

1972

## Exile Vol. XIX No. 2

Richard Carothers  
*Denison University*

Doug Cox  
*Denison University*

Glenn Bard  
*Denison University*

Val Evans  
*Denison University*

Suzanne B. Dean  
*Denison University*

*See next page for additional authors*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Carothers, Richard; Cox, Doug; Bard, Glenn; Evans, Val; Dean, Suzanne B.; Wharton, Laurie; Mercurio, Phil; Anderson, Linda; Knuepfer, Robb; Bolster, Joe L.; Fergus, John; and Dean, Suzanne B. (1972) "Exile Vol. XIX No. 2," *Exile*: Vol. 19 : No. 2 , Article 1. Available at: <http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol19/iss2/1>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

---

## Exile Vol. XIX No. 2

### **Authors**

Richard Carothers, Doug Cox, Glenn Bard, Val Evans, Suzanne B. Dean, Laurie Wharton, Phil Mercurio, Linda Anderson, Robb Knuepfer, Joe L. Bolster, John Fergus, and Suzanne B. Dean

# exile

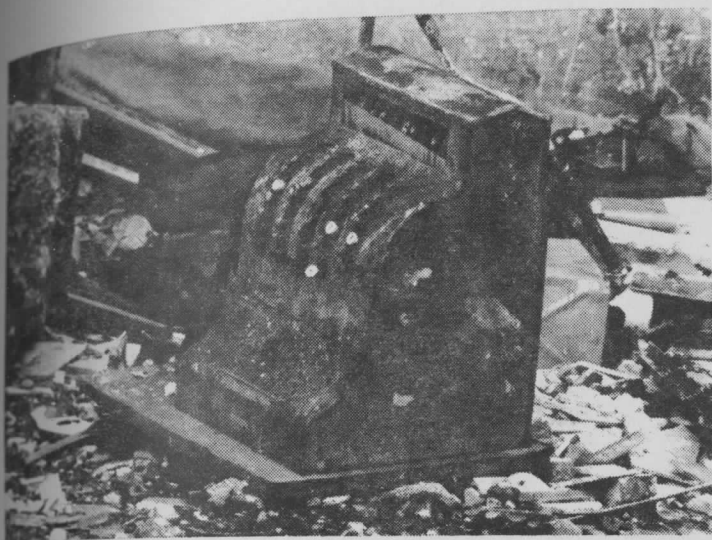
DEPT.

UNIVERSITY

1974

GR2

ILL. OHIO



*Tamera Iverson '76*

*Take thought*

*I have weathered the storm  
I have beaten out my exile.*

*- Ezra Pound*

Editor-in-chief

Peter Porteous

Poetry Editor

It doesn't really matter

Fiction Editor

George Yaksic

Art Editor

Jan Langford

Layout Editors

Nanette Hanniford

Paul Kikeli

June Lilley

Faculty Advisor

John Miller

SPRING 1973 VOLUME 19 NUMBER 2

Denison University, Granville, Ohio

## CONTENTS

### POETRY

Richard Carothers	3, 18
Doug Cox	3, 10
Glenn Bard	9
Val Evans	16, 24
Suzanne B. Dean	17, 28
Laurie Wharton	18
H.	8, 26
Phil Mercurio	23
Linda Anderson	23

### PHOTOGRAPHY

Tamera Iverson	1, 18
John Bildahl	9, 15
Anne G. English	25
Richard E. Bergen	27
Bruce André	28

### ARTWORK

Sheila Rollit	4
Tamera Iverson	11
Ann Merrill	16
Jude Hasel	17
Pat Victory	22
Wilson R. Baldrige	26

### FICTION

Robb Knuepfer	5
Joe L. Bolster III	12
John Fergus	19
Suzanne B. Dean	24

speckled day

sitting and sweating  
 out the windows watching  
 I read album covers  
 and dance only when I've had too much to drink  
 thumbs scraped pink of dead skin  
 ideas not so dead respond and bleed  
 the tight desk grips my attention  
 like a newspaper tragedy  
 a hollow pen wastes ink in squeeze toy laughter

I am still in these days  
 of dog breath  
 friends stop to reflect in my stagnant pool  
 a few nod when they see my unfocused hatred  
 and smile on,  
 hearing the scream of some far off saw  
 cutting live wood

*Richard Carothers '73*

### Looking-Glass

old men must go mad with the first snow.  
 you can see it around the eye's edge.  
 a slight crinkling, a certain shoving  
 of the pupils to the corners.  
 as if they feared the form of some frozen  
 Medusa's head lurking before them.

countenance becomes metaphor.

they shouldn't fear being turned to stone.  
 mirrors are made for surprises.  
 in them, one's dignity  
 replaces the dying smile of the derelict,  
 and the sorcerer's apprentice  
 becomes the sorcerer.

let the face of truth be frozen,  
 extracting courage from reflection:  
 in cold hands and insouciant eyes  
 lie the plans for spring.

