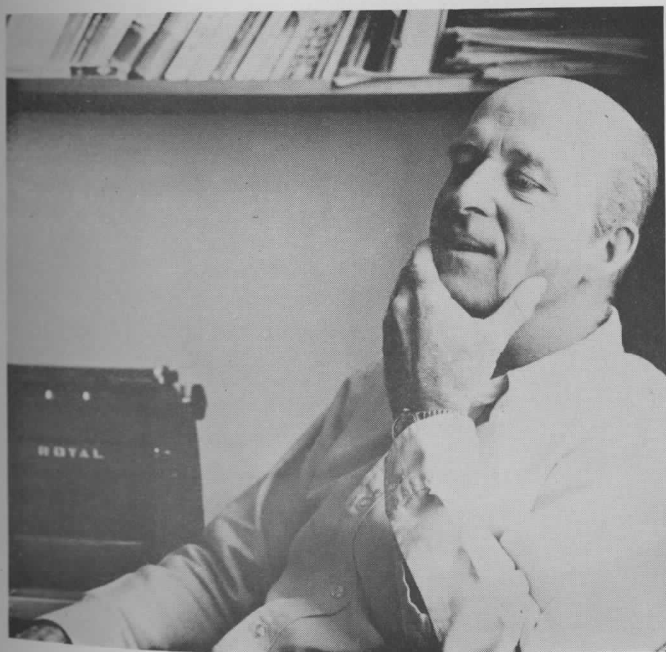
Spring 1972
v.18

to P. L. B. :

EXILE '72



"I have seen that more depends

Upon my view of others

Than upon their view of me."

to Paul Bennet,

founder of Exile,

teacher, 25 years.

The MAN AND HIS TABLE

for P. B.

The seven oak slats nailed roughly into a circle
on a singular wrought iron stem
it is a flatheaded mushroom
extending transverse hyphae into nearby fields
transmitting whatever is spilled here -
wine, food, ink, or blood -
to the xylem of native and transplanted trees,
so their leaves form true crescents
and do not fold back upon themselves.

Such a table can exist only on the earth rim
of Einstien's relative dish,
its nurturing fibres converging at the center
of the bowl into which a yellow apple rolls
each evening; the sound of its weighted
irregular form is heard by the man who sits
at this table, who also - hearing the noon whistle -
thinks of a youth in a coalshaft
unpeeling an orange
testing with his teeth
the tensile strength of segments held
in their net of velocities, until the flat world
turns round again.

For twenty five years his forum
the seven pillars laid on their sides
receiving spores of his laughter -
it is finally a table,
the caligraphy of the surface held level by gravity.
Here at the edge, you can see where the hooked finger
drew across the grain, lifting a splinter,
expressing white meat of wood
with this dark stain on the day
his son returned a victim of night-fright:
"Ten years ago I thought he had grown from it,
but now I must hold his head -
his hands clasped where the shrapnel
made him clutch at sleep -
and tomorrow without any rest
without even a troubled sleep,
I must somehow open the furrows -
the season will not wait."

A. D. Werder '73

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Spring 1972 *Volume 18*

Denison University, Granville, Ohio

Ours

was what they'd call

a barren sort of life

who'd watch from grass-clad hills

through polished glass and crystalline

our battered carousel----our futile

grasping at the brass ring

always

just beyond

our reach

And, naive,

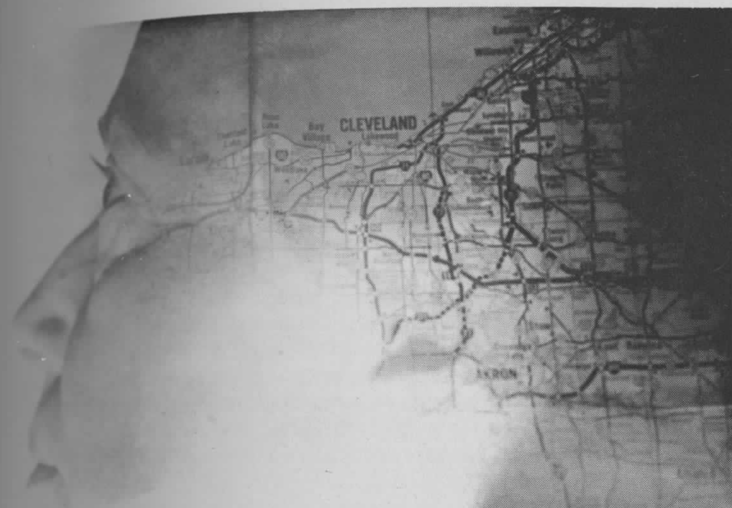
they'd call it poverty

who'd never see the rich we felt

because, though divers storms besest us,

we had love.

Debra Tucker '75



EYES

Clark Blaise '61

You jump into this business of a new country cautiously. First you choose a place where English is spoken, with doctors and bus-lines at hand, and a supermarket in a centre d'achats not too far away. You ease yourself into the city, approaching by car or bus down a single artery, aiming yourself along the boulevard that begins small and tree-lined in your suburb but broadens into the canyoned aorta of the city five miles beyond. And by that first winter when you know the routes and bridges, the standard congestions reported from the helicopter on your favorite radio station, you start to think of moving. What's the good of a place like this when two of your neighbors have come from Texas and the French paper you've dutifully subscribed to arrives by mail two days late? These French are all around you, behind the counters at the shopping center, in a house or two on your block; why isn't your little boy learning French at least? Where's the nearest *maternelle?* Four miles away.

In the spring you move. You find an apartment on a small side-street where dogs outnumber children and the row houses resemble London's, divided equally between the rundown and remodelled. Your neighbors are the young personalities of French television who live on delivered chicken, or the old pensioners who shuffle down the summer sidewalks in pajamas and slippers in a state of endless recuperation. Your neighbors pay sixty a month for rent, or three hundred; you pay two-fifty for a two-bedroom flat where the walls

have been replastered and new fixtures hung. The bugs *d'antan* remain, as well as the hulks of cars abandoned in the fire-alley behind, where downtown drunks sleep in the summer night.

Then comes the night in early October when your child is coughing badly, and you sit with him in the darkened nursery, calm in the bubbling of a cold-steam vaporiser while your wife mends a dress in the room next door. And from the dark, silently, as you peer into the ill-lit-fire-alley, he comes. You cannot believe it a first, that a rhumy, pasty-faced Irishman in slate-gray jacket and rubber-soled shoes has come purposely to *your* small parking space, that he has been here before and he is not drunk (not now at least, but you know him as a panhandler on the main boulevard a block away) that he brings with him a crate that he sets on end under your bedroom window and raises himself to your window ledge and hangs there nose-high at a pencil of light from the ill-fitting blinds. And there you are, straining with him from the uncurtained nursery, watching the man watching your wife, praying silently that she is sleeping under the blanket. The man is almost smiling, a leprechaun's face that sees what you cannot. You are about to lift the window and shout, but your wheezing child lies just under you; and what of your wife in the room next door? You could, perhaps, throw open the window and leap to the ground, tackle the man before he runs and smash his face into the bricks, beat him senseless then call the cops... Or better, find the camera, afix the flash, rap once at the window and shoot when he turns. Do nothing and let him suffer. *He is at your mercy*, no one will ever again be so helpless--but what can you do? You know, somehow, he'll escape. If you hurt him, he can hurt you worse, later, viciously. He's been a regular at your window, he's watched the two of you when you prided yourself on being young and alone and masters of the city; he knows your child and the park he plays in, your wife and where she shops. He's a native of the place, a man who knows the city and maybe a dozen such windows, who knows the fire-escapes and alleys and roofs, knows the habits of the city's heedless young.

And briefly you remember yourself an adolescent in another country slithering through the mosquito-ridden grassy fields behind a housing development, peering into those houses where newlyweds had not yet put up drapes, how you could spend five hours in a motionless crouch for a myopic glimpse of a slender arm reaching from the dark to douse a light. Then you hear what the man cannot; the creaking of your bed in the far bedroom, the steps of your wife on her way to the bathroom, and you see her as you never have before: blond and tall and rangily-built, a north-Europe princess from a constitutional monarchy, sensuous mouth and prominent teeth, pale, tennis-ball breasts cupped in her hands as she stands in the bathroom's light.

"How's Kit?" she asks, 'I'd give him a kiss except that there's no blind in there," and she dashes back to bed nude, and the man bounces twice on the window ledge.

"You coming?"

You find yourself creeping from the nursery, turning left at the

hall and then running to the kitchen telephone; you dial the police, then hang up. How will you prepare your wife, not for what is happening, but for what has already taken place?

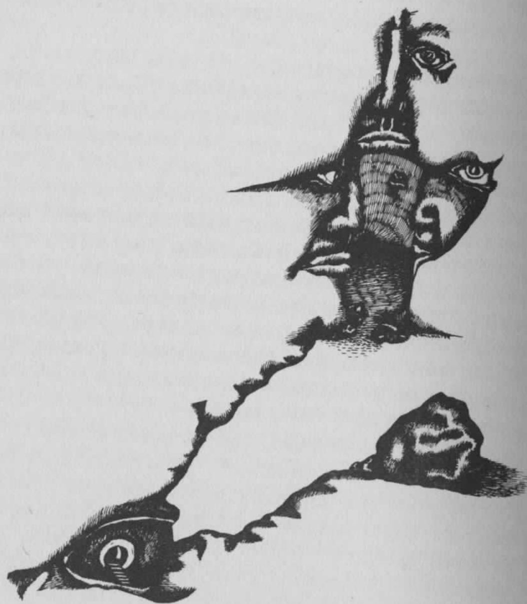
"It's stuffy in here," you shout back, "I think I'll open the window a bit." You take your time, you stand before the blind blocking this view if he's still looking, then bravely you part the curtains. He is gone, the crate remains upright. "Do we have any masking tape?" you ask, lifting the window a crack.

And now you know the city a little better. A place where millions come each summer to take pictures and walk around must have its voyeurs too, and that place in all great cities where rich and poor co-exist is especially hard on the people in-between. It's health you've been seeking, not just beauty; a tough urban health that will save you money in the bargain, and when you hear of a place twice as large at half the rent, in a part of town free of Texans, English and French, free of young actors and stewardesses who deposit their garbage in pizza boxes, you move again.

It is, for you, a city of Greeks. In the summer you move you attend a movie at the corner cinema. The posters advertise a war movie, in Greek, but the uniforms are unfamiliar. Both sides wear moustaches, both sides handle machine-guns, both leave older women behind dressed in black. From the posters outside there is a promise of sex; blond women in slips, dark-eyed peasant girls. There will be rubble, executions against a wall. You can follow the story from the stills alone: moustached boy goes to war, embraces dark-eyed village girl. Black-draped mother and admiring young brother stand behind. Young soldier, moustache fuller, embraces blond prostitute on a tangled bed. Enter soldiers, boy hides under sheets. Final shot, back in village. Mother in black; dark-eyed village girl in black. Young brother marching to the front.

You go in, pay your ninety cents, pay a nickle in the lobby for a wedge of *halvah*-like sweets. You understand nothing, you resent their laughter and you even resent the picture they're running. Now you know the Greek for "Coming Attractions" for this is a gangster movie at least thirty years old. The eternal Mediterranean gangster movie set in Athens instead of Naples or Marseilles, with smaller cars and narrower roads, uglier women and more sinister killers. After an hour the movie flatters you. No one knows you're not a Greek, that you don't belong in this theater, or even this city. That like the Greeks, you hanging on.

