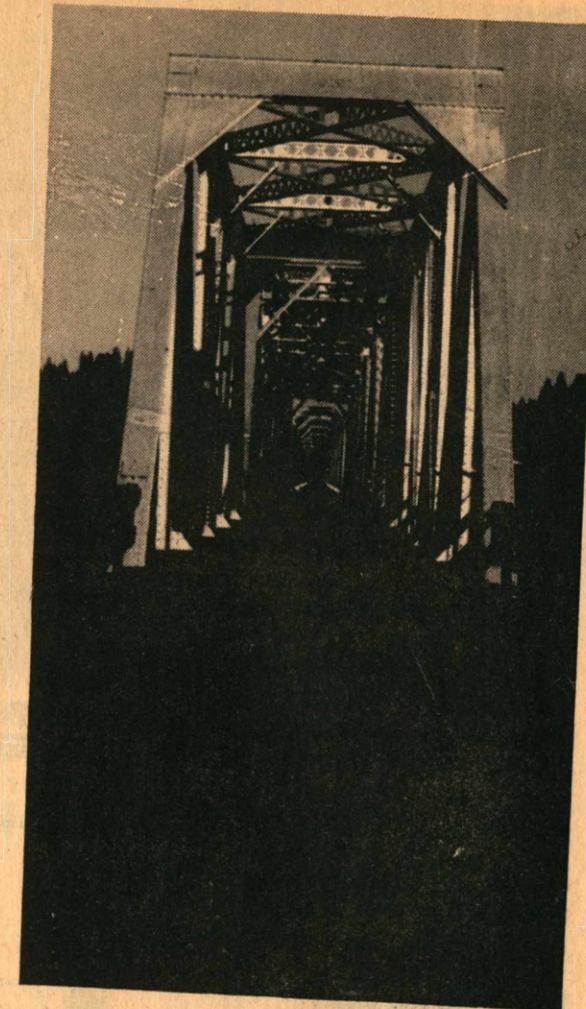
Is this what I'm being taught...PATIENCE?  
 If so, I pray that my testing is nearly  
 over so I may be at ease.

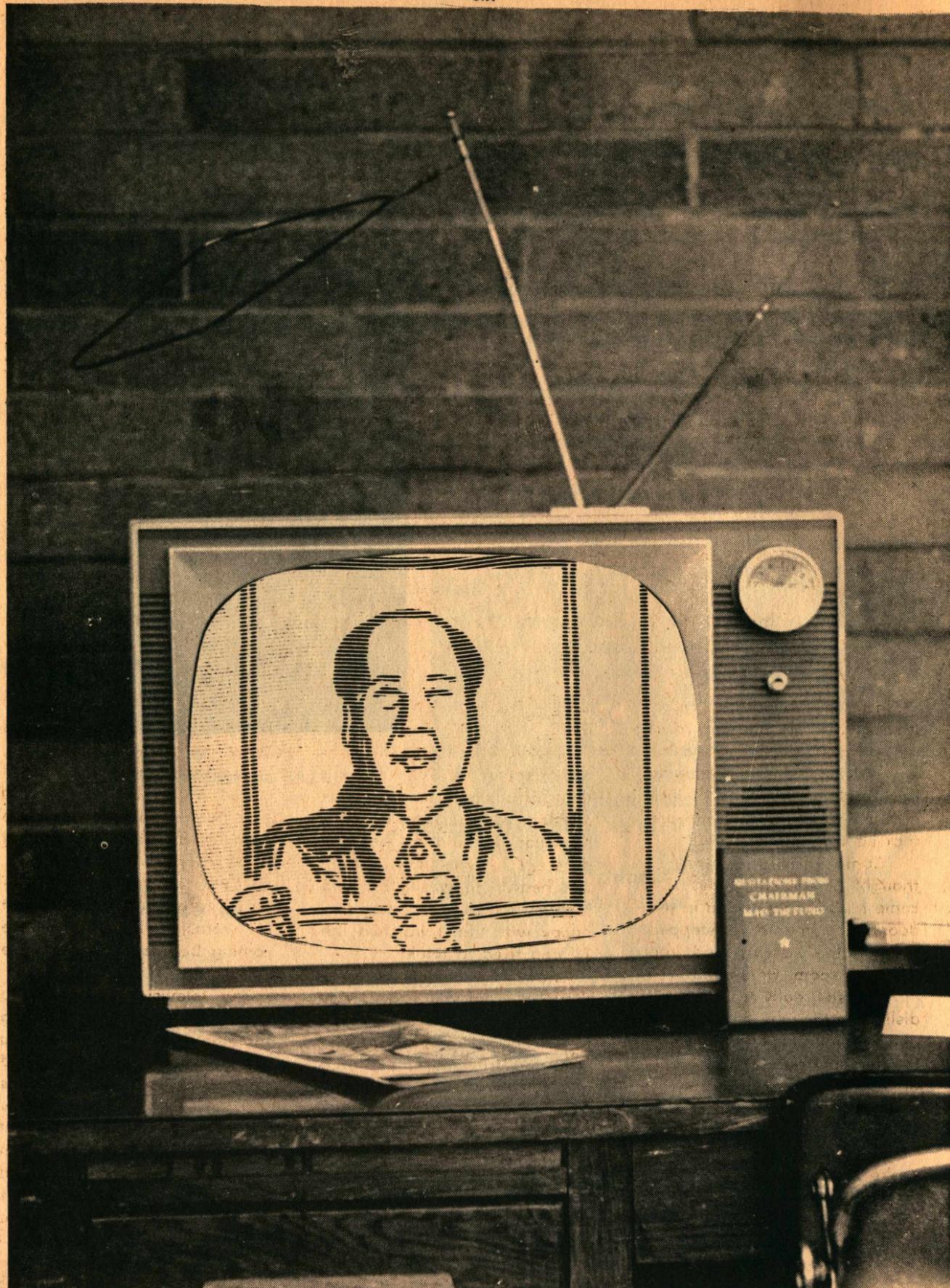
Because IF and/or when we ever discover each other,  
 Our love will be even more wonderful than imaginable...

More wonderful than the first sign of Spring...  
 More exciting than a child's first words...  
 More beautiful than a breath-taking sunset... and  
 More free than a fresh roaring river.

For our love...like these, will be blessed by God,  
 and that's what really matters.

---by Tara





# Chairman Mao And The Idiot Box

by Kevin Harden

He sat in the darkened room. It seemed to me that the room was always dark. The television was playing, its images jumping back and forth on the 21 inch screen. I watched him, unaware that he was watching me.

"Come in young man," I thought I heard him say, "Do come in. Don't just stand in the doorway, come in." I stepped through the hallway and into the dark room. He smiled.

He wasn't really too old to be disliked, I thought. At least not like everyone else had told me. I smiled back and sat at the end of his couch. He looked away from me and to the TV. I followed his gaze.

"You know young man," he spoke in an even tone, not garbled or squeaky as my friends described, "You know, I have been waiting for you." I must have looked startled for he smiled again, "Yes, I was

waiting for you to talk with me."

I looked uneasily at the floor and then to the TV. I couldn't think of anything to say. I was startled, yes, but not so much by what he said as by how different he was from what I had heard. He wasn't old and feeble, nor did he seem unhappy with life. I watched the TV and tried to think.

"How," I stumbled over my thoughts, "did you know I was coming?" I must have mumbled for he cocked his head to one side and frowned. I repeated my question, this time more clearly than the first. He still frowned. I dropped my eyes to the floor and then to the TV again. I was frightened.

He followed my gaze to the television. He coughed. I trembled, how could this happen? My thoughts were a mass of confusion.

"I knew you were coming," he spoke and I swung my eyes away from the television to his, "Because you are here now." I stared at his bulging face. It was hard to discern his eyes from his forehead. I stared at what resembled his eyes.

"Yes," he repeated, I supposed his age made him repeat his words, "I knew you were coming because you are here now."

The television continued to bounce with activity, lighting the otherwise dark room with a gray flickering light. I watched it again and tried to decipher his words. I mulled it over in my head and finally blurted, "What if I hadn't come?" My question sounded like a gong blast and shattered his concentration. He slowly moved his gaze from the television's action to me. I suddenly felt very small, as small as the faceless characters

moving to and fro on the gray screen. I continued to watch his face as it bulged in the dancing light.

He stared at me. I felt uncomfortable. His face not revealing his thoughts, his lips drawn in a straight line, his eyes squinted to small glittering slits. Neither changed positions. I moved my head mechanically to face the TV once again. It was insane the way one person could watch that shadowy box, I thought, trying to clear my mind and rationalize my blurted question.

I watched the grayish ghosts go up and down, spin around,

street-walking child  
lover of alleys and  
hardcold city sidewalks  
she lifts her breasts to  
meet the brushing glance  
of older  
men  
seasoned to  
rotting ripeness  
pick and choosing with  
narrow slit-eyes  
waiting for a chance to  
trip her  
only to find their  
trick's been called  
and they've been had  
not only by this child  
with tremulous dignity  
but by their own illusions  
small squeezed and fretful  
illusions of themselves

---Susan Ratcliff

eight

move in circles and wander haphazardly within their 21 inch boundaries. He continued to watch me, I could feel his gaze. I tried to shirk it off. It did no good to think of a lovely garden, or a beautiful mountain, I was in this darkened room and there was no place to go, no light but the gray screen.

He watched my every move, I was open to his piercing eyes. He watched me and left the television to disregard. I wilted under his scrupulous study. I wanted to run, I wanted to hide, I wanted...he was going to speak! I turned my eyes to his face and grimaced.

Strains of melancholy guitar  
trickle up and down,  
gently meshing  
with sprinkling summer rain.  
Tiny streams of mud  
wander down the dusty window  
which soon rinses clear.  
The mist slowly settles.

Parched by searing passion,  
I bathe in the serenity  
of her dark, cool pools.  
Good morning, precious Love Grace.

---Kevin Dennis

small bits of affluency  
in cellophane pinafors  
golden biscuits eaten  
while millions  
world wide  
stare hopefully  
at empty bowls  
Premium Saltines  
quality in our corner

---Bob Sevier

He opened his eyes, smiling widely, "If you hadn't come," I braced for his answer, "Then I would have known you wouldn't be here, because you wouldn't be here." He smiled and turned back to his television, the ghostly gray light danced across the dark room.

I turned away from the television. It was still dark. As far as I could tell, it had always been dark.

nine

### THE WALLS OF STONE

You are there so all alone,  
behind those walls of stone.  
I see you at the window standing.  
What is it you seek?  
Your eyes searching, always searching.  
You must be strong.  
Has life been cruel, is that what's wrong?

The past is gone and the sun still remains.  
Come out of the dark, come dwell in the light.  
Though you are hurt, you must forget,  
it's only right.  
The pain will cease to be  
so won't you come and be near me?