*doug cox '73*

## The Road to Calvary



Sheila Rollit '72

## TO MY GRANDMOTHER

Robb Knuepfer '74

The evening of my last day at home before returning for my second year at college, I planned to take Nancy out for dinner. It was actually supposed to be a very special date for us since we wouldn't be seeing each other for several months, probably not until Thanksgiving. I made reservations for dinner at the Brass Rail in Oak Brook, and having showered and dressed by six o'clock, I sped down the stairs and out into the garage, started the car and raced down the driveway, my usual ten minutes late. Screeching to a halt, I pulled the car back up the driveway, hopped out and ran back in the house, having forgotten to ask my parents for the car. They consented with the typical "Where are you going? Be careful! Have a good time." Having eased my thieving conscience, I raced over to Nancy's.

By the back route it is very easy to make it there in roughly 4 minutes and 37 seconds, if you don't stop at the stop signs. Unfortunately there was a policeman cruising ahead of me nearly all the way so I made it in the usual seven minutes. Cursing my tardiness, I finally arrived, and of course Nancy had been waiting for about fifteen minutes.

We hopped in the car and I drove out of her subdivision and entered the Eisenhower Expressway to Chicago. She was sitting close to me, fiddling with the radio.

"Are we going downtown for dinner?" she asked excitedly. I said no and that I wanted to say good-bye to my grandmother. This would be the last opportunity to see her before I left.

I speeded down the expressway and weaved in and out between cars. Nancy uttered her typical exclamation of fright as I began jockeying for position. I promised I'd be careful, just as some guy passed me on the right, mouthing obscenities and honking his horn.

I finally made the Des Plaines Avenue exit, and turning left I crossed over the expressway and headed north in the direction of River Forest.

I glanced at my watch. Six thirty-five. Hope she didn't go to bed yet. She usually goes to sleep early these days. Damn. Wished I would have gone this afternoon. I know she'd have been awake then.

Looking at Nancy couldn't help but cheer anyone up. She had that radiant glow of a person in love with life, and it made me feel flighty inside to think she felt that way for me. She was wearing a sexy dark purple dress with long sleeves and a high neck. A touch of lace at the collar and cuffs complemented her delicate neck and hands. The dress pointed out the attributes of her figure as I followed it down to her hemline at mid-thigh and confirmed my opinion that she had the nicest pair of legs I'd seen. Dark stockings of purple added to the excitement of watching her. Long dark brown hair flowed gently from her head and rested just below her shoulders. She parted it in the middle and it seemed to curve around her face with a sensuous caress. Her lips were painted in a soft color that somehow glistened, and the rest of her light makeup accented her

facial features perfectly. When she smiled up at me the way she always did I felt like melting into her big brown eyes.

Coming down Jackson Avenue approaching Grandmother's house, I recalled how as a boy I used to yearn for the time when I'd be able to drive. When that day came I promised myself I'd go every day. I used to memorize the route and play an annoying back-seat driver for my father. In those days we only went to Grandmother's house on occasions and at Christmas and Thanksgiving. She always had my favorites: homemade chocolate cake or brownies, "black cow's" which were root beer floats with Dad's root beer, and cookies and candy, in short; any goodies I wanted which my parents were generally reluctant to provide. She always had the neatest toys. I remember I thought they beat anything I had, and I'd play with them for hours upon hours in her basement.

Of course, things had changed. We'd all grown up and lost interest in toys and games and family get-togethers, though never quite in her culinary talents. We saw less and less of each other as it became more and more difficult to get together as a family. As a family--wow-- that meant all 37 of us. Cousins, nephews, nieces, aunts, uncles, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, great aunts and uncles-- all went to Grandmother and Grandpa's house; 918 Jackson Avenue. Of course that was only the Knuepfer side, and didn't count guests which invariably appeared, but what a time we'd have as kids! It must have been quite a strain on the adults.

Grandpa died about six years ago, and that certainly changed things for the family. He had been the patriarch of the family, and his death was a shattering blow for everyone. Indeed we were all quite lost for a while. I always wondered what Grandmother did about it, but never had the heart to talk about it. I remember it was the first experience I'd ever had with human death, and my first funeral. I had always, and in many ways still do, considered my grandfather my best friend. In those days, we did everything together, and I felt closer to him than to my father. I was literally crushed with his death. It was so impossible to understand he wouldn't be around anymore. It was so final. I remember his brother coming up to me and putting his arm around me as I stood in the corner of the funeral parlor crying. He said, "Robert, we've lost a great friend, haven't we?" I felt so proud I could be considered a friend of a great man.

