

**PRISM  
DREAMS  
79**



***Front Cover: Jean LaMarche***

***Back Cover: LBS***

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*John Moga*

To impossible dreams

and their

fulfillment . . .



Leave me my dreams,  
 I plead in my fear  
 To no special person  
 But some spirit that hears.  
 We talk, He and I,  
 Across invisible space  
 That my dreams occupy.  
 I see them sometimes,  
 And we grow in our faith  
 That life will see us  
 Cross the line  
 Into what's known as real;  
 We'll teach and inspire  
 Change and perspire  
 And love it all the while.  
 The fear's of myself--  
 When I fall back so weak  
 As my dreams mist away  
 Or die as I'm torn  
 By what people might say,  
 See me slowly break free  
 Toward all that is me:  
 A life cast in dreams  
 And much more than it seems.

--Gary Karp



*Stephen Williams*

## FANTASY?

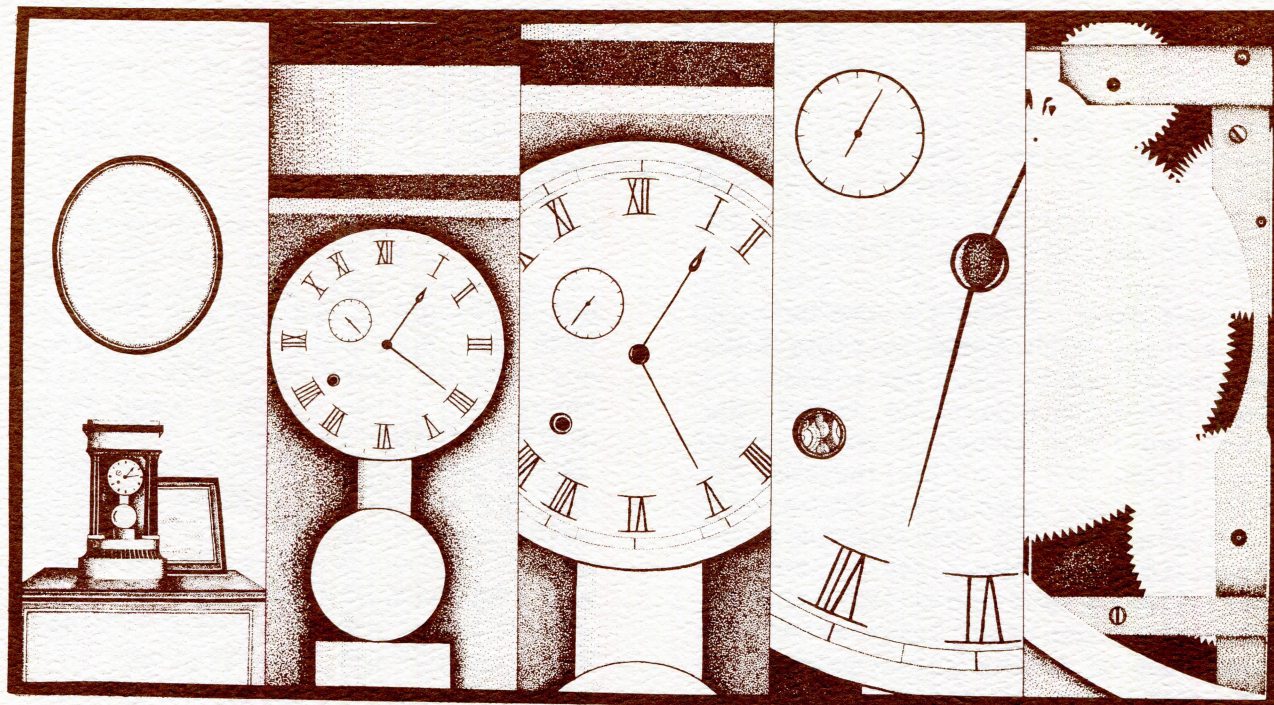
Two ordinary ants  
 gaze toward  
 THE MOUNTAIN.

"There's no way  
 we can move  
 THAT.  
 Why do you indulge  
 in such fantasy?"

"Why do you indulge  
 in such doubt?"

--Ricky R. Ware





Susan Dement

### PROGRESSION

Apollo's chariot sears the sky;  
Warriors rise and babies cry.  
Glaring globe of starlit fire  
Warms the loam and rock and mire.

Citizen soldiers pass their way  
Striding in the warmth of day,  
Treading firm and fighting fear.  
Moving on, they disappear.

Diana's charms appear at dusk,  
Shadows long and sky of rust.  
Darkness, soulful, grows complete.  
Small things stir in shafts of wheat.

Enchantment fills the sunless time  
With music of ethereal chimes:  
Unearthly calm to fill the hours,  
Magic in nocturnal powers.

--LBS

### TIME GONE BY

As time grows on  
and we grow old,  
I think of those times  
when we loved  
and were silly.  
We tempted fate  
and hate  
in ourselves--  
of ourselves--  
and held back  
what we wanted most.

But you see,  
Love,  
the time is late  
and still we hate  
inside,  
So let the fire flame  
anew  
and consume  
us in  
Love--  
in love  
again,  
once again,  
Friend.

--William Tone



# FINAL ENTRY

by Barry Knister

SHIP'S LOG 22 June, 1980

I don't know if there's any point to continuing with these entries, but who would? For all I know there hasn't been any point to it for the last two-three thousand years and here I am, still scribbling away. All the lousy jobs given to me, including keeping this stupid log. True, cleaning the cages is worse, but all the same you'd think one of the others would at least offer now and then to do the writing. Hey, why don't You ask one of them? How about a little Divine Justice around here? (Sorry--You know I get worked up, depressed.)

And why can't these Immigration people get it through their heads who we are? Until Thursday they wouldn't even let us on shore. About every hour or so a different official would show up and ask for passports, visas, seamen's papers. Then he'd walk around shaking his head and make notes on safety violations.

Safety violations. Of course the others made me deal with them--one more dirty job. "Just tell'em the facts and if they don't buy it, they don't buy it," Japh says. So I follow the dudes around trying to explain how things tend to get a little un-ship-shape when you haven't been in dry dock for several millennia. All they say is, "Yea, yea, don't tell us, tell the Mayor," and go on kicking timbers, checking for pitch rot. One guy said there wasn't any point in coming to New York Harbor anyway because we didn't have a container ship and that's all the Long Shoremen's contract allows now.

But I thought I was getting somewhere when the Department of Agriculture guy came on board--that was Wednesday, three days after we were towed in by the Port Authority tugs. I mean he seemed sympathetic, impressed with the way we had the animals organized below decks. Said it was very authentic. He had a pocket calculator and figured our dimensions after I gave them to him in cubits. "A 425 foot wooden hull," he said and whistled. So I figured I might be able to get through to him.

We were in the artiodactyla section and I remember he remarked about the horns on one of the aoudads. Yes, well here's the story, I tell him. You know your Old Testament, I ask and he says yes, he knows it and he thinks we've got a real Cracker Jack idea going. I should've asked what he meant--would have saved us both a lot of trouble.

So I explain to him about the two arks, the one he knows about, Ararat and all that, and this one. I tell him don't ask me why He wanted two because He never answered that one when we asked. And don't think we didn't, hundreds of times. You try floundering around the globe century after century in a top-heavy tub like this--no sonar, no stabilizers, nothing. Hardly a canoe--a dinghy next to some of these Japanese tankers they've got now. They play baseball on those things--night games. But with us it's just no fun, period.

I told him about how the Old Man (You shouldn't get upset at that--



it's a term of endearment in this country) told Dad that He would look after us and see to it everything turned out okay. He said that we must have faith, since that was the only reason in the first place He had deigned to save anything of what was otherwise a botch of a job. (That is what You said, pretty much: "Noah, I botched it up and I'm going to start with a clean slate.")

And I told this guy about how the Boss had explained about processing kelp and seaweed for fodder and the purification of sea water; I told him about the occasional meetings at sea--Americo something or other, and the others like something out of a Wagnerian opera. I asked him if any of them had ever written down anything about meeting up with an ark on the high seas.

Of course he wasn't paying any attention by then and it doesn't matter anyway. I suspect most of those early voyagers had to rely on kings for their funding. It wouldn't have done at all to come back with some line about men with long flowing beards on the deck of a ship with elephants lashed to the gunwales--no sirree. And like a fool I mentioned the time we were shelled by the British gunboat in the China Sea before He blew up a storm. But the dude was checking out the zebras and reindeer, not paying any attention.

I mean it has been a hard life, thousands of years' worth, and I guess I kind of let go, now that I had the chance to talk to someone. After all, he was black like me, one of my brothers so to speak, and I thought he might sympathize. Mostly the Boss has kept us in the Pacific, out of harm's way I told him. And except for a few stops at islands in the Marshalls and the Eastern Carolines about eight hundred years ago, we hadn't had any liberty. Usually He'd

fog it up if we neared land or another ship came close by.

I guess the last time we saw anyone was about fifteen years back--yesterday by our standards. It was a fine day, not a cloud and the ocean like a pond (which is probably why He didn't pull any stuff--it would have looked very weird). I think it was one of the Cunard or Matson line and we could hear the P.A. system--we had to stay below, of course (Thy Will Be Done):

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Captain speaking. Coming up on the starboard bow--one of the rare opportunities to see what is known as a phantom wreck. These unsalvageable craft have usually come to grief on reefs and years later break free. For a short while they remain afloat before finally sinking and constitute a hazard to shipping. Our radio operator will contact nearby ships to be on the lookout. This one appears to be very old, a wooden hull that has lost her masts. On a day like this one, I strongly urge those of you with a camera to capture this most unusual and poignant ocean oddity."

We could see them through a chink, all ganged up at the railings of three decks and clicking away. To tell the truth, I don't think I've ever felt lower the whole time. Then they sounded their horn and set the canines off howling so there wasn't any peace for an hour or more.