Life has been harsh and you've taken  
retreat behind those walls of stone.  
I see you now, you are there all alone.

Come and hear the birds singing.  
The day is young. There is no time for lingering.

You can not stay there all day,  
though the sun in your life is gone  
and taken it's last ray  
Though life has dealt you a heavy blow,  
You must come out, there is life down below.

The children are playing,  
there's joy in their laughter.  
Hear what they're saying,  
their echo rings long after.

Still you remain.  
Why won't you come out?  
To laugh and to cry,  
is what life's all about.

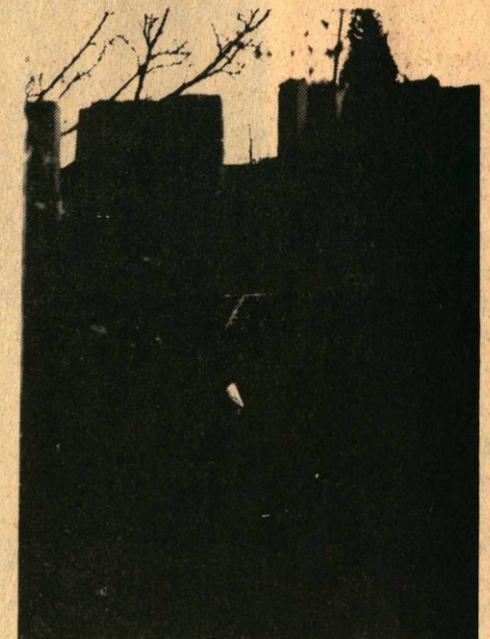
The longer you hide behind your wall,  
the harder it will be for all.  
For life is full of strife and sorrow  
is what makes joy all the sweeter  
when it comes tomorrow

What is that I see?  
You are beckoning, are you  
calling out to me?  
I see you coming, you have left  
the walls of stone.  
You are running, never more to be alone

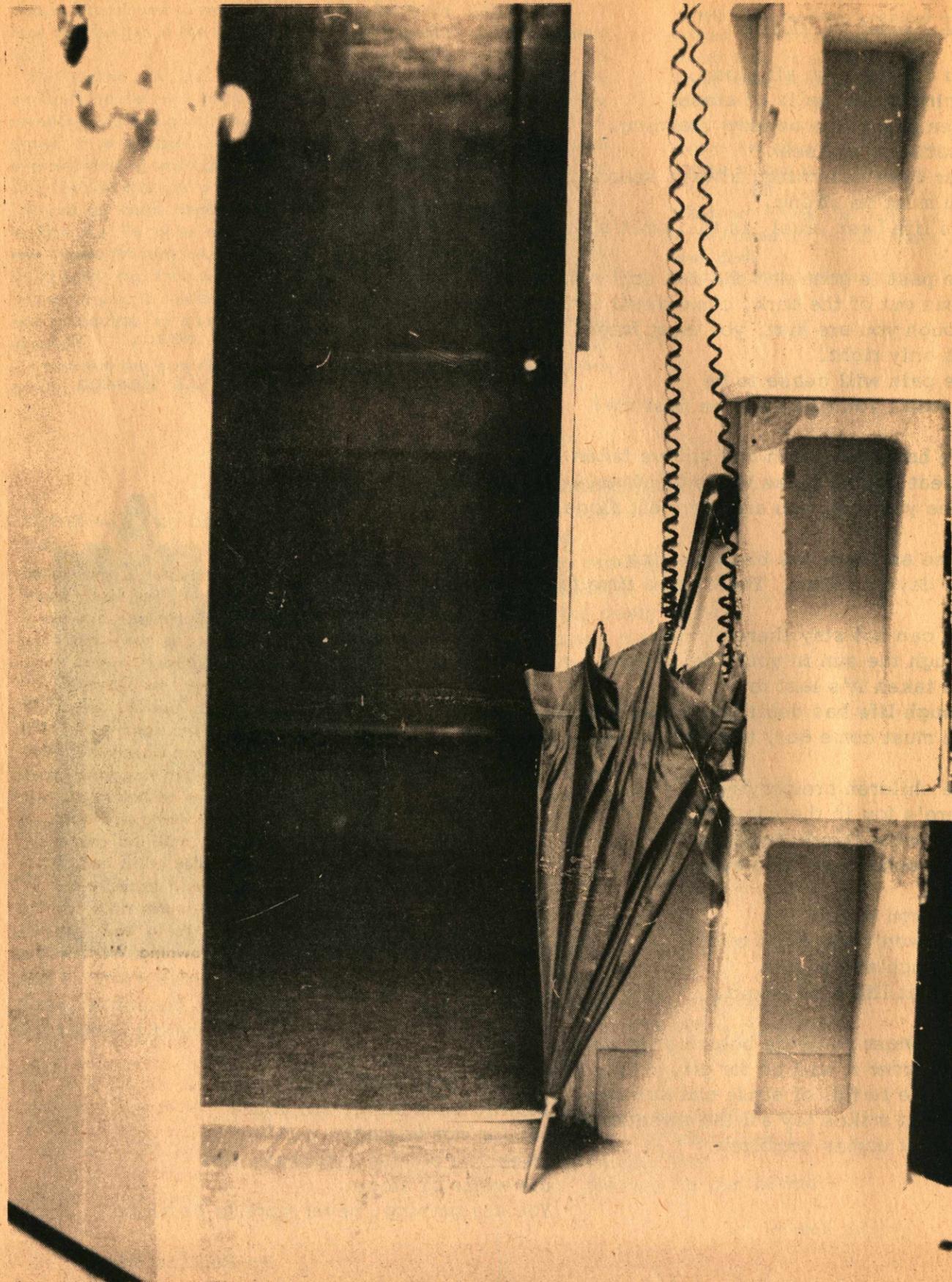
### Themes May Mean Not

Themes may mean not,  
or knot,  
or not of anytheme,  
or anything.  
may not be meaning,  
or meaning,  
What you think you read,  
or red.

-----Kevin Harden



---Pauline Briggs



# Forgotten Umbrella

by Debbie Godfrey

It was chilly and raining outside. The cup of hot, spicy tea felt good between his hands. "So you've finally got it—your bookstore. I remember you were always so serious when you talked about it. Like it was your one dream that had to come true. Are you happy now?"

"Happy? I have the shop, the town, my friends, working with Louisa, my work. Yes, I'm really happy, Dennis." He knew, from the way she looked when she talked about it, that she really was. Then she was off, telling him the story of how Louisa found the place and fixed it up years before anyone paid any attention to the Square. And now that Pioneer Square was a landmark, the tourists flocked in and profits soared. The Bookend's future was bright indeed. She was so involved in her story that the jingle of the bells on the door startled her. She smiled apologetically. "Just a minute, Dennis, I've got to go help these people." She

left her tea on the stair where they'd been sitting.

Watching her and drinking his tea, he thought of how strange it was that rain and books had always brought them together. It was rain and books that introduced them, in fact. He'd gone to the library that day, since it was raining and his hike was cancelled. Tired of reading, he lay down in the aisle to take a nap. It was Kelley that woke him. Woke him to a lot of things, he thought. She smiled down at him. "You've been there for a couple of hours now. I really need to get these books shelved. Could you move down the aisle a little?" So he sat up and watched her through blurry eyes. And even though he'd been so sleepy, he still remembered exactly how she'd looked. She was wearing a green corduroy skirt, with a shirt of lighter green tied in a knot at the waist. Her thick hair, the mixture of brown and red that no one could describe, was long

then, nearly down to her waist. The one thing that really stuck, though, was the way she never seemed to flap her wings. She would just glide from one place to another, so smooth you didn't even feel her moving.

It was also raining the first night she had stayed with him. There was the tiny attic apartment where he had lived, with the rain knocking on the roof to be let in, and the marvelous feel of Kelley in his bed, in his arms. They'd loved, and then lay in the warm dark reciting love sonnets to each other. Barrett, Browning, Wordsworth, so many, but Shakespeare was their favorite. She moved in soon after that first night, and she'd been there every night for almost two years. The night her cat died, the night he got his master's degree, the night before the rent was due when they were broke—they spent them all together. Then she was gone. He sat waiting in the chilly, cramped attic for her to come back, saying she'd chan-

ged her mind, or made a mistake. She never came, and after a month he left for New York. And now here was Kelley again, after three years, sitting on the stairs and drinking tea with him, almost the same as ever. And here once again, were the books and the rain surrounding them. The rain... always the rain. If he hadn't stopped in here by accident to dry off and find a book...

"Dennis?" her voice from behind broke into his reverie. "Anybody home?"

He grinned, half embarrassed at being caught so off-guard. "Still here. Just daydreaming, I guess."

Kelley leaned against the smooth oak post at her back and ran her hand along the stairway railing. "When did you say you had to leave? Tuesday?"

"Mm-hmm. Plane leaves at midnight. Why?"

"Well, being in town alone is probably pretty dull, so why don't you come over Tuesday night for dinner?" She paused. "I'll fix spaghetti and we'll have white wine, ok?" Spaghetti and wine, his favorite meal. He was surprised she remembered.

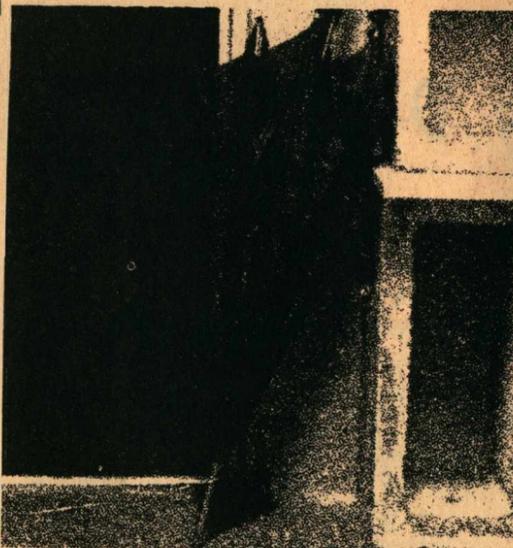
"Sure, Kel. What time?" A few minutes later, address in hand, he walked out the door. The bells jingled goodbye, and he was gone.

She'd said forty-four-eleven, attic floor. This must be her home. He rang the buzzer and waited. The door opened, and the light and the aroma of dinner rushed out to him. Spaghetti a la Tomlinson. He wondered if she'd worked on it all afternoon like she used to.

And there was Kelley. Her hair was shorter now than when they'd lived in Bangor, but he was surprised to see she had on that same green skirt and blouse she'd worn when he first met her. "Just the same,

Kelley" he thought. "I'll bet you never change." He stepped inside and shook the rain off his umbrella. While he unbuttoned his coat, he glanced around the apartment. The house was probably 40 years old, and the slanted roofs and tight little windows reminded him very much of the attic apartment in Maine.