The house hadn't changed much since Grandpa died. As I pulled into the driveway, all the familiar memories of snow ball fights, wiffle-ball games, tag, kick-the-can, were revived. It was a huge white stucco house with orange Spanish roof tiles that looked like pipes cut in half, length-wise. Nancy said she'd rather stay in the car, and I promised I wouldn't be terribly long. "Hurry back!" she teased, and she smiled the way she always did. I strolled up the long red brick walkway to the front door. No other cars were there, so I assumed Grandmother didn't have any company. I had a key so I let myself in through the huge wooden door and immediately was bombarded with the nostalgic smells of my childhood. There was a kind of clean or fresh odor about the place, really indescribable, but you knew you were at Grandmother's house. I walked to

my left and looked in the kitchen but no one was there. I walked back across the hall and checked the living room and the library beyond with a glance, but saw no one. From the top of the stairs I heard, "Who's there?" I responded with "It's Robert, Junior" and proceeded to climb the winding staircase to the second floor.

As I ascended the stairs, there were pictures of her family on the wall--- Grandpa, Uncle Jack, Dad, Aunt Marilyn, and of course herself. I remarked to myself how beautiful Grandmother was. I remembered the pictures Mother had shown me of Grandmother as a young woman. She was stunning! I still have one of those pictures in my room. I joked to myself about what great taste Grandpa had--- like grandfather like grandson!

Grandmother was indeed a beautiful woman. She had the most attractive figure for a woman her age I've ever seen. It was remarkable to me, but I'd often heard others say she looked only 45 years instead of 70 or so. I suppose that description speaks for itself. She never discussed age, and bore hers with a gracious dignity. What astonished me most were her mannerisms. She is the only lady I've ever known in my life. Quiet, reserved, pleasant at all times and very dignified. She was the total opposite of my other grandmother, who was plump, jovial, drove a car at age 78, full of life and teasing like a young woman of 30 years.

Grandmother always looked perfect. Invariably dressed up, her hair neatly in place on her head; she always looked as if she just came from the hairdressers. She had clear hazel eyes that sparkled with a sharpness that reflected her intelligence; as a matter of fact, she had graduated with high honors from the University of Wisconsin in 1913. She had a tremendous command of language, and I supposed it was her English heritage that gave her the stoic reservedness I liked. But at the same time she teemed with love, and graciously went out of her way to comfort or help anyone.

I remember Grandpa drove her everywhere after she was 35 because she was frightened by driving automobiles. I guess I never thought about her when I used to race down the Eisenhower Expressway with her to and from my house on Sunday afternoons after Grandpa died. But she never let on it bothered her, and of course that was her style-- an English lady, polite and formal. It dawned on me then that I always called her "Grandmother" instead of "Grandma," as I did my mother's mother.

I followed the curve of the stairs to the hallway at the top and veered to my left and entered the bedroom.

The nurse greeted me complacently and quietly left the room. I turned to my left and there in a special hospital bed surrounded by bottles and tubes and other medical equipment lay Grandmother. I bent over the guard rail and looked into her eyes. She half squinted at me and it was terribly painful to look at her. She was ugly.

Her hair, which was now white instead of the grey-blue color I'd seen all my life, was now sparse and disarrayed. Her eyes were crossed somewhat, and tubes entered through her mouth. Other tubes were taped to her nose. She was as pale as her bed sheets, under which she breathed laboriously. She couldn't have weighed more

than ninety pounds.

My heart was pounding hard as I looked at a woman whom I had admired and loved for nearly twenty years, and it staggered me to see a human reduced to her pitiable state of being. Her legs were curled up around her waist, and the doctors had said gangrene had settled there and was moving up her body. They were like petrified rock. I moved my hand down to touch hers, which was locked in a clenched position around a splint to prevent her nails from cutting her hands. I gently stroked her soft hand, and looking at her shriveled body sent chills up my spine. Her mouth gaped open, and her tongue lay out one side, as gums bleeding to the rot of her teeth, she continually attempted to swallow. Tears came to my eyes as I told her I was going back to college tomorrow and that I would miss her. I promised to see her first thing at Thanksgiving. How dumbfounding it is to speak to yourself in that situation.