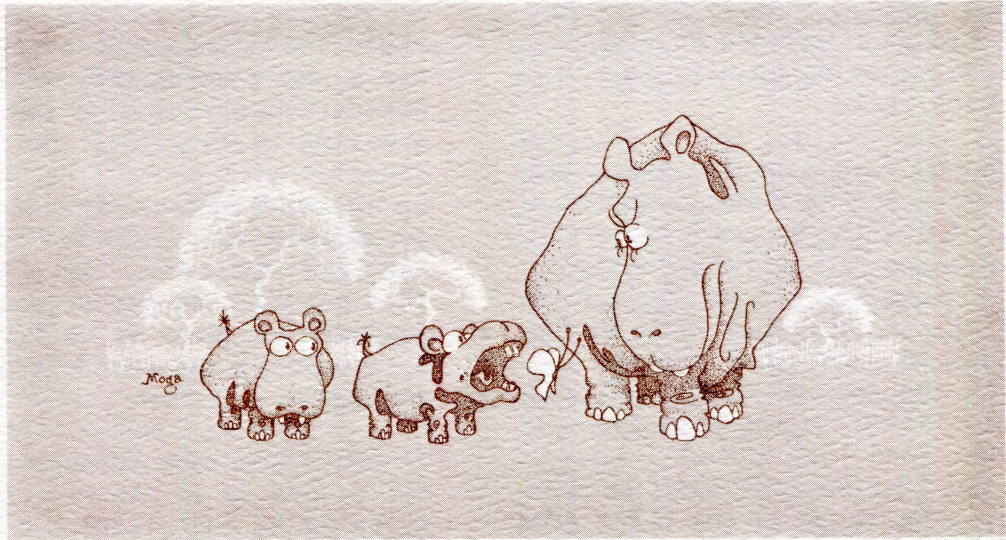
By this time, the agriculture guy, my brother, my kinsman in a snappy three-piece J. Press suit with school tie has worked his way back to where I'm standing and tells me there's a mare about to foal over by the bulkhead. I know, I tell him, they all reproduce two, a male and a female and the horses like the rest have always been on schedule for over three thousand years.



"Sure, sure, great script, great gimmick," he says, flashing the ivories and giving me a play. Listen, Ham, I tell him, when are you brothers going to give us shore leave? Give us a break, the women are cranky, Shem and Raph've been giving me a hard time ever since Dad died and none of us are getting any younger. You ought to understand, being black and all, I says. When Dad was around, it was better. He knew I turned black because that bogue counterpart of mine had the bad taste to ridicule his own father when Noah One made wine and got mellow. He said it was too bad the rest of us had to suffer because of one bad apple or something to that effect.

"Okay, okay--you've got a great idea and I hope you make a bundle, but you still have to have shipping orders for the livestock before I can let you off. If you've got an agent here in Manhattan, just give us his number and we'll get him down here to straighten this out."

An agent, I says--no, we haven't any agent and we haven't got any papers for these animals. "Okay," he says, "then who's making the film--Metro, Paramount? Just tell me where you plan to shoot, where you sailed from so we can get you processed. I don't want to hassle you because I think this setup is first rate."



*John Moga*

But as soon as he died, Shem started saying it didn't matter whether I'd messed up or not since the Ham on land had, and that it meant I was now a servant to servants. Of course, he said, the rest of us are God's servants, so you must know what that makes you. If we'd ever had any normal kind of life in this family, Shem would've been a lawyer--no question. Or a politician, some kind of shyster.

Well, this Agriculture bureaucrat finally puts up his hands and says,

I guess I got pretty angry--Japh's old lady came to the hold and shouted down for me to stop yelling, that I'm spooking the great apes. Then you don't mess with, so I lowered my voice. Listen, Ham, I says, we are doing the Lord's Bidding, dig? If He's decided after all these centuries that it's time for us to float out of the Pacific, around Capetown, across the Atlantic and then get towed into New York Harbor by your Port Authority, so be it. Take my advice and don't make



waves--just let us out and every-thing's going to be all right.

Well, he got mad. Maybe it was my calling him Ham, although that seemed perfectly natural to me since it's my name. What am I going to call him--Gomer, Magog? You can bet what old Japh would say about that.

"Listen jive nigger," he says, "don't mess with me if you know what's good for you. Immigration is ready to throw you all in detention--one more word and I do a real number on your head."

I shut up. One thing about the Old Man: if something is To Be, then it's going to happen and no uppity Agriculture fat cat is anything to worry about.

And of course that's how it's worked out. On Thursday the Michaelangelo arrived in harbor on schedule and it was a question of the Port Authority doing something with us or facing a law suit of thousands for every hour she was not berthed. So they arranged for us to take the animals off and we're now set up in a large warehouse alongside the pier. They "impounded" the ark, whatever that means, and the dude from the State Department who was here yesterday said we could expect to be deported and our property confiscated.

Frankly, I'm not impressed. We wouldn't have arrived here if something wasn't up. He wouldn't have granted the Gift of Tongues again to us, like he did in the Marshalls, if He weren't making some move or other. My own theory is we're supposed to be some kind of messengers. I mean when these bureaucrats show up I start coming on very heavy about sin and depravity--you know who that's from. And the guards outside the warehouse leave their newspapers for us: American Arms Sales to Persian Gulf, CIA in Hit

Man Racket, Brazilian Govt Denies Exterminating Indians--South Africa, the Middle East. And these ads for movies in Times Square--"Three Chicks And Trigger In Heat--Don't Miss It!"

But they just come and listen for a while, take a few notes, then tell us they can't imagine what we thought we were doing. It seems they've given up the movie idea and are now convinced we're from some Jesus freak commune in Maine, but they can't figure out how we came by the animals. They've been checking zoos all along the eastern seaboard--also checking with ship builders to see if anyone ordered a novelty item made special.

But it doesn't matter. I believe He's planning to come down on them all pretty hard and our showing up here is sort of like going through the motions, since He knows what happens anyway. Too bad, too. Some of them--Americans, I mean--are pretty decent once you get used to them.

But like I say, it doesn't matter what I think, or Shem, or even that loudmouth wife of Japheth's. They let a Western Union man in here about an hour ago and he gave me a telegram, made me sign for it: STAY IN THAT WAREHOUSE AND DON'T COME OUT UNTIL I TELL YOU TO STOP

Sure sounds like Him.

And after bedding down the animals just now, forking some fresh straw, I made a tour of the warehouse--new, looks like it's just been built. "Feinberg Construction" the sign outside says, and underneath that, "Your Tax Dollars At Work To Make A Better New York."

Too bad, some of them seem real decent. But I checked it out, and the whole thing's asbestos.▲



710623

o The essence of being:

unity within discord,  
the same;  
omnipresent unity of physical  
and psychic integration,  
sieving,

passing through  
and letting pass the constrictions  
of a halted time-space consecrate:  
of events passed

yet held present:

Always coming,  
never here.

--Jean LaMarche







Dan Klein



Maureen Thomas



Jean LaMarche

I watched

my loved ones

silently...





*Walter Daney*



*Dan Klein*

"I am lonely, lonely in life."



I watched my loved ones silently,  
as they slipped into infinity.  
I held their hands and touched their  
cheeks,  
and wiped their tears in passing  
weeks.  
I held them close, for inside I knew  
Their hours with me were but a few.  
We laughed and talked of better  
days,  
and then I watched them slip away.

--Gail Nastwold



*Bernie Aikens*



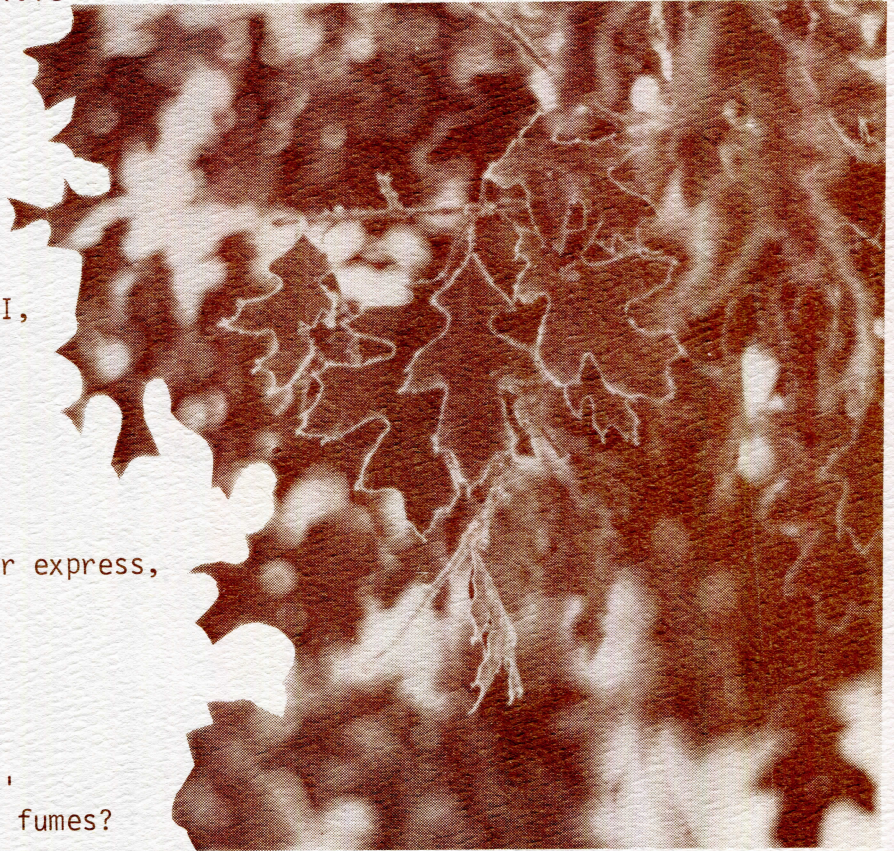
## THE SEASON

When the day breaks its light  
 and the clouds  
 wander ceaselessly  
 across the sky  
 leaving trails in the mind,  
 My thoughts drift,  
                                     wander,  
   wonder--

Will we ever be  
 as then--  
 together,  
                                     forever?  
 in love with Love  
 and each other?  
 For tomorrow  
 brought only a  
 yesterday of joy,  
                                     of love  
 and tender affection  
 whose warmth  
 is like  
 the scent of  
 Indian Summer.

Will there ever be  
 another romp in  
 the leaves--  
                                     you and I,  
 hand in hand  
 acorn hunting under  
 a fleeting sun  
 at twilight,  
 Will our eyes meet  
 and say things  
 that we cannot stop  
                                     or express,  
 And shall we  
                                     fall  
 in love  
 'til  
 it leaves  
 in the burning  
                                     leaves'  
   fumes?