Outside the theatre the evening is warm and the wide sidewalks are clogged with Greeks who nod as you come out. Like the *Ramblas* in Barcelona, with children out past midnight and families walking back and forth for a long city block, the men filling the coffee houses, the women left outside, chatting. Not a blond head on the sidewalk
the women left outside, chatting. Not a blond head on the sidewalk,
not a blond head for miles. Greek music pours from the coffee houses, flies stumble on the pastry, whole families munch their *torsades molles* as they walk. Dry goods sold at midnight from the sidewalk. You're wandering happily, glad that you moved, you're rediscovered the innocence of starting over.



Then you come on a scene directly from Spain. A slim blond girl in a floral top and white pleated skirt, tinted glasses, smoking, with bad skin, ignores a persistent young Greek in a shiny Salonika suite. "Whatsamatta?" he demands, slapping a ten-dollar bill on his open palm. And without looking back at him she drifts closer to the curb and a car makes a sudden squealing turn and lurches to a stop on the cross-street. Three men are inside, the back door opens and not a word is exchanged as she steps inside. How? You wonder; what refinement of gesture did we immigrants miss? You turn to the Greek boy in sympathy, you know just how he feels, but he's already heading across the street, shouting something to his friends outside a barbeque stand. You have a pocketful of bills and a Mediterranean soul, and money this evening means a woman, and blond means whore and you would spend it all on another blond with open pores; all this a block from your wife and tenement, and you hurry home.

Months later you know the place. You trust the Greeks in their stores, you fear their tempers at home. Eight bathrooms adjoin a central shaft, you hear the beatings of your son's friends, the thud of fist on bone after the slaps. Your child knows no French, but he plays cricket with Greeks and Jamaicans out in the alley behind Pascal's hardware. He brings home the oily tires from the Esso station, plays in the boxes behind the appliance store. You watch from a greasy back window, at last satisfied. None of his friends is like him, like you. He is becoming Greek, becoming Jamaican, becoming a part of this strange new land. His hair is nearly white; you can spot him a block away.

On Wednesdays the butcher quarters his meat. Calves arrive by

refrigerator truck, still intact but for their split-open bellies and sawn-off hooves. The older of the three brothers skins the carcass with a small thin knife that seems all blade. A knife he could shave with. The hide rolls back in a continuous flap, the knife never pops the membrane over the fat.

Another brother serves. Like yours, his French is adequate. "Twa lif d'hamburger," you request, still watching the operation on the rickety saw-horses. Who could resist? It's a Levantine treat, the calf's stumpy legs high in the air, the hide draped over the edge and now in the sawdust, growing longer by the second.

The store is filling. The ladies shop on Wednesday, especially the old widows in black overcoats and scarves, shoes and stockings. Yellow, mangled fingernails. Wednesdays attract them with boxes in the window, and they call to the butcher as they enter, the brother answers, and the women dip their fingers in the boxes. The radio is loud overhead, music from the Greek station.

"Une et soixante, m'sieur. De bacon, jambon?"

And you think, taking a few lamb chops but not their saltless bacon, how pleased you are to manage so well. It is a Byzantine moment with blood and widows and sides of dripping beef, contentment in a snowy slum at five below.

The older brother, having finished the skinning, straightens, curses, and puts away the tiny knife. A brother comes forward to pull the hide away, a perfect beginning for a game-room rug. Then, bending low at the rear of the glistening carcass, the legs spread high and stubby, the butcher digs in his hands, ripping hard where the scrotum is, and pulls on what seems to be a strand of rubber, until it snaps. He puts a single glistening prize in his mouth, pulls again and offers the other to his brother, and they suck.

The butcher is singing now, drying his lips and wiping his chin, and still he's chewing. The old black-draped widows with the parchment faces are also chewing. On leaving, you check the boxes in the window. Staring out are the heads of pigs and lambs, some with the eyes lifted out and a red socket exposed. A few are loose and the box is slowly dissolving from the blood, and the ice beneath.

The women have gathered around the body; little pieces are offered to them from the head and entrails. The pigs' heads are pink, perhaps they've been boiled, and hairless. The eyes are strangely blue. You remove your gloves and touch the skin, you brush against the grainy ear. How they eye attracts you! How you would like to lift one out, press its smoothness against your tongue, then crush it in your mouth. And you cannot. Already your finger is numb and the head, it seems, has shifted under you. And the eye, in panic, grows white as your finger approaches. You would take that last half inch but for the certainty, in this world you have made for yourself, that the eye would blink and your neighbors would turn upon you.

Running through rows and piles of
leaves
me in a colorful gale
Kicking them high
above my head-even higher
and you
bringing
me
down
down
the cool
rich
sighing earth.
Blue sky, above, upon my eyes
me
down
below you
and
up!
and
breathing
and
leaves
Falling
once again
me
alone in rows and piles of leavings

Molly O'neill '74

LOOKING GLASS

Scientists impatient
with dust storms on Mars
cannot reason
the possibility
that it's some
giant
dirtyoldman
kicking up a fuss
becuase of the invasion
of his privacy.

Alice Colthart '72

16 YEARS OLD

a '68 green Impala
next to the garage
        right side caved in
        windows shattered
        jagged edges
inside
terror, dulled by 3 days
reborn
vomit, blood-stained seats
glass, torn text books
a flash or memory
shallowing the sickness
building up inside

I am not fingering seat belts
then hidden under piles of books
but screaming through the city
at siren speed
my little brother's still form
issuing an occassional guttural
utterance of pain
a friend's unconscious spasms
more frightening than my brother's stillness
a slight numbness in my face
        numbness
    my new checkered pants
    our house
    my old girlfriend
    the last basketball game
    finally old enough to drive
    finally- freedom
    am I dying?
    I smashed a peanut butter sandwich in my
    brother's face once
    is he dying?
    are they dying?

emergency waiting room
crowded
in a wheelchair
what are people saying about my face?
Goddammit nurse,
I don't know what kind
of insurance my father has
my brother is dying
don't sit there typing
listening to my minister
    it's not my fault
    don't worry . . . . . I wish I was dead

dropping my pants to hear
little chinks of glass
fall to the floor-
the doctor checking me for broken bones
as I lay quivering in shock
3 days
3 days . . . . they're still in the hospital
    unconscious
staring in my parents' mirror
at scars so quickly healing

the crumpled glove compartment
barely opens
I collect registration papers
and those books still useable
slowly walking away
the thought comes of
how much is salvagable
the tire, wheels, seat belts,
steering wheel, maybe part of
the engine

Peter Porteous '74

CHARACTERS FROM NEW MEXICO LIFE

Ardyth Hilts '73

Howard

Howard C. Estberg is eighty-seven years old, but to look at him one wouldn't think him to be a day over seventy. A person would have to travel pretty far in order to meet someone who has seen and done as much as he has, too. But now Howard spends most of his time at home, reminiscing over past experiences and feeding all the relatives, friends and wanderers who come to his house for a free meal.

Howard lives on Quincy Avenue in the northeast section of Albuquerque, and his is the only adobe house on the block with grey paint peeling off of it. All of the other homes are the ordinary yellowish-adobe color and have petunia gardens in front. But none of the people who live in those houses built them with their own hands back in the '40's, as Howard did.

Actually there are quite a few things in Howard's house that tell a lot about him. The ten rooms are more spacious than they look from the outside, but Howard spends most of his time in the living room and kitchen, except when he needs the big dictionary in the study for his double-crosstix. His living room is quite a remarkable place. From the front windows Sandia Crest looks no more than two blocks away, just behind the next row of squat houses, but the eye can be deceiving, especially behind a dirt encrusted pane of glass. Because Howard is the perfect host, there is always a bowl of potato chips softening in the heat on the front table, competing for popularity with the mixed nuts. Usually the nuts are gone first, but Howard will empty the bowls every three weeks, whether they have spoiled or not, just for the sake of freshness.

In the living room are also two walls of book shelves, a wall of cupboards, the eating table and an assortment of chairs in various stages of sturdiness. The menu from the past two weeks appears not only on the tablecloth, which is changed when the potato chips are, but also on the floor where the food is swept after it hits the table. Once Howard told his friend, Mr. Polle, that he wanted a sawdust floor so that he could scrape the leavings from the meal onto the floor and just cover them up with the sawdust so as not to have to worry about cleaning up.

The kitchen is fun, too, except if one steps on a cockroach in bare feet, but the most treacherous part about it is that after dinner Howard piles all the dirty dishes in the sink and on the counters, then runs water for them to soak overnight because it's his policy to wash dishes in the morning. Sometimes the plates don't balance very well and once in a while he will wake in the night to the sound of a dish crashing to the floor.

Saturday nights Mr. Poole comes for beer and ryebread with cheese and he and Howard run through their entire repertoire of jokes and stories. Mr. Poole invariably describes his fishing trips and Howard tells about his childhood in Milwaukee, the years he went to the engineering school with Harley and Davidson before their names were inscribed on motorcycles, his days with the gas company when he helped lay the gas mains for Stalin in central Russia in the '30's and the saucy girls of the beer gardens in Hamburg.

This particular hot Saturday night Howard and Mr. Poole were discussing the changes they had seen in the years.

"This city shore is growin' fast," remarked Mr. Poole. "Why I remember when all this here land was farm country and you could see the mountains clear then. Now yer almost scared to drive, what with all that traffic, and all them kids at the university with their motorcycles. I dunno what's got into these kids today - seems like the pace of life just ain't fast enough for them. I guess we were the same way, though."

"Yup, I can recall when I was fourteen," said Howard. "Couldn't wait to leave that dinky little place in Ohio, Washington Courthouse they called it. The thrill of the West was in my blood and it seemed I would choke if I spent another winter in that damn dreary place."

Just then the screen door banged shut and Mary Ramsey, a forty-two-year-old divorcee who had three children, appeared.

"Hi, Howard! I just stopped in for the mail and to pick up the meat if you have any for the dog."

"Sure, I got all of last week's left-overs, but I had to throw the bones and scraps down the cellar stairs because they got to smellin' too bad. We've had some pretty hot days lately, but Sandy sure is welcome to her rotten meat."

"Thanks, Howard. You got any bourbon in the house?" asked Mary. "I really need a drink bad."

Age and drink hadn't been very kind to Mary, although she must have been pretty at one time. But now her face was a puffy red, her voice raspy from cigarettes, and she was much too thin.

"How has it been up at Placitas lately, Mary? I heard you had some trouble findin' a place to live since you stopped boarding with me."

"Yes, the kids and I are in an old leaky trailer now, but I'd really like to find a place with hot running water, and I'd like to have the furniture back that I left here. If my husband hadn't been such a dirty bastard, none of this would have happened and the kids would have a good home now. . . well, at least they'd have a good roof over their heads. Ah, that drink was just what I needed. Say, Ralph and Rosemary said they'd stop in tonight. As a matter of fact, I hear their old car in the driveway now."

The Rollers

Rosemary Roller is Howard's niece, the daughter of his sister but he was always a father to her since her parents died when she was small and she is especially dear to him since he never married so had no family but her. Ralph is her husband and the two are quite a pair, no less than 250 pounds apiece, with a bankroll one would never believe to look at them, and six kids ranging in age five to fourteen. There are Cheryl, Cindy, Diane, Jeannie, Brian

and Snavelly, the youngest. Everyone says Snavelly's eyes make him look like an extra-terrestrial being; they also say he is so affectionate that it will be lucky if he doesn't get some girl pregnant before he is twelve. The rest of the kids are spoiled in various degrees, but only Cheryl is sensitive enough to deplore the filth of her parents' tumble-down ranch, and she suffers with shame for this.