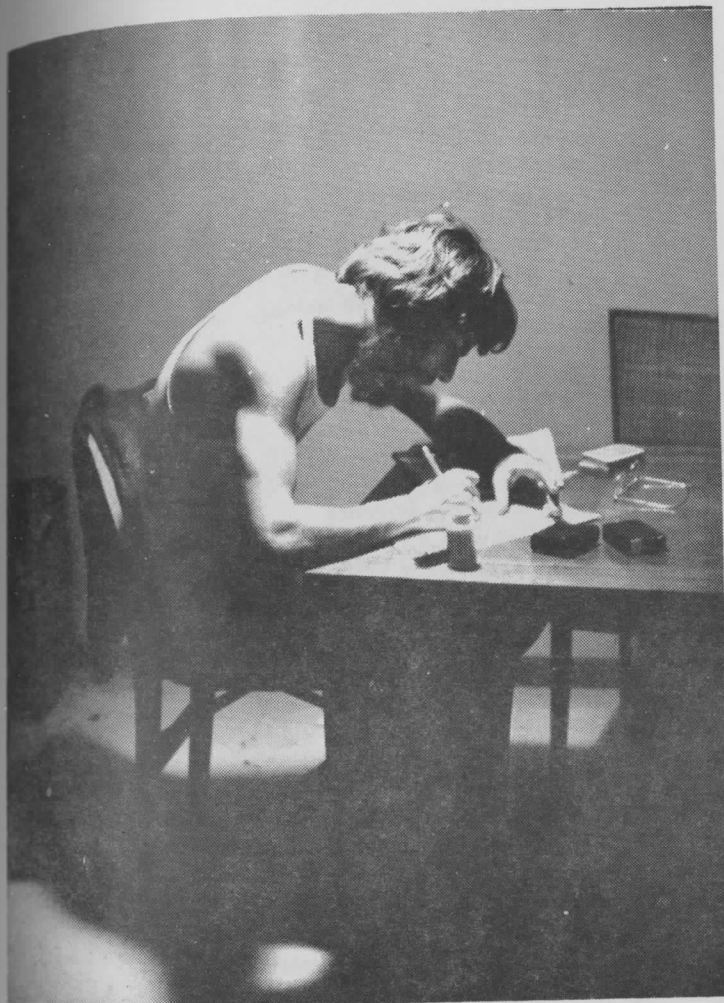
She groaned and exhaled a snore-like breath, then she rolled her eyes to meet mine and I just stood there holding her fist, praying she knew how much I loved her, and how much I'd miss her. I prayed to God she could hear me-- but she just lay there, gurgling, blinking her eyelids, and staring at me curiously.

I swallowed hard as the tears streamed down my cheeks. I knew she couldn't understand what I was saying, but perhaps she could feel me. Her eyes began tearing again from being open so long, and I sadly realized that all these life-signs of blinking, tearing, and swallowing were merely involuntary physical functions. I stood there thinking about what she would do if she ever knew how she was. But she'd had a "stroke" and been in a coma for over four months now.

I leaned over and kissed her on the cheek and whispered "good-bye." I left the room to the sound of her peaceful snoring. As I walked down the stairs I mumbled a good-bye to the nurse, and once outside I wiped away my tears.

It was getting dark as I took out the keys to the car, and ironically, I remembered my boyhood promise of coming to see Grandmother everyday as soon as I could drive a car. As I started the car and backed out of the driveway, I glanced back at the house and whispered "I love you", knowing I'd never see her again, and Nancy smiled up at me the way she always did and then rested her head on my shoulder.

February fog scooves in  
Twining around earthy appendages  
Protruding barren from the ground.  
Left over Santa snow crusts the  
brown bitten green grass.  
A marble squirrel listens to the silence  
and waits for spring.



