

PRISM
LOGOS-1980

AMBLING

Open a book, Read some verse,
Discover the thoughts of one so
long ago. How magical the excitement
of delving into the mind of one
who is witty and bright. Who
seems to have a spiritual union
with you that can pass through
a century of thought. Sweet Emily,
and her timelessness linger in my
mind. Attitudes and mores change,
yet thoughts on life, death, love,
joy at seeing the Earth are all
related in a single exultation of
life. This exultation has no limits
in time, this is basic, real, there
for all. Don't limit yourself....
partake of it.

--Gail Nastwold(Staff)

**Front Cover: "Two Things
Fighting, Maybe Three," Gretchen
Maricak (Faculty)**

**Back Cover: Watertown Bridge,
Craig Hustwitt (Faculty)**

TO THE LOGOS,

THE CREATIVE SPIRIT OF REASON
WHICH EXISTS THROUGHOUT THE
UNIVERSE AND IS TAPPED BY
POETS AND ARTISTS OF EVERY
KIND IN THEIR SEARCH FOR
BEAUTY AND TRUTH.



Gary Karp (A5)

DOODLING

I think of old poems . . .
Do you remember my poems?
You laughed and you sang
 When I wrote them.

I think of them now
And I'm wondering how
They became rejected,
 Accepted then neglected.

I think of forgotten songs,
And I sing them to myself.
They bring tears and renew the fears
 Of what it's been like growing
 old.

I think of old times
And of being depressed;
I used to write poems while the
 others would doodle.
 Am I doodling now, or dying?

--David C. Reid (Hu)

JENNY

My Jenny's eyes are innocently brown.
She shows her love with hugs and kisses
free.
Her countenance has never known a frown,
Uncreased by worries plaguing you and me.
Her awkward gait is instantly transformed
When dancing to her inward drummer's beat.
Her speech is slurred. She's very often
scorned
By those whose speech and step are sure and
fleet.
I know that at the final tallying
With muted tongue I'll here the Judge's word
While Jenny's perfect voice will clearly sing
Her Maker's praise with tunes as yet unheard.
She's gone from home but surely, in her fashion
She's taught us all to love with more compassion.

--Martha Shields (staff)

SUSPENDED ANIMATION

A Song in Words
(parts I, II, and III)

I)

Population,
There's no more room!
Leaders sense impending doom.
Chosen couples to continue their
race,
Are frozen in lifeboats cast into
space.

Popcicle people take frozen vacations,
The cold corps of a new generation,
Seeds of a race in suspended anima-
tion.

Webs of memory lay in waiting,
Pools of thought anticipating,
Dormant nerve center's Filament
lines,
Reach extremities untouched by time.

Time passes by,
Suspended in space,
As wars wipe out the human race.
The universe evolves!

II)

Forever and a Day

(instrumental)

*As the last gasp of humanity
fades from the universe, stony
faces turn icy ears toward the
musical beauty of an eternally
changing universe. Crashing waves
and gusting wind slowly pounding
the face of a shoreline sets the
pace for time's sculpturing hands
toiling with the rythm of the
universe.*

III)

Dawn of A Lifetime

Speeding 'cross the universe,
An impulse strays and strikes a
nerve.
A flash of lightning in his head.
He awakens from the frozen dead.

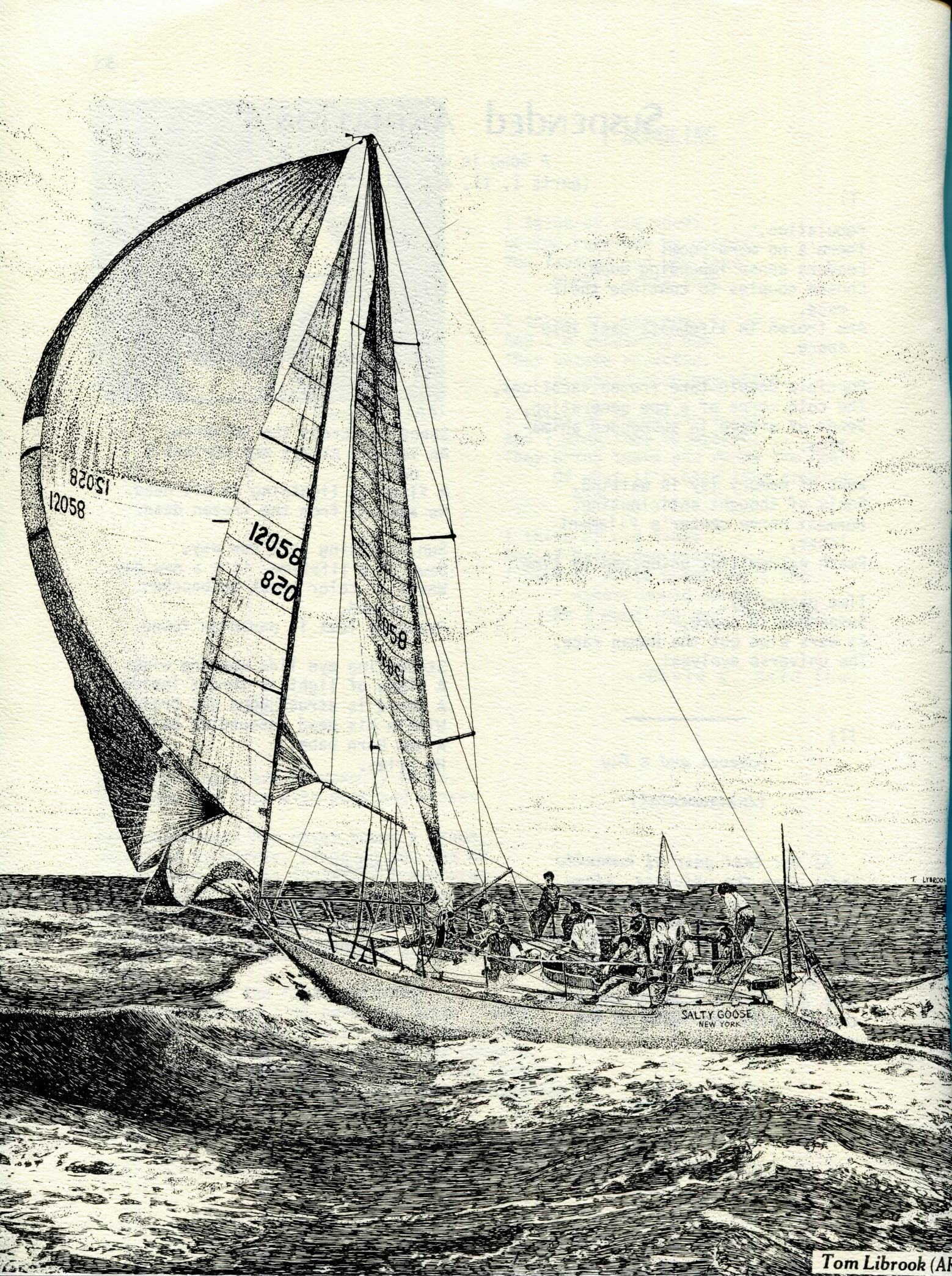
Sun is rising in a new way,
Dawn of a lifetime, it's a new day.
Waves of color break on beaches
of sound,
Paradise lost is paradise found.

Struggling eye lids opening wide.
A blade of light is thrust inside.
A chord is struck upon his brain,
Within his head resounding pain.
A new born babe,
He cries.

Spoken

Soon his senses adjust
And he walks out into
A beautiful new universe.

--John Williams (ME)



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SALTY GOOSE
NEW YORK

T. LIBROOK

Tom Librook (A)

INTERRUPTION

Silence.

Then...

There came a quick roar across the water.

It passed in a split moment, followed by

Silence.

Slicing silence.

Then the silence rose into a great sheet of water;

A towering, massive wall of water that was surrounded by

Exquisitely delicate spray of itself, and still

Silence.

Rainbows, sparkling for a moment, suspended in the

Silent sunlight.

Then suddenly, the water fell, crashed, tumbled, spilled over itself;

Churning, bubbling, rumbling waters.

Waves . . .

Foam . . .

Whirlpools . . .

Ripples . . .

Silence.

--David C. Reid (Hu)

MEMOIR

Louanne R. Daley (staff)

Across the years I can recall you best of all as being loving, sensitive, brilliant, passionate, understanding, generous and above all, my special friend. You touched lives of people who knew you in your own precious way — your family, your friends, your neighbors, all children and even strangers. For those who never knew you and your warmth, I will attempt to convey your philosophy — for you live in me.

I learned of myself because of you. Through each other we found new happiness and shared many precious moments which brought us together by unlocking doors - those many doors to life. You taught me to make each hour of every single day important and fulfilling in some very special way to ensure a reservoir of energy to meet tomorrow's challenges.

You made me realize that things are not as devastating as they appear at the moment. You gave me the power to love and to accept challenges especially when I was disillusioned. I remember the times you came upon my bothered mind to hush the silent restlessness there.

At the end of each day my mind lies down to rest a while and the world goes off to sleep. You will always be a part of me — and part of you, I'll keep. You know that you will always be running freely through my mind. When I catch glimpses of you, I'll smile and perhaps cry.

"They are free who do not fear to go to the end of their dreams." Your pride, devotion and dignity with which you approached every situation and experience accompanied you to your eternal peace. This is not your last sleep, though; rather it is your final awakening.

I will leave you now to cherish always the memories of you, my father, my friend, as I christen you with my tears. ▲



John Crossley (AR)

CREDO

I believe in yesterday because I
am a product of it.

I believe in now, because that's
where I exist.

I believe in the future, because
it holds my dreams.

--Gail Nastwold
(staff)

I'VE LIVED

Oh I've lived a life of mystery,
Ten of twenty years gone by.
I'll rise again to power.
Though again the people may sigh.
Oh I've lived a life of mystery,
Wandering through the night.
Oh I've lived a life of mystery.
Who I am my friends don't know.
I'll rise again to power.
My opposers will say no.
Oh I've lived a life of mystery.
My life has come and gone.
I'll rise again to power,
But already I've taken too long.
Oh I've lived a life of misery,
And the mystery will live on.
I'll never rise to power,
For today my life is done.

--G.A. Weiss (Ar)

FADING BLUES

I have felt the comfort
of Love's open arms,
Not ready to realize
It's loss felt harms.

But as someone once said.
"All good things must end.
The hurt is felt most
In the loss of a friend:"

For emotions become mixed.
And thoughts become confused
Till time heals the memory
By fading faded blues.

To hold fast to dreams
That are not really there
Secretly hoping, someday,
Someone will care.

But each day wears on
Like your favorite blue jeans,
Slowly fading away
And getting worn at the seams.