"Kelley, it's very nice...just like you.. it fits you." He looked around again at the deep, comfortable old chairs and couch in the living room. The same paintings and prints on the walls, same books on the



shelves. He wondered if she ever read the love sonnets anymore.

Dennis followed her to the table in the dining room. Actually not a dining room, just a corner of the living room with a table set. "I hope," she said, "that I still remember how to make spaghetti like we used to eat it. It's been a long time." They sat down and dished up huge portions of the pasta, and ate a full loaf of french bread between them. The stereo, left on from that afternoon, conveniently disguised many awkward silences between the two.

When they had both eaten all they could, Keeley put her napkin on her plate. "Tell me

about the novel, Dennis," she said. "All I know is that it's set here, and that's what brought you to Seattle."

He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. "Well, first there's the old man. He grew up here, lived here all his life. He remembers horses and traps instead of freeways and skyscrapers. His family has long since moved away, and he lives by himself in a shabby old hotel near the Market. Mostly he's just waiting to die, and wants to do it here, where he's always lived, near the things that have been his life. He meets up with a younger guy who's never been here before. Old Pop ends up showing him all over town, and they eventually become real friends, in an odd sort of way. They fish together, and walk through the Market, ride the buses to nowhere. Then the old man gets sick, and the friend takes care of him. But he wants to die, so he does.

The kid has to decide then if he's going to leave and forget the old man, or stay and take Old Pop's place. I don't know yet how he'll decide. A story doesn't always turn out like you'd planned, you know?" He opened his eyes and looked at Kelley. "Well, what do you think? Will it be my masterpiece?"

She smiled. "I don't know Dennis, but I know it'll be good. Really good. A plot like that with an author like you you have to succeed. Now go in the living room and pick out a good book while I clear the table and get tea. I want you to read to me like you used to, ok?" She got up and began to stack dishes.

Looking through the bookshelves, nothing he saw seemed to fit the occasion. Then a little volume with worn binding caught his eye. Shakespeare's verses! So she still had them

after all. He listened to her moving about in the kitchen. "I was right, Kelley," he thought, "you never do change."

He sat down in the armchair rocker to wait. The over-head light was burned out, or disconnected. The only light in the room came from two table lamps on either side of the couch. If I'd just walked in here off the street I would know this was her house. Nowhere else do I feel so at ease, so relaxed. He looked up as Keeley came in with the tea. That same teapot, too, he thought. She'd bought it at a rummage sale in Bangor--it had been battered then. Now it was a wreck. They drank their tea and talked about nothing in particular. Then Kelley poured herself another cup of tea, leaned back and said, "Now read to me Dennis."

He set his cup down and picked up the little book. "Shakespeare on Love. Random selections: 'Love is begun by time; Time qualifies the spark and fire of it;...' He hadn't read them since she left--he had the feeling she hadn't either. So measured, so smooth, they were beautiful. How could he have forgotten their magic? And Kelley lay back in her chair, peaceful and contented, magic in her own way. If she were a cat, she'd be purring. "...Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear; Where little fear grows

great--"

"Great love grows there." she finished for him.

"Kelley?"

"Mmm?"

"What made you leave, Kel? I came home that one day and you had just disappeared. I've never been able to figure out why."

There was a pause before she answered. "I just finally saw, Dennis, that you were too much for me. I loved you so much that I was starting to be not me, but who I thought you wanted me to be--that's how much I wanted to please you. And if I didn't leave, soon there'd be no Kelley Tomlinson left for you to love."

"But you never said anything about it to me. Maybe if I'd known--"

"No, it wouldn't have made any difference. And I wouldn't have wanted you to change for me. That would be unfair to ask."

"I loved you so much, Kelley. I would have gladly have--"

"Dennis, we both loved each other, but that just wasn't enough to make it on. I loved you, but I was losing me. And if you don't exist, you can't love. So I left."

Dennis stood abruptly and cleared his throat. "I've got to go, Kel. My flight leaves in about an hour and a half."

She followed him to the door.

"Thanks so much for coming,

TO STEPPENWOLF

I'm not fifty years  
scratching away the days  
I'm sweating at twenty  
on this hot night  
the radio is bleeding  
immortal rock and roll  
sadly singing my  
innocence of a year ago.

---Mark Wilson

Den. I think it was good for us to talk about what happened." She was serious, yet her eyes danced.

"Thank you, Kel, for fixing dinner and having me over. It was great seeing you again after so long." He reached for his coat.

"I have one question, Dennis. Will you answer it?"

"Sure!" he said, fumbling with his coat buttons.

She hesitated, then asked. "You're married now, aren't you?"

He knew he had to answer her. There was no getting around it now.

"Yes."

"Do you love her?" Her voice was soft, perhaps a little shaky.

Dennis slowly finished buttoning his coat. Then he put his hands on her shoulders and waited till she looked up at him. "Not like you, Kelley... never like you." He leaned towards her and gently kissed her forehead. Then he was walking down the steps to the street. Shivers came from her skin where his warm hands had been. He was gone.

As she closed the door she noticed the forgotten umbrella lying against the wall. She reached down and picked it up. He wouldn't be coming back for it, she knew. The rain had stopped.

## THE TRIALS OF A ONE NIGHT STAND?

Go, stop  
 Correct, incorrect  
 Who can tell?  
 Certainly not myself.

Is this forever?  
 probably not.  
 Do you love me?  
 I forgot.

Thursday night  
 smelly socks  
 Type mistakes  
 on the "magic box".

Looking like '40  
 feeling like '50  
 thought this job  
 sure would be  
 nifty.

One night stand  
 One night sit

Give me satisfaction  
 or I'll quit!

---Janae Mitchell

Dawn

Solace of snow  
 So bountifully white  
 Powdered on hillsides  
 As well as city streets

A year was born  
 And the meadows seemed  
 Frozen  
 In silent celebration.

-----Kevin Harden

The bright and mourning passion  
 of a fond remembered dream;  
 pain of unfulfilledness  
 (oh, kaleidoscopic scheme!);

All in my head is darkness now. . .  
 but in my soul, a gleam.

---Kevin Dennis

I'm Nervous

A shuffle of pages in the back ground  
 A little giggle here and there  
 I'm trying to study  
 There's a person next to me  
 A friend  
 looking for material  
 Mid-terms are here  
 and I'm not ready  
 I should be studying  
 But here I sit  
 Just thinking  
 Thinking of that person next to me  
 I'm nervous

I don't want to study  
 This friend next to me  
 She's neat  
 She's pretty  
 And she's sweet  
 I should be studying  
 But I'm trying to think  
 Will I be able to be myself tonight  
 Will I make a fool of myself  
 I hope not  
 Because this girl is neat  
 She's pretty  
 And she's sweet  
 I'M NERVOUS

O Lord help me to be me

---Luther Bagly

FUTILITY

while staring out my window  
 without really seeing,  
 and listening to sad songs on the radio  
 I think of you  
 so many miles away. . .

So far from me  
 and always will be.

It never was  
 or could have been, for that matter  
 But I still pretend  
 . . . so far from me  
 and always will be.

---Connie Helt

Winter's Window

Out through winter's window I peek.  
 The frosty pane is cold against my cheek.  
 It's been long since I stood here and stare  
 At the world outside through the icy chilled air.

My eyes found the tree where I once climbed  
 When the sky was summer and the birds sweetly chimed.  
 The twigs now barren of the leafy green life  
 It's bark pitch black from the frozen winter strife.

The gray washed mourns of winter's death  
 Can take from us our own life's breath.  
 But soon each of us shall surely see  
 The summer of life we're meant to be.

-----Kevin Harden

soiled linen  
 in shiny carts  
 institutional green  
 assaults the eyes  
 with a dry cleaned smell

silver quarters  
 roll nimbly off finger tips  
 feeding the machines  
 all those years  
 like clock work  
 made up of late Tuesday evenings  
 with Maytag dependibility

---Bob Sevier

It's hard to compare.  
 Harder still to choose.  
 So staying with the same,  
 No thought that I might lose  
 What both I have and don't have.

---Teckla Smith





# Once Upon A Summer

by Pauline Briggs

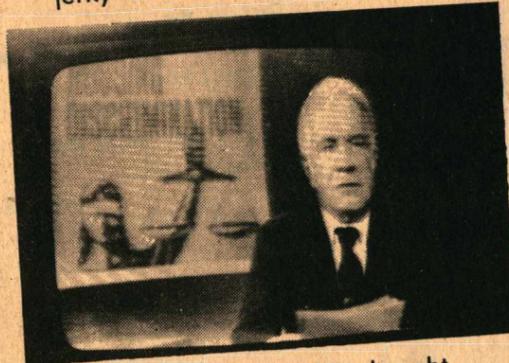
We were all sitting peacefully in the living room watching a science fiction movie on television. The star of the movie was pointing a laser beam gun at his enemy, he was ready to shoot him; when "ouch" said my husband, "that one got me." Who? What? I said turning quickly to look at him. So engrossed was I in the movie, that for a second I wondered of the laser beam gun the star on television was firing had somehow penetrated through the screen; shooting my husband on the neck where he was clutching it. "A mosquito," he said, "that's the third one since I've been sitting here."

Up he went, returning shortly with the fly swatter. He leaped onto the sofa and from there to the coffee table. He was swinging the fly swatter from left to right, as he landed back down on the carpet. Silently, I wondered when he took ballerina lessons and failed to tell me, so graceful he looked. "Oh well," I muttered to myself, the program wasn't that interesting anyway.

Feeling extra tired that evening, I went to bed early. I woke up sometime later to a semi dark and quiet house. What woke me up from a sound sleep, I wondered. A noise, yes there it was again. A noise such as burglars might make, I thought to myself, my imagination fired up. Silently I got up from the warm bed and grabbed a large glass vase that rested on the night stand beside me. The only feasible weapon in sight. Slowly I crept from the bedroom, down the hall and into the dining room. I saw the light and muffled sounds were coming from the living room. I made my way across the dining room and flattened myself against the wall next to the dorrway.

Clutching the vase tightly I lifted it up ready to bring it down on the unsuspecting victim's head. I turned quickly into the room with the vase poised high in the air. With my imagination so fired up, it took me a couple of seconds to realize that it was only Mike brandishing a fly swatter about like a sword. He looked as if he was fighting a band of "bandidos" instead of two puny mosquitos.