Rosemary is a jolly person who can swill down almost as much "bellywash" (what Howard calls cheap bourbon and water in a six-teen-ounce tumber) as Ralph can. She wears all of Ralph's old greasy white shirts, jeans, and pointed boots. Her hair is always tied straight back, and her figure leaves a great deal to be desired; she was in a car accident, was forced to give birth to all of her children by means of a Caesarian section, and once Ralph "accidently" shot her in the leg while he was cleaning his rifle after an argument.

Ralph is a mountain of a man, an over-indulgent father and shrewd real estate broker who is helping to populate and de-beautify the Valley. Continually investing his money, he owns two restaurants, one in town and one in Placitas called the "Thunderbird Bar and Grill", a shabby but busy hangout for the hippies who live at The Domes and come begging to use Ralph's shower and bathroom.

This Saturday night Ralph and Rosemary and the kids were tired after a hard day, so the kids glued themselves to Howard's television, and Ralph described the trouble he's had lately trying to find a reliable bartender who wouldn't peddle dope when he's on the job.

"You know John Rossi, who used to eat at your house a lot, Howard? Well, he was tending bar for me at the "Thunderbird", but I had to fire him because I'll be damned if that mother-fucker didn't try pushing speed and cocaine from behind the bar. Then, when I let him go, he went and stole my car so I had to chase him in the truck clear up to Santa Fe. I really didn't want to have him arrested but I had no choice, because he'd be on my back for years if I didn't. What a con-man that bastard is! Now I've got Bob Gordon running the restaurant, cooking and tending bar, and his wife, Mary, the girl with the bashed-up leg, is waiting on tables. We just can't seem to make ends meet, though, because they are too generous, feeding all the tramps for miles around for nothing. You should have been up there the other night. Mary Ramsey could tell you. She was there. What a zoo!"

"Ralph, I'll tell you," replied Howard. "You've got a shrewd head on your shoulders but you'll never make any money on that restaurant because everyone whoever worked for you you hired out of charity or pity. They know it, and no matter how nice they are, they'll take advantage of it. Now, either you got to spend your time running that place only, or sell it and get out for good. You're just tearing yourself apart with all your worries. I don't get it. Money's the least important thing in the world."

"It is to you, Howard, because you're independently wealthy with all that money from the gas company. You can afford to feed all

the free-loading tramps that eat here, but I can't feed all those damn hippies!"

Cecil Robert Lloyd

Cecil Robert Lloyd, more affectionately (or unaffectionately) called "Wombat" by his acquaintances, is one of Howard's free-loaders whom Ralph was referring to. It's hard to tell how old Wombat is, but a good guess would be around thirty-five or forty. He used to live with his mother and play the piano a lot, and never was the kind of person who thought hard work appealing, but lately he found a job with the city where he gets good pay for talking a lot. It's with the City Council of Housing and Urban Affairs, and the main project that's underway now is the conversion of some storefronts into a nursery school and daycare center in the Chicano section, not too far from Old Town. This project has had virtually no success, not unlike the last one of his, a community center nearby. There's been some talk of his embezzling funds, but so far not much has come of it.

Wombat usually makes his appearances at Howard's just in time to clean up the meal, and this Saturday was no different from the rest. He scraped his muddy boots on the doorjamb and heaved his frame into the living room where everyone was gathered in various stages of sobreity.

"Hey, Howard, Ralph, how's everything going? Just thought I'd stop in for a chat since I was in the neighborhood. Say, Howard, you got any left-overs? I sure am starved!"

"Sure, Bob." Howard was the only person who called Wombat by his name. "If you don't mind wieners, what's left from tonight is still in the kitchen. Probably cold now, though. The sauerkraut's all gone but help yourself to anything that's there."

"That don't matter. Food's food, I always say. Ah, this'll be just fine." Not only did Wombat have barbaric table manners, but he was also quite conservative in his use of silverware and dishes. He ate four wieners right off the serving platter, pushing them around with his fingers and a dried-up piece of bread soaked in gravy. By the time he finished guzzling some beer, the left-over bowl of mashed potatoes was gone and so was last Thursday's chicken a la king. Then he wiped his mouth on his sleeve and ran his fingers through his long, greasy hair.

Wombat's physical presence is repulsive to almost everyone who comes to Howard's, even the Rollers. He wears T-shirts, once white but now graying and stained yellow beneath the arm-pits. He is beginning to grow bald and his hair is slightly gray, but what it lacks in thickness it makes up for in length. When he moves or when the wind blows the wrong way, he exudes an odor that takes a person's breath away, and once Howard said that in all the years Wombat lived in his cellar (there's a rather austere bedroom and bath in Howard's cellar), he never knew Wombat to take a bath. That's not too incredible if one notices his stringy beard, the brown creases in his neck and the dirt under his fingernails. He's pleasant

enough, but the Rollers become irritated at his alternating boastfulness and self-chastisement and think Howard is a fool to let Wombat eat there so often. Howard doesn't seem to mind, though, because usually, now, Wombat settles back after dinner and goes to sleep.

Bob and Mary Gordon

The Gordons are the people who run the "Thunderbird" for Ralph. Bob is in his late thirties and Mary in her early twenties; they don't have any of their own children but Bob has four young kids from a previous marriage, two boys and two girls. The work at the "Thunderbird" is really too much for them to handle alone. Bob is a good cook and can make the hottest bowl of chile in town, and Mary is a very industrious girl, and even with the kids helping to wash dishes, there is a lot of work because of all the little unseen extras like ordering the food and balancing accounts.

Mary had to quite her job at the University radio station because it was too hard for her to hold down two jobs and run a household at the same time, even though they only live in part of the motel which is connected to the restaurant but hasn't been used in a few years. Besides, Mary has been pretty tired lately; being a waitress is hard work for anyone, but her leg bothers her a lot now, and sometimes the pain pills don't help.

When Mary was eighteen she was in a water-skiing accident back in the East. Her fiance couldn't swim very well and she dove from the boat in order to help him when he lost his balance on the skiis. But she was caught in the rope and drawn under the motor which chopped her leg up pretty badly. Everyone thought the leg would have to be amputated but Dr. Weaver did a beautiful job and now with plastic surgery her leg is just misshapen and stiff. Her fiance never married her, but she and Bob are happy now, even if they are poor.

Friday nights are the only times that the "Thunderbird" is really swarming with people. The farmers from the area and the hippies from the Domes come down from the hills, and most of Ralph's old cronies show up, too. The hippies usually end up providing some informal entertainment, singing to the accompaniment of guitar and zither and Jew's harp. Occasionally Big John brings his drums and if he's looped enough, he'll lay on some ribald songs and accompany himself.

The hippies are mostly young kids who have tired of the commercialism in the colony up at Taos. Some live in V.W. buses and old trucks up in the hills of a piece of Ralph's land, and some have formed a commune and taken up farming. Most of them are rather non-descript in appearance except Evelyn, a tall, slim girl with long black hair and dark eyes. She wears low-cut old-fashioned house dresses and work boots, and her skin is tinged brown from a collection of dirt, but Big John has an eye on her, in spite of her flatchestedness.

This Saturday night the crowd wasn't very large, and the group

was more intimate, shifting in mood from nostalgia to obscenity in their singing. Big John was in his finest form, boozing it up and feeling all the girls he could get his hands on. Most of them didn't seem to object, but to divert his attention Evelyn suggested that he sing their old-time favorite, "Charlotte". Big John was more than happy to oblige, and even if the verses were somewhat muffled, he gave the chorus his last ounce of energy in his most obscene voice (sung to the tune of "Sweet Betsy from Pike.")

"She's Charlotte, the harlot
The girl we adore -
The pride of the prairie
The cowpuncher's whore."

Everyone was satiated by this, but hungry for food, so Mary was kept running while Bob prepared some egg-salad sandwiches. The hippies passed a hat to other customers for contributions after their entertainment. The main topic of conversation seemed to be last week's rock festival, at which the Steve Miller Band and other groups from the coast were supposed to have appeared, but only local groups actually showed up.

"Yeah, it was really disappointing," Evelyn said. "Here I thought there'd be good tunes and good grass and good love, but all I ended up with was ptomaine poisoning. Boy, whatever jerk laid out that so-called picnic oughta be sued for all he's worth. I've been sick as a dog all week and so have the others. This is the first night I'm out."

"Well, honey, you sure always look like a peach to me," crowed Big John, squeezing her shoulder because there was nothing else to squeeze. "Say, Bob, why wasn't the "Thunderbird" open last weekend? You coulda made a lot of dough."

"I wish you hadn't mentioned that," said Bob. "Ralph was pretty mad that I closed it because he figured we could make a lot, too, and he threatened to fire me, but with all those people, Mary and me would have been running our asses off, and besides, I wanted a holiday to just sit back and groove on that music."

"Well, I know, the dude who planned that rig oughta have his ass nailed," replied Big John. "Them hokie agents just wanted publicity, and it's a wonder that folks didn't die after eating the food at the concession stand. Just imagine, a concession at a rock festival! Man, that's really low - I mean, you'd never find that at Woodstock. Say, Evy, did you hear about Valerie's accident?"

"Yeah, it was on the news a couple of days ago. I hear she was cut up pretty bad. What happened?"

Tones were hushed and faces sobered at the mention of the accident, and as Big John related the gory details, Bob and Mary cleared the wooden tables and red leather booths. From the outside the place looked dilapidated but cozy. A coyote howled in the hills of Placitas.

Valerie and Leo and Enyaqui

Valerie is a history student at the University of New Mexico, but she spends most of her time at "Okie's", a bar in town where a lot of college kids go. She's a skinny kid who economizes on clothes, whether the weather is hot or cold. Last Saturday night she was in a good mood, and when she danced, her friend Leo got a beautiful view of everything, since her only article of clothing was a little cotton dress that didn't cover her buttocks if she moved her arms.

She and Leo would spend hours together sipping beers and discussing things. Mostly Leo would tell Valerie about all of his marital problems, and the fact that love for his kids was the only thing that kept him from leaving his wife. And Valerie would sympathize and make suggestions. Sometimes when Leo had had too much to drink, his hang-up about being black would surface, and he'd bet Valerie that she wouldn't kiss him because he was black. But being an obliging girl, she always compiled with his wishes and he was equally comforted every time she did.

Leo is a powerfully built man with a massive neck and arms that could strangle a bear. He and Valerie make quite an incongruous pair. Leo's power is deceiving, though, because his arms must make up for the fact that he has no legs. He never mentions his handicap and to see him sitting at a table one would never know that part of him is missing. Everyone at "Okie's" is accustomed to his presence and people will move out of the way when he comes toward them, propelling himself across the floor by letting his hands and arms walk and dragging his trunk behind him. It's easy to see why in his love-starved life Valerie is such an important presence.

Enyaqui is Leo's opposite, and a friend of his and Valerie's. He spends his time at "Okie's" trying to forget his past as a dancer in the Spanish Ballet Company. Enyaqui is a small, dark young man with a very lithe body, and occasionally after too many beers he will break into a dance routine, regardless of what the jukebox is playing. He likes to make passes at Valerie, but she views him in jest as a Latin lover with a heavy heart. Once he told Valerie about his escape from Spain; his company was just returning from a tour of the United States and when he had to board the plane for Madrid he turned and ran the other way. He's a fugitive now, and although he's quite successful as an architect, he will be deported if Spanish or American authorities catch up with him. He is slightly paranoid and avoids places where he must show his credentials. But Okie himself is a good friend, Okie who tries to sell his customers his solution for the world's problems. Okie is a real New Mexico redneck and he has the brilliant idea that the world could be saved if folks would turn from revolution to revelation. For each drink he passes across the bar, Okie tells people to "Join the Revelationary Party and be saved."