--William Tone



*Peter Ziegenfelder*



# THE WAR

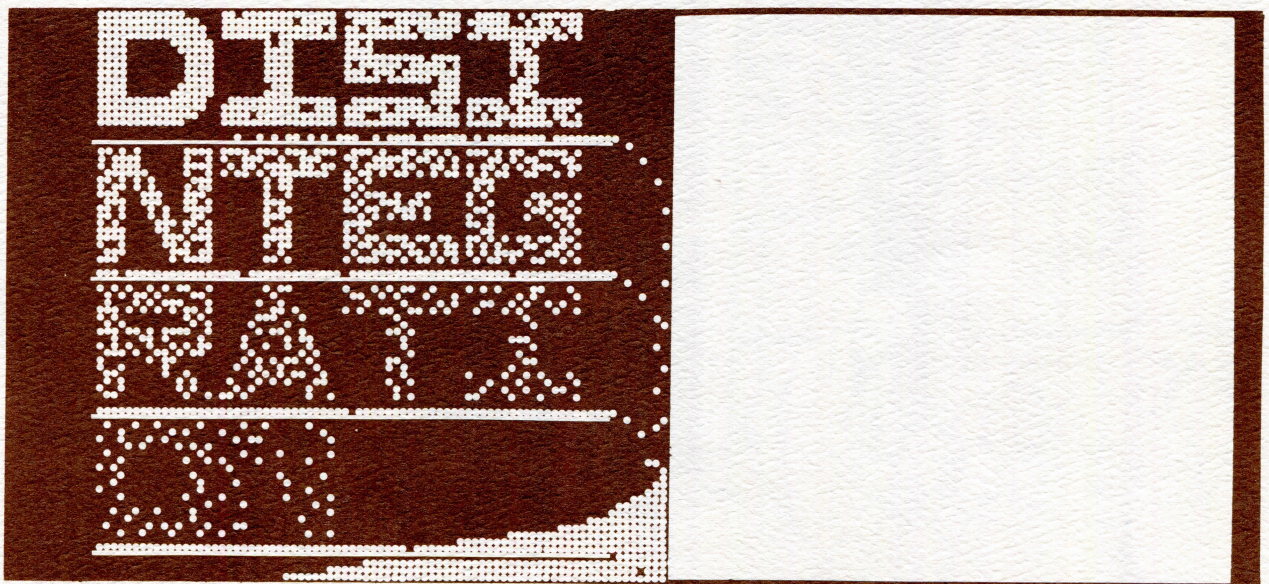
by Paul St. Jean

The sun peeped from below the horizon causing the first rays of dawn to glint upon a silver craft. Far below a golden city reached for the clouds with spires looped in spidery webs. Suddenly the silent morn was ruptured as the craft shot away. Within the heart of the city an unnatural sun was born surrounded by a rumbling concussion that thundered across the land. As the city died, the ball of fire rose above it in triumphant glory.

The War started as the nation of that city retaliated. In a matter of hours the major powers of the world were hurling destruction at one another. As devastation weakened the powerful countries, the smaller neutral countries formed their own coalition, using ecocide to finish the bigger

nations. Counter attacks by the political giants failed to halt the spreading plagues and plant-destroying bacteria. People fell like raindrops in a storm amongst the decaying vegetation.

It ended as swiftly as it began, simply because there was no one left to continue the annihilation. Life was gone: from the barren lands, the still bodies, the rotting plants --even from the scummy oceans. Yet there was a place, a very small place, that was unscathed by the fierce ravages of The War. The light of both moons twinkled down upon the beautiful garden and glinted upon a silver craft which belonged to a hateful old man who now had all the peace in the world. ▲



*Ed Verbrugge*



OH

"What did you ever do for the needy?"

"Oh, I gave a few dollars to the United Way last week."

"But you're an architect. You could do a lot more."

"Well, I once worked on an urban renewal project. We cleared out a lot of slums."

"Sure, but where did all those people move to? Those \$500 a month apartments you designed?"

"I really don't know."

"I do. They're worse off than they were in the slums."

"How can you ask me to build for the poor? Don't you know that I can hardly make a profit on a ten million dollar project? . . . How can I work for someone who couldn't even pay for the paper I'd use?"

"Who are you working for--yourself or me?"

"But you don't understand--I've got a family. What good would it be to add another to the welfare rolls?"

"I never said anything about welfare. I asked who you are working for."

"My family, of course. Why would I be working for you?"

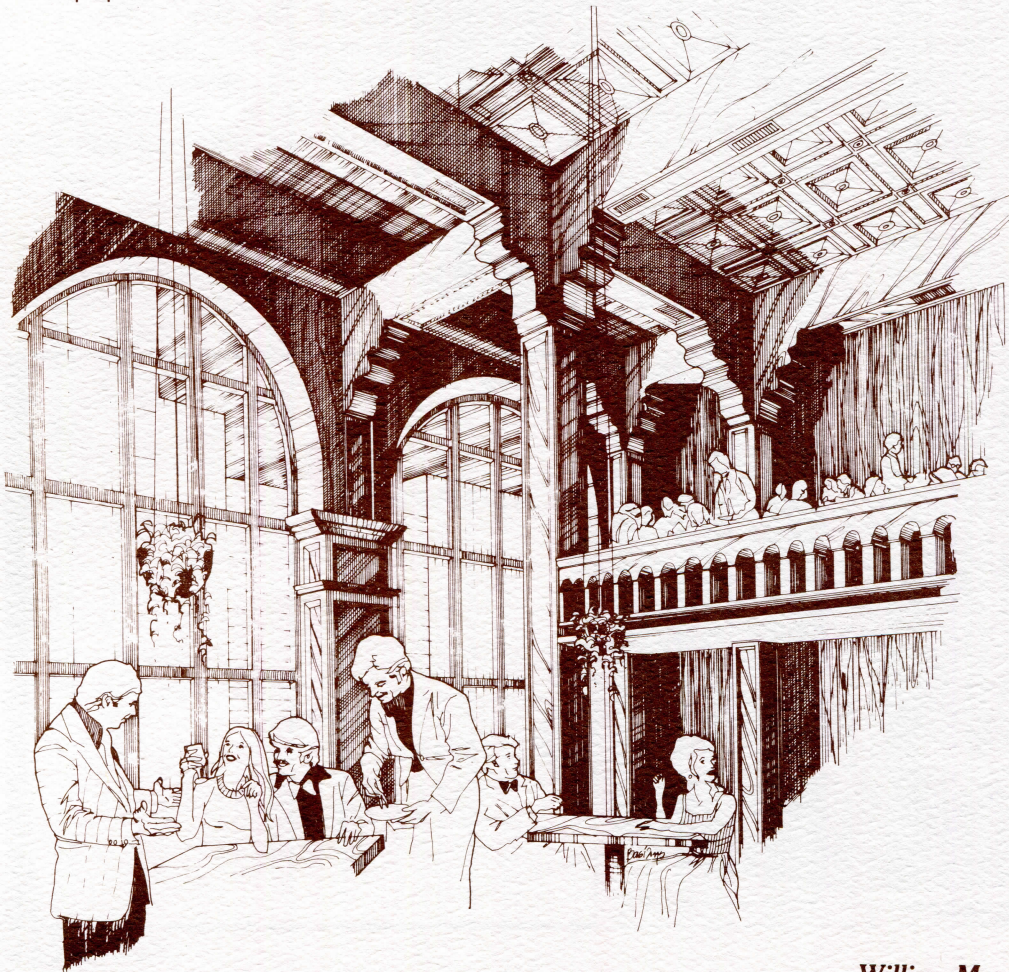
"At least you're being honest. But you're supposed to be working for me; in working for me, you are also working for them."

"Who are you, anyway, asking me all these questions--God?"

"Exactly."

"Oh."

--Ricky R. Ware

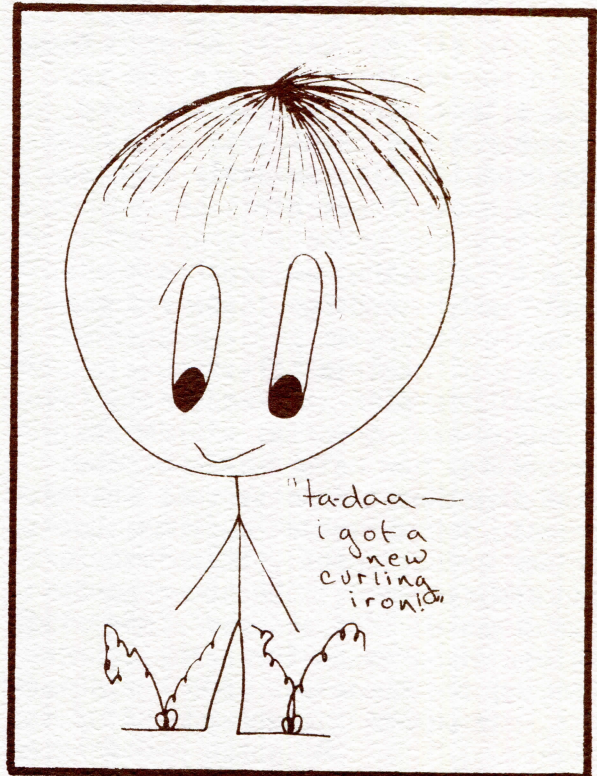
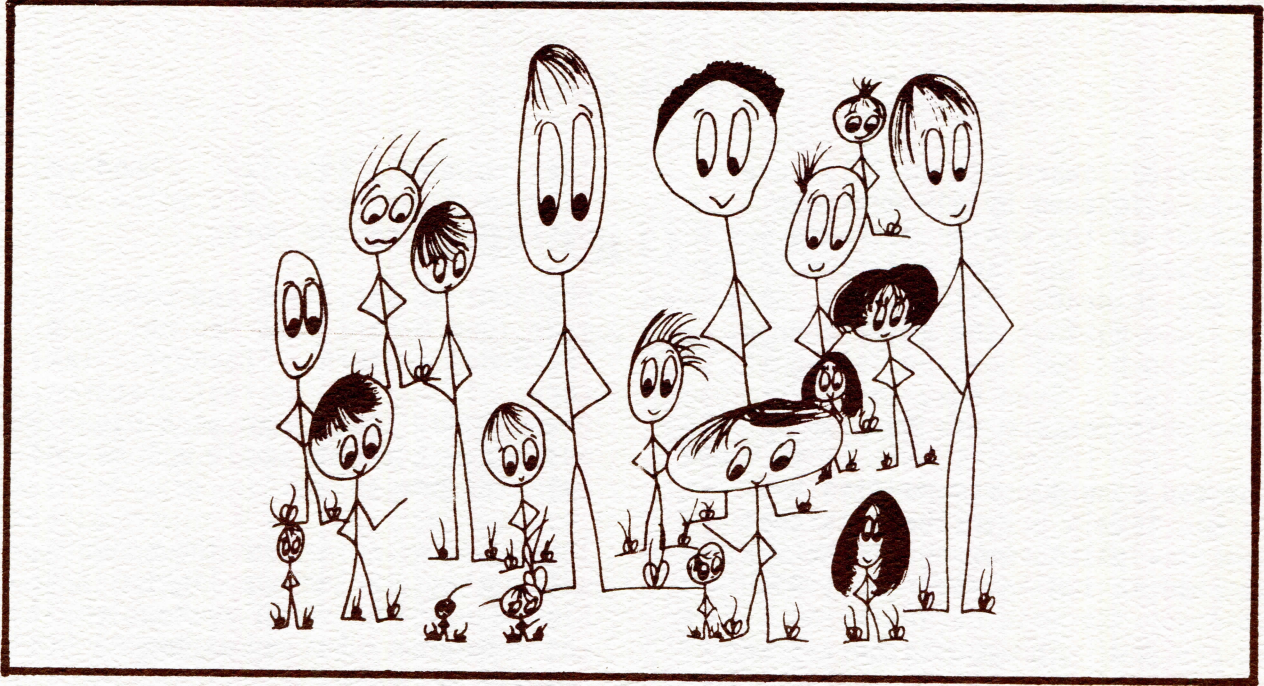