A few nights later, the house al quiet and dark, I was in a deep sleep with Mike beside me. I was having a wonderful dream of being at Malibu Beach, relaxing and sunbathing in the warm California sun. I snuggled deeper into the blanket, feeling cozy and warm. Suddenly I became aware of jerky movements on the bed



beside me. "Oh no!" I thought to myself, "It's Mike. He's having a heart attack in his sleep." Quickly I reached over to touch him. What's wrong, I asked? Mike are you alright? "Sh-h-h" he said to me, "don't move there's a mosquito buzzing around my head and I'm trying to swat it." Oh-h-h, I moaned---as I flopped back onto the pillow I took a quick glance at the illuminated clock on the night stand, it was 3:00 a.m. This can't be for real, I mumbled to myself as I flipped the blanket over my head, wondering if I was having a bad dream or just losing my sanity. When Mike came home from

work one evening, I showed him an article I had read. It was titled, **How to keep cool and avoid mosquito bites this summer.** He read it and put it down without making a comment. Later, however, I noticed he had decided to take the article's advice. He took a cold shower to bring his body temperature down, as the article suggested. He put on a dark colored T-shirt and blue jeans---light colors are supposed to attract mosquitos. Taking a galss of ice tea and a magazine, he sat outside ready to ignore whatever came his way, mosquitos included.

As soon as I had finished the dinner dishes I joined him outside. I noticed that he still had a determined look on his face. He seemed deeply engrossed in whatever he was reading, oblivious to all else. While I was still watching him I noticed that three or four "unidentified flying objects" had joined us. Mosquitos, no doubt, I thought to myself, well here comes the real test. He was still reading and I could hardly believe my eyes, he was actually going to ignore them. I settled down comfortably on a lawn chair and picked up the latest issue of the **Reader's digest.** Looking through the table of contents I saw the title of an article that sounded interesting.

Suddenly, in one mighty leap one that would surely put Tarzan to shame---he was up and going strong. The poor mosquitos didn't stand a chance. "See," he said and showed me, "these ones were probing about on my arm, but I got them." Sophia Loren's picture on the magazine cover with her pretty smiling face had definitely been altered, and somehow I had the feeling that she wouldn't have been flattered with the change.

September Was Years Ago

September was years ago  
 Years and miles away  
 So was November  
 And so it will be with December  
 As we pass out lives so gay

The feelings of such moments  
 Are lost but yet regained  
 In the hours  
 Of silent memory  
 We listen still  
 As they hum their soft refrain

Why the hours?  
 Why do they pass?  
 Nothing seems  
 No one dreams  
 To dare to even ask them to last

Off they skip  
 To their hide-away somewhere  
 Beneath the stars  
 Or sun  
 Or moon  
 We can somehow  
 Feel and care  
 For the past  
 That once graced our lives  
 Once touched our hearts  
 Once drove us to believe  
 That tomorrow was ours

Ours to have  
 To hold  
 To carry from yesterday  
 Laughing gayly as we tripped away  
 We had stolen ourselves a day  
 Quite an accomplishment  
 I would say

But  
 I'm afraid  
 September was years ago  
 Years and miles away.  
 -----Kevin Harden

a lonely man beckons  
 at a Salvation Army Santa  
 and celebrates his Christmas  
 a Mac and fries  
 and the best part of all  
 change back  
 from your dollar

---Bob Sevier

Private Prayer

Oh God  
 what talent  
 have you given me  
 to share with  
 others?  
 Humble me that  
 I  
 might know my place  
 place.  
 Guide me  
 that I might know my  
 direction.  
 Be patient with me  
 for I am weak and  
 love to sin.

---S.H. Harris

long quiet morning  
 Jesus, from the stations of the cross  
 watches  
 an old woman enters  
 Rosary in gnarled hand  
 with arthritic steps  
 walks  
 to a distant altar  
 counting the beads  
 with proper ritual  
 an old woman  
 finds her peace with God  
 and a stationary Jesus  
 smiles

---Bob Sevier

the madness of staring into the sky  
 while the sun's fire dies  
 lost in a haze  
 and in a moment my legs  
 want to run wild over fences  
 and down the alleys like laughter  
 falling through the town  
 and then in bed crying  
 too young to feel so old

---Mark Wilson

Procession

torn shirt  
 wholly pants  
 worn out shoes  
 reflect a  
 Time  
 when they were  
 new  
 just like  
 Someday  
 you and I  
 will do

---by S.H. Harris

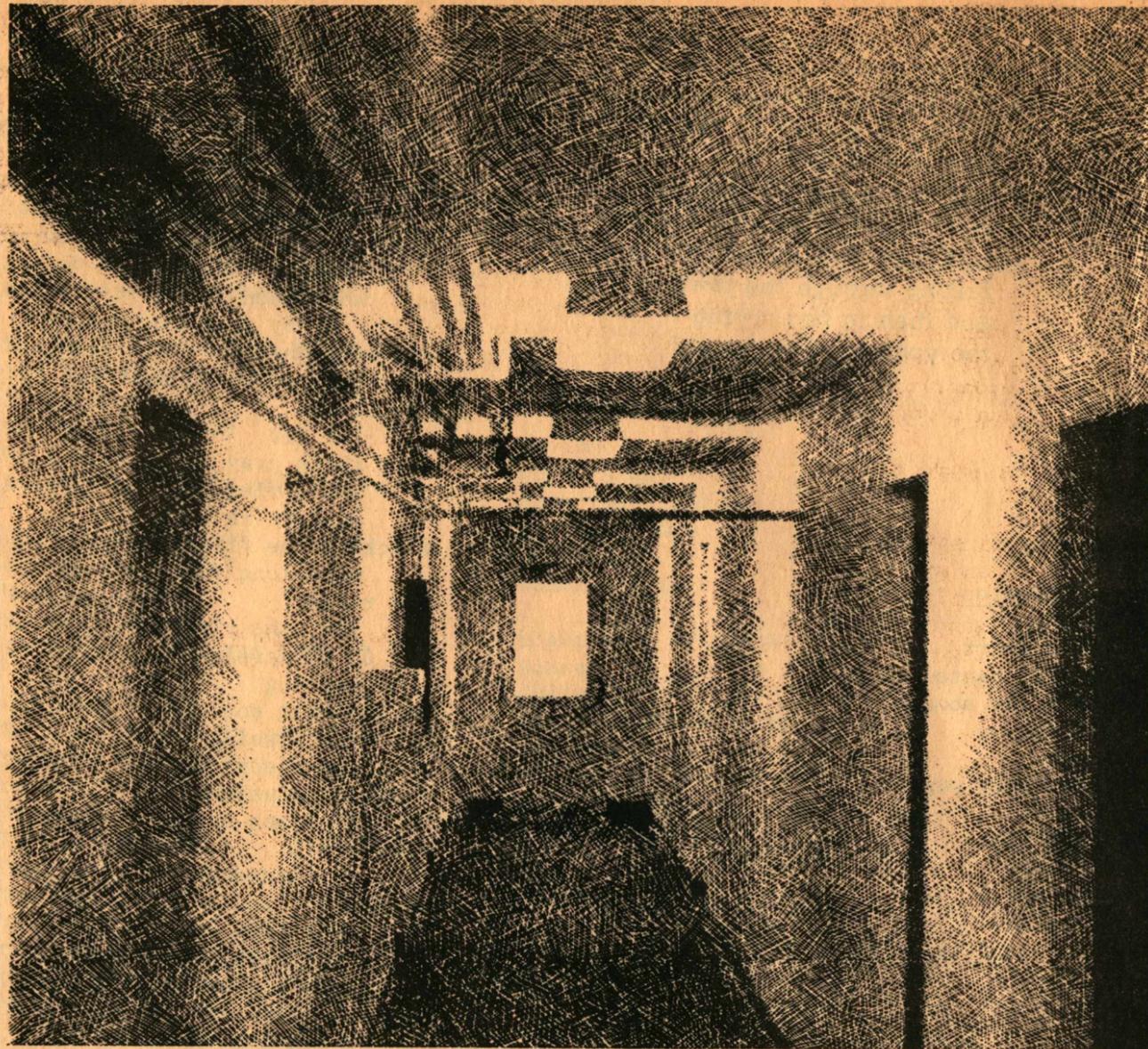
Calendar Wind

November slipped thru my grasp  
 It was blown by the wind  
 That floats snow  
 Over mountains far away  
 Behind it came December  
 Blown by the same.

-----Kevin Harden

garish lights  
 and obnoxious hawkers  
 advertising  
 best shows in town  
 stale cotton candy  
 beneath tired feet  
 forgotten  
 by some excited child  
 old elephants  
 chained to turnstiles  
 5 minutes  
 for 35¢  
 with thick gray hides  
 sweltering  
 beneath the heat  
 flicking the flies  
 with long tails  
 and rides,  
 yes, the rides  
 set up by carnies  
 praying  
 no one will notice  
 the missing cable  
 the absent nut  
 "easier to assemble"  
 47 times a year  
 and people  
 in thousands  
 parade the lot  
 searching  
 but discovering the same  
 only a year later  
 the carnival  
 a mixture of man  
 and sawdust  
 for five days  
 and then on again  
 endless trains  
 endless towns

---Bob Sevier



# Hand To Mouth by Kevin Harden

Henley always seemed to bear the blunt of every joke and prank his classmates could dream of. He would stare placidly and go about his normal school day business, ignoring the ignorance of his fellow students.

The first time Henley moved his desk was to keep from sitting on tacks provided by the fat boy sitting behind him. It

was a grand joke for everyone in the vicinity, all but Henley.

The second time he moved his desk was to stare out the class room window. Three times the teacher had to tell him to pay attention to the class activity. The fourth time he was sent to the principal's office.

Henley didn't always hate school, he'd tell the principal, it was only that no one liked him here; they all made fun of him,

teased him, belittled him, hurt him. The principal seemed to listen, would nod his head and send Henley back to his class room.

Henley liked three o'clock the best. School would released it's hold on him and he'd make his three block way home.

It was enjoyable to spend his time watching cartoons, eating potato chips and playing with his toy cars. His cars never

teased, potato chips didn't call him names and TV cartoons couldn't put tacks in his chair. He enjoyed that.

But, as sure as Sunday, Henley's fun would be interrupted by a school day. He'd be forced to put on clean clothes, pack books into a book bag, bundle himself in what seemed like six layers of winter coats and trudge the endless three blocks back to school. It all seemed less than worthwhile to Henley, who would much rather be in the company of something inanimate than a class full of ignorants.

So Henley would sit away

thoughts spill forth  
upon rivers of blue  
clothed in scrawls  
and prisoners  
of two dimensions  
easily detained  
in double bond  
cast down  
from ivory towers  
by a 29¢ Bic

---Bob Sevier

There are burnt edges to my decoupage heart.  
It's glued with burning memories of the past,  
Leaving no room for my soul to breathe.  
But, there is found a transparency to my soul  
And I find it hard to look upon  
This souvenir.

another year gone  
like newspaper  
yellowing with age  
only important  
to those lucky few  
who remember

---Teckla Smith

of memories and friends  
and days gone by  
food for winds  
blowing away  
captives  
of chain link fences

---Bob Sevier

from the pranksters and imagine enjoyable scenes in his head. They were the only enjoyable thing about school anymore. Henley didn't care very much for the pranks, jokes and stupid names his class mates had waiting for him each day. He could do without them.