Valerie is in poor condition now. She had been tripping and her car smashed head-on into a truck late last Saturday night. No one knows what her chances for survival are, but a lot of friends and customers at "Okie's" have been donating blood for her.

Fred Padula

Fred Padula is a student at the University also, and he is a good friend of Howard's but for reasons different from Wombat's. Fred is in his late thirties and leads a very independent bachelor's life. He is working on his second Ph.D now, and has almost finished a book about the Cuban refugees in Florida. Soon he will be selling his house in Albuquerque and leaving for Miami to work on the last chapters of the book.

A person can see everything that Fred has done in the past five years by looking around his living room. The walls are covered with prize-winning photographs, mostly portraits and landscapes, that he took in Ecuador when he had an important government job at the consulate in Quito. Fred is an easy-going man but he loves to argue with Howard and with Ray Graham about the history of New Mexico and the losses the state is taking as it becomes filled with Sun Cities, tourist traps and retirement communities, and as the sacred lands of the Navajos are exploited for mining and building purposes.

Fred himself is from a large Italian family in Brooklyn, but no one knows very much about him because Fred speaks mostly about other things and not himself. His closest friends are the Grahams, and he spends quite a few weekends and holidays with them at La Luz.

Ray and Barbara Graham

The Grahams live in the North Valley of Alburquerque, a much more prosperous area than the South Valley. Ray is a small, blond man about thirty years old who always seems to have a different health problem, from ulcers to tonsilitis, but none is serious enough to hinder him from getting up at five every morning. Ray is a busy man, and quite well-known now for the condominium he is building in the North Valley, called La Luz (the light). The story of that name goes back to the other La Luz, a pottery factory that used to operate near Alamagordo in the 1930's as a sort of make-work project. Now Ray owns the land and is preserving the factory, which produced quite delicate pottery and orange roof tiles, and he took the name of the pottery trademark, a candle (the light), for the name of his housing development.

Actually, his is no ordinary upper-class development. It is elite and has been photographed and described in "New Mexico Architecture". Each home is situated so that every living room has one glass wall from which there is a beautiful view of the Valley and the Sandia Mountains, and no other houses can be seen from this point. It is an ultra-modern complex, but it tastefully retains the characteristic Spanish adobe architecture of the southwest.

Ray is not at all elite; he grew up on a large horsebreeding farm in Virginia, but had to attend four different colleges before he finally got his B.A. degree. After that he graduated from the University of Mexico with a Master's degree in anthropology but joined VISTA and never used his fieldwork experience. Stationed in the Sioux country of Wyoming, he met Barbara there and later married her.

Barbara is a six-foot Iowa farm girl, but she is much more dainty than one might think at first glance. She's a slim vegetarian with curly brown hair, and she is one of closest approximations to wholesomeness that one can find in this day and age. Barbara's one crusade is her job with Clean Air and Water, and she practices ecology as much as possible at La Luz. To her LaLuz is the one place she can go, away from the city crowds, away from business concerns and telephone calls and back to the land.

La Luz is only ten miles from the Mescalero Apache Reservation and six miles from Alamagordo, but very few people travel so high in the mountains. The roads are almost impassable during the rainy season when the soft red clay is carried down gullies to form arroyos. Only the Ford pickup makes it through when roads are washed away, but there's something about a storm in the mountains that gives Barbara faith in a thunder-god, Nayeinezghani, Slayer of Enemy Gods. To the Indians the mountains are sacred and Barbara knows this every morning by the view from her kitchen window. She sees the sun rise over the light green mass close by their house; it looks closer than it actually is and it takes her a while to bring Ray his lunch in the cornfields he is planting.

The Grahams try to spend every weekend at La Luz, and eventually they hope to live their permanently, but there is a lot of repair work to be done on the main house and the two guest houses, and the pottery factory must be taken care of; Ray keeps the kilns in operation just so they won't fall into disuse. The small house the Grahams live in has only three rooms but is much more of a home than their house in Albuquerque. Barbara has furnished the rooms with things she picks up at the Supermercado in Juarez on their weekend trips.

It gives her a sense of ecstasy to feel the seasons change at this place, to see the cactus bloom and smell the mesquite bushes and feel the tufts of cotton in late August that float from the cottonwood trees. And there is something about the trip south from Albuquerque, through the Rio Grande Valley, the black volcanic soil of the Malpai, the little towns of Socorro, Carrizozo, Truth or Consequences, and Tularosa (Village of Roses) that metamorphoses the soul. The drive back has the reverse effect, almost one of culture shock, but to the Grahams there is much work that needs to be done in the cities and they feel a responsibility to take part in the effort.

Quebrar

The South Valley, extending from Isleta Pueblo and Boulevard,

along the river and into the plateau, is not as affluent as the North Valley. Chile pepper stands dot the roadside, adding splotches of red to the light green and brown countryside and occasionally a "Taco Bell," symbol of creeping capitalism, rears its ugly head among the squat adobe houses that sprawl with kids and dogs and garbage.

The Community Education Center, located on Isleta Boulevard is the meeting place for Quebrar! every Wednesday night. The word "quebrar" is the Spanish verb meaning "To break" and the group is similar in purpose to Alcoholics Anoymous. Drug addicts, mostly those on heroin who are enrolled in the methadone program, meet weekly to discuss their problems and to give each other encouragement. Tonight there is a special meeting and the Center, part of a shabby old school house, is crowded. Mr. Ramon Ramirez, a pudgy Chicano in a green suit, has come to speak about how he was able to kick the habit.

Mr. Ramirez' first act is to distribute brochures to everyone in the manner of door-to-door salesman and then he proceeds to describe how the love of Christ saved his life and helped him to be reborn a new and better man.

"I got to tell you people; you know how I break the habit? I met Father Gonzalez one day on the street; he was preaching on a corner near a store I had in mind to rob. I had to steal in order to pay for my next hit of "horses"; but he stopped me like a miracle. Not knowing who I was, he told me how I could fill my heart with Jesus Christ and then I wouldn't want or need no physical comforts no more. And you know what? I followed him, I helped him and he helped me. No cold turkey or nothin'. Just one day I woke and I knew I'd never need that filthy needle again. I haven't, and this is going on three years. The thing is, folks, you too can be saved from your sinful ignorance. You don't need to walk in that darkness; there's a light outside, la luz, away from your daily cares and wants. All you got to do is follow it and believe in it like I did."

Mr. Ramirez talks to individuals, answering questions and trying to break through the blank stares. Before he leaves he passes a hat for contributions, a fund to enable the teaching and preaching and healing to continue in other parts of the country. He stuffs the money in his pocket, collects his remaining brochures, and steps heavily outside into the hot, sticky evening air.

The Weavers

Dr. Jimmy Weaver, his wife Norma, and their three children, Jilly, Sally and Jess live in the North Valley on a small ranch. Besides his clinic at the University, Dr. Weaver runs the whole ranch single-handed. People say he's the best orthopedic surgeon in the soutwest, and Mary Gordon is living proof of that fact. He is a big blond guy with a drooping mustache and twinkling blue eyes and he met the fast-talking Norma at the University of Colorado where she was

a sorority girl and the Sigma Chi sweetheart. Now she teaches second grade and likes to skinny-dip in their indoor pool. She's an expert at water volleyball and has never lost her love of parties, judging from the fact that she invites company to dinner every night. And every day there are afternoon cocktails, drinks with dinner and after dinner liqueurs. Sometimes even the children don't seem sober, and they are all night people; Jilly, the six-year-old never goes to bed before midnight. She and Beauxregard, the sheepdog, take turns tiring each other out.

Jimmy's day is a long one. Early in the morning he lets water into the irrigation ditches and looks after the steer who had recently been a bull. Then he puts in a full day at the University and comes home to work in his fields and vegetable garden and lets the water out of the ditches. He has little time for literary pursuits, but Henry Roth, author of Call It Sleep, and his wife, Marion, live in the Weavers' guesthouse and fill in the literary gap a bit.

Tonight at the dinner table the main topic of conversation is the movie "Woodstock". Marion, with pipe in mouth, says:

"Do you know, Jim, Henry and I went to see "Woodstock" this afternoon and when I left the theatre I wasn't sure if I still had all my faculties. The movie was three hours long and there was no intermission so that my legs and back were so tired by the end that I didn't think I would be able to move. And the music was so loud! Parts were very good but I don't know how those young people could spend a whole weekend in the rain doing nothing but listening to music, and very similar kinds of music, at that."

"What I don't understand," says Henry, "is why kids today actually enjoy listening to the same type of stuff over and over again; same words just about, same rhythms and same tune, if you call it that. Three hours almost drove me crazy, but I suppose if your're accustomed to it, that's different."

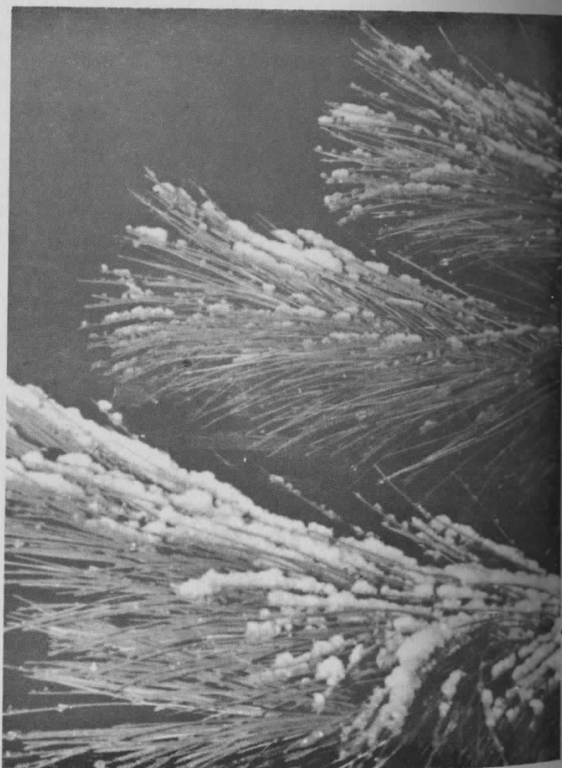
"Henry", asks Norma, "have you thought about writing another book? I mean, you're welcome to stay here as long as you wish; you know you're always welcome here, but I was just wondering if you had any plans."

"Well, Norma, I just don't know. Marion and I have liked the Southwest ever since I received the D.H. Lawrence Fellowship from the University here. I've been making notes and sketches and in the back of my mind I know a major work is beginning to form, but I just haven't found the right spark to set it off. It's not that I lack the energy, but I'm looking for something, a light so to speak. There's a way of life out here, so alien to what I am accustomed to in the East; it's refreshing and unassuming and natural. There's so little social consciousness and so much spontaneity. I guess I'd really like to capture that, just as many other writers and artists have tried to do, but I want to set it off with something unique, and I'm sure that with a little more time I'll find whatever that spark is -- and then I'll be able to write again."

a feather
light
and
free
but separated
eternally
from the body
that gave it life
from the wing
that giave it strength
from the form
that gave it purpose.

a feather
light
and
free
but meaningless
alone.

Judy Meloy '73



I kicked summer's shed garments
between my legs.
Jumped into crisp almond-coloured piles
marking her recent passing,
that I grew and slept with for five months.

She has eluded my fleshy frail hands.

I grow hungry as I clean her belongings out of my
frost withered garden,
and shut
the gate behind-no use staying.
I strike a bluetip kitchen match to our spendings---
her spendings lying wetly in
the gutter.
my smoke-watered eyes keeping a short vigil over her
musky passing.

Bruce P. Andre '74

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

I.

I saw
half a rainbow
hanging,

a shimmering three inches
curved skyward.