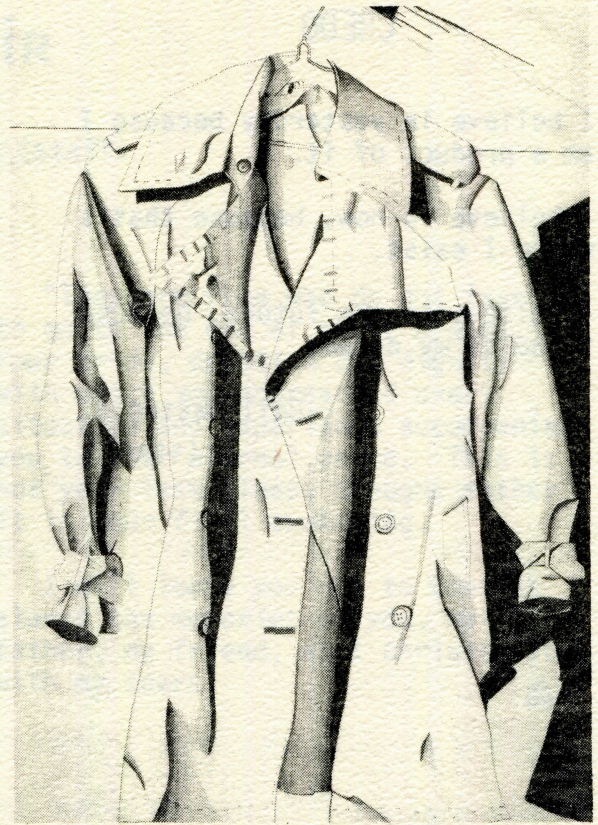
No longer do you reach back,
Rather, blend with the hues,
Gazing toward the horizon
And the fading blues.

--Brian Kopczynski (EE)

THE ASCENDANT DESCENDING

You did not see me pass you on the
 street,
 I, in my 4-wheeled silver-blue
 phallic symbol,
 And you in bare feet and thumb
 pointing the other way.
 You did not know I turned around
 to catch you,
 But you said, "Thanks" anyway.
 I imagined you and I were talking,
 Talking about dogs, and weather,
 and dues to pay,
 And unimportant yet relative
 things,
 I imagined I pulled on your long,
 blonde hair
 And kissed those silent lips.
 I put my hands on your shoulders
 And pulled your gown away.
 We kissed again
 And your breath smelled like
 sweet watermelon.
 And your skin, of course, like
 satin.
 You said, "This is it, thanks
 again,"
 I waved good-bye and drove on,
 Down to where the traffic merges;
 I entered
 And drove along the lonely
 highway.
 I saw your smile appear near to
 me,
 The smile that beguiles and beg-
 uiles,
 And your image was a skeleton's
 gossamer.
 I pulled off the way
 And entered into reality,
 Stopped,
 And hit my head upon the wheel,
 And listened to the wail that wails
 long and loud.

--George Koprowicz (Ch)



B.L. Sladick (AR)

BARS

Through smoke filled rooms of garish
 sights
 Amongst the colored, glaring lights
 Dull murmurs internecciously
 Spew forth from people, thick as
 sea.

The music wails, the singer screams
 Wild gyrations--while the drunkard
 dreams
 A cornered couple with bended neck
 Their eyes are low, their thoughts
 on sex.

The talk's of colors--aggressive
 reds--
 Of money, neighbors, and marriage
 beds
 And through this tangled web I hear
 "Let's curse the world and drink some
 beer."

--Kevin Zanotti (Ph)

ANNETTE

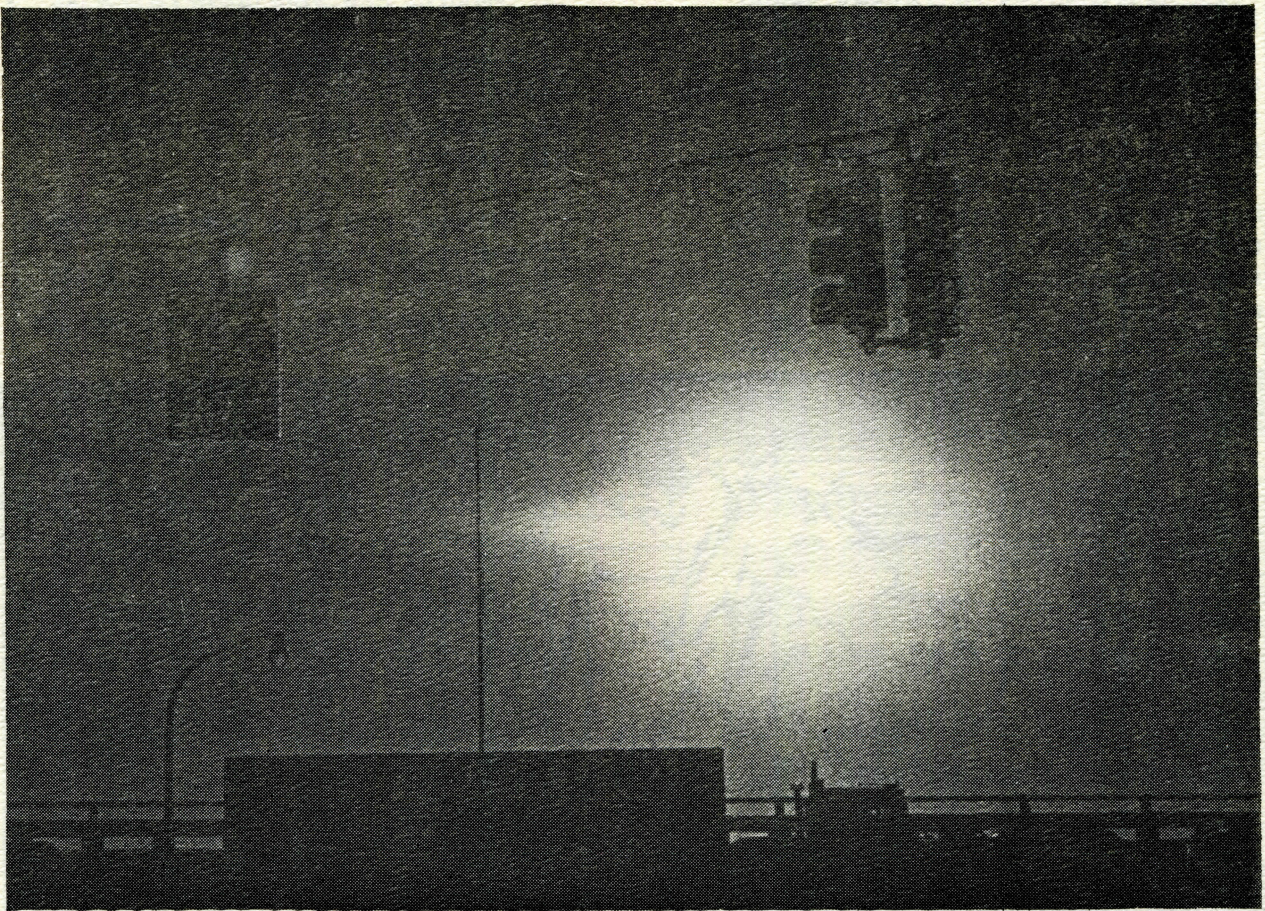
Tonight is the longest night
of the year.
I need you.
I need to tell you,
I'm tired. Just tired.
I don't have the strength
for a relationship.
I don't want to be funny.
I don't want to be wise.
I don't want to be sad.
I don't want to be sympathetic.
I don't even want to kiss you.

I just want to be . . .
Quietly.

Be with me.

The night is not nearly long enough.

--L.B. Smith (Ar)



Gary L. Karp (A5)

THE GREAT ESCAPE

Arleen Hipol (ME)

It was late afternoon when I was noticed missing. Until then, the day had been typical. Wake-up at 7:30. Breakfast at 8:00. Three hours on the work field, and lunch at 11:30. I had been planning my escape all morning, and the Warden had not noticed anything unusual. It wasn't that I was being treated badly. In fact, I was being treated very well. I heard it was a lot worse at other prisons, but the monotony of the day's schedule was overwhelming. I wanted out.

After eating my lunch, I made my first move. The Warden expected me to report directly to my cell, but I had other plans. The freedom that accompanied my recent good behavior allowed me to proceed to my cell in solitude. Now was my chance. Stealthily, I ran up the stairs across from my cell. I planned to hide in the room at the top of the steps until dark, then make my way off the grounds. The dark room was cluttered with boxes and crates; a perfect hide-out. I was tired and the room . . . was warm. . . and . . . so . . . dark.

About two hours later, I was awakened by the commotion at the bottom of the steps. It seems that the Warden made a bed check, and yours truly failed the inspection. The other wardens in the area were being notified by phone of my escape. I cracked the door open a bit and looked down the steps. Geez. Now I was being sought by the Warden and a tracking dog. The dog must have picked up my scent because he was leading the Warden up the steps.

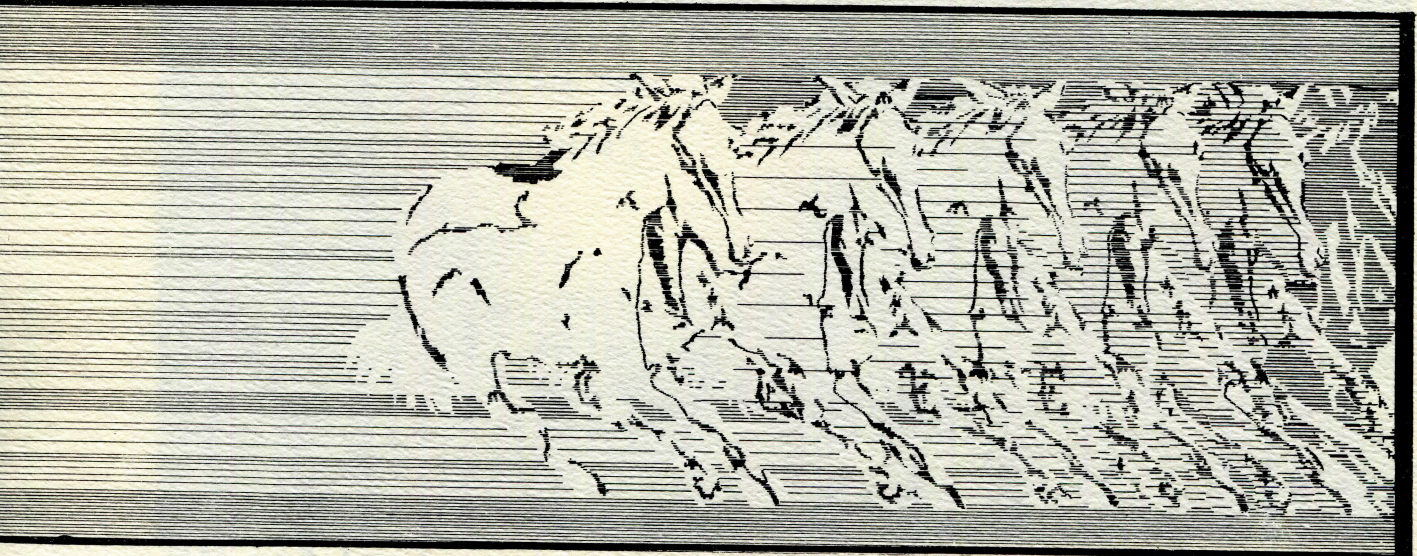
I closed the door, then retreated into a corner. Seconds later, the Warden flung the door open, flooding the room with light.