So Henley would sit and watch the flag wave in the breeze through his window. The janitor carrying out his yard work wouldn't notice Henley's stare, that's what made sitting by the window so enjoyable.

One Spring day another tack found its way to his seat and Henley moved for the fifth time.

His new seat had a nice view of the back of the class. He wasn't very happy; it wasn't very enjoyable.

It was almost summer when Henley was moved again after catching a spit wad with his head. The seventh time he was moved, Henley didn't come back.

## Statue

He stands quiet  
Sun shines through a vented shade  
Saint Francis has turned to stone  
And his world  
To clay.

-----Kevin Harden

## Endeavor

where can I do God the most glory  
should be the persons story  
who through his life teaches  
others  
BY  
practicing what he preaches

---by S.H. Harris

To Begin

My eyes were heavy  
As my mind slipped away  
To creep back down  
A closed corridor  
Whose halls once echoed with laughter.

Once they were brightly painted  
Once they were filled  
With many  
many faces.  
But time--  
In his impersonal way--  
Took them back.

Back to these corridors  
Back down these hollow halls  
Back  
Back  
Back to the beginning--  
To the very earliest start,  
Of laughter,  
Of bright colors,  
Of many faces,  
Of the life  
As we know it,  
As we show it,  
As we go

Down the long stairways  
Down the dark paths  
Down the hallway  
Till we find  
Where we began --  
At the earliest time--  
To laugh,  
To love,  
To paint the bright pictures.  
To begin.

-----Kevin Harden

A few, ragged, tattered leaves  
cling  
hopefully, yet tenuously  
to indifferent branches.

Their brothers and sisters  
watch them sadly from the ground  
fluttering here and there  
aimlessly.

The sky is ice-winter blue, but  
there is an attempt at kindness here;  
The sun is late afternoon orange  
and struggling valiantly  
to instill warmth by painting it.  
Yet, it's just not  
enough.

Girls walk jauntily down cement paths,  
the wind whipping their hair  
and flopping their long coats savagely.

Out further, beyond them,  
cars glide smoothly by--  
Where are they going?

An old man walks down an empty sidewalk,  
pulling his old grey wool sweater tighter. . .

It's winter.

---Connie Helt

ANTICIPATION

When will I see you again?  
When will we share precious moments?  
Are we in love or just friends?  
Is it the beginning or the end?

These questions have often been in my mind  
Wishing only too much they could be answered.  
If only you had not come back into my life,  
Then I wouldn't think of you so often.

You are everything I want in a man,  
But will God allow me to share my life with you?  
If the Master has another for me to love,  
He must be even more wonderful.

How can that be . . . to find a heaven beyond a heaven,  
Or a rainbow beyond a rainbow?  
If only I wasn't so impatient for answers of these questions.  
But how can I keep still knowing there's someone as special  
as you . . . just waiting?

Pray for me, that I might be willing enough to wait for God's answers.  
Please . . . beloved . . . for you may be the one.

---by Tara



# Quotations Of Chairman Myron by Myron Bush

Let the wine cellars of time ferment thy thoughts.  
Slick down the tracks of thy mind and let the train of thought run smoothly  
out of thine head.  
You can eat thine cake and have the frosting too.

-----

We truely cannot be free if any fraction of fear holds its doom above  
our heads.  
Freedom is essentially a dream.  
No matter how hard one tries, one will never achieve freedom.

-----

People are basically lazy--they just don't want to stop and figure out  
things that a four year old can figure out. Out of lack of enthusiasim  
they just don't use common sense on a number of things.  
People are eager to get all that they can get out of others without  
putting forth any effort to hoard all that they can drain out of one's  
glible reactions.  
It is plain to see that they really want their heads handed to them on  
a silver platter!

-----

Living brings out the secrets of life.  
Life is like a mountain stream tripping and stumbling over rocks--when  
it becomes still it will turn stale and the stench will reach out and  
affect all of the environment. So do we!  
Experience creates this thing called living.

-----

I've found that for a person to keep his sanity he must do something  
crazy.  
To touch slightly upon reality is to take a blind stab into insanity.  
The essential being of man is to discover reality--when he has done  
this he will find that he was right about life in the first place--  
that it's all a fantasy anyway.  
There is no such thing as reality in life.

-----

Once we are truely free we will be open to discover the gut level  
truths about 'reality in life.'  
If freedom cannot be reached then how can we be certain if life is real  
or not?  
But, we might only be real in our dreams, since freedom itself is a dream  
and freedom is the key to reality, therefore reality is in our dreams  
also.  
Then we can say that our dreams are reality and we are living a dream.

-----

Madison Avenue patriots  
in smoke filled rooms  
playing the game  
of celebration  
w/ military efficiency  
and profit margin  
accuracy

W/ George Washington buttons  
proudly worn  
on swelled breasts  
and Abe Lincoln mottos  
rolling glibly  
off our tongues  
and histories clouded memories  
shined up  
in special issue history books  
printed in America

Parades paraded  
cannons thundering  
as great battles  
are fought once again  
on prime time airings  
w/ original, imitation Liberty Bells  
plastic, made in Hong Kong

oh, boy  
I can't believe it  
writing this poem  
on Bicentennial  
place mats

---Bob Sevier

Fakes

How gay they now laugh,  
Tittering at nothing true:  
Boys in mens' clothing.  
-----Kevin Harden

The Master's Third Degree

Am, I, really here?  
Was asked of God  
from the rear.  
Yes, I do exist  
with more substance than a mist!  
CREATION!!!  
That is all I want to show,  
you know.  
Am, I, really here?!  
Was asked of God  
ffrom the rear.

---by S.H. Harris

EVERYONE NEEDS A FRIEND

Everyone needs a friend  
a smile  
a hello  
a frown  
a tear

All of these are feelings shared  
All of these are shared in having a friend

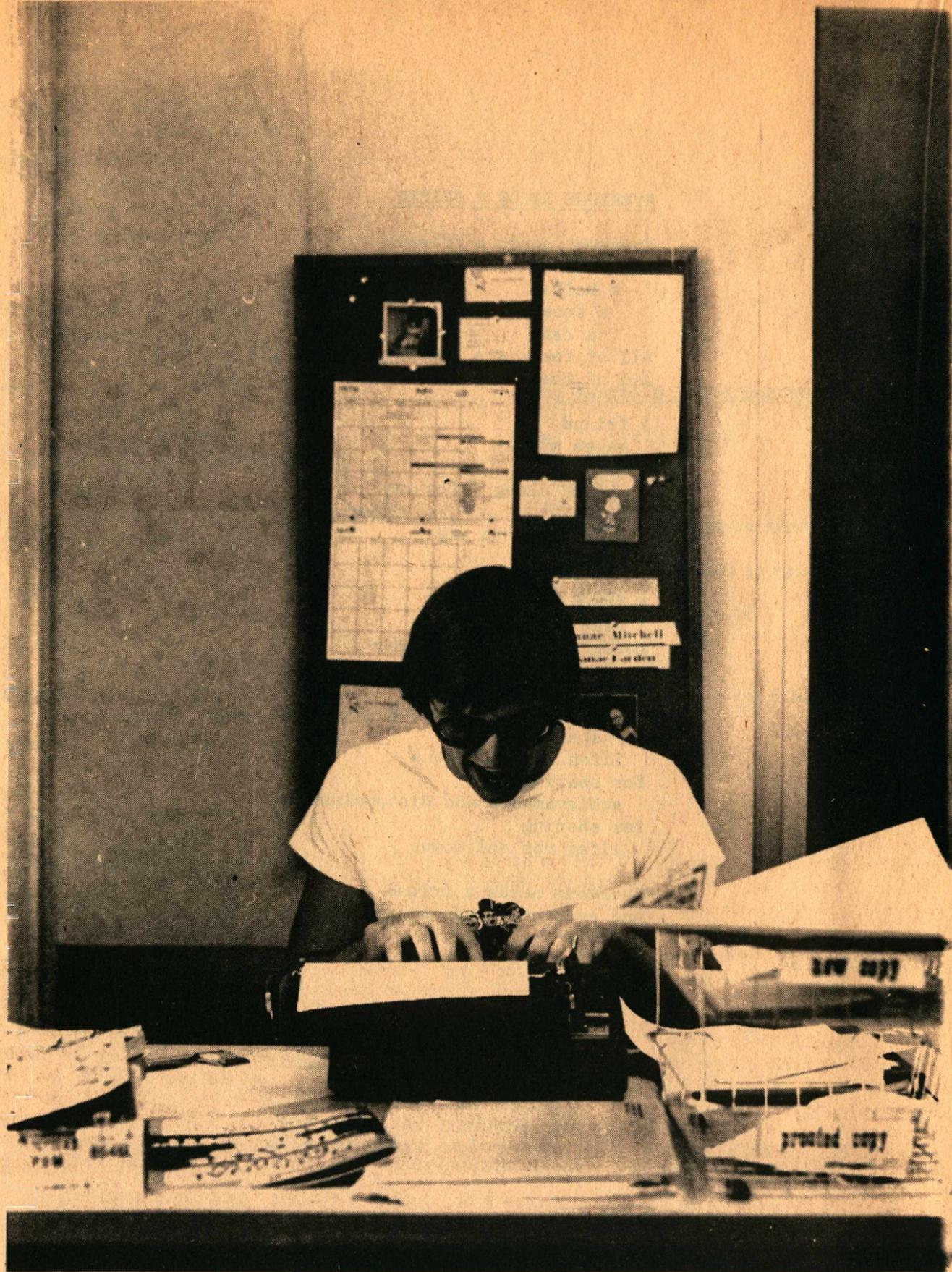
a friend  
makes my day  
A smile  
shared along lifes way  
A hello  
given only to say  
I CARE

A frown  
A tear  
these are feelings shared  
I care

Everyone needs a friend  
for sharing  
lifes ups and downs  
for sharing  
achievements and disappointments  
for sharing  
lifes ups and downs

Everyone needs a friend  
And everyone needs a sense of belonging  
A SMILE  
A HELLO  
A FROWN  
A TEAR

---Luther Bagly



# Satan's Fire

by  
Grady Zickefoose

The fire seemed to have its arms around me, holding me there in its grasp. Fire brought back many memories that I cared not to remember. The heat made it hard to want to stay and endure remembrance of the past.

It started, sitting around a camp fire, telling ghost stories. We all took turns trying to scare each other with the stories of "true" horror. Being a writer made it child's play to make up stories. When it would come my turn to terrify the audience, I would dip back into my vast repertoire and please everyone for hours. Everyone, except Joel. Joel seemed to be concentrating on the coals of the fire, deep in thought. The hard cold look made me stop in the middle of my story. "What's wrong Joel, are my stories scaring you that much?", I asked. The others began to

laugh. Joel stood, without changing expression or taking his eyes off the fire. Then he turned and left as if something seemed to be calling him away.