*William Moustakas*



# SHOELACERS

Linda Vano





# AFFAIR OF MIND

by Paula Stofer

She moved toward him swiftly, every sense quickened by his presence. Shadows of the winter darkness could not obscure the face and form so familiar, so dear. Tall, blond, solid he stood against the chill breeze. So often he had been her strength, her shield. Even now, this last time, his concern was for her.

She had long-since memorized his face: lively grey-blue eyes that saw straight to her soul, the mouth she had tasted--always ready with a smile or the most caring words. Firm square jaw. The moustache--it was uneven again and she inwardly smiled at the recognition.

She slipped her hand into his, a gesture long-ago grown easy. She felt stronger with the physical contact. At once she knew she would miss his strong, gentle hands. They would not be there to turn the key, wipe a tear, or rub away the care from her tired shoulders. She held his hand tightly, suddenly fearing the loss of it--of him.

Side by side they walked, silent in their understanding. Snow crunched beneath their steps; black gnarled fingers of skeletal trees pointed to crystal stars in the indigo sky. The scent of him, the feel of him beside her filled her with images of their past together times--secrets shared; private jokes; music, museums, books; crises and triumphs. Mutual support and admiration. It had been good--comfortable. She allowed a mirthless smile. He pressed her hand, acknowledging the memories. Another shape, not tree but man, appeared out of the night.

They stopped. Embraced. "Goodbye. Take care, Friend." His voice so soft, gentling the words.

Obedient to decisions and commitments made long before they had met, she responded in turn. "Goodbye. Take care. I . . ." The rest unspoken, understood. They held each other for one eternal moment while all nature held its breath.

Then she turned toward the other man silhouetted in the starlight. Tall, blond, solid he stood against the chill breeze. She moved toward him swiftly.▲

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## IVORY

Thoughts, delicate ivory pieces held  
in check;  
Their guardian, my king,  
Scarred with failure  
Flees the board,  
Leaving pawns to plunderers.

Exile, my vagrant King;  
Under tattered banners  
Your domain holds scepter  
Over banished fancies.

Peace, spurn not wise counseling  
Patience;  
From her tutorage,  
Heirs of thy regal line will spring,  
Checkmating the golden dream,  
Restoring a soul to destiny.

--C. H. Martinez



*As the night turns toward dawn  
And the crickets hold concert with the wind,  
All time seems but a memory of past glories . . .*

--John Nienhaus  
from "TRACKS"

## THE OLD MAN

by Neil Paolella

Physically and psychologically the disease wears away the old man. His mottled skin and grey-red hair lack the lustre of a healthy man and the feeble muscles of his body barely cover the bones: for one year cancer has unceasingly drawn the strength from neighboring tissue to support its own selfish, senseless growth. A pair of tattered brown pants hang loosely from his waist, with the tails of a wrinkled, blue shirt stuffed haphazardly under the waistband. Though his arms are tucked in the sleeves of the bulky, green sweater, it looks as if the garment is falling off his back: for several weeks he has not had the desire to care for himself.

It is unfortunate that this man knows of his approaching death, for that knowledge exhausts his desire to live as surely as the disease has exhausted his body. Occasionally, the thoughts that cloud his mind clear away and he is able to experience moments of lesser burden. If encouraged, he will pick a tune on his mandolin while, off key, he sings. He might join his friends in conversation of world news and shake his head with sorrow for those less fortunate than he. In response to a playful joke, his eyes light up and his lips form a lively smile as he laughs. Sometimes he speaks in an angry tone to express his position on an issue, or to demand his wife do

something right for a change (one would think that after fifty-five years of marriage he would be a bit more tolerant of her). A year ago she would have snapped back; now the poor woman just shrugs her shoulders.

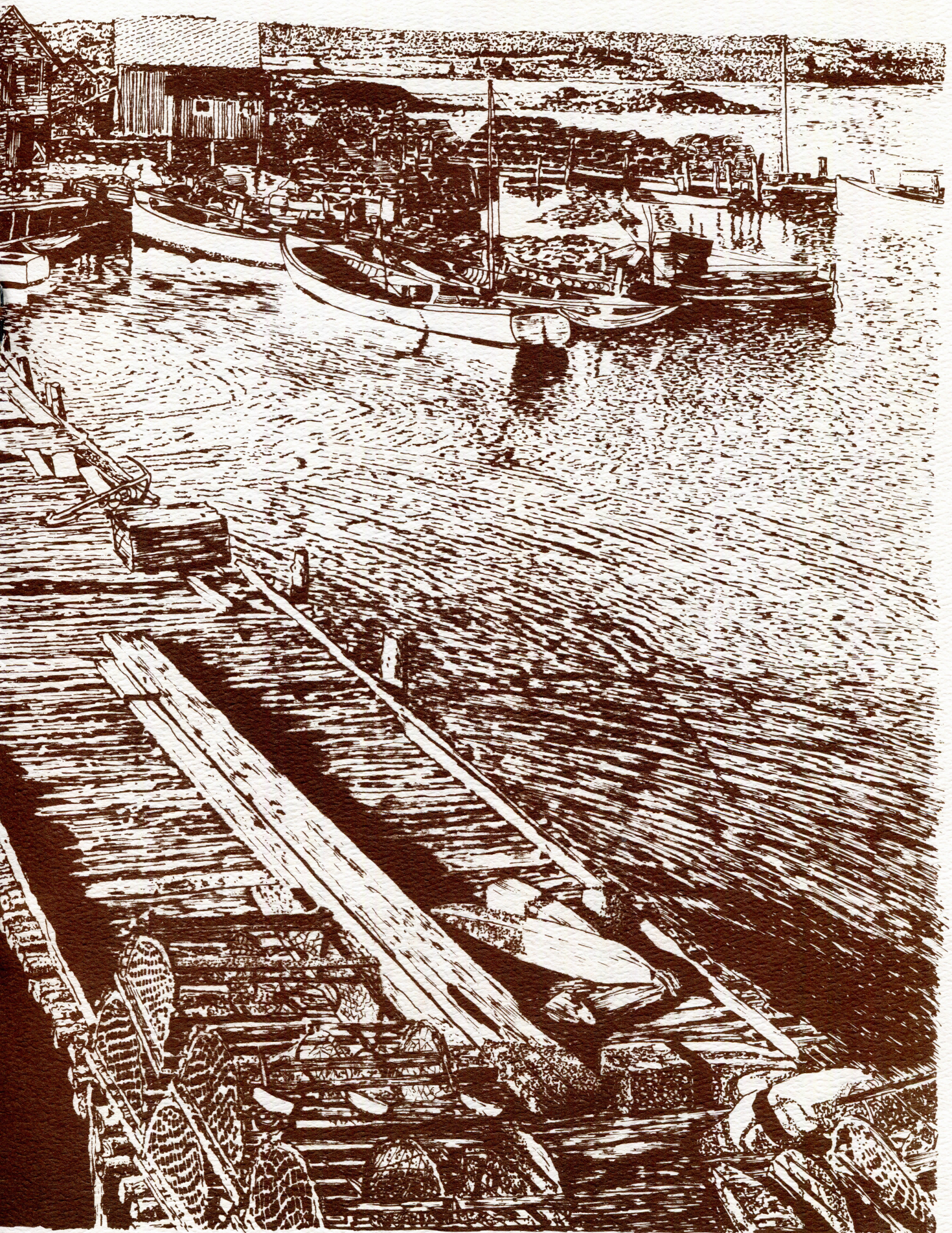
These moments are few and brief; distracted by the pain in his withered body--or by the sorrow that fills his heart--he becomes silent. His head slowly drops and his eyes come to focus on his thin, bony hands. The old man's chest rises and sadly he sighs, "Hell, I'm eighty."

He realizes he is no longer a young boy pumping bellows at his father's blacksmith shop, nor skiing down the snow-covered Apennines. He knows he is no longer a young man arriving to the American shores in 1922 and making his first American friend in the U.S. Army. He knows he is no longer a young father holding and cuddling his newborn baby and thinking of his one dollar a day wages. He knows that he is an old man who will die soon. In the next several weeks he will experience fear, sadness, depression, loss, isolation, loneliness and much physical pain. There will be moments of peace when his mind will be free of worrisome thoughts. Then there will be no thoughts, no pain, no memories: nothing but peace. ▲









Bruce Britt



# MUSINGS OF AN UNRAVELLED MYSTIC, OR "LISTEN TO ME, MISS FRIEDAN"

by Lucy G. Merritt

Miss Friedan's manifesto to women to arise and live to the fullest of their faculties was echoed throughout the U.S., and possibly the world. The word reached me, also. Clearly, she was speaking to me. Here I was, the college-educated, mentally stagnating suburban housewife. The call had to be answered, and now the new, full-filled personality is glancing back at the life from which it was rescued by Miss Friedan's timely intervention.

What was it like, this life to which the majority is doomed? There were the usual three primary sources of gratification: home, children, and community.

Unlike many other homemakers, I did not suffer from the hidden-dirt syndrome, possibly because it was not as well hidden. Therefore, in accordance with the concepts of modern psychiatry, it could not produce a complex. On the other hand, the ennobling achievements of "today I am an interior decorator"--i.e., washing walls--seemed to be forever balanced by "today I am the garbage collector." Furniture moving and gourmet cooking, two well-advertized methods of revival of the spirits, caused hardly a ripple in this household. However, when the refrigerator was moved so that its door could not be opened, it was noticed immediately by the very same people who had been blind to changes of an esthetic nature.