"Mikey, are you up here?"

I remained silent. Maybe they'd leave. No such luck. The tracking dog found me and had my sleeve in his teeth.

"Mikey, you come out from there. It's time for your nap."

"Aw, Mom!"



John Crossley (AR)

YOU'RE A MOTHER NOW

You're a Mother Now

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY GARY L. KARP
©1977

Am7 D Am7 A7
YOU'RE A MOTHER NOW, THAT LITTLE ONE HAS

Am7 Am6 Am7 D7 F#m7 F#m7
CHANGED THE WAY YOU SEE — YOU CAN'T BE A

F#m7 F#m7 Bbm7 Bbm7 Bbm7 E7
KID NO MORE, BUT SOMEHOW YOU'RE SET FREE —

F#m7 F#m7 Bbm7 Bbm7
I CAN THINK BACK TO YOUR WILD DAYS, YOU

E7 E7m9 E7m9 E7 E7m9
SAID THIS WOULD NEVER BE I NEVER BE-

E7m9 Am7 Am6 D7
BELIEVED YOU ANYWAY, I THOUGHT, JUST

YOU'RE A MOTHER NOW

PG. 2
D7b9 Gm7 G1 C#7 D7
WAIT AND SEE — COOH

Am7 A7 Am7 Am6
AA-GA NA DEE BOO ON-LY YOU'LL UN-DEE

A7 D7 F#m7 F#m7 F#m7 F#m7
STAND — YOU WILL HEAR HIS CRIES AT NIGHT

Bbm7 Bbm7 Bbm7 E7 F#m7
NEXT TO YOUR SLEEPING MAN — TAKE THAT FIRST

F#m7 E7 E7 F#m7 F#m7
STEP SAY THAT FIRST WORD SEND THAT KID TO

Bbm7 Bbm7 F#m7 F#m7
SCHOOL WILL THERE BE MORE? A

YOU'RE A MOTHER NOW

PG. 3
G7 G7 E7m9 E7m9 Am7m9
REAL FAN-LI-LY A-NOTH-ER LIT-TLE JEWEL

D Am7 A7
YOU'RE A MOTHER NOW, I CAN'T BE - HEVE NEVE

Am7 Am6 Am7 D7 F#m7
COME THIS FAR IN THE — YOU'VE ENJOYED THE

F#m7 F#m7 F#m7 Bbm7 Bbm7
LITTLE PARENT YOU'RE BACK TO WUS-ERY

Bbm7 E7 F#m7 F#m7 Bbm7
BINKES — NOW I'LL BET YOU'RE WORRIED

Bbm7 E7 E7m9 E7m9 E7 E7m9
THIS CHILD WILL BRING YOU PAIN IF HE'S AS

YOU'RE A MOTHER NOW

PG. 4
E7m9 Am7 Am6 D7
GOOD AS HIS MOTHER — AT STRUGGLING AND

D7b9 Gm7 G1 D7 D7b9 Gm7
RAISING CAIN I KNOW FOR ALL YOUR LOVING —

Gm7 E7 E7 Am7 Am6 E7m9
YOU'LL ALWAYS SEE THE WORTH OF GIVING

E7m9 Am7 Am6 Bbm7 E7
LIFE TO SUCH BEAUTY — THE MIRACLE OF

Bbm7 Am7
BIRTH —

Gary L. Karp (A5)

A RECORD SCRATCHED

Mark Pate (Hu)

"ALLLRRRIIDRE!--aRIGHT!" two relieved astronauts cheered in unison. The ship's gyroscope stabilized after having swept through the one-hundred and seventy-four degrees of arc required to begin their eccentric orbit about the collapsed star. And their path was indeed eccentric; not only in the elongated sense, but also in the sheer peculiarity of this "Hole" assignment. It had been a lengthy trip to be sure, "forget this 'Hole' assignment" they were fond of saying. But now, on the threshold of the only bottomless pit ever visited by living men, their pun took on a new, ominous meaning.

"So we send pictures" Lieutenant Andrew Rand half-scoffed as he sharply revolved his chair and threw back the unbuckled chest harness. To the rear of the cabin he saw the once star-filled air lock window--now an empty ebony triangle. Flopping back into the seat, he exhaled noisily. "Sure, I'm used to taking pictures--but not sending them" he mused out loud.

"If you call laser pulses 'pictures,'" his partner interjected.

"Pulses, pictures, whatever... what's our status?"

"Three point five seven to go, about ninety-six minutes... you nervous about setting up that equipment on the hull?"

"How can I be? Breckleman had me walking up and down and up and down on the outside of that simulator so much, I'll swear I left ruts."

But the lieutenant's jocularly was artificial. Both men knew their survival was now dependent upon the gyroscope's accuracy. A single degree's deviation this close to the ergosphere and the craft would be flushed down like some floundering fly in a toilet bowl. It was hard not to be nervous, but both voyagers assumed the veteran's cool.

"Better start packing, Andy. I'm already catching some flux from that event horizon on the g-meter."

The closer they got to tangency with the Schwarzschild field, the more mechanical their checks and responses became until Rand finally found himself out of the ship, but, through his own inattention--dangerously out of control.

"We can't promise you safety, but we guarantee respect." In the stale air of his helmet Lieutenant Andrew Rand heard the spectral echo of the "Officials" who sent him on this insanely risky fact-finding mission.

"We only allowed qualified personnel with no existing kinship ties to work the assignment." The "Officials" would explain this to the curious media.

"...be the first men to fly by imploded star...so close, less than a light year...so valuable... be bigger than Armstrong." He heard it all again. This was no

star, it was pitiless oblivion-- a cosmic sewer sucking matter and astronauts foolhardy enough to chance a closer look. But why not? He was no one to anyone really, son of a suicidal father and a mother dead in childbirth. No aunts, cousins, nothing. His sole memento was his own baby picture mounted beside some personal statistics. They gave it to him at the Home. He kept it close, thought it was lucky--it wasn't lucky.

A mental replay of cautious words heard moments before. A crackling voice, his comrade in the capsule. "If anything slips from your mit while you're out there, remember, don't stretch for it."

"Right." Rand sighed. Hull walls were cake. He knew how to handle the Hole's gravity currents... not well enough.

"Damn!, can't lose that lens... boot magnets released...ride the cord out...no--trouble resisting--like undertow." The life line reel spun wildly on his hip. "More slack--too fast--lens is gone, got to stop, retro pack, too late, throw the spool lock!" The line to the ship snapped taut, a rip from without and Rand's body began a free, hyper-accelerating descent.

Long, deep, black, rushing fall, spinning down, in, and away. Lt. Rand could not think clearly in the overwhelming instant, he could only feel and know. Know what? Know he was expendable? Know he was a fool or maybe a courageous daredevil, hero for science? Mr. Research Astronaut, your search is over.

In a twinkling his vehicle vanished. Body receding, crushing velocity on velocity on down into the Black Hole's core. Suddenly,

all is sluggish, thick, and heavy. Einstein's continuum takes hold and snuffs the last of Lt. Rand's strained cognition.

"Whad...nahhn, still..." A low groan. "Cold, I'm dead--wet, MY GOD I'm wet!" The astronaut's exhausted body lay strewn across four rough, barnacle-encrusted boulders. Water splashed beneath him, around him. Moisture rolled from his uplifted face, stung his eyes--salt water! Here was something familiar. He had grown up on Florida's east coast, knew a salty ocean.

"But how? I'm dead. I'm dead but somehow I'm back. From where though?" Nothing. A complete block.

He struggled to stand on one of the more unsteady rocks. If this was Earth,, it was dusk. In the fading daylight the perplexed traveler saw the stone pile extend several hundred feet to the right, maybe forty to his left.

"A wall in the water?" Chilled bits of torn wet cloth slapped his skin in the misty night air. He faced a relatively close, civilized shoreline. "Bobbing boats, a marina. I must be on some harbor jetty." His theory was verified by the gradual brightening of a Sodium lamp at the breakwater's left tip. Its weathered steel post swayed like a metronome in the evening tide. The evening... a gathering night... sharks, exposure--sharks drawn to feed in shallow waters, hidden by darkness. These thoughts galvanized the astronaut.

"Can't swim, too hazardous." He jerked his head about, looking, thinking. With the corner of his eye he saw red and green out some

distance into the ocean. Running lights! A returning craft. He cautiously stepped from boulder to boulder until his form was illuminated in the shifting orange glow beneath the marker lamp. He reached back using the shaking pole to steady himself. The boat was closer now. He tore a dangling piece of quilted grey material from his left sleeve. "Come closer." He waved the material frantically at what was apparently a motorized pleasure craft.

"Ahooyy." A man's voice, hollow, far, and deep.

"Help! Stop!" The stranded traveler shouted to the ocean.

"Hey, ahoayy," A different voice from the boat. shrill, more feminine, followed by faint group laughter. What was this? They were mocking him! Growing angry and desperate, he cupped his hands to cry out again but a cresting wave tossed him from his perch. Tumbling helpless like a rag doll, his head

bounced off the steel pole behind. Once more he lay unconscious among the slime-covered rocks.

The boat entered the harbor and hooked around so her bow faced the breakwater. Weighing anchor a safe distance from the end, the captain and crew surveyed the long pile for a sign of the figure they had seen clinging to the light pole. Someone on the lower deck spotted a body. The captain radioed the coast guard, "we'll wait here" he said.

"Andrew, Andrew can you hear me? Mr. Rand? Squeeze my hand if you hear me. Andrew?"

He only saw blurred grey and white. Intense light shot in one eye, dark, then again in the other.