I found myself calling after him, but my calls for him to stop only added to his pace. I never could dismiss the hard cold look that Joel expressed that night. So just to remind me of it I put it in my next story.

A writer's life is filled with strange happenings and letters all the time. I don't know exactly why I decided to answer this particular letter but I did. The letter was from Joel. Joel and his organization wanted to employ me. The letter went something like this: Dear Mr. Talbet, "We are writing to you under the advice of our secretary Joel Morse. We understand you are a writer, and a good one at that. We would like to employ you. You will be

paid well for your work and will receive payment after every completed story. You will not need to take on any other projects while you are writing for us. The only stipulation we make is that you will not repeat any of your stories to anyone once handed to us. We will wait your immediate reply." Signed, Knights of the Night.

My reply to the letter brought immediate response. I was contacted by phone: "Mr. Talbet," the voice said. I acknowledged that it was I. "We are happy you decided to take us up on our offer," they said. I interrupted, "Now hold it, I told you in the letter that I wanted to know more about it first." They went on as if I hadn't said anything. "A driver will be over to pick you up tomorrow at 8:30, I need to sharp." Everything was moving so fast that all I could do was

---

I decided to create the most unreal story that anyone ever heard.

---

get a pencil and write everything down. Let's see, tomorrow at 8:30, I need to pack my clothes, stop all deliveries of milk, newspaper etc. All mail will be forwarded, they will take care of that for me. That was it. No other information was given. No one answered my question: Why?

I acted as any good writer would act, I went along. Besides, I had been writing adventure all these years; why not be a part of one?

The small house they had for me was a writer's dream. Surrounded by trees with moss dripping from each limb would make perfect scenes for my stories. Or would the area be suitable? What kind of stories would I write? The answers came as I opened the door and there was an envelope with my name on it. I was interrupted in my search for the truth by the sound of a car leaving. The driver had unloaded all the luggage and now was leaving. I yelled for him but he seemed to have his mind made up as to which direction he was to travel. I shut the door to the cabin and grabbed the envelope. A fire was already started and sitting by it seemed to ease the situation. The letter explained that I was to write a story of at least fifteen pages in length. The story must consist of pure horror and unbelievable pain. I was to twist things to the point where diabolical happenings were the norm. Nothing was to be thought too evil. Above all, no happy endings!

Something else was in the envelope: a name. The name was to be the main character of the perverted story. They even gave some background information on my leading actor. Who would believe all this was really happening? I wouldn't or couldn't believe it. This, I hate

to admit, is better than any story I could ever hope to make up. So I went along with everything they told me to do.

The story was done. They had given me ten days to finish the scheme. I had finished in seven days and all I had to do was wait for something to happen. The time was up. The driver brought the car to a halt outside my door. Joel and a few of his comrades stepped out of the car. "Is the story finished?", Joel asked.

"Yes," I said, "it has been done for a day or so." I started to hand the story to Joel but he

**It had been two months without any answers.**

**I Was getting writer's cramp.**

motioned that I should give it to his friend. He skimmed the story with an approving nod now and then. "This will do just fine," he said. Another man pulled out some money and put it on the desk. Just as I was about to ask some pressing questions, Joel's eyes intercepted mine and silenced my effort. "This will be the next name you are to use," Joel said.

Then they turned to leave and Joel reassured my silence by putting his hand on my shoulder.

He looked at me with the same hard cold look. Without verbalizing anything he turned and left.

I was getting writer's cramp. It had been two months and

over ten stories without any answers. Why? was my basic question. Frustration, anxiety, boredom, and other feelings of this new job were bearable but the unanswered question of why, would keep me awake at night. What kind of club would pay a person money just to write stories? They treated me well and I couldn't complain about the pay-it was great. But for a writer to be in a plot himself and not be in command of the story was too much to ask.

Joel sensed my uneasiness about the situation as he came for the next story. "Joel," I said, "I can't go on like this." Joel turned to the other men and whispered a few sentences.

They all seemed to be in agreement with what Joel had said. Joel was always a man with few words and this was no exception. "Follow us," he said. I felt like a little boy finally given the privilege of going with Papa. If I had only remembered and believed in the saying, "what you don't know won't hurt you".

All I could get from the conversation in the car was that I was going to one of their meetings. I remained silent through out the whole trip. I felt uncomfortably out of place, but I kept my nervousness inside and shared it with no one. Besides I was the one who kept insisting to know the answers.

It was nightfall when we finally arrived at the barn deep in the woods. There were already cars parked around the dingy building. As Joel saw others from the group he would raise a hand to acknowledge their presence, but no words were spoken. When inside we went directly to a dressing room area. There were different colors of robes and hoods neatly folded all around the room. Joel caught me staring

at everyone and instructed me to undress and put this robe on.

Then he threw a white robe at me. I felt embarrassed undressing with women in the room but they didn't seem to mind my being in the room as they undressed, so that helped. I was then led into a large room. My mouth hung open so wide I wasn't sure I would be able to put it back together. In the dirt floor was a large circle with writing around the fringe. In the middle of the circle was a tire but it didn't seem to bring warmth to the chill I was experiencing. A banner hung on one wall with the words, "Do unto others as they do unto you." What did I get myself into? They all moved toward the fire, Joel grabbed hold of my arm and led me to the place I was to stand. He very carefully stepped over the edge of the circle and a cup that was sitting by the edge. I later found out that the cup was an offering to the Most High. Then the chanting began and didn't stop until everyone had his turn to voice his request. After the chanting, silence came again, and then they broke into a low hum. The hum grew louder and louder with raising of hands and a scream now and then. At the peak of all this a person came out of the dressing room with a goat's mask on. I thought I had stayed pretty calm so far but the mask made my heart go at an undesirable rate. I just knew everyone could hear it, but the ceremony went on. I watched in amazement as the goat led the group in communion. This wasn't the kind of communion that I remembered as a boy in the Catholic church. The goat would take the communion bread and throw it down on the ground, step on it and then pass it to every one to eat. The drink was a mixture of animal

blood and human urine. I went along with everything out of curiosity and fear. As the goat finally entered into the circle he was joined in a chant of: "The Prince of Darkness is the true Lord of Light, Lucifer is the Light-bearer, come to us now. Fill us with thy presense, help us with the Enemy who is good. Let us always remember we are the Knights of the Night." After everything settled down the goat looked straight at me. Joel spoke for me, "He is the author of the sacred stories." The goat nodded and pulled out the latest story and began



reading it.

The story seemed more diabolical then I ever knew it could. As the goat looked straight at me. Joel spoke for me, "He is the author of the sacred stories." The goat nodded and pulled out the latest story and began reading it.

The story seemed more diabolical then I ever knew it could. As the goat verbalized the living nightmare I began to scan the audience reaction. They were having a good time listening to the perverted plot and voiced their approval with a satisfied "ow" and "auh". I was very surprized when my

story was placed in the fire at its conclusion. I was interrupted in my disapproval of the burning story as the words of, "Oh, Most High, hear our prayer tonight and answer every word without delay.

In the car, my mind was filled with questions, but I kept it all inside.

Joel was the one who began the conversation, "Did you believe what you saw tonight?" What a strange question to ask I thought to myself, why didn't he ask me if I understood what happened or something like that? But for a strange reason I knew what he was getting at.

"No, I would have to see it to believe it." He wanted me to believe that my story was the prayer offered to the Most High and that it was suppose to come true. Joel's eyes lit up just a bit and he said, "The next story you write will be about someone who has done wrong to you". I agreed to his terms as we pulled up to my cabin.

I decided to create the most unreal story that anyone has ever heard. I stayed up all night devising this monster and by dawn I had finished it. Now the waiting came. Over a week I waited until I would be able to try out my story. Finally, the waiting was over.

I thought the car would never find the right barn. My palms were sweaty as I handed Joel the essay. The thought of my story actually coming to life make goose bumps run to funny places. My rational mind said "impossible", something else said, "you'll see". And that I did. The ceremony was too long for my patience. I wanted only to make a call to the person I had written about. I wrote about a woman who took advantage of me. She always seemed to get the best of me and would laugh at me when I would try to improve. She

deserved every word I wrote about her. AT the end of the story I had her abused by a fool and committing suicide. The service was over and the fire had desolved my story. The only thing left now was a phone call.

No answer. I'd tried all night and still no answer. The lack of sleep the nights before had finally taken its toll on me and I dozed off. When I came around again the memory of the night before had me playing operator again. Still no answer. I tried a few of her friends houses and finally got someone who was home. I dispensed with the salutations and asked her the whereabouts of my ex-girlfriend. She said, "Haven't you heard...". That was all I needed to hear. I could have filled in the rest, but I let her continue. She told my story to the letter.

thirty-two

What had I done?

AFTER failure to answer the question of what I had done, I came up with a new one: What am I going to do? I knew I had to stop this critical game that the Knights of the Night were playing, but how? Then it hit me. Of course, I'll use the only power I have: The typewriter. I had no trouble completing two stories that week, one for Joel and one for myself.

I didn't feel as awkward as in the past as I put my robe on and took my place in the circle. I handed Joel the story he wanted but concealed the story that was to free me from this mess. The service went as usual until time of the reading of the story.

The goat with the story in his hand looked at me and asked, "Do you know believe?" I then asked if I might read the story for tonight. The goat without

pausing said yeas. I crawled over every word to the delight of the crowd. I acted out all the painful parts with my voice being the actor. Then the ending came and silence had its chance to be heard. I waited for the goat to say the sacred words, but he gave me the nod to go ahead and speak them. As they raised their hands to the sky and mumbled their own request I replaced the story I read with the story from under my robe. I hurried through the sacred words and placed the story into the fire. I had written of a group of Satan worshipers who perished in a fire caused by a story which made the fire explode. Everyone died that night and went to see his Most High.

The only mistake I made in the story was how to excuse myself from the furnace. So now I, too, am in Hell.

### FLURRIES

I love your muting softness  
that falls on rocks, trees, and  
ground.

It silences and purifies the  
jangling earth into  
peace.

The sky, a grey blanket,  
sounds think and heavy  
around me.

My tongue tastes the  
tiny flakes and I marvel  
at God's wonder.

---Connie Helt

### Andy Warhol's Dumber Brother

So you say he paint?  
sure, he does.  
What does he paint?  
nice, but nothing new.  
What type does he do?  
any, but none to speak of.

He makes movies too?  
oh, just a bunch.  
What do they say?  
mostly blood.  
Who do they star?  
broken bones and guts.