John Bildahl '73

### Surface Tension

Mankind afloat  
A fragile leaf  
Enamoured with its own reflection

Saved from sinking  
The precious hold  
Created by its surface tension

Glenn Bard '75

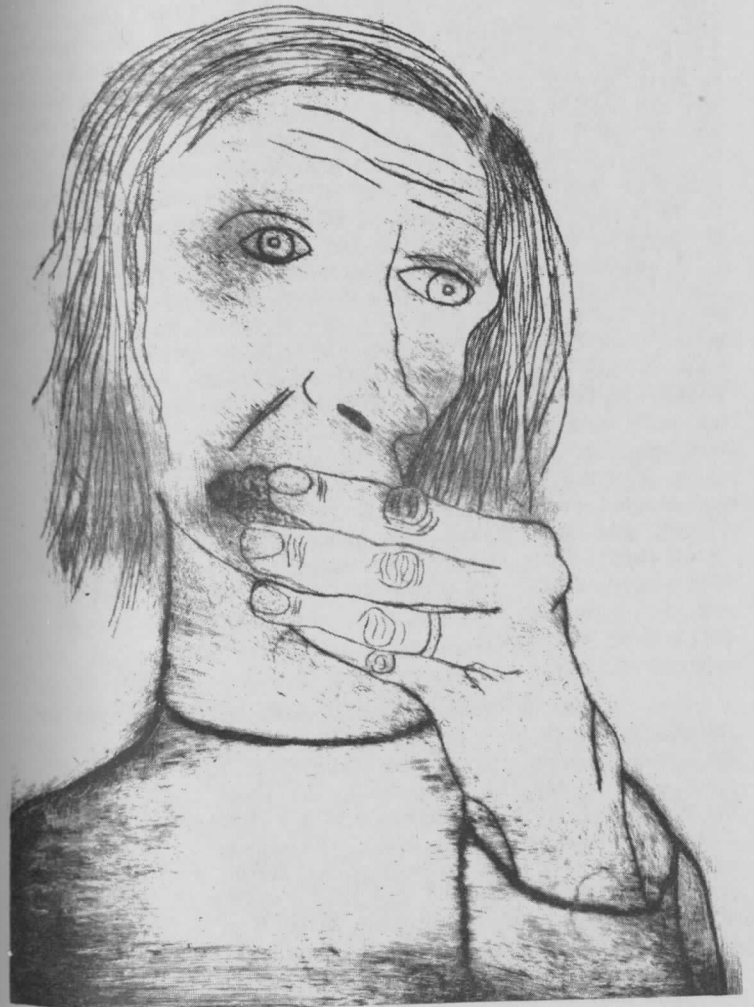


### Closing

my tears stand  
center stage  
explaining themselves  
in lengthy soliloquies.  
my friends,  
like galley slaves  
have raised their hands  
like oars  
poised to pull me home  
and are ready to trade their stinging fingers  
for my own encouragement.  
i'm a dismayed playwright.  
this started as an epic poem,  
i scream,  
but already the audience  
has filled with my old enemies,  
old lovers, funeral notices,  
pieces of cerebral cortex  
strewn about like dinosaur bones.  
memory is the message  
evolution sends us written on rock;  
these are the failures,  
unlearnable lessons,  
nature's battle with the natural.  
i'm nearing extinction.  
a beast with carnivorous past  
and a brain whose experience  
has outgrown its capacity  
to understand.  
three more clever lines,  
another million years  
of culture battling the earth's indifference  
and i'll see it all quite clearly;  
but already the play is ending,  
act two was much too long,  
the roses backstage are wilted  
and drop petals like bloody tears,  
the critics are running  
to their typewriters to call this  
"sentiment for sentiment's sake"  
already i'm drafting  
a closing notice  
with no emotion

*Doug Cox '73*

### Norwegian Sadness



*Tamera Iverson '76*

## FIRST MONDAY IN JULY

Joe L. Bolster III '75

Three summers ago, that would be the summer between my freshman and sophomore years in college and the summer I turned 19, I had a job shovelling tar all day long for two dollars an hour. This job took care of my day pretty well but at night I had a lot of free time on my hands. During the school year I competed on the track and cross country teams for my college, so at night I did a lot of running in order to get ready for the fall season. Unfortunately now that I'm in grad school I never seem to have time to run anymore, I keep saying I'll start tomorrow but I never do. Well, anyway, as I said, I was doing a lot of running that particular summer. Near my town was a small college and every summer the track coach at this school would put on four track meets for tracksters in the area. These meets were held every Monday night in July and anyone was welcome to come and compete, and since I lived nearby I attended regularly. That summer I looked forward to the first meet because I expected to see a lot of kids I'd run against in high school and hadn't seen in a year. The Rider Meets, as they were called, were great for seeing old friends and competing against them in odd events like the mile walk, events which you ordinarily wouldn't have a chance to try. As a matter of fact I'd even tried the mile walk at one of the meets the summer before. What a joke that was. At the end of the first lap I was way behind, probably because I didn't know what I was doing. On the second lap I cheated and started running here and there which prompted all my friends to yell, hey look at him he's running, at the meet official. The official didn't seem to notice my running but he couldn't help but notice when I tried to cut across the track on the third lap. I got kicked out of the race at that point but I was laughing so hard it didn't matter, besides who cared?

The Monday of the first meet I drove to the track with my girlfriend. The track was in the middle of a field about a mile behind the main campus and it was surrounded by a four foot high wire fence. There was one entrance in the fence and at all the meets a table was set up at the entrance with a clipboard on it and the meet director sitting behind the table. The clipboard had a list of all the events to be run and the contestants signed their names under the ones they wished to try and then paid a quarter entry fee to the meet director. When I got to the table on the first Monday I found myself in line behind three people. One was a burly high school kid who signed up for the shot put, paid his quarter and waddled towards the shot ring. The other two people appeared to be husband and wife. The woman was in her early 40's and very small and she looked like one of those quiet, patient women who make good wives. Her husband was of comparable age, with thinning hair and a face that reflected a great many decisions. He was wearing some old tennis shoes, blue trunks, and a gray shirt that read, Property of Such

and Such Athletic Dept. on it. The letters were too faded to read where he had gone to school. He had a good tan and looked to be in good shape for his age, he was trim of build with firm muscles and the legs of a runner.

When the shotputter left this man proceeded to write his name, John Simmons, under Mile Run. At this point the meet director pointed out to him that a Masters Mile was being run for men over the age of 30. John Simmons said yes he knew that but he wanted to run in the regular mile. The meet director shook his head and said okay so Mr. Simmons paid his quarter and he and his wife walked onto the track. I was next so I signed my name below John Simmons under Mile Run and then I went onto the infield to talk to a buddy of mine. We sat on the grass talking about our races of the year before, it seemed like a long time ago, and as the time for the mile got closer I noticed John Simmons jogging on the track. I'd kind of forgotten about him and as I watched him jog I wondered about him. I couldn't figure out why he wanted to run in the regular mile, he was in good shape but he was going to be blown off the track in the race, why didn't he want to run in the Master's race? I didn't dwell on him long though because I had other things to think about. I was going to be in for a big battle from a local high school whiz and I had no intentions of letting any young upstart beat me. I was the only collegian entered in the race, except of course for John Simmons but he didn't count, and it would be a blow to my pride for a high school kid to win.