II.

Never could find
its tail . . .

describing the semicircle
with my hand,
following to the horizon - -
perfectly apparent
nothing there.

III.

Now I've added
rainbows
to my list of miracles,
not because
this one
was only half,

not even
Noah and God
"And this is the sign . . ."

but the
shimmering value
of what I know is nothing,
this transformation of
air.

Juliet Lockwood '73

snuggled deep inside
blankets forever flowing
warm illusions reign

Judy Hasel '74

HOSPITAL SCENE

Dennis Trudell '60

Wednesday I got off the bus at one of the large hospitals, because a man I thought resembled me got off there and I wondered where he was going. It turned out that he didn't look anything like me except from the back, and then only at a certain angle. But by the time I passed him to get a look at his face we were at the entrance to the Out Patient clinic, so I held the door open and followed him inside.

In front of us stretched a long corridor lined on both sides with men and women, black and white -- mostly black, more women than men -- waiting on chairs. Each of them held an infant. And was staring straight ahead. Or down at the floor: the thing is none of the adults in that crowded hallway were leaning together or speaking across to one another.

None of them appeared to have just touched or were about to. They all sat holding their sleeping or wriggling children as though they had been sitting there since dawn and were prepared to wait through supper, through the night if necessary, fortifying themselves with wrapped sandwiches and God knows what from the shopping bags at their feet. Bottles would be produced and stuffed into the wails on their laps, the fat fish of a brown or pinkish breast might be exposed, diapers would be changed: the feces wrapped into the same waxed paper that had held the sandwiches, the air would become warmer and taste more strongly of urine, mothers would fall asleep -- but still none would lean forward or touch one another.

Or so it seemed as I stood there, and suddenly I brushed past the man I had followed from the bus (who must have had the wrong day, since he held no child; unless, I thought, he carries a fetus in his pocket) and moved along that gauntlet of tired eyes. At that moment it was clear to me that if they would move them slightly -- it wouldn't take much effort; they wouldn't have to travel far: just to the slope of the next shoulder, no further than the veins on the back of the hand a few inches from their own. If they could just manage to inhale the small amount of extra air it would take to move speech past the numb weight of those lips, the space between them would immediately begin to change. To tingle. A lake of weightlessness would pour into the corridor and cover their ankles, freeing their shoes from tack heads and cardboard, from stains of powdered milk and sweat. It would slowly rise, and their ankles would be supple again, their thighs would blush and remember -- and the air would ring with mirth.

If they could only turn to one another and recognize. . . I paused in front of a woman with a kerchief over some curlers whose frown-lines were so deep she could carry coins there. Her eyes had long since been washed of any color.

That they are dying. If they could only see that, the -- community of it. The single immense fact they shared, could not help sharing, as they sat there. As the riveter who bet on the wrong horse shared as he sat beside the young waitress who must explain her two-month old daughter to a husband about to be discharged from Asia. As the gum-chewing Sunday school teacher reading a movie magazine shared with the black man staring at the opposite wall as though he would like to murder it.

The woman with the curlers looked up at me. Extending my palms toward her and nodding at the Italian-looking woman beside her, suggesting a triangle between the three of us, and then moving them apart, including everyone along the walls of that bile-green corridor, I said:

"Let's sing."

Her baby raised its head. My God, it had inherited the washed-out eyes, the bleary expression of looking at something so consistently unpleasant as to have lost the capacity to elicit further wincing. To elicit any response save boredom. And fatigue. I saw the faint beginnings of frown-lines in the soft flesh and lowered my hands. Then the lines deepened and seemed to rush toward me as the infant opened its mouth and screamed across the widening pool of stillness my words had made.

"What he say?" I thought I heard through it, from behind me.

"Wants us to sing."

"He a doctor or somethin?" another voice said, near my knee. The Italian-looking woman was leaning to the person beside her, a man in a two-tone sportcoat gazing narrowly at me. In fact all up and down the corridor faces were turned in my direction, or moving toward the nearest ear.

"Who's that guy?"

"Told us we gotta start singing."

"Do what?"

"Some kind of --"

"What we spozed sing?"

"-- a wiseguy or something."

Meanwhile the child in front of me continued to build its hysterical note. Turning from the faces, I looked down at its mouth. It kept widening; it seemed a cave. I was about to fall inside and disappear.

"Hey, white eyes."

"You mean we gotta sing in order to--"

"Psycho or what?"

"-- got the wrong kind of hospital, buddy."

"Got a match?"

"Here. Want half this stick of gum?"

"Hey, did you hear the one. . ."

'Hymns or jist plain singin?"

"Whad he say?"

I backed away from the mouth, from the eyes of the mother, which had hardened to a pure rich brown. Someone grabbed my pant leg. I pulled away from the fingers and forced my voice loud enough for everyone in the corridor to hear:

"What I meant was -- I just wanted you to. . understand. ."

But it was gone. The moment had passed and I had nothing to tell them. I shrugged my shoulders and watched them dismiss me with a curse or sneer (a few laughed) and return to staring straight ahead or down at their feet. I turned and went back to the bus stop.

A LATE MORNING

Peter Porteous '74

The other boats were nearing the first casting spots of the morning when Alex finally showed up at camp. The birds had finished all the breakfast scraps, and the woodchucks could be seen peering from under cabins. But there were few to see them. The camp was empty except for the crew that made it run. Joe McKeever, owner-manager, toured the cabins with his usual friendly smile and cutting sarcasm to check the work of the university girls who did the dirty work around camp. They cleaned cabins and helped Joe's wife, Elenor, with the meals, although Elenor did the actual planning and cooking. Elenor was whistling away, planning the evening's meal in the main cabin of the establishment--the dining hall, when Alex stumbled through the door of the bunk house to find that none of the other guides were there.

The "bunk house" was in its usual state of disrepair, the added bunks making it even more crowded and inadequate. Two new guides had been called in from the reservation to help meet the demands of the ever-growing flow of white tourists who come in July and August.

The 15 x 30 foot room now had 11 bunks nailed to the split-log, concrete-filled walls. The plywood floor was cluttered with comic books, magazines, dirty clothes and rags. The single bulb that hung from the center beam gave little light for reading, throwing glaring shadows onto the walls and floor. Two water basins rested on boards nailed to the walls, and above one was a small cracked mirror. The two small windows in front offered a view of the path leading into camp.

The cabin rested on a slight rise and the often muddy ground that sloped away toward the small white pines was cluttered with discarded bottles, paper boxes, old bed springs, and a rusted out pot-bellied stove. The path leading out of the woods to the rest of the camp consisted of wet broken boards, laid cross-wise on two long logs, to form a dilapidated bridge over the small stream running behind the camp area. The fishing camp, which rested on the east side of a small quiet bay, consisted of eight cabins, 2 crew cabins, the bunk house, a shower and laundry cabin, the dining hall and the McKeever's cabin. The dining hall was the closest to the water, with the guests' cabins extending off to the sides, and the lawn area on the inland side, offering just space enough for the small frisbee games that the Indian guides and guest children played occasionally. It was in these games especially that Alex stuck out as the odd one--the old man among the children. All the other guides were near the age of Alex's third son, Joe, who was 19. Alex was nearing 55.

Alex half ran--half walked from the bunk house to the dining hall. Below the dining hall on the edge of the bay was a fine dock layout. Two sheds for keeping supplies and skinning fish stood at either end of a long dock. There were also two dock extensions with places for the eight boats that were out as well as the three empty boats left tied up. The finishing touch was the large boat house and gas pump. Joe kept the good inboards he used for runs into Kenora, the closest town, in the boat house. He made the thirty mile run regularly for guests and supplies.

Alex stood near the door of the dining hall, looking like anything but an Indian guide as he swayed in his stance, one arm wrapped around the pole that supported the dinner bell. His muddy rubber boots, unlatched, flopped around his ankles. His pants and light jacket were smeared with grease, blood and dirt; and his greying hair stuck out under the baseball cap he wore sideways. His breath and clothes reeked of whiskey--his head still spinning from last night's drinking. Squint-eyed, he surveyed the bay area, half-hoping to see a boat. As he glanced over the docks he caught sight of the two Murrells, loaded down and ready to fish. Ready and impatiently waiting, talking to each other and looking up toward the cabins. Alex started down the steps in almost mechanical response to the waves and shouts of the men. Awkardly he approached the dock, slowed by his self-consciousness and lingering drunkedness, but pushed ahead by his sobering realization of the importance of getting the day's guiding done. Eighteen dollars a day was nothing to ignore, and the tip at the end of two weeks was well worth making a good impression. The men were far from impressed this morning. Smelling the whiskey, they ordered Alex to get underway with frowns and shaken heads.

"Shoal Lake, Alex. Even though we've missed two good hours of fishing. I want to try those outer islands we passed yesterday."

Alex replied by pulling the cord on the outboard, backing out of the dock, turning, and skimming across the bay to the portage. The bay they crossed was part of the Lake of the Woods, a vast body of water with hundreds of islands. On the side of the bay away from camp was the 1/2 mile portage to the docks on Shoal Lake, another extensive waterway with seemingly endless bays and islands. It was to Shoal Lake and to the better walleye and bass fishing that Alex had usually taken the Murrells. Alex usually took the bay slowly, so that the otter and beaver that frequently skimmed along the shoreline would not be scared away. But today Alex was in a hurry to get the men to the fish, and the ripples from the boat's wake were the only movements in the bay.

The small rotting dock across from camp served well enough as a tie-up for the boats, and Alex had little trouble in the routine of tying up and getting the food, gas, gear, and passengers out of the boat and onto the trail. Although the portage had its share of muddy spots and mosquitoes, it was a pleasant walk through the woods, offering occasional views of wild pheasants or grouse feeding in the underbrush. Alex loaded himself up as usual with the food box, gas tank and cushions, and by the time the Murrells reached the docks in the weedy end of Shoal Lake, Alex was only half way along the path.

Standing on the dock, surveying the lake and the swiftly approaching clouds, the Murrells waited. Mike Murrell, Sr. and his thirty year old son, Mike, Jr. had been coming up to Portage Bay Camp for two weeks every summer for close to twenty years. They were well known around camp, having added a fourteen pound Muskie and a thirty-two inch Northern to the walls of the dining hall. But even as well as they knew the lake, they still needed Alex's sense of where the fish would be and his knowledge of the islands, as well as his ability in maneuvering the boat and fixing lunches that were satisfying and quick.

As they neared the outer line of islands that had looked so inviting at the end of yesterday's fishing, both men readied their lines with their favorite walleye trolling jigs and eagerly awaited the slowing of the boat. Alex slowed near the shoreline of a small rocky island and turned parallel to it some 25 feet out. The men let their lines down and Alex began weaving in and out and around islands and moving about to casting spots near shallow reed patches where he felt confident of finding strikes. The sun was rising higher, the wind was low and the water fairly calm. The men shed their wind breakers and eventually their shirts, settling down in the boat in hopes of catching some lunch. Elenor provided all the boats with a food box of beans, butter, sandwiches, bacon, jam and onions to add to the fish that were hopefully caught in the morning. Pike, walleye, or bass made a great lunch but without any, one was left with a jam sandwich as testament to one's fishing abilities.