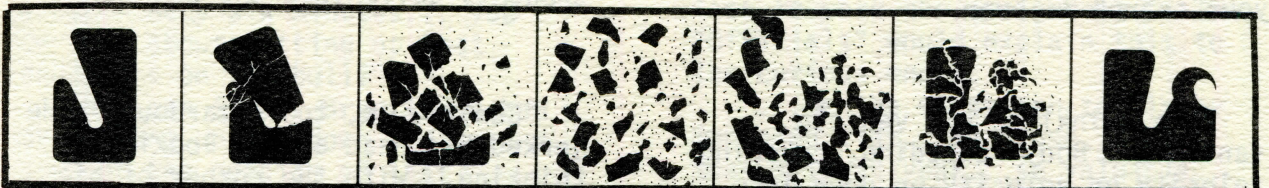
"No dilation...seems to be coming around."



Charles H. Dobson (AR)



Darryl Knoblauch (AR)



K. Logsdon (AR)

The same inquisitive voice seemed very loud now and Andrew's head throbbed with the noise. Shapes, many shapes, poking and probing, coming close, backing away. The bewildering events passed.

"Now where," he moaned almost inaudibly. His half-open eyes were striving to hold focus. They met with someone's concerned but smiling face bent close to his head.

"Relax, you're going to be alright," spoken by a woman in a white uniform dress. Rand felt odd. He thought he knew the comforting face. She was attractive. He was still dazed, first lady in a long time though. Why? He lifted his hand and massaged his gauze-wrapped temples.

"You, you called me Andrew, Andrew what?"

"Rand" she said.

"My name?"

"According to this..."

The woman, a nurse, held up a wallet-size card with a picture on it. He pulled the arm with the card closer. The corner image was a photograph of a newborn child with a dark tuft of hair. It was a Florida hospital infant identification...St. Augustine's General, yes, it was his indeed. The nurse said she would stay awhile to "monitor his condition."

"How'd you get that?" he asked, referring to the card.

"We found it, bone dry in a zippered lining pocket of your thermal suit. Unless you stole it, which I doubt judging by you and the baby's hair..." She reached with her free hand and maternally stroked Andrew's thick black curls. "...Unusual outfit you had on. Dr. Lopera found some burnt material in places. We thought you were a diver who lost his wet suit, but the charred threads kind of rule that out. What were you doing out there, anyway?"

Andrew Rand could not answer. He remembered the rocks, the boat, waves...

"Oh well" she piped up, "Selective Amnesia wouldn't surprise me. You recognized the card, but you've suffered some head injuries. Memory's a delicate thing--wouldn't surprise me at all. No matter... welcome to your "alma mater" Mr. Rand, you're in St. Augustine's Hospital."

"No, come on," Rand exclaimed in astonishment.

"Sure are. And you know," she continued, pointing now to the birthdate line on the yellowing, wrinkled i.d., "this doesn't really speak well of Maternity's Records Department."

"How's that?" Andrew saw nothing unusual. "What'd they do?"

"Well here, look, someone back then was asleep at the typewriter. If we go by this date, you were born next year..."

Rand gave the nurse and the card a double-take.

"No big deal. It probably happens more often nowadays, seeing how this complex has grown. Real inefficient," she brusquely confided.

"Yeah." Andrew was staring intently all the while she spoke. He liked her. She was quite personable for a nurse in such a large, impersonal place.

"You're a real mystery man, you know that."

"How so?"

"Well, we couldn't trace any of your relatives to notify them, first of all. Second, you appear in a bizarre suit on some rocks in the ocean, a good half-mile out from Colony Yacht Club. If you get over this mental block business, come back and talk to me, I'm sure I'd be interested."

He loved her eyes. They were dark, not unlike his own. He was comfortable with her.

"Are you Italian? You were sure a hairy baby. Maybe you had your name shortened from "Randiano" or something. Do you remember where you live?"

"Yes, yes--I mean no..well" he stammered for a second, preoccupied in his infatuation with her. "When will I be released? I mean I don't know where I'll go when I'm released. I don't know where I'll get money."

"You don't know anyone from around here? You must remember someone."

"No, I honestly can't."

She looked to him sympathetically. "If, God forbid, your condition doesn't improve, I'd be glad to help you get settled. I'm pretty alone in this town too, but I've got friends--connections, you know."

"Well--thank you, you really don't...," Andrew hesitated, "... you're a very kind person," he glanced at her name tag, "Jennifer."

"Hey, its nothing really. Don't you worry about it now." She tenderly brushed his cheek with two fingers. "I'm here, try to sleep now, I'll be in tomorrow."

Jennifer searched the mystery man's troubled brown eyes. He beamed her a long, grateful smile as she pressed his forearm in reassurance.

"Goodnight Andrew, tomorrow alright."

He continued to stare as she passed the foot of his bed.

"Goodnight."

It was impossibly easy, almost planned. A romance grew between the nurse and her enigmatic patient with soap opera speed. Jenny would visit his room several times a day, often staying after working hours. She couldn't get enough of him, nor he of her. They seemed to have so incredibly much in common.

The night before Andrew was to leave St. Augustine's, Jennifer stole into his room well past

visitors' curfew. Wedging a chair under the doorhandle to assure their privacy she whispered, "Andrew." He was awake.

"I missed you very much," he said, "how'd you get in?"

"I work here, remember? But never mind." She swallowed.

"You're leaving tomorrow and, well, you know I love you very, very much--I'd like you to stay with me."

It was too perfect Andrew thought to himself. "Of course, Honey, marvelous." It was all he could say. She approached the bed, her graceful form half visible in the blue moonlight.

"I knew if I just waited long enough someone like you would show up." She leaned forward and kissed him delicately, first on the forehead, then on the lips.

"You're a dream, a wonderful dream," Andrew replied. She stayed with him well into the morning.

"Where's Jenny . . ."
The pathetic cry echoed
off the concrete stairs.

Life was bliss, wedded bliss, for the Florida couple. Andrew found a good job, enough to support both of them. This was fortunate when Jennifer had to take sick leave from her nursing duties... she, they, were going to have a baby.

Andrew Rand's wife went into labor precisely on schedule. During the short trip to St. Augustine's

General, Jennifer was in unexpectedly intense pain. Knowing this kept Andrew more than high-strung in the fathers' waiting room. He was anxious for his new child, of course, but, "please God, don't let anything happen to my Jenny."

It happened. Two doctors and a nurse approached from across the room.

"Mr. Rand," one doctor quietly announced. Andrew bolted up and scrutinized the trio with hopeful attention. The nurse was flushed and water-eyed. Andrew knew her--she was a friend of Jennifer's. The doctors looked to each other...an agonizing silence.

"What's wrong!" he blurted. "How's Jenny, the baby?!" One doctor spoke:

"The child is fine Mr. Rand, a healthy seven pound boy."

"And Jenny?" The nurse turned away, openly weeping.

"I'm afraid she's gone, Mr. Rand" the other surgeon said. "Massive internal hemorrhage, it was out of our hands, I'm sorry."

Andrew's fragile, ideal world had been mercilessly yanked from under him, disappearing as swiftly as it came. The sobbing nurse broke in.

"She called him Andy..." but Andrew was in another world.

"Fine, fine" he uttered, dazedly slumping onto a vinyl bench cushion. He sat only a moment until reflexive logic took over to suppress his grief-stricken state.

"Show me my baby."

Once in the maternity ward, someone handed Andrew a piece of paper.

"His certificate, Mr. Rand" said an anonymous voice. He leaned against a large glass pane staring into a bright room. A woman in surgical garb was bent over a bassinette in the back row. Andrew took time to inspect the paper he had been given. In the following

seconds he began to sweat. Andrew Rand beheld in dumbstruck horror a new but perfect duplicate of his own infant identification

This was impossible! He snatched his wallet and fumbled with the contents. The masked woman strode toward the window holding a wrapped infant. He found it, his original i.d.--still on him. But the two documents were one and the same, right down to the birthdate, time, and some doctor's illegible scrawl.

Andrew recoiled from the glass, full face with a ruddy, squinting, squirming newborn. A rubber glove teased the baby's unusual wisp of black hair.

Father dropped his wallet and papers and staggered backward down the hall. He came to a large metal door with one wire mesh window, groped for the knob, and stepped into an emergency stairwell. He stopped on the landing and bent over the rail. The space between the ten flights of stairs tapered down...a corkscrewing black abyss. Andrew was disoriented and confused.

"Where's Jenny, please, Jenny..." The pathetic cry echoed off the concrete stairs. Urgency fell over him, I'm not supposed to be here, he thought. I have to leave here, leave now... His body rolled head first over the smooth steel tube, down and down, life surging out story after story.

Thirty-eight years. An orphan Air Force lieutenant from a small Florida town stands proud at the desk of one of NASA's top brass.

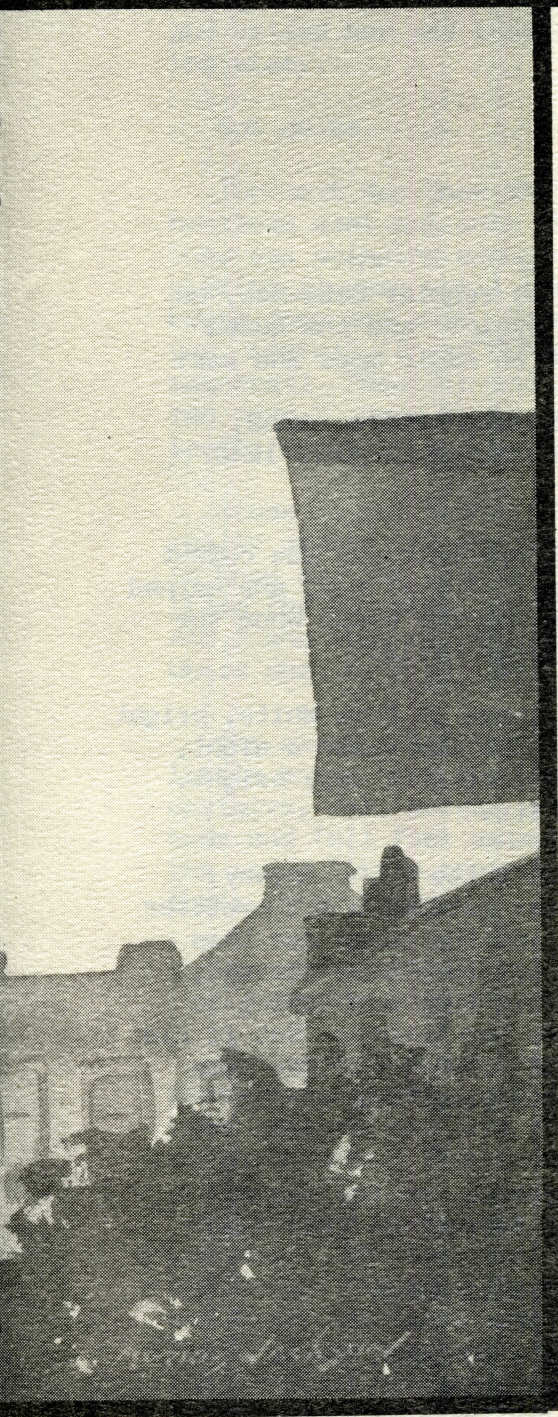
"I hear you have an opening in the program."