How do you know?  
I don't for certain.  
What would you say to him?  
"this film is rated X."  
No nicities or polite pardons?  
Nope, niceties and pardons  
are ugly to him.

-----Kevin Harden

we must demand purity.  
no dead leaves.  
no yesterdays molding in the backroom.  
purity void of dreams  
purged of passion.  
we pray to be sanitized  
we pray that no worldly shit will sting our eyes.  
God cleanse us from everything  
eradicate my tears  
tell me again that gentle lips and summer lied  
bless me with the peace  
of emptiness  
burning away the years

---Mark Wilson



QUESTION IN MY DEFENSE

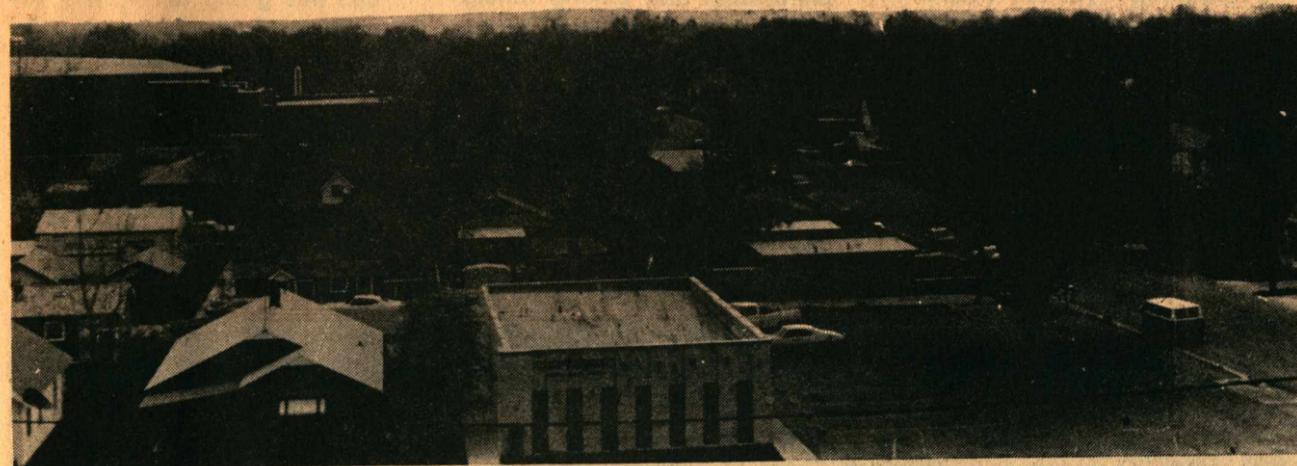
If  
 I was not a stranger  
 to you  
 but  
 someone  
 You  
 accepted,  
 Would  
 You  
 accept  
 and try to understand  
 The  
 Abstractness  
 of my  
 personality  
 Better?

---by S.H. Harris

The Difference

A thin line line  
 Between  
 love  
 coming from Heaven above  
 And  
 hate  
 bursting through Hell's main gate  
 It is a shame  
 that you died  
 with loops neatly around  
 your throat  
 A thin line.

---by S.H. Harris



# Paradise

by Carol Rayborn

Once upon a time there lived a king who ruled over a beautiful kingdom. This beautiful kingdom was very large and all who lived in it were very happy. Always, one could hear singing and laughter. The sound of children cheerfully playing was never far away. In this land, one never heard of a dreary day. Days, like the people, were bright, cheerful, and exuberant. Sadness was never present, and hurt feelings did not exist. Angry words were never spoken, for in this magical paradise love, and love alone, prevailed.

Did I say sadness never

existed? Well, perhaps there was a drop of sadness, but the kind king was the only one who ever felt it. You see, many years earlier, the king had twin sons. When his sons became of the age to help rule the kingdom, the king began to divide the areas of responsibility. All was going well, and everyone was delighted with the way the king's good sons were assisting their father in such an efficient loving manner.

Then one son decided that his father was too old to rule any longer, and he rebelled. He tried to take over his brother's responsibilities. He tried to

persuade the citizens of the kingdom to revolt against his father. The people noticing the dissention between the king and his son began to be sad. They were confused. What was happening to their happy kingdom?

In order to maintain his happy kingdom, where love and peace were so supreme, the king had no choice but to order his rebellious son to leave and to start his own kingdom at the opposite end of the planet. The people were happy once again, and the paradise had not lost its magical touch of beauty. A problem arose, however, as to

who the rebellious son would rule on his new kingdom. Not one citizen on this beautiful kingdom wanted to leave. They all loved and adored their king.

The king came upon an ingenious plan, which once again, showed all his loving fairness and his infinite amount of wisdom. The king ruled that his remaining loyal son should marry and start his own kingdom. A nearby planet was unoccupied so the king ruled that his son would have the entire planet to start his new kingdom. His son's children and their children and many generations to come would be

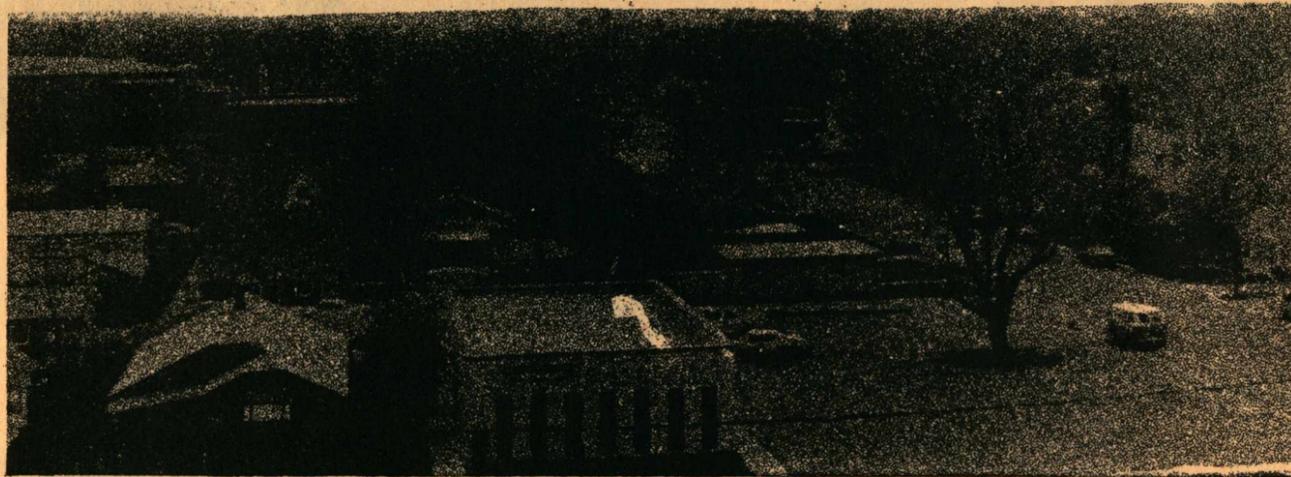
thirty-six

to decide for themselves in which kingdom they eventually wanted to live.

There was one stipulation, however, in the choosing of kingdoms that the citizens had to abide by. The people who wanted to eventually live with the kind king in his beautiful kingdom had to promote within themselves and among others the same beauty and loving spirit found in that kingdom. Those who were incapable or who did not want such happiness to prevail would, in turn, be allowed to choose the other kingdom, ruled by the rebellious son.

this new planet were too much for the loyal son. He could stand it no longer. He was so heartbroken that his citizens could be so blind that he had to return to his father's kingdom. When he returned, he took with him those citizens who upheld the love and beauty required for this kingdom. All others, and this group by far was the largest, had to go to the kingdom at the opposite end of the planet and the rebellious son now reigned over them.

So, now you see why on the beautiful paradise the living king sometimes feels a drop of sadness. He, only in fairness to



the people whom he would rule. His son, while ruling this new planet, was to tell each person under his jurisdiction the full and complete story of the king and his rebellious son. He was to tell them about the splendor and beauty of his father's kingdom and also the sadness and pain that ruled his brother's kingdom because of the rebellious spirit. He was to tell them of the flowers, and trees, and birds, and sparkling streams of running water in his father's kingdom. He also had to tell of all of the weeds and dust and pollution that existed in his brother's kingdom. The people on this newly formed kingdom would then be allowed

Now, who would ever have any hesitation in choosing the magical paradise of the loving king? You and I can see it so clearly. These people were allowed to live on this new planet simply to have an open, free-willed choice of the kingdom that they would live in forever. I don't know why so many chose the rebellious son's kingdom when they would have been so much happier living where there was always singing and laughter and children playing. Perhaps it was because of the greed and jealousies that crept in under the guise of free-will and personal choice.

The riots and wars and immorality that broke out on

the people and his rebellious son, had allowed an opportunity for free, unbiased decision. And so many rejected him.

The king does not feel this sadness too often. Only when he allows his memory to go back that far, far away day many years ago is he saddened.

But, when that happens, he only looks around at the beauty surrounding him. He sees the many loving, worshipful subjects he has. He hears the singing. He feels the joy. He smells the fragrance that only spring time can bring. He sees the absence of sadness and tears. He hears no angry words being spoken. He breathes in the love. And he is happy.

thirty-seven

Who do I have  
or really know,  
that cares for my person  
as well as my soul?  
A minute existence  
with hurt and doubt,  
do you know what it's like  
to be without?  
To knock on a door  
and find nobody home,  
or when loneliness calls  
to be there alone.  
To need the strength  
to pull oneself through,  
from a friend that's loyal;  
a personage true.  
Will anyone lift me  
to make me feel right,  
feeling my pain  
to help ease my plight?  
Is there someone who loves me  
and heartbreak shares,  
in this distant world  
where nobody cares?  
Who do I have?  
Who do I know,  
that cares for my person  
as well as my soul?  
-----Dave

Handshake Squeezin'

Rollin' easy  
 Through this Bible hung  
 tower  
 Strollin' free  
 As a fine laced  
 breeze  
 Hopin' all along  
 you'll see my need for'  
 power  
 Maybe even  
 meet my need of the  
 hour  
 But it seems  
 handshakes just squeeze--  
 Aint meant to please.  
 -----Kevin Harden

explain to me the friendly feelings  
 between barefeet anf mud  
 help me remember the now extinct miracle of carefree love  
 do you know why she believed in the  
 surrealistic fairy-tale I whispered in her ear  
 in my youth despite lust and vice  
 I never drank warm beer

---Mark Wilson

as waves  
 tossed gently  
 by restless seas  
 are ideas  
 afloat  
 in mid-night thoughts  
 waiting  
 as cats  
 to be let out  
 come morning

---Bob Sevier

Leaves

Brightly colored death  
 Lying breezy on the ground  
 Autumn smiles to life.  
 -----Kevin Harden

past lofty loves  
 and songs grown cold  
 hopes grow dim  
 and time grows bold

empty hands  
 and hearts  
 are twain  
 good by, once more  
 alone  
 again

---Bob Sevier

Legacy

sweltering heat  
 sidewalk burning my feet  
 kids with no place to go  
 no green grass  
 no Grandmother with cookies  
 just frustration

---by S.H. Harris

Bup Draob

You are the pain  
 In my gluteous  
 Or maximous  
 Whichever you prefer.  
 -----Kevin Harden

sometimes we are still left standing  
 in an empty high school gym,  
 no doubt we have all found our happiness--  
 some in others and others in nothing.