Islands and bays appeared, disappeared and reappeared as the party crept in and out of little channels. It was a warm day on the lake and the thunderheads that were approaching earlier had raced on and left only a few full white cumulus clouds in the light blue sky. The boat was always close enough to the islands to see the activities of the squirrels and birds. Alex watched with quiet content as the men fished. He had lived near the lakes his whole life and knew the area's wildlife well. He delighted in the soaring grace of the osprey, eagles, hawks, and even the dirty cormorant that frequented the sky. As Alex steered around a slight bend in the shore, a small brown bear flop-ran into the cool water and swam to the point of another island a short distance away. The Murrells looked up for a minute and then returned to stare at the water and jerk their lines. Alex followed the bear as it raised itself from the water onto a large rock and shook from head to toe. He figured it was a cub that would still be with its mother. As the bear cub scampered off through the sun-soaked pines, Alex looked closely for any sign of a mother, but he saw no other movement. And it was rare that an animal would escape the sharp sense of sight that Alex had developed. It was remarkably easy for him to spot the deer, bear and moose that often grazed along the grassy shores of the lakes.

Alex glanced away from the bear cub and absently stared at the white men as they watched the water. As he stared at their backs, the spruce and pines around them grew heavy with snow. The whole lake became the blinding white, crisp-clear winter land that Alex knew so well. A powdery snow was falling, as Alex bent forward, pulling his sled behind him, with the three beavers that his first morning line had revealed. Though the wind blew cold over the ice, Alex was warm with thoughts of his wife working on the animals; cleaning the pelts and cooking the meat. As he pulled the sled from the ice and plowed through the woods, his mouth watered as his toes burned. Two more lines to check and the two mile hike back to the cabin, and he could rest and work by the fire. Alex knew the area around his winter cabin, an area of perhaps fifteen square miles, better than any man. He had been trapping and ice fishing in the area for as many winters as he could remember since his schooling.

Alex had gone to high school and was therefore held in high esteem among the townspeople of Red Leaf, the center of his reservation. But that had been a long time ago, and while many things from the books had left him, his knowledge of the lake and woods, and the ways of the animals had increased tremendously. Alex's wife had been with him for most of his winter seasons and she was as graceful with the scrapping knife as she was quick with the sewing needle. They both loved the winters for then they could retreat for a while from the fear and confusion of the white man's world. The winters offered the cold, white stillness, solitude and security of hunting, and the warm familiarity of the close-knit family in Red Leaf. Alex visited Red Leaf regularly during the winter, to get the few supplies he couldn't furnish himself and to break the lonliness that came with the cabin solitude. Alex was smiling to himself as the boat rocked in the cross waves of a windy channel and Mike Sr. shouted to him.

"Alex, wake up dammit! Take us over to the north end of that

island, I want to cast into the weed bed there. And hurry, we still don't have anything for lunch and it's 11:30."

Alex suddenly dropped his eyes from a far line of trees, and as he met Mr. Murrell's eyes, he twisted the throttle and turned in the direction of the weeds. The men had put their wind breakers back on, for even though the sun was hot from directly above, the wind had picked up and was cooling the lake. The boat broke through the waves, water spraying over the bow. The Murrells turned their heads away, but Alex welcomed the cool spray on his rough, brown face. It refreshed his body and wiped the heaviness of last night's whiskey from his mind. He felt sober and renewed as he slowed just outside the weeds, where the men began to cast.

Alex soon forgot the casting and his warm face again spread into a smile as he saw the lights of Red Leaf glowing under the ghostly shroud of blowing snow. It was usually a hard ten miles from the cabin to the village, but he always gathered speed as he approached the people he knew and loved, and the place he had lived, worked and married into during his youth. On his trips into the village, Alex always went directly to the trading post-general store, to first have coffee with the old grizzly owner of the store, Keen Eye. Keen Eye was so named for the skill he had shown in his earlier hunting days, but he was still known as the village voice on hunting and trapping. It was with his old friend Keen Eye that Alex always traded in his pelts for the salt, coffee, canned goods, new traps and tools he needed. He also went to his sister's house on the edge of the settlement, where his five youngest children lived and where his two oldest sons had lived. Alex also recalled the many times he had passed the tavern and looked in through the window to see Indians he knew from town and the occasional white trappers that passed through. But Alex had never gone in--at least not until recently. But last season Alex had started coming into camp late, as he had this morning. More and more often he had wandered off in the night with a bottle or two of whiskey to drink himself into a cold, forgetful sleep. Last winter was the first time Red Leaf had ever seen Alex go into the tavern. Whiskey seemed to ease the pain that Alex had come to know.

Alex had always taken good care of his children. He wanted them to grow up to be somebody, not just on the reservation, but in the white man's eyes as well. He wanted them to have something better than he had; to go beyond the logging and fishing camps. He saw his name meaning something in the outside world. He saw his children strong, brave and free--denying white authority by their Indian pride.

When Alex's oldest son had gone to Kenora two summers ago, Alex had been both happy and sad. Jonathan had not finished high school. He said he was fed up with reservation life, so after two years of high school, he left for the nearest white city--Kenora. Plenty of Indians worked there and Jonathan knew he could find a job. Alex too felt it was good for his son to be on his own, to experience the white man's world.

One day late in the summer, Alex received a telegram at the post office on the reservation; a message that left him sitting on the front step slowly shaking his head, his eyes watery, his mouth quivering with disbelief. The telegram said Jonathan had been found in his hotel room--a bloodied hole in his temple. Through their investigations, authorities believed it to be "a clear-cut case of suicide." After Alex had been to Kenora to identify the body and make arrangements for his son's burial, he was filled with a bitterness he had never known before. His dreams for his children lived on, but his resentment of the white man had swelled, at least temporarily, into passionate hatred. Alex somehow felt that his son was not responsible for his own death. His son had not pulled the trigger . . . the white man had.

Alex had lessened the pain of Jonathan's death by turning to his second oldest son, Paul, who had been working for several seasons at Portage Bay Camp with him. Paul had left high school after one year to start work in the camp, but Alex felt that he would probably return to finish after another year. Alex was protective of Paul, overly protective--watching and always wanting to know where Paul would be. That is mainly why Paul had left that evening--to spite his father, and to be alone for a while. It was a dark, windy night last summer, when Paul took off in one of the small outboards to escape the too familiar scene of the bunkhouse. The water was choppy and rough, rougher than Paul had ever been in before, and the night was quickly becoming pitch black. But Paul could handle it, he knew the lake; he was a guide.

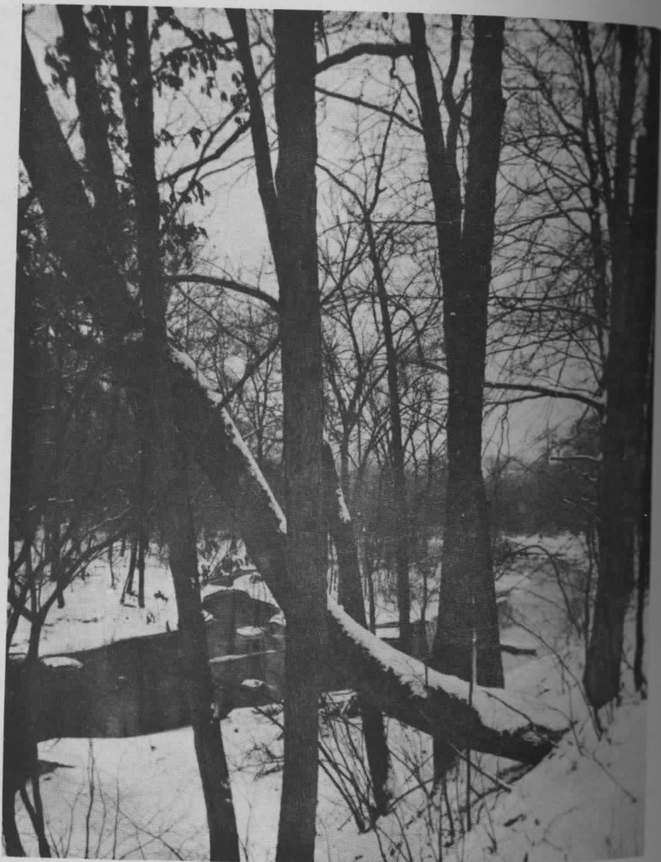
Alex had found his son's body the next morning. Paul had apparently been thrown from the boat, probably on a turn. At least it seemed he must have jerked the throttle around, for the boat had circled back on him. He was killed as he was sucked in by the motor blades.

When Alex's third son, Joseph, arrived at Portage Bay Camp last summer, Alex had been standing on the dock; tight, tense--squinting and blinking his watery eyes even though the sun spread a long shadow before him. Grabbing Joseph's gear from the boat, Alex had welcomed Joseph to camp half-heartedly. Looking out over the water that quickly drowned the wake of the large inboard, Alex had wanted to cry out to Red Leaf, hoping the reservation could take his only son back into its arms forever.

Yet rays of hope occasionally broke through the fear that fogged Alex's mind. Joseph meant hope and pride for Alex. He had finished high school and had been offered a college education on a special Canadian Indian scholarship. He had even been to London, England on a 3 week study program. Joseph was going to make something of himself. As the days turned to weeks, Joseph became accustomed to the guiding and camp routine; something that Alex could not do, now that Joseph was in camp. Whenever Joseph was out in the dark alone, or returning late from a long day of guiding, Alex could not escape the sudden swirling image of the bloody water that Paul had floated in that night. Alex occasionally gave the white guests who filled the camp, quick, uneasy glimpses from the corners of his eyes--often seeing in their smiling faces the stone-stare of his

son Jonathan. And his torturing memory seemed to fade only in the cheap whiskey that the reservation tavern offered. The harsh agony of his sons' deaths floated along in his mind in a sea of pure, peaceful winters; the contrast heightening the pain.

When Alex awoke to his surroundings, his palms were sweaty with the hate his memory had generated. He bitterly stared at the white men in the boat, as they began moving about. Alex's mouth and face tightened up into a stiff, hard smile as he lowered the net into the water and hauled in the large Northern Pike that Mr. Murrell Jr. was happily wrestling in for lunch.



STAR SPANGLED PTERDACTYL

volcano flows met the waters
lush vegetation swamped under
steaming and hissing-
music for a millenium

a speck of brain churned
his emense hulk roared
large trees snapped
twig-like in his jaws
and for the time
he was lord.

yet winds changed, waters dried
plants withered out of his
proud, royal reach
his threatening size threatened -
a swollen foot for a narrowing shoe

concrete cascades into the waters
lush vegetation made synthetically resilient
industrial plants steam and hiss-
music for our air-conditioned culture

a tiny electronic computer-center churns,
men and machines roar
making the world safe for our swelling GNP
tiny countries snap at the sound of our jumbo-jaws
and for the time
we are lord.