"We can't promise you safety, but we guarantee respect..." ▲



SUNSET ON THE WEST SIDE

MORRIS JACKSON



The evening light of the setting sun transforms, for the artist, a commonplace subject to one of pathos and humor. The black silhouette of the roofline in its decay becomes gnomelike and accents the decline of the once elegant victorian houses. The line of the washing tells of the wind that has died down and of the tired housewife who will have to wait for another day to take it in.

This is a realistic picture, a still life, which should stimulate the imagination, it expresses what an art critic once said of a still life by Simeon Harnett, "the fantasticality of the commonplace and the pathos of the discarded."

--Morris Jackson (faculty)

SNOW WHITE

John Mollick (EE)

Once upon a time, a couple of years ago a lovely queen sat sewing, all snug by the fire and whiling away the hours drinking some Chevas Regal. A little stoned, she dreamed, "If only I had a little daughter." A while after a deep religious experience with the king, the queen had a child and named her Snow White.

Well, the queen, drinking too much scotch, soon died (a real classy death, Chevas, you know) and Snow White's father, King White, was indeed bummed.

But after a couple of years King White got married again, to a really pretty bride, but a real bitch.

Her name was Queen "Isabellamotserellalookoutfoyoass," or just Bitcherella for short. (I have a hunch that this is the same gal who did that part of the evil stepmother in that glorious epic "Cinderella." Ah, well, those people have to eat, too.) This queen was a real slave to fashion. I mean that she would spend lotsa bucks on some fancy new dress and get all dressed up to admire herself. And just to get into herself more, she'd make her servants set up the camera to her Sony Beta-Max and have a two-hour posing session. Well, after a year's time she had about seventy to eighty of those two-hour tapes all in different clothes. So anytime she wanted to admire herself, she wouldn't have to get all dressed up to look in the mirror, all she had to do was pop in the correct tape and just sit back and wallow. (She sure had it down when it came to efficient snobbery.)

This was no regular Beta-Max, no sir, it was Magic! and the queen would put it on magic mode and ask:

Camera, camera, on the stand,
Who is the fairest in this land?

If the camera said she was cutest she was happy. But if not, she earned her name and had the woman whom the camera mentioned killed.

Ah! then there is Snow White, bright as a light. She was quite a sight, just the right height, very bright, and no overbite.

Yeah, Snow White . . . Anyway, Snow White was getting a lot prettier by the day, and the queen saw this and reduced her to a mere servant, dressing her in rags and trying to make her lose her beauty. But it did not work, and finally the day came when the Queen asked the mirror again:

Camera, camera, on the stand,
Who is the fairest in this land?

And the camera said:

Well, she's so cute, she's
quite a sight.
You know you're beat, 'cause
she's Snow White!

Well, the queen got mad, and called the huntsmen to her. "Nail this chick!" she said, "and bring me back her heart in this jeweled box." The huntsman, who could not do any-

thing but follow the order, went out and killed her and that is the end of the story.

Not quite.

The next day Snow White and the huntsman went out into the forest. Snow was skipping along quite gaily picking flowers until the huntsman broke down and said, "I cannot kill you, toots!" (These huntsmen, no manners!) "Beat it and I'll say you ran away." Snow White was grateful to the huntsman and he promptly left.

Alone in the forest, Snow White was really scared, so she started getting to know all the woodland creatures (Elmo the chipmunk, Debbie the deer, etc.) and they all showed her a place where she could get some help.

The animals led her to a sweet little house here she soon found the upstairs, fell across seven little beds and fell fast asleep. Meanwhile, the seven little men came home singing their happy tune:

Oreo, oreo,
From Kee-bler we go!

Now we know where those elves came from. Right, well, the elves came home and saw Snow White sleeping on their beds. They woke her up.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I know who you are." She had read the names on the beds. "Your're Ropey and Sleezy and Sappy and Dumpy and Post Hoc and Trashful and Creepy!" Snow White told the elves of the evil plot against her so the elves decided she could stay with them. She fixed them a dinner that couldn't be beat, then had a ho-down just for some fun, and after a couple of kegs of Molson everybody went to bed. (Snow White slept on the couch. This is a family story, you know.) So instead of going to work the next day, the elves stayed home and built Snow a big bed so



Gail Nastwold (Staff)

she wouldn't have to sleep on the couch. (Besides, nobody could get up after that party, anyway!) Everything was great for a couple of weeks --and then the next paragraph sets in.

Bitcherella had learned that Snow White was still alive and registering on her magic Beta-Max. So she disguised herself as an old woman (a close match) and started off to the elves' house. When the elves left Snow that morning they said to be careful of strangers, especially evil queens dressed up as old bags (or is that old bags dressed up as evil queens? or is it the other way around in reverse? who knows? who cares?) and Snow said she would be careful.

Well, you remember it from here. The first person to stop by was the Avon lady. Living around all those little men took a lot out of Snow's face. But no apples were exchanged. Then the Fuller Brush Man stopped by,

but she didn't need anything, and he didn't have any apples either. Finally the Dick Dastardly of this story rolled by and offered Snow an apple. She accepted the apple, took one bite, and fell lifeless to the floor.

The Queen thought she'd gotten away with this . . . Hah! as soon as she stepped into the forest, all those innocent, kind and gentle woodland creatures (the animal brigade) jumped her, beat the hell out of her, threw her over a cliff, and she was never seen or heard from again. The elves, not knowing what else to do, put Snow on a bed of gold and crystal.

Then one day, a prince strolled by--strong in build and gentle-to-not-so-gentle in touch (a real animal). He looked upon Snow's seemingly comatose form and fell madly in love. He dismounted his horse and gave her a long, sloppy (but passionate) kiss. Snow woke up and continued kissing the prince . . . and continued . . . and continued . . . and continued (these princesses, pretty loose!). After a while, seeing how they liked each other and all, they waved goodbye to the elves and sauntered off into the sunset. ▲

THE END OF LOVE

When the chains of the world are broken
 And the earth is flooded with fire
 And the ultimate word unspoken
 Dies on the lips of desire,
 Then love that was lighted with wonder
 And toil that was troubled with tears
 Will be carelessly trampled under
 With the dust of the blowing years;
 And whatever the sum of your sorrow
 And no matter how heavy your grief
 They will be as the wind tomorrow
 Or the sigh of a falling leaf.
 They will be as the wind tomorrow
 Or the flame at the candle's end
 And love will be none to borrow
 And grief will be none to spend.

For love is the substance of all things hoped for
 And evidence of things not seen.
 Yes, love is the substance of things hoped for
 And the evidence of things to be.

--Walt Daney (Ar)

THE GOLDEN SQUARES

Lynn Roberts (Hu)

When I was a kid, we did not have a place to go after the camel polo games on Friday nights. A few of the kids would hide behind the chariots and drink a little of the old fermented eucalyptus juice. However, that really was not my crowd. But these kids today, they have it made. Just pack as many people possible into the chariot and they are off to McNoah's.

That's right, McNoah's. The franchise owner wanted to name the place after me, because I was the very man who built the city. (Where he got the "Mc" I'll never know.) Anyway, McNoah's is a fast food place and you can have it your way then be on your way in a half and hour. The restaurant serves the most tantalizing camel burgers in town. They are made with 100% camel meat and they taste fantastic.

Although McNoah's is packed every Friday night after the game with kids from the high school, there seems to be a large majority of our city's family population on the other weeknights. The food must not be the only good factor at this fast paced restaurant. The restaurant has a structural attraction as well. For the younger kids, McNoah's provides a playtime as well as a mealtime. Outside the restaurant itself, several playthings have been constructed. The brontosaurus skeleton apparently is the most popular climbing apparatus. The kids climb up the ribs of the dinosaur and then slide down the backbone. All of the children find great joy in each trip to McNoah's.

However, the mothers do have a chance to enjoy McNoah's also. I would imagine most of the wives enjoy bringing the family to McNoah's because of the pleasant atmosphere. As the family enters the restaurant, a warm euphoria can be sensed. The children, are treated with as much respect by the friendly hostess as the parents, making the restaurant enjoyable for everyone. It really has the pleasant surroundings to make a place popular. The comfortable tables and chairs are tastefully painted in dove white and olive green. There are areas which will seat two, ten, or twenty. The larger tables are usually occupied by those rambunctious teen-agers straight from the exciting camel polo game. Lighting in a family restaurant is always important to mothers for some unknown reason. So McNoah's has pottery oil lamps on each of the tables. On the larger tables the lamps have seven wicks to provide the best lighting so it is possible to see everyone around the table.

Well, McNoah's is certainly an interesting restaurant. The food is good and the atmosphere is pleasant. The children like McNoah's because they have a place to play, the mothers like McNoah's because there is a place for the children to play and because of the nutritious camel burgers. The teen-agers like it because it is close to the high school, it is inexpensive, and it is a great meeting place for after the games. But me . . . well, I like McNoah's because of the golden squares looming above the restaurant. ▲

REALITY

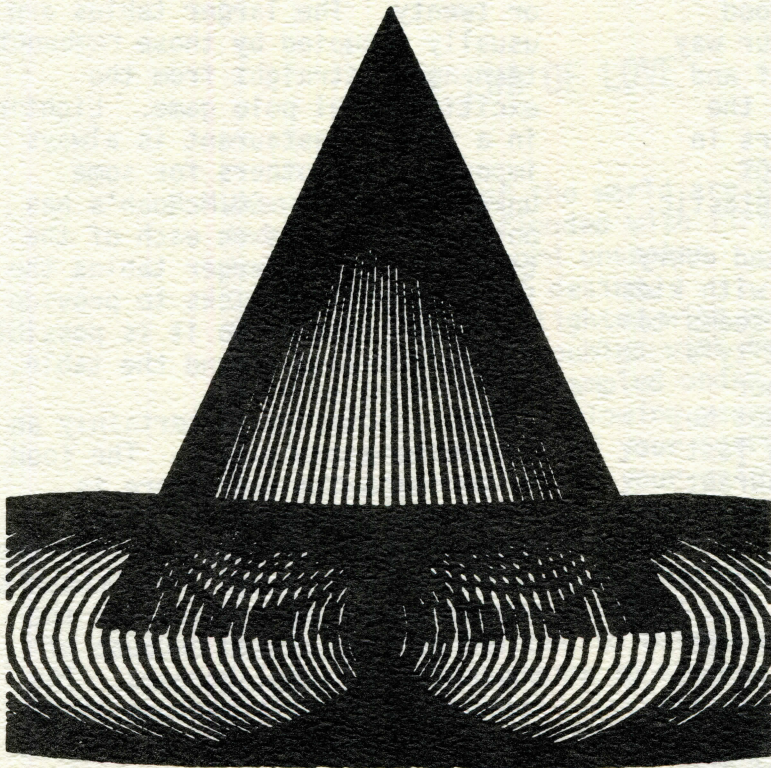
Form, Ideas & Concepts are illusions.
Material fact is changing fast.
Material fact is solid thought in motion.
Illusion moving twice as fast.