Everyone knows that children add so much to your life--washing, pets, and many chances to test your skill at settling their spirited discussions. And their guests will either make you feel like you have just won the Pillsbury Bakeoff by their rapid consumption of freshly-baked cakes, or they will entertain you with their candor ("I hate mushroom soup!"). Their activities help you get acquainted with your neighbors as you drive each other's children to and from scouting, volley ball, skiing, baseball, etc., etc.

The school and community also made endless demands on my time. I pounded the beat with petitions to raise funds for worthy causes and on behalf of social action groups. In fact, unless the receiver was kept off the hook, these challenges were hard to avoid. Many a day did I return home, tired and weary, only minutes before the family and just in time to open a canned delicacy for dinner because I had been out all day making the community a better place to live.

This life I traded for a return to gainful employment and in the hope of capturing this vibrating emotion of the rewarding life promised by Miss Friedan. A mystic no more.

A few flaws in the state of perfect bliss were at once apparent. The demands made of me have remained, and, whether I am stimulated or not, must be taken care of. The dust is becoming less hidden than ever, the cooking is as American as TV dinner,



and the furniture is now moved only for utilitarian purposes. The children--and also their father--are a little more difficult to fit into the new scheme. Their guests still appear, often uninvited, and invariably stay for meals. For these occasions the Hindu proverb

"Six were invited,  
here come nine;  
water the soup,  
all shall dine"

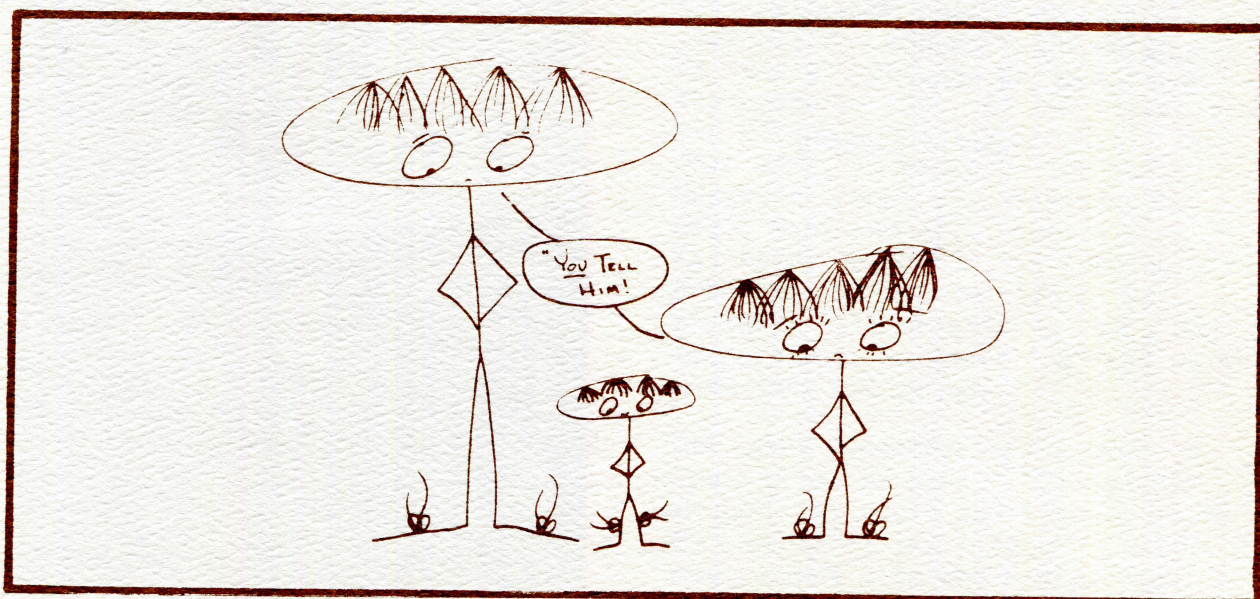
has frequently been put into practice. In addition, PTA meetings continue as always. Perhaps I have become more sensitive, but their lengthy discussions of all aspects of delinquency seem to point more clearly than ever to the cause of it all (Did you guess?: the working mother). Mea culpa.

The mental reawakening must be accompanied by a feeling of increased physical fitness. Shoveling the snow off the drive takes me hardly any longer than the lingering second cup of coffee used to when I was wasting myself. Excess adipose tissue is also quickly walked off by a hike to the third floor of the science building or a stroll to the cafeteria in any weather (better

than joining the Polar Bear Club). The students' concern for my health is the most touching of all--it was so obvious during the last flu epidemic. In addition, their frank discussion of the course material as well as the teaching methods are bound to keep one's mental toes flexed.

In the midst of the warm glow of self-fulfillment, there are occasional doubts, not unlike those experienced by the stagnant counterpart. Are these children really on their way to delinquency? Is a tired, self-fulfilled wife a better companion than a stagnant, well-rested one? Are the students really being fairly treated, all equal before the red pencil? Have I reached the ultimate in the full life? Should I be a forest ranger (long a secret dream)???

Now that I have stated my case, perhaps Miss Friedan would admit the universal applicability of the following paraphrasing of a well-known law: "The sum total of one's complexes remain the same; complexes are neither lost nor created through a change in position."▲



Linda Vano



## SUBCONSCIOUS LINGO

Johnny  
 couldn't  
 sing a note at all,  
 yet he had the music  
 in his heart.

Didn't  
 understand music  
 in the written form,  
 he only knew  
 how it made him feel.

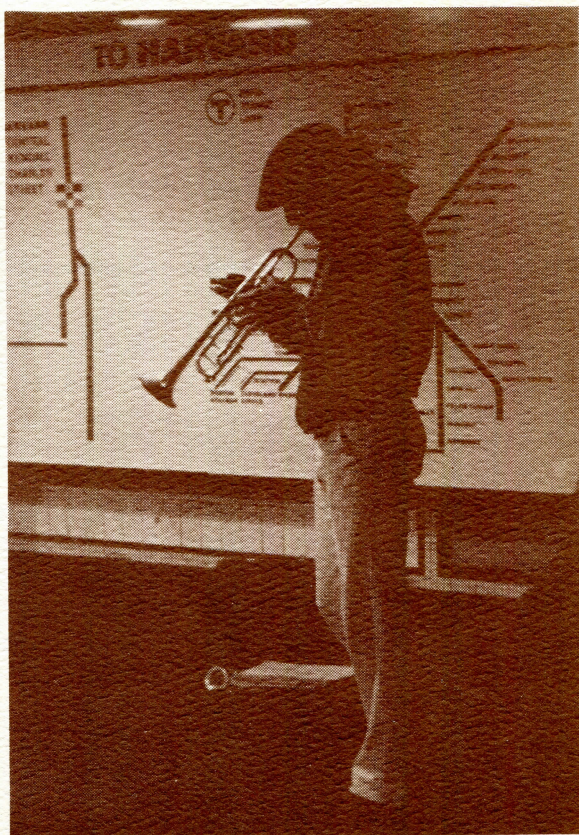
Johnny,  
 the farthest one from music  
 wrote a poem one day;  
 it really made him crazy  
 deep inside.

Didn't  
 even know  
 how to get to sleep at night;  
 not until he met  
 Mr. Tim.

Mr. Tim,  
 enticer,  
 met him in the coffee house,  
 and now Johnny's never  
 coming home.

Music  
 in its crudest  
 can really be a savage thing;  
 subconscious lingo  
 can bring you down.

--David C. Reid



Michael Vizzim



# CINDERELLA

by John S. Mollick

Cinderella is a girl who lives with three of the ugliest people one would ever want to meet. These terrible three are Cinderella's stepwretch and two stepbitches. The two stepbitches have everything they could ever want. The stepwretch is a wealthy old flying rodent (bat, if you prefer) who is this way because of a previous marriage, and that poor guy croaked from the jumbo shrimp at the garden party after the trip upstairs with the blacksmith's daughter . . . anyway, that's another story.

Cinderella has no access to the funds held by her stepwretch. She must hang around the house all day and do all the peon work, while the terrible stepconglomerate enjoys all the comforts of home. This girl is a real dream: brown, flowing, shining hair, a voice that is as soft, supple and sweet as a flower in the middle of an open field of tall, whispering, green grass, and a personality that is so (adjective), (adjective) and (adjective) that one is not likely to forget her in one evening.

The notice gets around that the Prince is going to throw a party (ball, if you will) at the palace so that the Prince can pick up an easy bride. After consuming all of this, the stepbitches think that they are really hot stuff and that one of them has a good chance of nabbing this position, so they start running around trying to clean up their act (and their faces) for this party which, if one is not familiar with the story, is that same evening.

Cinderella, dazed by the possibility of meeting the Prince and the even more remote chance of a dance, drops all the dirty laundry that the evil stepbitches have given her to process and begins wandering up the stairs to her room in the tower thinking about what she is going to wear to the party.

The stepwretch, shocked at her insolence, wanders up behind her and locks the door and pockets the key.

Weeell! It would seem that the stepconglomerate has effectively prevented Cinderella from going to the party . . . Au contraire, Mon frere!

Poor Cinderella cries herself to sleep because of all the nasty things that have been happening lately. Time passes, and when she wakes up, it is night and the party started five minutes ago. As she stares out the window wondering who dealt her this mess, it happens--the Fairy Godmother shows up, star-studded magic wand and all. She is a short, fat Fairy Godmother, in keeping with ordinance 23.563 section F that states: "All practicing Fairy Godmothers must be under 4'8" and weigh more than 300 pounds."