---Mark Wilson



# Political Science And The Candidate's Parade

by Kevin Harden

"So, to please these folks you'd vote for the bill, knowing full well that the next legislature will kill it," he said, waving his hands in small circles supposedly statement. I watched unattracted by his style.

"Oh sure, you'd think it dirty," he said, with more waving circles, "but it helps to get you elected!" He was shouting now. I leaned back to listen. The rest of the class appeared to be nodding off to sleep.

"But, there are those rebel democrats--I don't dare tell you what party I'm with--who'd have torn our system down!" He woke several people to my right with his shouting. They seemed perturbed by his rudeness. I watched them frown and nod back to sleep. I felt myself growing tired, but I wanted to listen.

"The rules are the important thing," he stood and paced the room, not noticing my sleeping classmates, "they govern who

can do what and when and how." I was intently fighting sleep. He seemed bent on putting me under his spell. My eyes became heavy and I felt myself floating into some restful, unguarded state. I tried to fight it but he kept at his senseless drone. I couldn't win.

My eyes succumbed; I was under his spell.

"You are all asleep," his tone changed from teaching to probing, "You are feeling nothing but what I want you to feel. You will hear nothing but what I say." I couldn't move my eyes, I tried to fight his spell but it was useless. The rest of the class was deeply under his spell.

"Now," his tone as almost laughing, he had us where he wanted and we couldn't escape, "You will all listen to my speech, you will drink in every word, you will repeat it to everyone you see, you will be my voice when I am not there." His voice when I am not there". His voice trailed off, I was in his

spell and could not escape.

"I am the most qualified candidate," his words were hissed and the class repeated them. I mumbled the statement, still fighting his spell.

"I will help the people," he almost shouted the statement, but held back, apparently to keep his audience under the spell. It was repeated by the sleeping class.

"I am the most honest candidate!" He raised and lowered his voice to emphasize his honesty. I found myself involuntarily repeating the statement. I was under his spell.

"I am the best...I will do this...I will do that...I will...I will...I will..." I could no longer hear his voice. I moved my lips to speak and found them locked to his control. My mind faded into a milky world of inanimation. I was lost in his talk of honesty, qualification, and servant of the people. I had no control of my thoughts. He reigned supreme over the class

and their thoughts. My mind went blank.

"So class," I awoke at the sound of his words, "We'll discuss the type of legislative budgets in our next class session. Don't forget the test

fourty-two

next Wednesday and our field trip to the capitol next Friday."

I found myself wide awake and gathering my books into an unorganized pile. The class was doing the same.

He smiled widely, looking at

the calendar, "And don't forget to vote next Monday."

Somehow I felt I wouldn't forget. The rest of the class seemed to feel the same.

DID YOU VOTE?

YES.

DID HE WIN?

YES.

HOW WILL YOU FEEL ABOUT HIM A YEAR FROM NOW?

BETRAYED.



THEN WHY DID YOU VOTE?

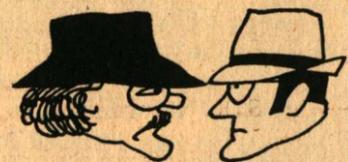
TO BE EFFECTIVE. DID YOU VOTE?

NO.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

BLOW UP A UNIVERSITY.

WHY DID YOU BLOW UP A UNIVERSITY?



TO BE EFFECTIVE.

HOW WILL YOU FEEL ABOUT IT A YEAR FROM NOW?

INEFFECTIVE.

I CAN GET THE SAME RESULTS A LOT EASIER.



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fourty-three

Lonely Lighthouse

Outside is quiet  
calm  
tranquil  
Inside is sad  
hurt  
empty  
But lighthouses cannot cry

Yesterday was here  
sun  
love  
Today is there  
rain  
miles  
But lighthouses cannot cry.

-----Kevin Harden

quiet  
cold  
laundry mat children  
huddled meekly  
in unused corners  
eating stale popcorn  
out of dime vending machines  
in winter time  
the warmest place in town

---Bob Sevier

Mirage

The pain  
of life on her  
face  
shadowed  
by her beauty  
shadowed  
by her smile  
can  
be seen  
in  
her  
eyes

---by S.H. Harris

Yearning Earning

Circus Circles surrounding some  
Making many lacking in love  
Leaving the load to the fidgeting few  
Who wear the naphazard happy nats  
Under umbrellas of baby blue  
But that's the bother of a yearning you.

-----Kevin Harden



# The Hungry Years

by Kevin Harden

Each year about this time he would push his high back chair away from his enormous oak desk and slowly gaze out through the wall of windows to his left and study the world thirty-seven floors below and wonder why he had become one of the world's top twenty richest men and why he hadn't devoted his life to poverty and the furthurment of man kind. It all happened like clock work.

His eyes would well up and he'd blind back the ensuing flood of tears. He'd call his secretary and with a tear-choked voice he'd cancel all morning appointments and stop all incoming calls for the next, say, three or four hours. The secretary would make a note of it; she knew exactly what was happening, it happened each

year for the past, well, no one know how many years for certain.

No one knew why it happened to him. A couple of years back the secretaries on the thirty-fifth floor tried to set up a pool based on the reason it happened to him every year. His secretary started the whole thing one day in the office cafeteria during lunch when she casually mentioned the yearly mood to her fellow stenographers. The reaction was astounding. Each office had its own idea as to why the mood would hit him each year as it did. Most of them seemed likely enough, but there were more than a fair share of "impossibles-but-true."

Some thought he had been unfaithful to a paupered mother

and each year on his birthday felt a general remorse. Others speculated that he had once cheated an unmentioned business partner and each year on the anniversary of his business world success, he'd suffer a twing of concience (that is, if he had a concience).

There was a whole list of improbabilities like, he had once married a beautiful woman for her money, found out she wasn't rich, and disposed of her. Or, that he had Mafia connections and each year around that time his debts were due. On and on they speculated. No one really won the pool because no one had the courage to ask him why it happened the way it did.

All they knew was that for four or five hours every year on

a certain day in a certain season he'd cancel all appointments, stop all calls, lock himself in his overly immodest office and sit in his high-backed chair staring at the world below through the wall of windows the builders had provided.

He was a mystery to all but himself. No one knew where his money came from, how it had multiplied as it did, and, oddly enough, what business he was actually involved in. Even his secretary didn't know for certain.

Once, years ago, the building maintenance supervisor had been called into his office during one of the annual moods

Everyone crowded the receptionist's office to figure out why

such a lowly man in a lowly position in life had been summoned to visit such a highly esteemed man in a highly esteemed position. No one ever found out the reason for that either. All they learned was that the maintenance supervisor came out of the office looking somewhat surprised, and left, without answering any of the anxious underemployee's questions. They never saw him again.

In fact, the people who most wanted to know never really found out. Or at least not to their satisfaction.

Each of the most curious would have sold their every possession to find the reason for his yearly mood. Each were

so curious, in fact, that they would gamble on the day, the hour and the year he would reveal the true reason for his mood. No one has, as of yet, won the lottery.

All that is known could be summed in the events of that special day every year.

All that was known was that every year about that time he'd push his high-backed chair away from his enormous desk, cancel all calls and appointments, choke back tears and stare solemnly out his wall of windows at the world below.

Only he knew what he thought about, but perhaps even he didn't know why.

And suppose in the end  
We decide to accept  
Everything without question,  
Suppose we became the  
Docile, obedient,  
Subservient creatures he  
Would like us to be.  
Would this not be greater  
treason  
Than to stand against  
An issue you cannot support?  
We must confront tradition--  
Truth without questioning  
is false.  
Each man must be content.  
With the answers that benefit  
The great majority.  
Lives are at stake  
Attitudes are suffering  
We must resist...  
It is our moral obligation to  
defend our belief.  
We are Christians--  
We respect authority--  
But like the money changers  
The authority has disrespected  
The very thing that is  
Their livelihood  
We must reach a compromise...  
We must find an answer  
Together.

---cku

A DANCE  
TO  
SPRING.



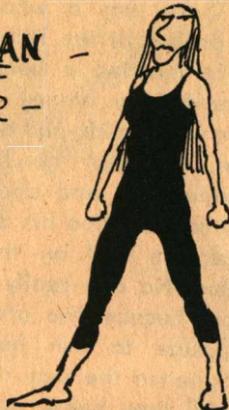
IN THIS DANCE  
I CELEBRATE  
THE LATEST  
MOOD SWEEP-  
ING THE  
COUNTRY:



DESPAIR.



BUT AN  
AMERICAN  
KIND OF  
DESPAIR -



A DESPAIR  
THAT DOESNT  
STOP YOU  
FROM HAVING  
A TERRIFIC  
TIME ON  
WEEKENDS.



THE NEW  
AMER-  
ICAN  
DESPAIR!



3-21

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# The Last Word

by Kevin Harden

It was late July and I was working the assembly line in hopes of earning enough money to return to school the next academic year.

I began to think (something I found as an enjoyable substitute for the mundane task of the assembly line) and the train of my thought centered on my reasoning for returning to the college of my choice. The main question in my mind was the value of a college education.

I busied myself at the line and recounted my experience. I had learned many things. I learned to spell Beowulf. I found the meaning of "initiation" to be "boredom". I became well acquainted with the financial aid officer and the

college debt collector. I learned to use footnotes instead of end notes. I discovered my general lack of mechanical ability for music theory. I watched gasoline prices rise two cents. I learned the difference between an "em" and "en" space. I watched Viet Nam's struggle come to an end. I subscribed to Rolling Stone, Harper's and Reader's Digest magazines. I found that one who lives under a rest room must learn to sleep with a constant drip and the fear of drowning in the night. I discovered that loneliness was worse than insanity. And, I learned that life isn't so simple as receiving social security checks each month.

My mind continued to fill with thoughts of past college

experiences. What I had learned wasn't quite as important as how complicated it seemed to be.

If nothing else I had learned that to put on a front of intelligence and complication was more important than the true knowledge one acquired. I pondered that thought for a moment. It seemed negative and unadorned by truth. I forworned.

"Rosebud", I sighed, sadly realizing the complications I had wound myself into. "What" my fellow worker shouted across the assembly line's continuous roar.

I just smiled and shook my head; he wouldn't understand. I doubted if anyone would.