--L. B. Smith (Ar)

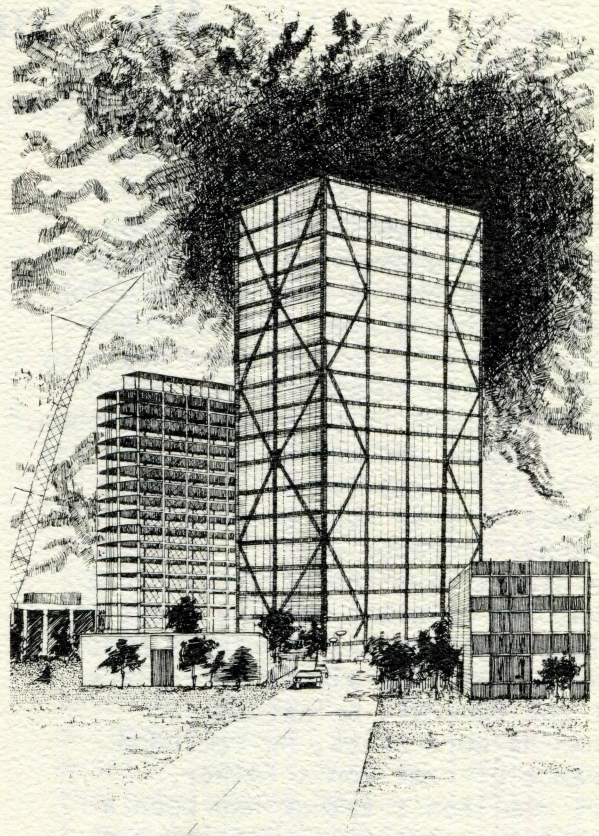
HISTORY

Creative genius lurks behind tradition,
Avant garde behind "Old Hat."
Newer things are based on old assumptions.
Answers, for questions never asked,
Hide in questions of the past.

--L. B. Smith (Ar)



Lucy King (Faculty)



J. Bailageen (AR)

PAVEMENT

I was the grass
You once walked on, cooled your feet

I was the grass

Home of the toad, lair of the hare.
The plate of sheep, the blanket of
graveyards.

A thousand species, a billion blades
All gone now, vanished

Where is the grass?

I am pavement now.

--George Koproicz (Ch)

ME

I am the pavement.
People step on me--
Walk on me,
But I bear their weight
And even wear down
The soles of their shoes,
Yet, when the strain is too great,
I crack.

--Linda Vano (Ph)

THE STRANGER

Jim Schneider (Ar)

I

"You know why I've called you here." said Hamilton. He stared at his caretaker. A look of confusion returned his glare. "Oh confound your idiocy. You must have heard by now. Heaven knows I've had seven reports about it this past afternoon."

"I hoped you wanted to play a bit of chess." replied Mr. Crabbe slowly. "I've even brought some brandy." Crabbe was ill at ease. He didn't have the slightest idea what his boss was talking about. Also, Hamilton was wearing a black suit. Hamilton always wore black at the funerals he attended. When he wore black, he reminded Crabbe of Hamilton's father. Mr. Hamilton's father had been a terror, a powerful outspoken man taken to raving at his caretakers.

"I'm speaking of the graves in the east sector," continued Hamilton, "the ones on the ridge. They've caved in because of the heavy rains this morning. Even some coffins have been exposed."

"Those were dug before my time." protested Crabbe. Crabbe was correct in this. The graves on the ridge dated from the 1890's, 50 years before his time. Hamilton couldn't suppress a smile at this defense.

"Well, please look into the matter tomorrow," he said. "Heaven knows such things always happen on the fourth of May."

"Indeed," replied the caretaker knowing the superstition his boss alluded to. "Chess and brandy then?"

"Yes," nodded Hamilton. "Let me change from this stuffy suit and I'll fetch the sandwiches I've made. I've the black pieces tonight, so I'm assured of victory."

"Ay," said Crabbe. "Black's always lucky for me to."

II

Paul liked the cemetery, especially at night. This oddity was the basis of his reputation at school.

"Don't go out at night or 'Black Paul' will get ya." was what they said. Paul enjoyed this. It seemed appropriate that the most powerful eleven-year old should have such a name.

When he was up on the ridge in the cemetery at night, he felt powerful. Later, when the lights of the town below went out, he felt more powerful still.

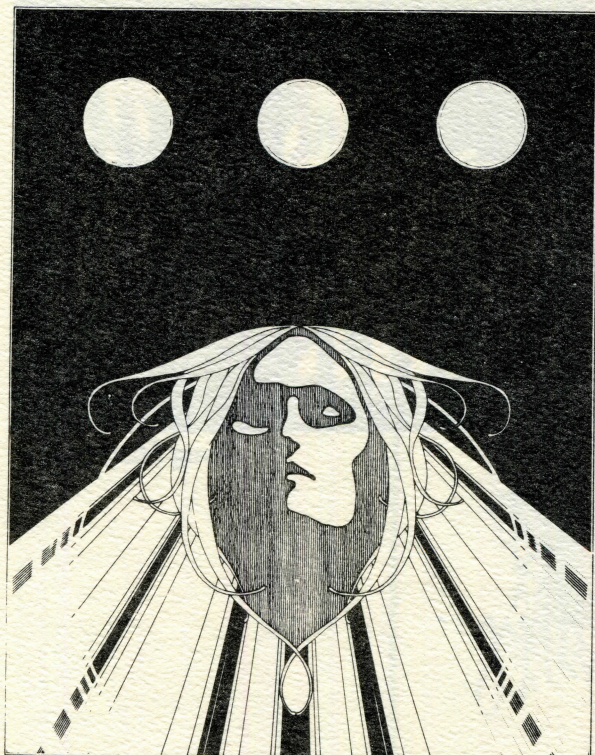
Tonight was different. The stars were shining brightly and Paul was crying.

Paul had run up the path to the ridge and hadn't seen the holes in time. He fell into one of the holes and landed on a wooden box. His knee broke through the box which ripped his trousers and tore the skin of his knee apart so that the wound bled profusely. The struggle to free the knee culminated in a mighty pull that caused terrible pain in his knee and left a gaping hole in the box.

Paul had never seen a skull before. The sight of this one, covered with his own blood, sent him screaming and clammering from the hole. As he got out, he put his full weight on his weakened leg. A bone snapped and Paul fell with a cry. His head hit a stone opening a gash over his eyes. The last thing he saw was the dark silhouettes of trees holding back the starlight.

Before the mixture of blood and tears in his eyes blinded him, he lost consciousness.

Now Paul was awake. His head pounded, his broken leg stabbed him with pain, and he was crying.



Jean LaMarache (AR)

"Young man, why are you crying?"

Paul felt a terrible chill going through him. He wanted to run, but his leg gave a violent protest. Paul then looked out toward the voice.

Nothing was apparent at first.

Then a tall figure dressed in tattered black clothes formed from the tree shadows. The figure was carrying a long, rectangular box over his shoulder. Paul quit crying when he saw the box. It was the very box he had fallen on. The figure's black eyes stared at him.

"Young man why are you crying?" repeated the stranger.

"Ah, your leg is hurt." The stranger came forward, put the box down carefully, and began to dress Paul's leg. Paul could see through the hole in the box his knee had made. Nothing was there now.

Paul looked at the stranger as the stranger worked on the damaged leg. The stranger met his gaze and smiled in reply. The stranger's smile revealed something fascinating to Paul.

"You've a wolf smile..." he started. Paul was immediately red with embarrassment because of the stupidity of the statement. He feared the stranger would be insulted and strike him.

"What?" questioned the stranger, a bit puzzled. But the stranger soon realized what Paul spoke of and instead of insulted, he was amused.

"Surely," the stranger said, smiling, "your parents will be happy at your return. They must be worried."

"All I got is a mom," said Paul. "Her and Dad never married." Paul could hardly believe what he had revealed. This fact he had guarded from everyone, yet the stranger's stare was all the stranger needed to get Paul's most concealed secret.

"So you're also someone's bastard," said the stranger. "No, don't mistake me young man, I refer to myself. What's more my father was the same and my mother was the same. I am a bastard born from a bastard's liason with a bitch. An insult to Heaven."

Paul was amazed at this.

The stranger stood up, looking taller, stronger, more terrible than a moment ago.

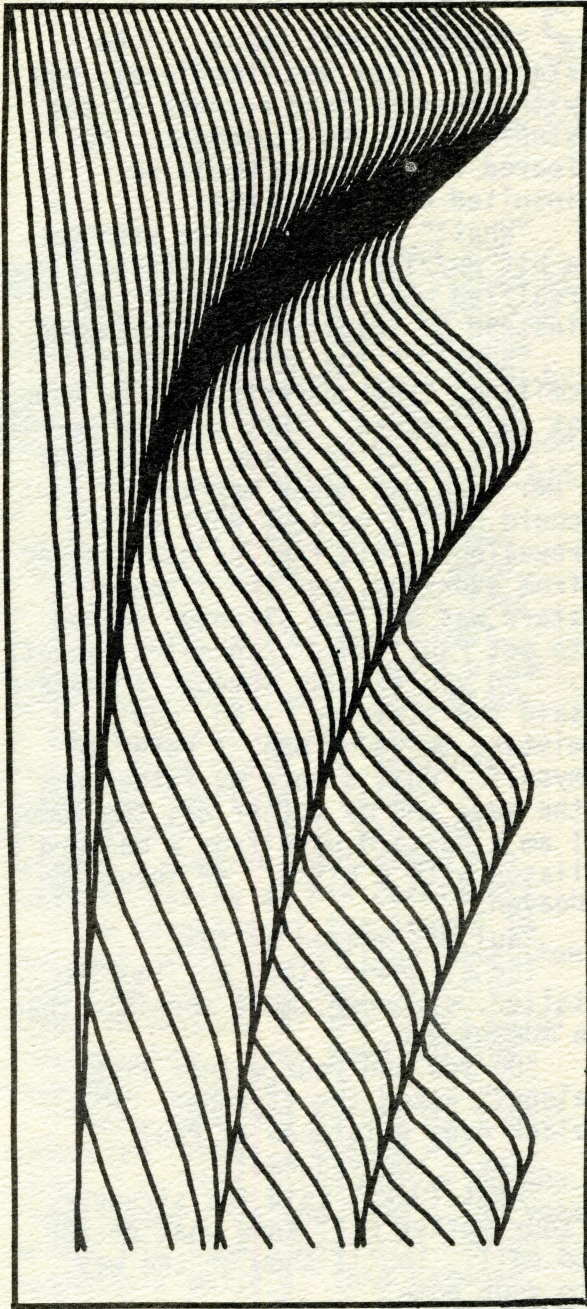
"Do you and your mother live alone?" asked the stranger. His black eyes glistened at Paul.