The Fairy Godmother rolls over to Cinderella and asks: "Cinderella, my darling, would you like to go to that party at the palace?" To which there comes a strong reply, "Yes, I would; oh, I would!" In one quick swoop, she waves her magic wand and



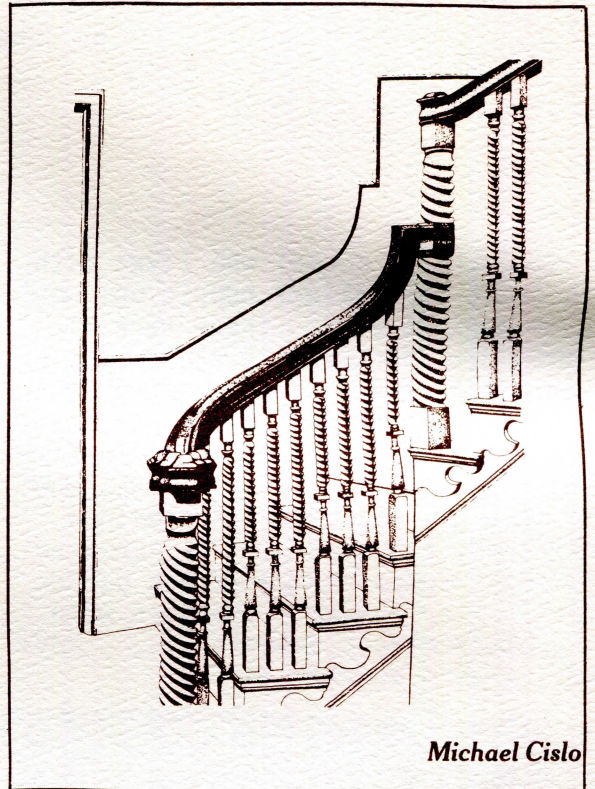
Cinderella is dressed in hip-tight white satin bell-bottom slacks with a soft blue half-opened blouse with no bra and the fabled glass platform slippers. I mean this girl is so fine--one look and a guy is off for a cold shower! Then a fallen lemon becomes a Fleetwood limousine, and almost as suddenly six field mice are transformed into bodyguards in case of any radical movements by the stepconglomerate who are already at the party.

After arriving, four of the six bodyguards get out of the car and escort Cinderella to the doors of the hall. She views the situation, gives them the okay, and they remain just outside the door.

Cinderella sits down at a table in back and watches the Prince for a while. He is wearing light blue satin bell-bottom slacks and a white silk shirt, also half-opened and no bra. There are three bands lined up for the night: Led Zeppelin, Bee Gees and Heat Wave. (Well, one out of three ain't bad.) The Prince, stunned by Cinderella's looks, introduces himself. They talk through Zeppelin (which is kinda hard to do) and when the Bee Gees are well into their second number, it is time to dance.

They dance and dance and dance some more, and finally it is time to go for a walk in the garden. It really is a great night out, just right for about anything, and when the Prince finally makes his move, midnight strikes and Cinderella moves out--of the garden, that is. She runs around the side of the wing of the palace to the waiting Fleetwood, jumps in and speeds away. As the clock strikes twelve everything is transformed back to original form: the bodyguards to mice, Cinderella's gorgeous threads into her ragged dress, and the Fleetwood starts turning into a lemon--the wheels

fall off, steering goes bad, air conditioning runs hot--right back to GM specifications.



The next day the Prince (who had not even asked her name after all that interaction the night before) announced a decree that he would marry whomever fit into the glass platform slipper. (Damn! Forgot to mention the slipper--the glass platform slipper is the one that Cinderella lost as she hurriedly left the bash last night trying not to lose face. But she succeeded in losing the slipper. The Prince found it the next day . . .) So they try it on every girl in the kingdom and it does not fit any of them until it is Cinderella's turn . . . Well, needless to say, it fits like a charm. The evil stepconglomerate are all green with envy, and they are banished from the kingdom forever. The Fleetwood is recalled and they all live happily ever after in accord with government regulation 27.573 section C.



## LOVE

Can anyone define the word?

A scholar says, "it is an emotion;"  
 a poet says, "it is the height of  
 ecstasy or the depth of despair;"  
 a philosopher might say, "it is the  
 one goal every man or woman wants  
 to attain," but none say what it is.

I simply say:

It is the tide softly kissing the  
 sand on the beach when it comes in  
 at night and gently carressing it  
 as it leaves in the morning.

It is the dew kissing the rosebud  
 good morning and the sun beckoning  
 it to awaken with its beauty.

It is two people saying to each  
 other: "I want to spend the rest  
 of my life with you."

It is a man and a woman conceiving  
 a child.

It is the woman delivering her child;  
 the man at the news of the birth.

It is a small boy with his puppy.

It is a parent comforting a scared or  
 hurt child.

It is that same child, in later years,  
 trying to comfort a despairing  
 parent.

It is people willing to share.

It is overlooking others' faults and  
 praising their good.

It is the unselfish giving of oneself  
 not only to family and friend but  
 to stranger and foe.

It is the inability to hate.

Perhaps if we listen to our hearts  
 each of us will find his or her own  
 meaning to the word as only an  
 individual really knows what he or  
 she is inside.

--Phillip Gallnitz

## LIVING ALONE

Living alone is freedom  
 to play the piano at 2 A.M.  
 to eat cottage cheese and pickled  
 beets for dinner.  
 to leave sewing on the kitchen  
 table for three days.  
 to leave home at 7 A.M. and return  
 at 11 P.M. two days  
 in a row.

Living alone is freedom  
 from questions:  
 what's for dinner  
 who was that on the phone  
 how did my black sox get so linty  
 where have you been so long  
 WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CAR  
 do you have to vacuum during the  
 world series  
 why did you promise to play cards  
 tonight  
 what's that kid doing in there so  
 long  
 FIFTY DOLLARS IN ONE SHOT FOR  
 GROCERIES

Living alone is freedom  
 to be alone with bad habits.  
 to be any way or anything I want  
 to be.

Living a lone ly ?  
 lone lone  
 is

--Martha D. Shields







## METAMORPHOSIS

It all began the same old way--  
Another fight, another day.  
He was indifferent and I cried.  
The more I talked, the more I died.  
"The hell with you!" I finally said,  
And ran upstairs and went to bed.

I lay in anguish all that night.  
I thought, "It's just another fight."  
His anger burned inside of me.  
I held it with such gravity  
I cried until I retched inside.  
I cried until my tears were dried.

The fact I had not faced before:  
His love for me was there no more.  
At last I saw reality;  
Peace and calm came over me.  
My feelings were of disbelief;  
I felt a sense of great relief.

When these true solemn thoughts I'd faced,  
A silent change had taken place.  
For I cared no longer what he said;  
My love for him was finally dead.  
This revelation came over me  
And then, at last. . . I was set free.

--Gail Nastwold



# REVELATIONS

by LBS

Their names escape me, but my friends were there. We stood, facing east, looking out over the river. The beach--wide, smooth and trackless--lay in front of us. The city with its lofty structures of concrete and glass stood behind. The setting sun blasted its rays between the buildings turning the beach, the sidewalks and even the atmosphere a bright orange. The river and the sky above it remained strangely blue.

As we gazed up into the sky, the constellations gradually appeared, seemingly much brighter than when seen on the brightest night. Softly, suddenly the stars within each constellation flared and grew to an even greater brilliance, as though coming toward us at great speed. Then gently, slowly the stars' brilliance faded, only to be replaced by bright arrays of falling stars--meteorites burning in every color of the spectrum: blues flaming in icy shades, greens as varied as the blues and reds as rich as the greens. The colors spread over the eastern sky and obscured the constellations.

Particles shot out of the translucent prismatic haze in every direction. Larger pieces were often chased by Air Force jets, strangely silent as they swooped low in pursuit . . . only to pull up in front of the towering structures behind us. None of the jets ever collided into a building or finished tracking a fragment. None of the fragments ever touched the ground, or the water, or us.

After twenty minutes of infinity (or perhaps an infinity of twenty minutes) the pieces no longer rained down and the stellar fireworks slowly ceased. The trails remained, swirling and changing like oil paints boiling in a crock and refusing to mix. Constant flux and indescribable beauty kept us rapt.

Somewhere in a building a phone rang. And each time it rang an old man grunted as if in anger or pain. Sounds came back to our ears and hearing rejoined our senses. I could not understand why someone would be on the telephone when he could be watching the chromatic display presented above the city.

As the sun, after an eternity of constancy, finally faded, so did the sky . . . . ▲

---

Sunburn  
Is such a fire!  
It burns inside and out.  
I think I shall go up quite soon  
In flames.

--Barbara C. Gram

---



## TWO PATHS

Two matches  
 come together  
 at the pile of wood;  
 there is smoke,  
 then a glow  
 then a fire  
 which burns all through  
 the night.

Two other matches  
 each light the fuse  
 of two fireworks rockets;  
 there is a streak  
 of light  
 as they sail  
 high in the air,  
 a brilliant flash  
 of light  
 a loud thunder  
 then nothing.

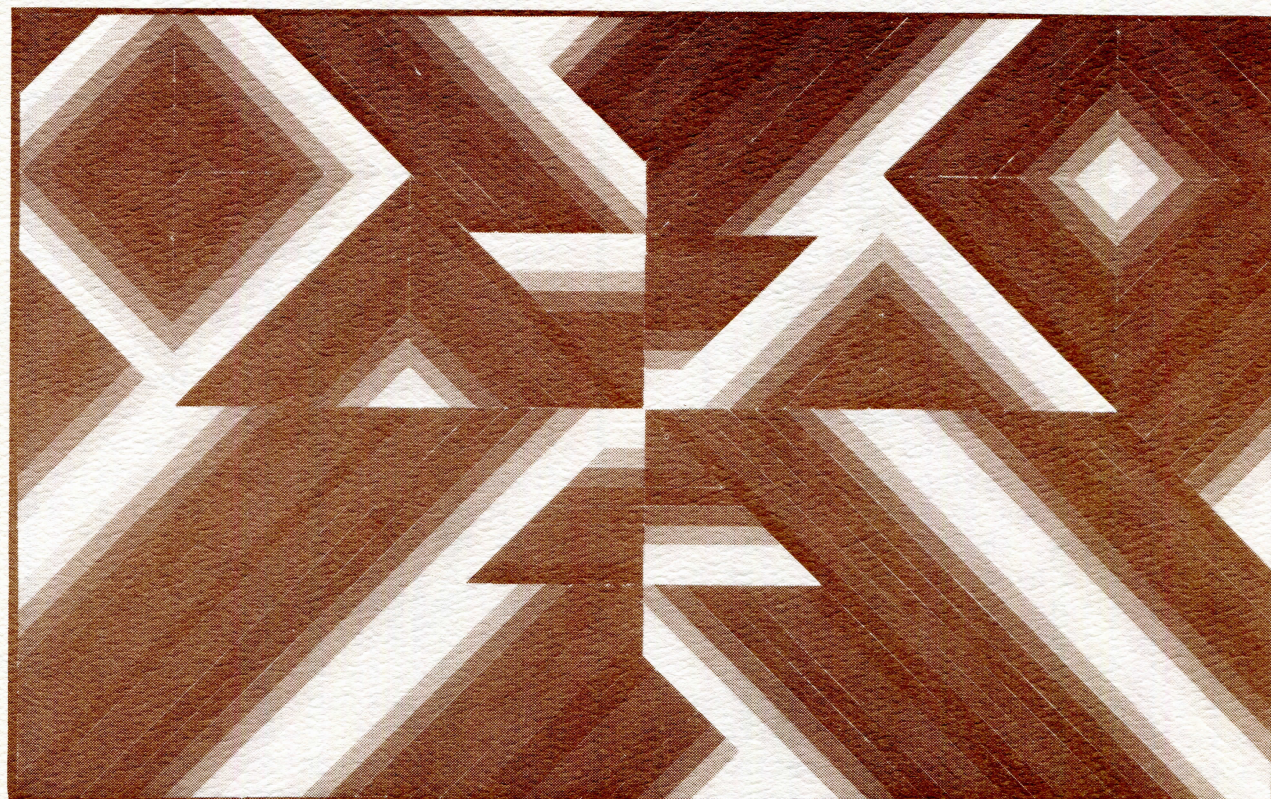
--Ricky R. Ware

## ON AN UNBORN SON

Make him brave,  
 and make him strong.  
 Make him know  
 what's right and wrong.  
 Let him love,  
 but never hate.  
 Let him make  
 his country great.