I started to warm up during the 440 yard run because the Masters Mile was next and then the regular mile. That summer I was sort of coaching a boy who was two years behind me in high school and he was in the quarter hoping to run his best time. He came in fourth and I could tell he'd been slow. He walked over to me after he was done and I told him not to worry because it was hard to get motivated during the summer, anyway he had another year of high school to improve. He told me he wasn't disappointed because he didn't expect to be running 56 second quarters the rest of his life. I laughed and said no, he'd probably do a little better than that.

The meet director called us to the area of the starting line while the Master Mile was in progress. Glancing around the track at the guys in the Masters Mile I could see the race was its usual charade. The runner who was firmly mired in last place was wearing a Piel's Beer T-shirt and his stomach indicated that he was a running advertisement. This man's kids had come along with him to the meet and they shouted, there's Daddy, throughout the race. Everytime he came by the finish line he waved to them. A couple of other guys were running together and talking to each other as if they were on a bus. During the third lap one of the timers looked at his watch and then one of the runners and said, looks like Amick's going to break six minutes tonight. Six minutes, I thought, you can't get much slower. As the final Master Milers plodded home we all stood by the starting line shaking loose and cracking jokes about how out of shape we were, trackmen aren't very serious in the sum-

mer. John Simmons was standing a little way off from the rest of us and he wasn't talking to anybody, probably because he didn't know any of us.

Finally we got to the starting line, the gun went off and the race was on.. The first half mile was terribly slow so in the third lap the high school whiz and I separated ourselves from the rest of the pack. The last lap was terrifically fast, about a minute, and I outsprinted the kid over the last 100 yards to win in a time of 4:26. As I stood in the neighborhood of the finish line recovering my breath I watched the other runners straggle in. After a minute or so the meet director called the half mile runners to the starting line but somebody said hold it we've got another runner on the track. I looked up and just as I did I saw John Simmons cross the finish line. What a sight. He was laboring horribly, his legs could barely stride forward and his head was wagging from side to side. John Simmons' time wasn't bad, about 5:30, and he would have placed high in the Masters Mile, not first mind you but third or fourth which was better than the last place he'd just finished. His time was respectable but he had paid the price for it. Now as he gasped for breath just across the finish line nobody said anything to him, the meet director yelled again for the half mile and John Simmons wobbled onto the infield and lay down on his back. My girlfriend said he looked pretty sick and she wondered if maybe I should go over and see if he was okay. I said no, he was alright all he needed was air and he was getting plenty of it on his back. By the end of the half mile he'd recovered enough to sit up and cradle his head in his hands but he was still breathing quite hard. His small wife had been kneeling quietly by him the whole time. When he sat up she touched him lightly on the arm and said something to him. She must have asked him if he felt alright or something like that because he nodded his head up and down. I was standing nearby and judging from the look on her face she looked like she wanted to say something else to him but decided not to I can't say why, I just got the impression she had something else she wanted to say.

The next event was the mile relay. A bunch of my friends got a team together and they were doing pretty well, second place, until the third runner decided he could go faster running backwards. He went about 50 yards before he went sprawling and the baton went flying. That was the end of them. After my friend's display of ineptitude I looked over into the infield and saw John Simmons still sitting there. By this time the running events were all over so I went over to watch the pole vault competition. A few minutes later Mr. Simmons got to his feet and he and his wife walked to their car in the parking lot and drove away. I ran the half mile the following Monday but Mr. Simmons wasn't there to run the mile nor was he at any of the other meets the rest of the summer.



*John Bildahl '73*



*Ann Merrill '75*

southwest bazaar  
the square in old town  
santa fe, new mexico  
at festival time  
under the roof of the plaza  
southwest indian women  
squat behind large blankets  
upon which they have laid out  
their handcrafted wares  
their soft eyes  
gaze blankly  
at the long, milky legs  
of white women,  
tourists who stoop to examine  
the fine silver  
and turquoise pieces,  
who smile and  
show off gold bridges  
between immaculate teeth,  
palefaces boasting of  
the dexterity of dentist hands  
while indians nod pleasantly  
and beseech them  
to buy

*val evans '76*

## Thistles



*jude hasel '74*

### Haiku sequence

A lone white crystal  
Glides and tumbles amidst the  
Deep winter silence

As one pine awakes  
A needle glitters beneath  
Frosted purity

A brilliant warmth  
Upon the crystal now leaves  
A glistening bead

*Suzanne B. Dean '76*

## The Desirability of Being a Line

I am a ball  
rolling.  
My outer shell touches  
the world.  
Inside  
enclosed space  
sealed away.  
I would rather  
be a line.