"Yes," replied Paul.

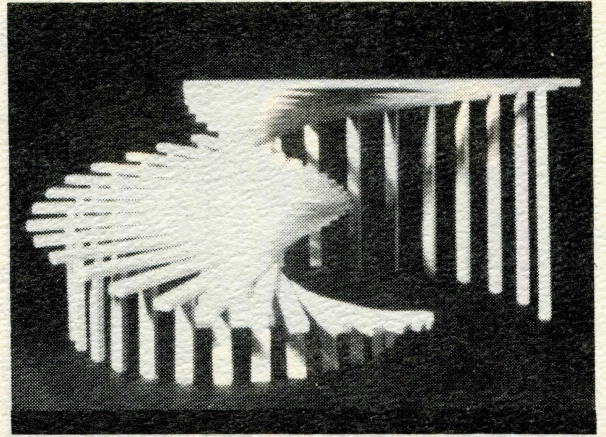
"What luck," said the stranger. "Your mother will know what doctor to call. You'll show me the way to your home."

With that, the stranger lifted Paul up on his shoulder, lifted the long box and began to walk toward town. Before them, Paul saw that it had grown very dark. Clouds had covered the sky and blackened the starlight.





Don Rose (AR)

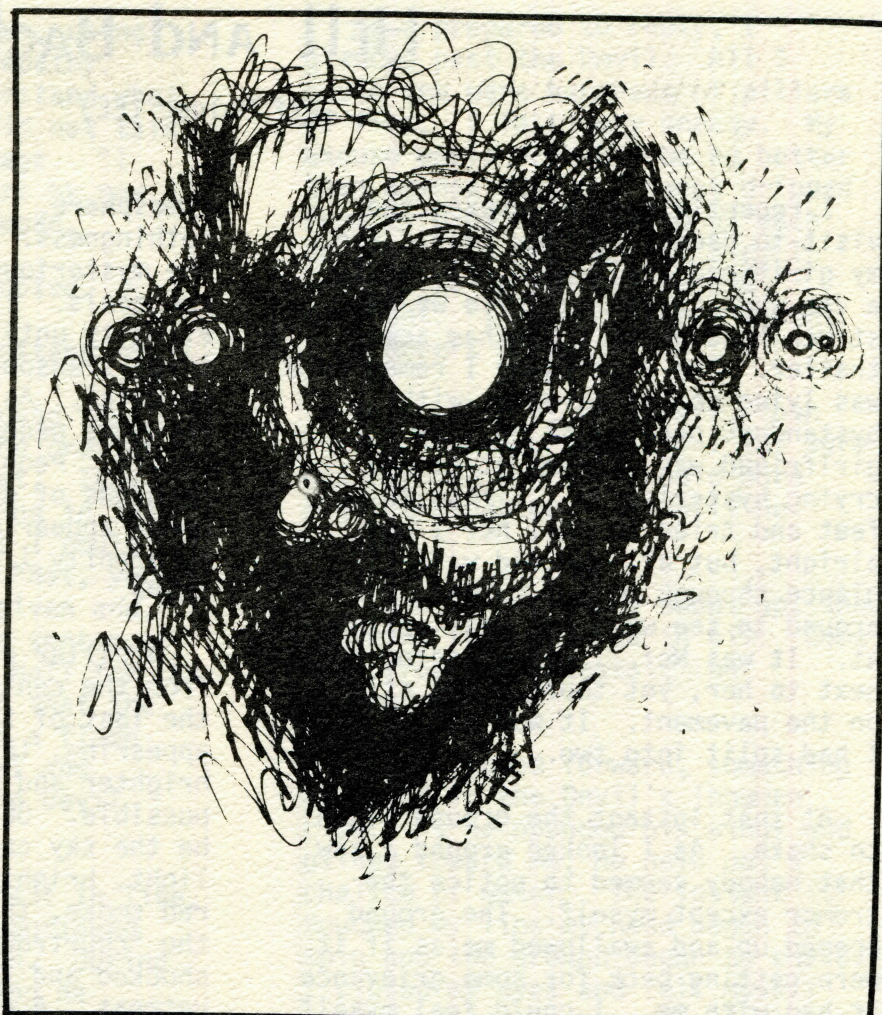


Doug Hart (AR)

DRK-009

Deadly machine
 in the night.
 Ghostly wonder
 of metal and power.
 Beautiful machine
 haunting to believe.
 Not really there
 just as you see.
 The power of thought
 what imagination might
 do to a man's mind
 in the middle of night
 With blood on it's seat
 and a stench in the air
 a twisted metal wreck.
 Then nothing is there.
 Or, could it be
 in somebody's memory?
 But its here'
 just as
 before!

--Mike Gerich (EE)



Jean LaMarche (AR)

NIGHT

Page numbers crawl across the page.
 Characters consume my book.
 Paragraphs slide into view.
 Phrases creep out of focus.
 Sentences shout absent meanings.
 Participles dangle on hangmen's ropes:
 Even the margin is lost.

My eyes are besieged by words.
 My brain is drowning in logic.

God knows if I shall pass.

--L.B. Smith (Ar)

HELL AND BACK

Jeff Molner (EE)

I recently made an unexpected visit to Hades. On New Year's Eve my girlfriend and I were driving in a van when to our surprise we were struck head-on by a Chatham semi-trailer. The next thing I remembered was lying on the pavement with bystanders peering at me. My girlfriend was staring at me and crying hysterically. I rose to my feet and tried to tell her I was alright, but all she did was glance through me. I turned around to see what she was looking at. It was Me! I was standing right next to her, yet there I was still on the pavement. It was as though I had split into two.

At that instant the ground began to shake. As I looked around I saw that nobody seemed to notice the tremor except myself. The ground opened up and swallowed me as if it were getting back for some grievance it had with me. I could feel myself falling. My whole life passed in front of me. At that moment I finally realized what was happening. I was plummeting toward Hades. But WHY? What had I done? The molten rocks passed faster and faster. The crack was just big enough for me to fit through. I seemed to blend into the rocks. A terrible burning sensation went through me as the hairs on my arms singed.

Finally I came to a sudden halt on what seemed to be ground. I again felt a tortuous pain. What I had thought to be ground was actually flaming red-hot coals. I leaped to my feet and began running, trying to soothe my burning toes. I noticed, as I ran, that everything around was bright red. A red, foggy mist covered the entire

atmosphere. It was complete nothingness. All I could see was the mysterious fog and the glowing red coals. I ran for what seemed an eternity until, in a quick flash, I was transported to a round red pedestal. As I looked around, I saw more pedestals arranged in a circle. People, animals, and hundreds of other types of creatures began appearing one by one. Apparently I was the first one there.

A pillar of red smoke shot up from the center of the circle. As the last of the prisoners were appearing, the red pillar turned brighter and denser than seemed possible. Out of what seemed to be the sky came a blinding bolt of light, brighter than the brightest red smoke, that hit the center of the "courtroom." Everyone was shocked and tried vainly to retreat. A gravitational force kept us all in place on our pedestals. Everyone looked in awe at what was appearing before us. The lights were now dark and a beam of red light streaked up from the pillar.

This light revealed a man-like creature with wings and tail. This demon creature was apparently the Devil. His pearly white fangs stood out clearly against the blood seething over his parched lips. His nose was long and pointed and a beam of red light shot from each eye. His eyes seemed to hypnotize everyone present. His ears were on the top of his head and pointing toward the unsuspecting world above. His red beard shone brightly in the light.

Finally he spoke to us, using some sort of mental telepathy. Everyone seemed to understand what he was saying, yet he did not talk in any individual language. "I am sure you are all aware by now of where you are," he began.

"Sir . . ." I interrupted.

"Silence!" was his instant reply

He then proceeded around the circle, starting with the creature next to me. It was a rat. They seemed to be communicating in the language of the rat, but I could understand every word. "Rat, your bad deeds cannot be forgiven and, therefore, you are being sentenced to burn in the fires of Hell for the rest of eternity!" With that the rat began to run wild as a flame shot up from the pedestal and burned continuously. The Devil smiled ruthlessly.

I wondered if I was next in line. I was relieved when he continued in the opposite direction. During each period of questioning he allowed the creature to say his last words. Not that it did any good.

I was in no hurry to be next, but my turn soon came. I realized the Devil was tired of hearing excuses. Since most of the prisoners were human beings, he had little patience by the time he got to me. At last given the chance to speak, I asked, "Sir, why am I here? I did not do anything wrong. What could I have done?"

Sarcastically he replied, "If you are so good, the only reason I can think of is that you must not have returned your library books. Ha! Ha! Ha!" He composed himself, then faced me directly. "My records show me that you, George Robert, have committed murder!"

As I prepared to reply, I glanced past the Devil. All I could see were hundreds of pillars of fire. I felt very uneasy. My excuse would probably be no better than anyone else's. Sweat dripped from my brow and sizzled as each drop hit the pedestal. "Sir, I would like to set the record straight. I am not George Robert. I am Robert George!"

He scowled at my answer, then looked at me so intently I was sure his burning red eyes would bore right through me. Abruptly he turned.

"When my secretary shows up, she is going to be boiled in oil. Come down from the pedestal," he commanded.

As I stepped forward, something appeared in the Devil's inhuman claw. As he pounded his wings and glided toward me, he held out a chalice of water. The instant it touched my lips my head began to spin and the ground began to shake. I closed my eyes and felt myself sucked violently upward. I blacked out.

I opened my eyes as if awakening from an eternal rest. As I looked around, it seemed as though I had been the victim of a terrible accident. My girlfriend was smiling and exuberantly hugging me. "We thought you were dead," she cried.

I responded slowly, "I guess I must have been knocked unconscious. I don't remember a thing."

"Do you have any apparent injuries?" interrupted a helpful doctor on the scene.

I surveyed my body. Only the hair on my arms was singed. ▲



A. Rajatasilpin (AR)

QUERIES

I was not filled with confusion.
I was filled with questions.