Billy's
blue-spangled
star-striped
cap
hangs
like the fourth of July
where his hair
curls
like American spaghetti
Front porch lady
two houses down
says Billy's a red
wears his flag on his head
Front porch lady
must be commie, too
her car
wears its flag on its ass

Suzi Harriss '73

Hong Kong

from here, sky-scrapers
small farms and fishermen-
so many working ants

Peter Porteous '74

Ennui

my great loneliness, like waves
has
gathered, heaved
and
drenched the fibers of my being
before
but
the tide returns and so my sorrow
- - - jadedly: unceasing

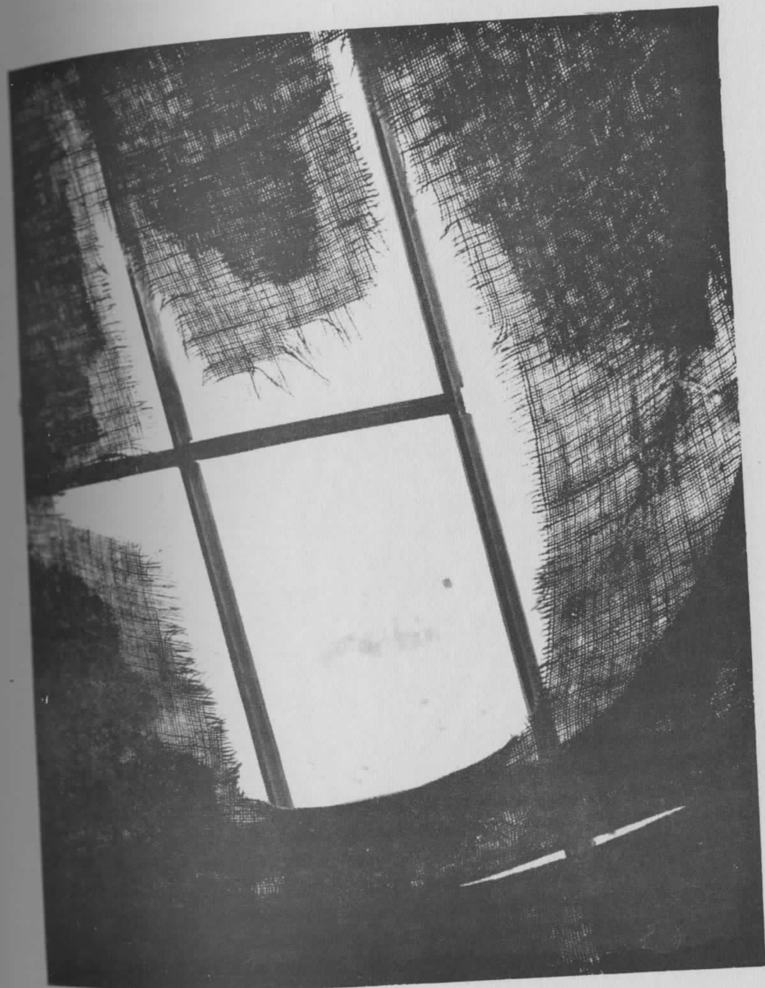
Debra Tucker '75

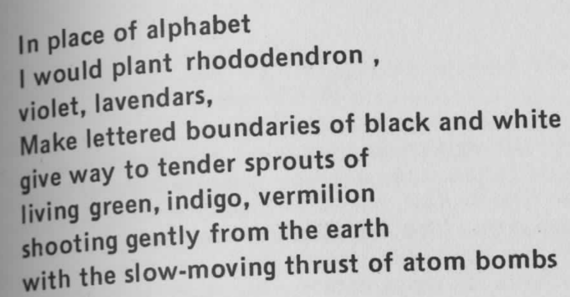
pathetic collapse

My dexterous right hand
has seen more Action
than my left hand.
Yet the left has taken the pain.

Left in the lead
The door flung outward on Screaming hinges
My skating palm comes to pause
on thin heat-tempered ice.
GlasShatters
My bone shrieks at its indecent exposure.
Jagged edges offer severing security,
lead lifebouy for drowning fingers
Pulled out in panic's pulse,
warmly wet. A life's geyser oozes
Bursts forth in violent escape
spills wasted red on cold asphalt.

Bruce P. Andre '74





In place of alphabet
I would plant rhododendron ,
violet, lavendars,
Make lettered boundaries of black and white
give way to tender sprouts of
living green, indigo, vermilion
shooting gently from the earth
with the slow-moving thrust of atom bombs

Instead of datelines
a lineage
syllables merging like cells
two into one
reproduction in reverse
Pages compressing into past
evolution moving backward, without loss
like back-winding film,
into one all-encompassing word
unlimited in space or context
speaking all colors of earth, science
humanity
a one-syllable poem
the facial expression of the universe

Suzi Harriss '73

ACCIDENT

Richard Glaser '74

She had not been so lucky. I remember skin grinding off my leg; my left elbow split wide and bleeding. (It left a permanent worm-like scar.) Blood oozed under my ripped shorts, trailing red over the asphalt. I yelled meekly at first, then screamed and screamed again. The car stopped. Smoke ceased to burn my nose. I didn't cry but I felt awfully weak and scared. Pudge got out of the car with a dopey look on his face. Mrs. McConnell bustled over the lawn, frantically yelling at Pudge for not watching when he backed out of the driveway. He stooped and pulled me and my bike from under the car. It was a mess -- the handlebars were bent away from the front wheel and the back tire was ruined. I bit my lip and squeezed my eyes shut as Mrs. McConnell held me against her old-lady breast and took me into the bathroom to clean the stinging gravel from my leg and elbow. -- I don't know about that Pudge -- I don't know how you keep from crying -- he's often so careless -- I hope you can find it in you to forgive him. -- The methiolate burned. I mumbled that everything was o.k. and went outside. I did cry that night in bed thinking of what could have happened.

I was eight then, she could not be much younger. Her slim blue bike with a yellow seat was nearly severed in the middle. Paint had been scraped away from impact and it rested about ten feet from the curb. The front wheel was turned upright from the street, spinning slowly to a stop. She had not been so lucky. She must have hit her head, but there was no blood. Her forehead was hidden beneath the silver fender of the stationwagon. The tennis-shoed feet touched against the imposing, black double tires of the dark green moving van. She lay as if asleep, curled up on her side, the nostrils of her elf-like nose flared as if breathing. Her left eye was gently closed. Downy brown hair curved over the other eye and fell across her neck. The tufted purple blouse was spotless, but along, gray stain was scuffed over her white shorts. Her calf was marred by a swelled scratch imbedded with specks of gravel. She must have hit her head, but the small head seemed disjointed from the shoulders.

Heavy feet shuffled to moans and shocked sighs around us. With one knee on the yellow curb, and the other raised to support my worm-scarred elbow, I leaned against the telephone pole watching and thinking nothing. I heard Jim come from the drugstore stating in a deep whisper, "Someone already called." The bulky man in a dark green suit that matched the truck bent over the limp body opposite me. -- Jesus, Jesus Christ. -- Another man in identical uniform consoled, "It ain't your fault, Hank. Ya couldn't see her." A skinny woman with dull, brown hair piled on her head in flipped layers shrieked, "Look what you've done! What have you done?"

"It ain't his fault, lady," pleaded the thin partner, "He couldn't see her."

"No. Look what you've done!" her beak-nose jutted at her murderer.

"She came from nowhere, lady. It happened too quick," the partner continued as his friend remained silent.

Slowly a crowd gathered. I heard one woman say that the girl's family had just moved into the Janson apartments around the block and they had come from the suburbs. That explained a lot to the crowd. They understood why the pretty, little girl had ridden her bike so carelessly between a stationwagon and a truck parked on an incline.

We had seen it -- Jim and I. Coming around the corner, I caught a glimpse of the rear of the blue bicycle cutting behind the truck. I yelled out as the crank of gears jerked the truck in reverse. There was a crack, a slight scream, and the truck slammed to a stop. I ran with fear and curiousity, finding her in the silent, drowsy position.

From the corner of my eye, it seemed the staggered row of heads nodded together. Grimy buildings leaned over the cramped shoulders which were encircling us. -- Their eyes buried deep into the body, but the sleeping face resisted the words.

I caught myself from reaching to smooth back the hair from her eye. It seemed out of place.

"Move back,"

A gruff voice. A blue-cuffed hand pulled me back from the curb. A bald policeman leaned over the girl, his hand checking her neck and bent wrist. His fingers bulged into her fragile skin.

"The ambulance will be here soon. Please move back."

I tried to organized my thoughts. He was speaking to the truck driver who now was on his feet, his eyes still fixed on the girl.

"It was an accident," I saw him mouth.

"Who saw this?" called the cop.

Jim pulled me over behind the clumsy truck. "Look, don't say nothing," he whispered.

"But . . ." I complained, and was interrupted bv the shrieking woman with the brown, stacked hair.

"Yes, officer. I saw it all from the drugstore here. That man's a murderer!"

Now the entire crowd was calling out their story. People who had just appeared related details in loud voices. Most defended the driver. I moved forward but Jim yanked me back, "Forget it, man," he ordered in a brash whisper, "things'll work out."

Jim hustled me away as the frantic, whooping siren neared. We walked silently to the parking lot. I grew angered at the policeman, thinking what he would do if I had been her brother or something.

Nothing was said all the way home. Just before we pulled into his driveway, Jim came out of his silence and asked. "Have you ever seen anybody throw an epileptic fit?"

I had once, at the New York World's Fair. There had been a crowd of people three rows thick around the guy and I was too

short to see over them. Dad had told me the man was sick and throwing a fit, but I never saw him. I shook my head and said no.

"It's really weird. They writhe and foam at the mouth like a mad dog. All these people gather around," Jim said.

Jim had probably seen quite a few epileptic fits. He was two years older and had lived near the city all his life. We had just moved into the neighborhood.

As we got out of the red VW van, Jim peeked in through the garage window and matter-of-factly said, "There's no one home. I still got some grass. C'mon, maybe you'll get high this time."

I could do nothing but agree. He cautiously opened the front door and I followed him through their plush, red living room to the back of his house and into his room. He motioned me to a big, black reclining chair with the stuffing coming out of the seat. I settled and stared at the Jimi Hendrix poster across from me.

"I feel like shit," he started, "Look, I'm going to take a shower. Put something on the stereo if you want to. I'll be right back."

He left the room and I heard the sudden hum of shower water. I didn't feel like listening to any music. I didn't feel like smoking marijuana, either. I had smoked grass once before, and only got a little dizzy and kind of sick. Jim insisted, though, that he'd get me stoned.

Jim called for me to come into the bathroom. The air was stuffy from the shower and the mirror was steamed. He had the window wide open with an oscillating, fan humming on the sill and the square, chrome vent was buzzing above the beige bathtub. In an old coke bottle, a stick of purple incense smoked wildly in the many drafts of air. The mirror quickly evaporated. Jim shut the door and wedged a damp towel at the bottom crack.

"There," he said, and brushed his hands together. "Here." He pulled two pink joints from the chest pocket of his white, terry-cloth robe. The pocket boasted a design of a royal, gold lion. He pulled himself onto the washbasin counter beside the incense, wafting the thick curls of smoke over his nose.

"Aaah!" he signed, and gestured me to sit across from him on the side of the tub. "Wait until you try these papers, man, they're strawberry."

I nodded. He took a long drag, leaning back against the mirror. I could see him, his terrycloth robe slipped off his leg. He bent forward and stretched the burning joint to me. I strained to reach, trying to keep my eyes away. I inhaled and choked a graspy cough. He laughed, "You have to get used to it. Don't worry, man, I'll get you stoned sooner or later."

The rest of the exchange passed in silence. We kept straining to pass the joint. I kept on seeing him. I felt grossly uncomfortable with this set-up. His hairy legs were parted and I was sitting so that my head was at the level of his knees. There were few other places my eyes could go, so I cast them to my tennis shoes. My thoughts were far away from the marijuana and Jim.

"Wow, am I stoned!" he exclaimed, "How are you doing, you off?"

"A little," I mumbled.

"Here," he fluidly tossed the butt into the toilet and withdrew another joint.

"Ah, Jim, I don't think I want anymore,"

"Oh," he said, looking disappointed. "Well, I'll do it myself." He smoked with puckered lips, sucking in smoke and swelling his chest with a pained expression on his face. He blew out in relieved explosions of smoke, quickly vanishing through the humming fan. He continued the ritual.

"Hey, why so quiet?" he inquired as he took a break, his eyes a shocking red. "You still thinkin' about that girl?"

"Yeah," I confessed. I couldn't get her off my mind. I now saw her tangled beneath the truck. The feeling of being enclosed in a transparent shell clung to me. I felt distant and in touch with something vague. I began to feel queasy and feared that his father might, for some strange reason, come home early.