Laurie Wharton '74



Tamera Iverson '76

## summertime

cold moon  
dueled with the lamp post  
who shall impress the stars  
I was seven  
putting lightning bugs in jars  
and holding them tightly  
so close, my little loving suns  
they wink at me  
when I let them go  
mother and father  
in their house  
tearing voices from locked screen doors  
who loves him the most

Richard Carothers '73

## GLAD ABOUT A LOT TODAY

John Fergus '74

Round and round the wheels spun, the spokes flashing as they caught the sunlight. The new tires sang as they sped cross the pavement, and the gears whirred as they churned through the freshly greased teeth. A bright orange needle climbed slowly around the speedometer, passing black numbers one by one, and then dropped suddenly as the bike quickly slowed for a turn, the unworn brake-pads squeeling loudly. Then the needle rose again as the bike accelerated and climbed up through the gears, again all sounds and motion, flashing red and chrome.

Jimmy watched his shadow speeding along the pavement. He moved closer to the curb and it started jumping up over the curbs, down onto the driveways, up on the curbs, down on driveways, up and down, darkening the grass, pavement, mailboxes, trees, everything it covered. He could see the blurs where his spokes were, and the black rings that were his tires. They bent and twisted as they passed over things, so that sometimes they were round, and sometimes they weren't. He could see his sneakers stuck in the straps of the peddles and his bare legs pumping up and down, but he couldn't tell which leg was which from the shadow. His "racing" T-shirt was flapping; catching sometimes on the comb in his back pocket. He looked, but couldn't see the STP patch in the shadow. He also couldn't see his red hair or his freckles, and he was glad about that. With shadows, everything was in black and white.

Jimmy's stomach growled; it was lunch time. He turned into his driveway, swung his right leg up over the seat and coasted into the garage braking slowly, not wanting to skid. Walking across the drive towards the back door, he carefully stepped over all the black streaks he had made on his old bicycle. Somebody had told him that it would be bad luck if he stepped on any. Then, he remembered who had told him, and slapped his shoes down on them, being sure not to miss even one.

"Hey Mom I'm home!" He let the screen door slam and winced waiting for his mother to yell. There was no response. He walked over to the counter, tipped the cookie jar and lifted off the lid. It was empty. He clanked the lid back on and pushed the jar back.

"Hey Mom!" pause "Hey Mom! I'm home!" There was no answer. He scuffed over to the basement door. It squeaked as it opened.

"Hey Mom!"

"Yes."

"I'm home."

His mother's feet kept the beat of the washer as she came up the stairs.

"Hungry?" she said, and shut the door.

"I just want some cookies."

"No sandwich- no cookies. What kind do you want?"

"Baloney."

"Mayonnaise and mustard?"

"Nope. Just baloney and bread."

"And a glass of milk."

"And a glass of milk- and cookies." He ran upstairs while his mother fixed his lunch to look for his bicycle lock again. He looked in his closet, under the bed, in all his drawers and on all of his shelves. It wasn't in the room. Looking around for the last time, he remembered that he hadn't checked the closet shelf, and dragged the chair noisily from his desk to the closet.

"Jim! What are you doing!" his mother shouted, from the foot of the stairs.

He climbed up on the chair, reached one hand up, and started feeling around.

"Jim!"

"Nothing!" Baseball mit. Dirty socks. Old tennis shoes. Hat. Comic books. Dirty shirts. Finally he felt a chain. Pulling on it he saw the blue plastic covering of his bicycle lock. He yanked it out, dragging the hat, a sock, and one tennis shoe with it. He jumped off the chair and ran down the stairs, stuffing the lock into his pocket.

"Hey Mom- do you have the combination to my bicycle lock?"

"It's on the bulletin board."

"Where?"

"Under the schedule of your Scout meetings."

"One. Five. Seven. Seven. Nine. One, five, seven, seven...nine. One five seven seven nine. One five seven seven nine." he said softly, trying to memorize it again.

"Did you find it?"

"Yep. One, five, seven, seven, nine." He sat down at the table and played with the placemat until his mother placed a glass of milk and a baloney, lettuce, mayonnaise and mustard sandwich before him.

"Sandwich first, and cookies later."

Jimmy inhaled the sandwich, then gulped down the milk. In return, he was given a half dozen Oreos, which he proceeded to unscrew and scrape the centers out of, leaving the black ends on his plate.

"See you later, Mom." he said, rising from his chair.

She caught his shoulder and placed him back in his seat. "Wait a minute young man. Where are you going?"

"Out riding."

"By yourself?"

"Yep."

"Can't you find anyone to go with you?"

"Nope."

"Well- don't be late for dinner."

"Okay- bye" He ran out the door and let it slam behind him.

"Jim!"

Trouncing again on the black skid marks, he dashed across the pavement smiling, his sneakers slapping at the pavement. He kicked up the stand and swung up on the seat. The tires squirmed and squeaked on the slick concrete of the garage as he slowly turned around. He sped down the driveway and braked just in time for the

curb. On the street again, he took off.

He headed down towards the high school, which looked all empty and black. He was glad that school was out, and glad that he didn't have to go to high school for four more years. He was glad about a lot today. Glad about the weather. Glad about not going to school. Glad he wasn't in high school. Glad it was summer, and especially glad about his new bicycle. He looked at all the windows and saw his reflection as he passed by.