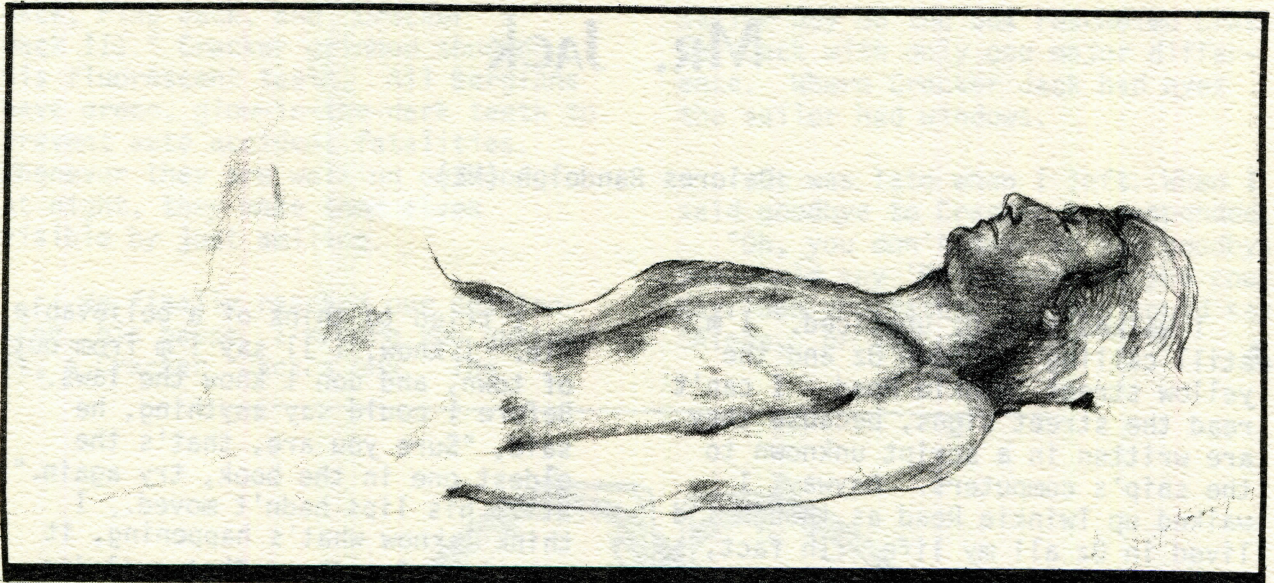
It was not that I did not
understand.
It was that I did not know.

Now there are answers.
for many questions
Still there are questions
left unanswered.

You hold the answers in your eyes.
You bring the questions with your
touch.

Still, you know not love.

--L.B. Smith (Ar)



A. Rajatasilpin (AR)



Esmail Tasoojy (AR)

MR. JACK

Delores Randolph (ME)

I walked into Oz unnoticed. I'm still calling the town Oz and the yellow street Twinkie Road. I can't read the street signs, because they are written in a script unknown to the ship's computers. Anyway, I walked up Twinkie Road as though I'd lived in Oz all my life. In fact, I reached the Ronald McDonald Statue without receiving a second glance from my Oz citizen. Why do I get all the jobs like this? Well, it's something to do between paychecks. What do I do now? Stand here "inconspicuously" staring at Ronald's big red feet? The town square could have been a park back on Earth, except there are no benches or picnic tables, not even an ant. There is lots of space and quiet though, which makes it a nice place to spend a lazy day. I think I'll just lean against this Lifesaver tree and observe the people going by. A man and woman pass by. They both look at me, but say nothing. Suddenly I hear a voice. "That will be eighty-four dollars and twenty-seven cents!" the voice said.

"Can't you read?" said an odd looking man. He is about five feet tall and very thin. From the left pocket of his oversized shirt he took out a pack of Kools and lit a cigarette. But he wasn't paying attention to what he was doing and put the lit cigarette into his pocket. Then he started to puff on the half full pack of cigarettes. I laughed at him, so he said gruffly, "No leaning."

"What?" I asked. I'd heard him the first time, I just couldn't believe my eyes. His mouth hadn't moved!

I tried to think of a believable lie. I know, I'll say I'm from out of town, and don't know the laws. Before I could say anything, he said, "Sure you are, that's the oldest one in the book, try again." Still his lips hadn't moved. I think I know what's happening, it must be telepathy. That explains why I can't read the signs but can understand what he's saying. I looked him straight in the eyes for what seemed like five minutes. I could feel him reading my thoughts.

"My name is Cracker Jack Junior. But you can call me C.J., or you can call me C.J.J., or you can call me... "I'll call you Mr. Jack, alright?" I said. "No, he said, you can call me junior, or you can call me Junior Jack, but you don't have to call me Mr. Jack. So, I gather you're from Earth." "Right," I said, "how would your people feel about my being here?" "We won't mind, not at all, as you can see we kind of like Earthlings."

"By the way," I said, "what is the name of this city?" "Well, we call it Kroy Wen, but you can call it Wen Kroy, or you can call it New Kroy, or you can call it New York if you like," he elaborated.

I realized my luck, Cracker Jack was on my side. We walked down the street "thinking" to each other. Compared to an Earthman, I'd say he was about thirty-five years old.

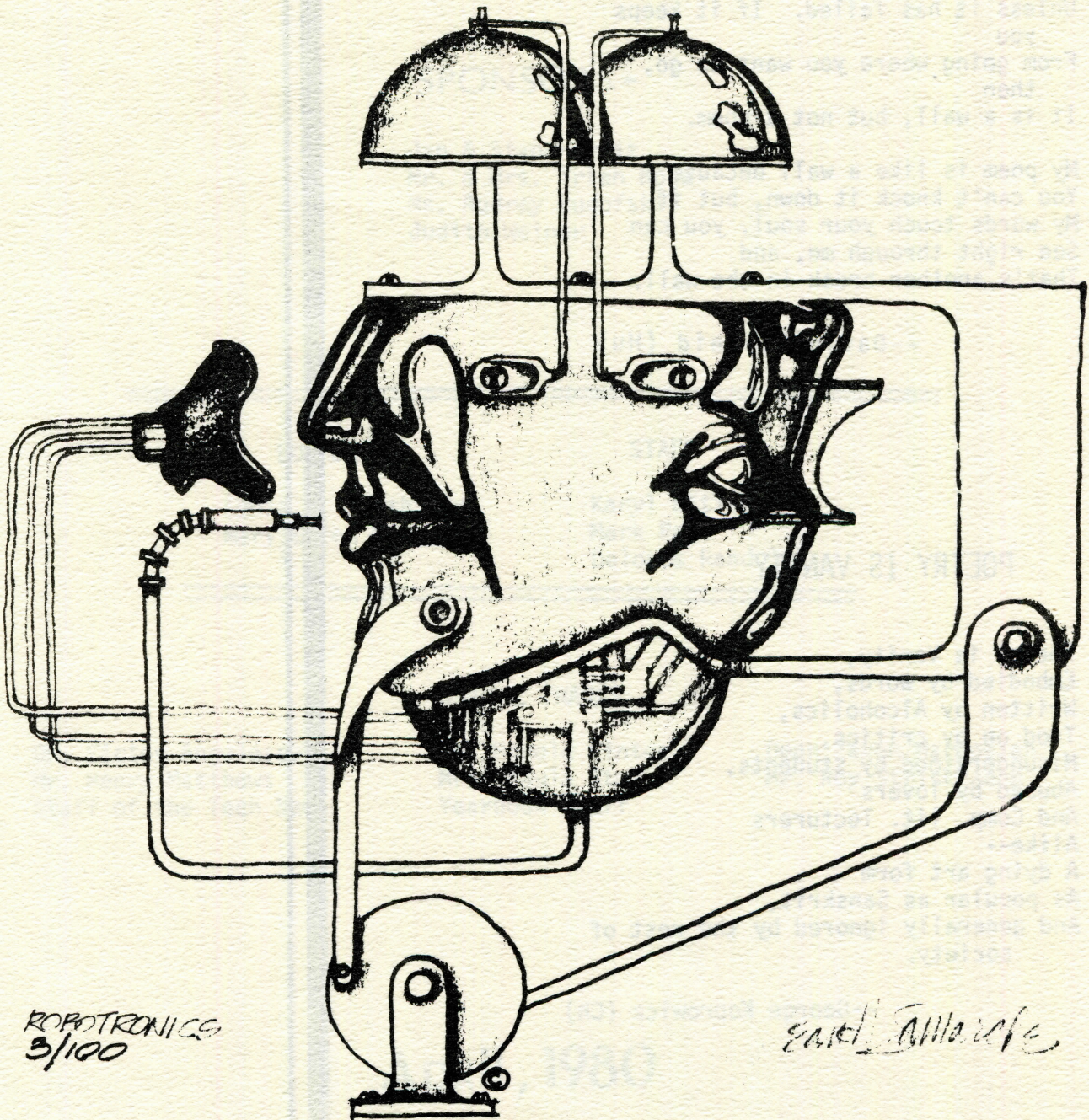
"You're close," he thought, "I'm thirty-seven. I'm married. My wife is the daughter of Mr. Jax C. Wash. We have four children and their names are: Apple Jack, Jumping

Jack, Flap Jack, and Cracker Jack III." Cracker grinned showing his fluorescent teeth. All Bergians have green, glow-in-the-dark teeth to prevent auto accident fatalities. Whenever they are walking outdoors at night, they make themselves visible by just smiling.

We finally reached our destination, his house. I'm sure you guessed it, a Cracker Jack's box. The

sailor boy on the box resembled Cracker Jack with only one major difference. Where Cracker Jack had eyes the sailor had windows.

It was late when I left. When I said goodbye to Cracker he responded, "Oh, you don't have to say goodbye, you could say 'So long,' or you could say 'See you later,' or you could say 'Aloha,' or you could say ▲



POEMS

Poems are for a variety of reasons,
Written for expressions unending.

I used to hide behind my poems,
Like a wall, I would build a poem,
And there it stood, while I was safe
From those who meant to read it.

But a poem cannot be like a wall
Unless it has failed. If it keeps
you
From going where you want to go,
then
It is a wall, but not a poem.

My poem is like a wall because
You can't knock it down, but if
My words touch your soul, you can
See right through me, and
That's another break in the wall.

--David C. Reid (Hu)

POETRY IS VANITY

Poetry is Vanity,
Embodied by words,
Written by Alcoholics,
Trod on by critics,
Misunderstood by students,
Abused by lovers
And Comp. lit. Tecturers
Alike--
A dying art form
As popular as Sanskrit,
And generally ignored by the rest of
society.

--George Koprowicz (Ch)

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