"Well listen, man," he asserted, leaning forward. "I've been doing a lot of thinkin' about that sort of thing. You know, and well, it's a hard thing to get together." I listened, but offered nothing.

"What I've come up with is that there isn't any god, and therefore, there can't be any order."

He was inspired and his mouth twitched as he seemed to strain for the right words.

"So what we have, then, is chaos. This weird force that controls everthing uncontrollably. You dig?"

I nodded.

"Well, everybody falls subject to this. We're separate from one another and can't really accept other people as other people. This whole thing about societies and traditions still baffles me, but there is only one organization in the universe -- science!" he exclaimed, "and that's something that man's created. It can only deal with the sciences 'cause when you get beyond numbers and concrete scientific principles, there's nothing you can really organize. You see, philosophy is only an attempt to organize. And death, everybody wants to know why somebody had to die. But it's beyond us and in this chaos thing. So when somebody dies, there's no use questioning it. It's too bad," he stuttered, "about that little girl, but it's inevitable."

"But why so soon? Why so quickly?" I pleaded.

"I don't know," he lowered his eyes. "Well, it, it's because of chaos," his confidence grew again, "it can't be helped. Do you see what I mean?"

"I guess so." All I could think of was the frail body cleanly broken, knowing nothing of those curious stares. "But, what about God, I don't know about that part of your . . ."

"What's wrong with you, man? That's the whole thing -- there is no God," he insisted, then continued as if he was recalling a quote, "Man created science to explain nature and he created God to explain his own ignorance."

"What?" I interrupted, but Jim lept to his feet, gathering his plastic bag of grass. "Shit, that was the garage door."

I stayed on the edge of the bathtub and watched him flush the

toilet three times, shower orange-scented Glade over the room, turn off the fan and the vent, and flush the toilet again.

"C'mon, he ordered. We walked out of the room, but before he closed the door, he rushed back in the bathroom and splashed Visine in his eyes.

"Here," he offered the vial to me, his eyes painfully squinted shut. "What a rush!" he mumbled.

"No, my eyes are o.k."

We went into his room and waited. He put on a record, one with a loud driving beat I had never heard before. We waited, but his father never called.

"Just a minute," he whispered. He tip-toed to the door. It didn't make much sense to try to hear movements into the other side of the house with the stereo blasting behind him. He stepped into the hall, "Dad, Hey, dad?"

"False alarm, man, no sweat," he smiled and began to take off his bathrobe.

I walked to the bookshelf and stared blankly at the collection of Latin books. He had books on Caesar, Gaul and Cicero, and one called the Aeneaid. I knew Jim had never had a day of Latin in his life.

"I think I'd better be going home," I stated.

"I'll give you a ride, just a minute."

He was finally dressed Turning off the amplifier, Jim grabbed his coat and left the room. I followed.

"What did you and Jim do today?" Dad asked, his eyes focused on the ham and scalloped potatoes.

"Nothin' much,"

"You must have done something, dear," chimed Mother. Her hair had been cut and frosted this afternoon and the odor of hairspray rose above the steaming food.

"We just went to town," I grumbled, feeling my need for privacy being intruded upon.

"I saw Mrs. Babitsch at the beauty parlor today," she continued. "She said that the driver training program would start in June. She also said that you should have gotten a registration slip in school yesterday. Why didn't you bring it home?"

"Must have forgotten it," I said.

"Well, you'd better get on the ball. If you don't tend to these important matters you'll find yourself way behind everyone else."

"I don't care."

Dad slammed his fork against the plate. I half-hoped he hadn't heard me. "What the Hell's the matter with you. If you don't care, nobody else will bother."

"I don't feel well. I don't think I can finish dinner."

"Then go up to your room and forget about it!" yelled Dad. His face turned crimson as it always does when something upsets him.

I left my plate and walked up to my room, hearing Mom trying to calm Dad from his petty anger. Turning off the light, I settled on the

bed. The room was black, split in the center by a dim ray coming between the curtains. It was best that it was dark. I didn't want to see the constant arrangement of my room -- Mom's prints, the old oak dresser, and the useless desk and bookcase. I thought of the last time I had ridden a bicycle. It must have been two years ago when I was twelve, or maybe thirteen. In two more years I would have my driver's license. I wanted to have my red Schwinn jet cruiser and take at top speed the sharp incline in front of Benson's house in the old neighborhood. I did it once and knocked both my tires flat.

The leisure of remembering vanished. I could only envision the body hidden by still cars. The awful rush of words and pities rang in my ears, and the feeling of being strangely removed -- driven away in a secret world which everyone had left to me -- became an untouchable part of my life. I felt comfortable. Restlessness didn't even set in. Content where I was, walls and words away from Mom and Dad, I tried to figure out something about the little girl without knowing what question I was trying to answer. I felt guilty and I knew I shouldn't. I had unconsciously reached out to smooth her hair -- but I didn't. I could never remember touching any female's hair before as I wished to touch her's, not even Mom's. But I had done it unconsciously, so it seemed that it was alright - but then I began to wonder if that didn't make it more terrible.

As I remained in the room, guarding my eyes from the shadowy shapes, not listening to the monotonous house sounds, I felt part of me slip away. It was like being sick and feeling a strength drain from my body. I suddenly realized that I couldn't laugh or smile. Thoughts hammered at me for no reason -- the guilt, the shame, the responsibility, and the need to know why the girl had died and why I was there. I felt empty and bored. miserable with myself. and condemned to remembering.

Once, I killed a baby rabbit. I was six, and felt sick for days after my crime. From impulse, the bunny jerked, from impulse I threw a rock, catching the animal beneath its ear. I was amazed I could hit such a target from such a distance. It stood still, petrified, then began to quiver. Its nose became quiet and the tiny, marble-black eyes seemed more frightened than before. The quivering turned to convulsions. I screamed for it to run, for it to be o.k., but it shook for a full minute, then slipped sideways into a stone pose, gave one final tremble and lay rigid on its side with eyes open. There wasn't even any blood.

Everything turned into a dream -- the rabbit, the girl, Benson's sidewalk, the open, lion-bearing bathrobe, the dark green truck. The vague, fleeting scenes ran forward and then backward. Nothing made much sense, especially dreaming while sitting awake in my darkened room. I coaxed myself away from the weird connections, hearing my voice chant into my hands.

"Davey . . . Dave . . . David . . ."

I never answered my mother's call from downstairs, but she went on to say that Jim was on the phone.

"I don't know," I whispered to myself, and I don't think Jim knows either.

ENCORE

"When I was thirteen, after a piano recital,
my father was late to pick me up.
I was raped by five on the streets of Hough."
(and Stavrogin was among them)
"But I never told anyone,"
(never bore the bastard)
She lit a match, then another
staring madly at flames bearing
down upon her fingers
"Since then I've feared sex."
(always wishing it to come and end quickly)
As Matt fondles her naked ankle
with pursed lips whispering to me
- - Did you get laid in Amsterdam - -
Peter embraces her tight waist
nosing her perfumed neck
following his tongue's tip.
And Judas with gin and tonic,
who I thought I knew for solace,
hangs upon the dancing flames.
"I dance and act and love the theatre."
I applauded,
encore,
encore.

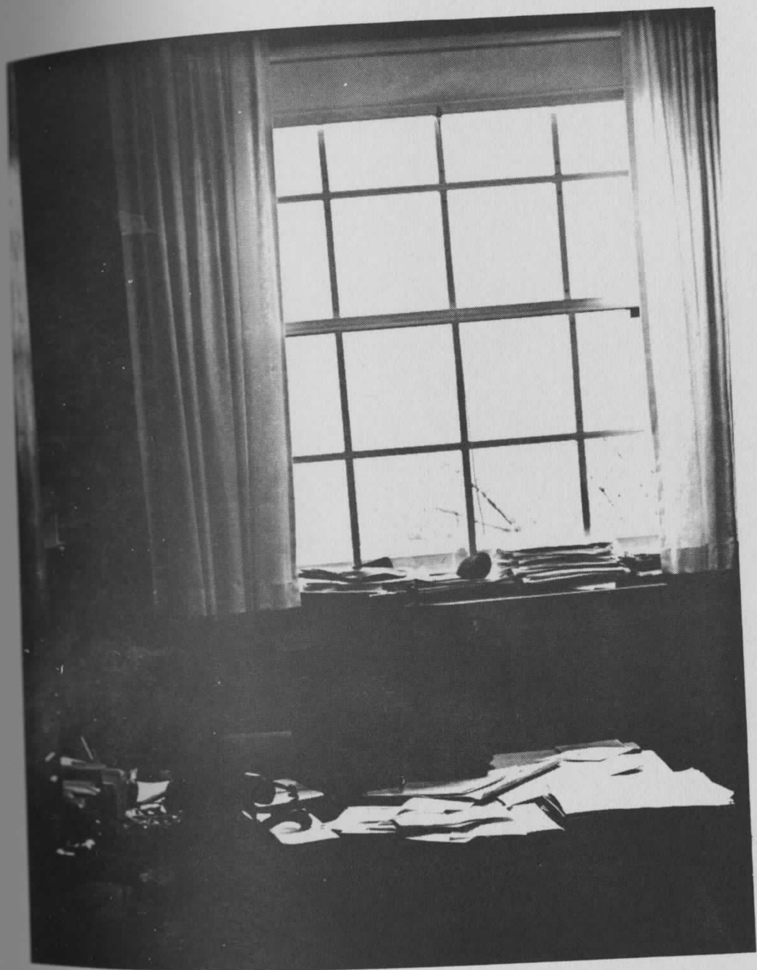
Richard Glaser '74

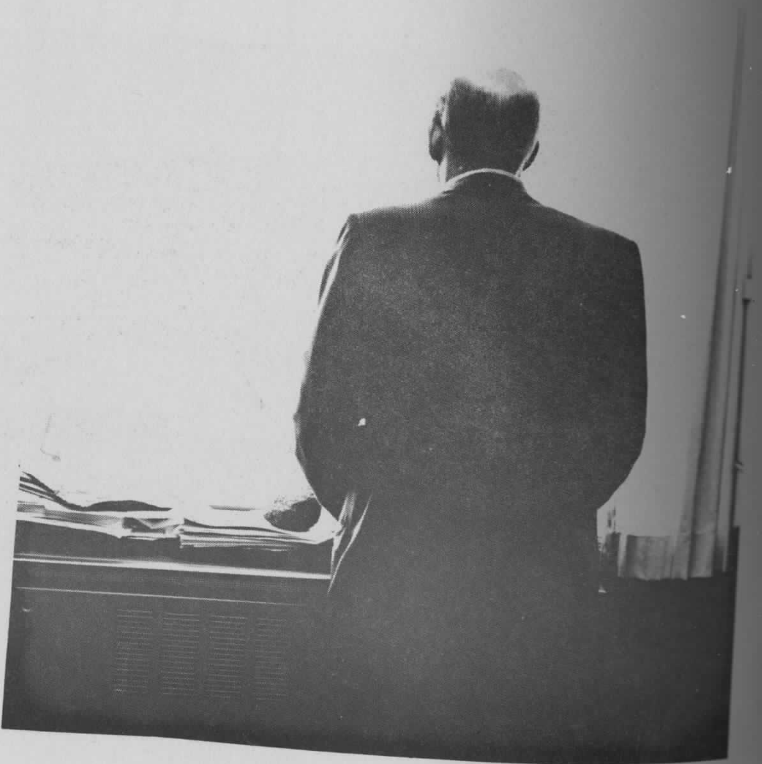
reflections disrupt

my sense of balance

i become one with a splash

Judy Hasel '74





EXILE