For the future's his  
 and his alone  
 And to the Lord  
 he must atone.  
 Though if he strays  
 he's still our own;  
 Keep him safe  
 and bring him home.

--Richard D. Craw, Jr.



*Paul Schlenker*



# INTROSPECTION

by Bill Sweet

The little girl was afraid. She was always afraid. At the age of six she was a precocious child, but the soft gray matter of her brain was surrounded by a hard mantle of fear which effectively isolated it from everything outside. And also, perhaps, from everything inside.

Her family tried to pacify her fears. There was always a light in her room, and when she woke up screaming in the middle of the night, someone would always come to hold her until her trembling stopped. She was never forced to enter dark rooms, or made to approach water, dogs, or large machinery. But still she was afraid. Her family could not help, because her family could not understand her fear. Because her relatives could not see the difference between fright and fear, they could help her to overcome neither.

Only one person could give her temporary respite from the crippling terror. This was an older cousin who seemed to fear nothing himself, yet who could understand the fears of the child and see them for what they really were. When she clung to his hand she was not afraid, but she would follow him into the dark realm of her own dread. And so it was that when another relative brought a German shepherd dog to their large country house, she refused to take her cousin's hand, or anyone else's, but burst into tears and would not be placated. She wanted to be carried from the room, to be held and comforted, and when her cousin made no move to pick her up, but actually approached the monster and petted it, she fled from the room in a frenzy.

Only after the dog had been entertaining the family for some time was the child's prolonged absence noticed. A frantic search of the house ensued, but the little girl seemed to have disappeared. It was her cousin who finally found her, crouched behind a trunk in a pitch-dark attic room, her mind as blank and empty as the air around her. She gasped when he threw open the door, and stood up, blinking into the light, too surprised by the anger in his always patient eyes to be frightened.

---

“ . . . when you let  
fear be your life,  
YOU do not exist.”

---

"You like to be afraid, don't you." It was not a question, but a calm statement of fact. "Well, if you're going to be afraid, at least know what you're afraid of. You're not afraid of dogs, and you're not afraid of the dark. You're not afraid of anything on the outside, are you? What you're really afraid of is inside. You're afraid of yourself." His piercing eyes burned into her mind, and she began to cry again to shut out the sight. But no amount of tears could drown out his words.

"Fear is a convenient escape. If you can live in constant fear, you



never have to face what you're afraid of. Fear itself will protect you. It will envelope you like a soft blanket, and never let anything real touch you. Nothing can hurt you that way. There can be no pain. There can't even be death, because there is no life. You cannot live in fear, because when you let fear be your life, YOU do not exist."

He stared at her in silence for a moment, then closed the door and left her alone in the darkness. Yes, she was alone. For the first time in her life, fear, her constant and only companion, had left her, never to return now that she had seen it. She had been abandoned to life, and now she must live it. There would be no more retreat into fear. ▲

## SOUNDS

How neat  
to squeak  
to groan  
and moan.  
A verbal  
expression  
relieves  
my aggression.

--Gail Nastwold



Linda Vano



Linda Vano

## MONEY

Money is a sinking pool,  
I'll pay my debts tomorrow.  
The more I make (I seem a fool)  
The more I spend, then borrow.

--David C. Reid



## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

Whenever love  
 enters a life,  
 Whether it be  
 an old love re-discovered  
 or a new love found,  
 Everything else in life  
 takes on a new look.

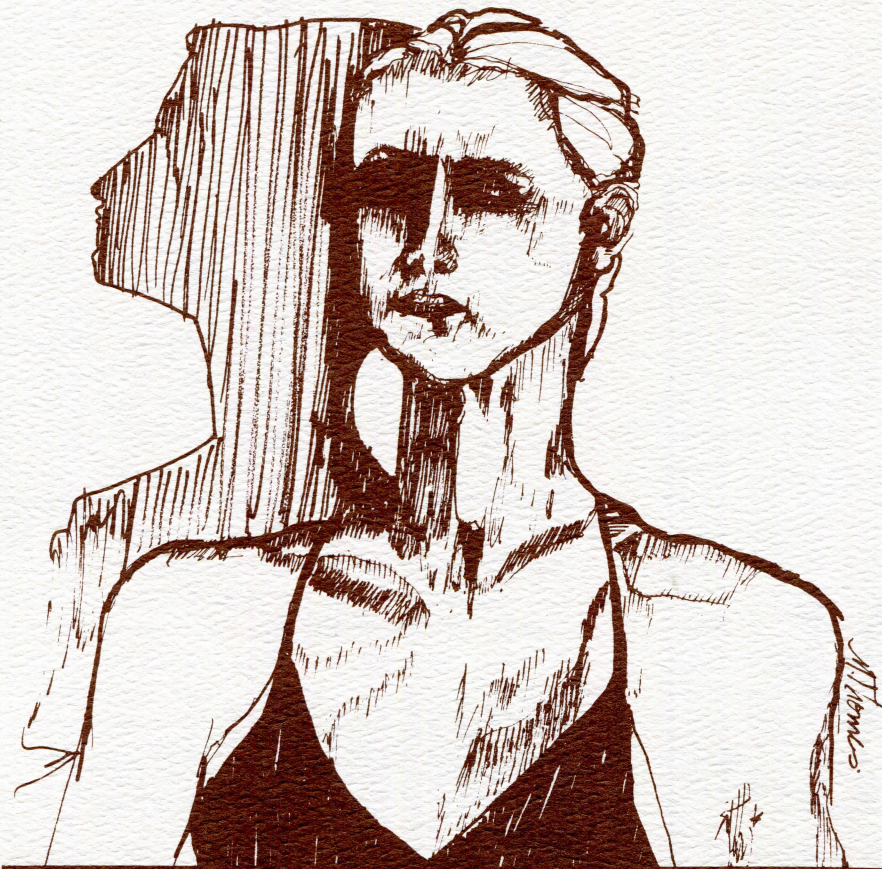
We should try to find  
 something to love in every day  
 And each day  
 will look better  
 than the day before.

--Nancy Hodges

## UNTITLED

I pour a cup of coffee,  
 thinking of her;  
 stare through windows,  
 never to see her again.  
 my glazed eyes  
 cannot see.  
 my hazed mind  
 cannot hear or feel  
 the cup slip through my fingers  
 to shatter on the floor,  
 broken like so many things. . . .

--David C. Reid





## THEN CAME THE VERDICT

by Richard Craw, Jr.

Timothy Jackson, age ten years. A typical American boy, typical right down to the ever-present baseball cap perched atop his red hair. Typical in every way--except one. Timothy Jackson had been singled out by that subtle hand that controls our lives, the Hand of Fate.

\* \* \*

Everyone was against Tim: his teachers, his friends and even his parents. He was sure that he wasn't loved. For a single thing like not doing his chores his parents had sent him to bed without any supper. Entirely unfair to a boy of ten.

But Timothy, like so many other young boys, was not satisfied to accept this just punishment: He wanted to make his parents sorry. Oh, so sorry! The open window beckoned him, calling him toward it, to the open air, to freedom from his parents' domination. Timothy followed his desire. He climbed out the open window, down the large oak tree that stood outside it, and ran to the main highway a mile away.

After running for nearly an hour, he was forced to stop. He decided to hitch a ride into the next town. But he wanted to hurry. It was getting dark. He was always afraid of the dark.

After a few minutes he heard a car coming on the now-deserted highway. As the car drew near, he saw that it was a big, black limousine. The car screeched to a halt beside Tim. The heavy black door opened and a deep-throated voice emanated from the dark shadow that was the driver. "Would you like a ride, Timothy?"

Not quite certain what he wanted, Timothy replied, "Yes, Sir. But how did you know my name?"

"That shall remain my secret. Please, get in the back seat."

Timothy did as he was told. As he closed the large door, the black car lunged powerfully away down the dark highway.

It took the black car nearly a half-hour to reach the next town. The driver had not spoken since Timothy had entered the car. Then, as they reached the outskirts of the town, the shadow said, "So, you want to make your parents sorry that they punished you?"

"Yes, I . . . But how did you know?"

"I cannot answer that now, Timothy."

"Who are you? Wha-what do you want?"

"My name is Mephistopheles. As for what I want, I only want to help you. I like to help little boys who want to make their parents unhappy."

"Please, let me out. I've changed my mind, I want to get out now. Let me out!"

The only thing that greeted his demands was the sound of laughter as the dark shadow pressed the accelerator to the floor. Tim clutched his small baseball cap and began to cry. He was suddenly very much alone.

But even Fate cannot foresee everything, for it did not see the police car waiting in the shadows of the side street. The chase began. Mile after mile the two speeding cars



clung to the very edges of the serpentine road. The black car, swerving wildly, missed the hairpin turn. A blinding yellow flash. The ride ended. The police car screeched to a halt at the edge of the road. The two officers climbed out to begin the gruesome search.

"Mack, I still don't believe it. I saw that car crash. It has to be here, it just has to!"

"You might as well face it, Tom, there's no car here. I know what you're thinking. I saw it too. But the night can play tricks on you. Maybe we just had a nightmare, an hallucination."

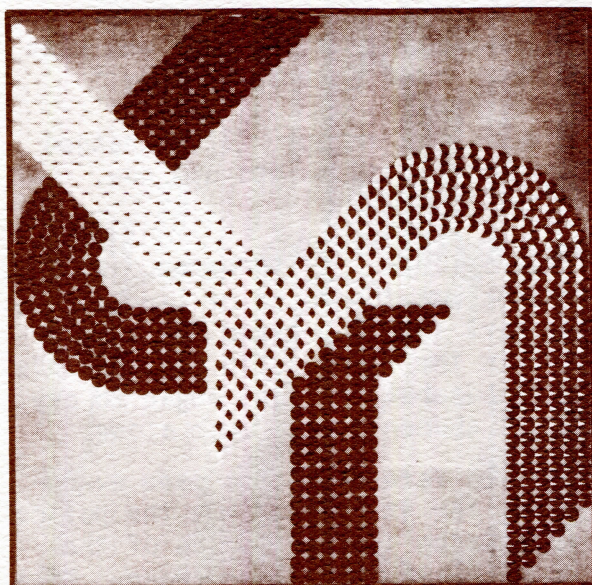
"Yeah, but how do you explain that odor?"

"What odor?"

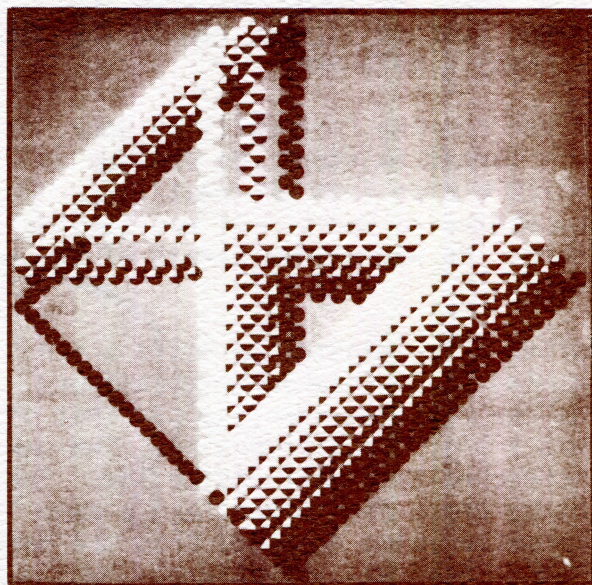
"The odor in the air. If I didn't know better, I'd say it was burning sulfur. But that can't be, not way out here."

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson have long since given up hope of ever finding their son; the police reports show that Car 59 never left its post that night; the two officers are still on the force. They still remember that night, although they don't speak of it anymore. They went back to the scene of the crash a couple of times to have a better look around, but they never found anything. Except once, on the first trip back, they found a small baseball cap, slightly burned. They threw it away. It was just littering the road. ▲

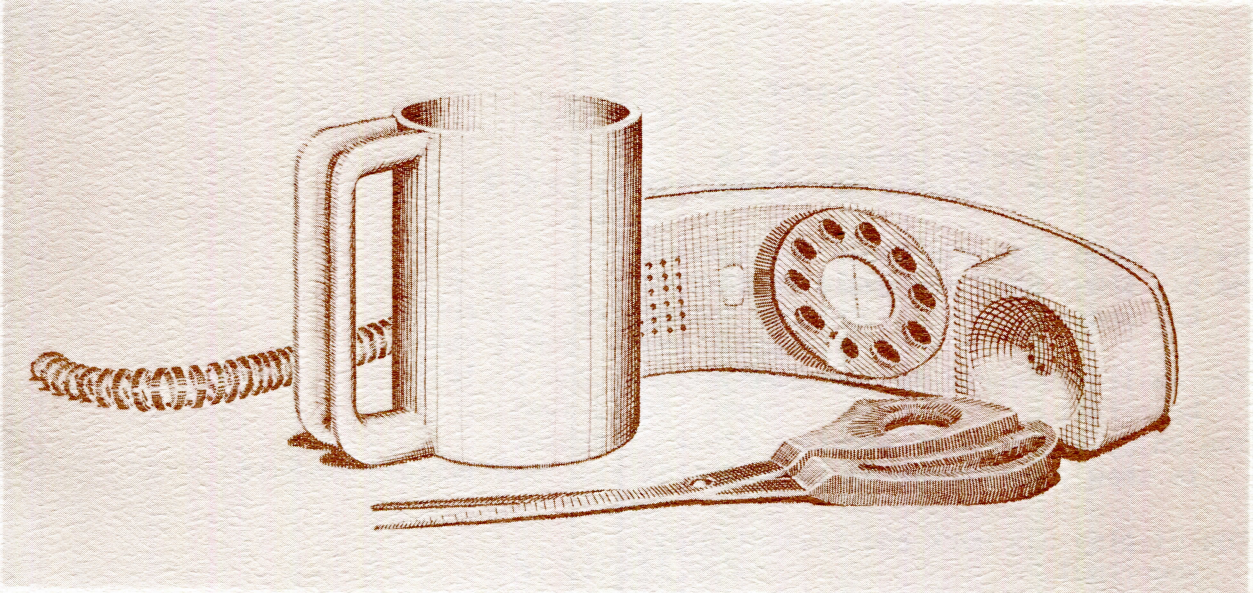


*Charles Wittorp*



*Dave Colwander*





Jeff Boes

## GOSSIP

I'm appalled, shocked!  
 How could you know?  
 Did they?  
 My, how tongues will fly.  
 Did they really try?  
 My God! I can't believe . . .  
 I simply seethe  
 at the thought.

Of course I don't care,  
 makes no difference to me.  
 Gossip's horrid--  
 Invalid indeed.  
 Yet, if you know more  
 I'll close the door  
 and quietly listen  
 and gasp and abhor.

But please tell me more . . .

--Gail Nastwold

we began with "hello"  
 my words turned nonchalant  
 disguising affection  
 (I wanted to take your hand)  
 you spoke of accomplishments  
 unaware of my deafness  
 (I could swim in your eyes)  
 25 syllables, affirmation  
 pause  
 I leaned closer to you  
 you said "goodbye"  
 I prepared myself for the  
 lingering kiss,  
 but no,  
 you snapped away from me  
 with the click of the receiver.

--Bonnie Kaminski



The poet writes not of himself,  
but of you.  
You like his poetry because it is  
yours--your thoughts in his words.

He has said what you could not speak.  
He has shown what you could not help  
but conceal.

You await his verse to see what you  
have felt.  
You enjoy his turn of phrase  
to show your change in thought.

You display his work and thus display  
your soul.  
It amazes you that he sees your soul  
and knows you well, though he  
knows you not.

His visions are from your eyes, his  
sorrows from your heart;  
For he is you.

--LBS

## SUGGESTION

Stop tonight, take a minute.  
Create a dream, then get in it.  
Think of me when you get home.  
In our dreams we're not alone.

--David C. Reid



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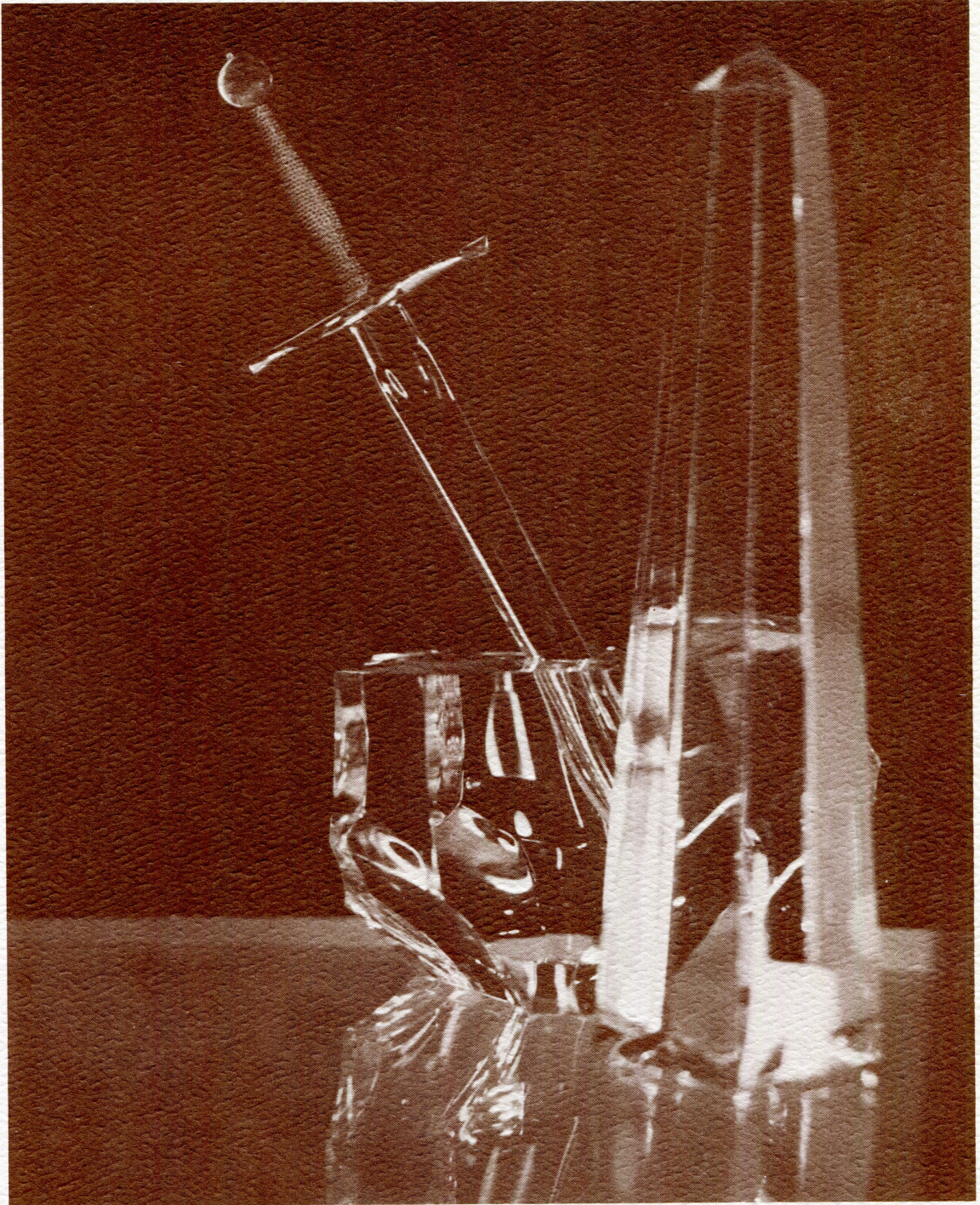
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