The traffic light changed from green to red, and he shifted down through his gears before stopping. He reached down and clicked his generator so that it rested snugly against his tire. The light changed, and he slowly peddled away listening to the whine of the generator. Looking back he saw that the tail light was all bright and red. The faster he went, the brighter it got. When he stuck his hand in front of the headlamp, it reflected a white circle of light with a small dark center. He moved his hand around, but the dot stayed in the middle of the white circle. Leaning over the handlebars he saw that the "Gold Star" sticker was still on the glass. He turned down Edgemont, and headed out for Jon's house, hoping that Jon would be there, so he could speed by and not even look until called.

"Is that yours?" Jon would say.

"Yep."

"When did ya get it?"

"Yesterday."

"Geeze- it's really sharp."

Boy, would that fix Jon for all the things he'd said about Jimmy's old bike. But then, thinking again of the black streaks on the driveway, Jimmy changed direction. He'd show Jon some other day.

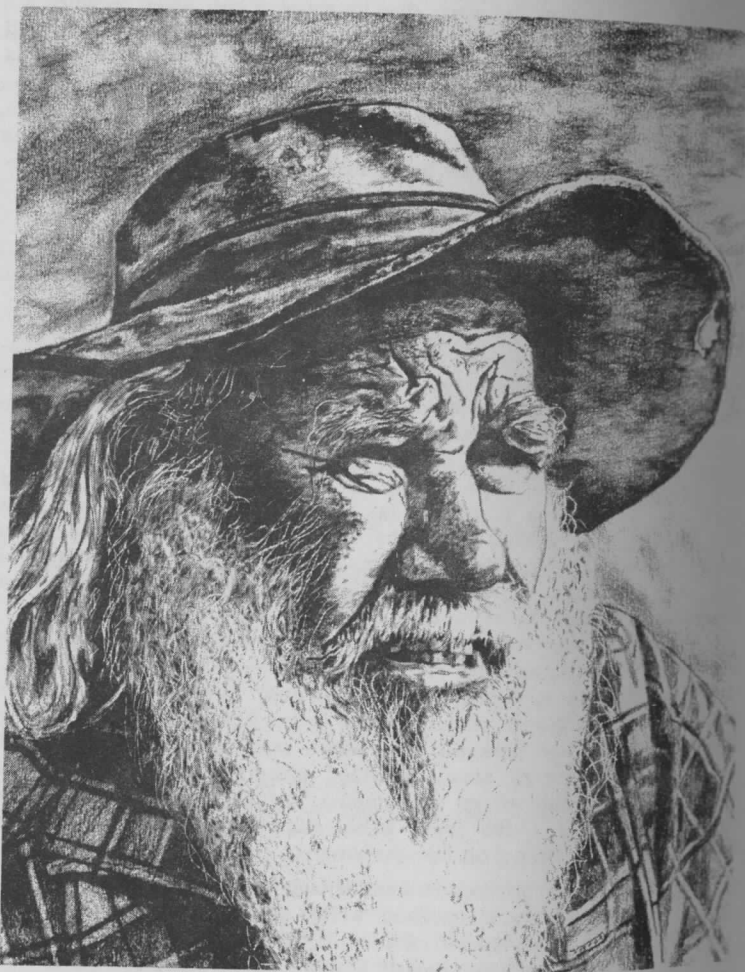
There was a brand new store in the Kingsdale Shopping Center. Jimmy dropped down off the paved parking lot onto the gravel and headed for the main doors. It was too hard to peddle through when his legs were tired, so he hopped off and pushed the bike to the building. He locked it to the rack, and checked it twice before going inside. Once in the building, Jimmy jumped on the escalator and went upstairs to look for the car models. Several cokes and several hours later, he came back out.

As Jimmy unlocked his bike, his stomach growled. Dinner time. If he didn't hurry, he'd be late. He laced the lock around his handlebars and locked it tightly in place. Then, he pulled the bike up on the sidewalk to get a running start at the gravel. Pumping quickly, he zoomed off the sidewalk and began popping through the stones. As the bike began to slow, he stood up so he could push harder on the peddles. In the effort of pumping harder, he pulled the handlebars to the right - the front wheel dug into the gravel and the bike stopped, pitching Jimmy off into the stones.

He landed on his right shoulder and rolled over once. His right arm and leg were cut up, and white streaks showed where stones had glazed his skin. Tears came to his eyes, but he fought them and did not cry. He got up slowly, looking at his bike. The front wheel had dug itself into the gravel almost up to the hub. The handlebars

had twisted in line with the tire, and the left brake cable had snapped. Carefully picking up the bicycle, Jimmy saw that the red paint had big chip marks and that the glass in the headlamp had cracked. The gears were all right, but the black grease now looked grey from the white dust. The leather seat, twisted sideways on the frame, was all gouged and scratched. The sun settled behind some trees, and the dusty chrome looked grey.

Riding home in the dark, Jimmy watched his cobwebbed light shining on the pavement. He coasted up his driveway and slipped into the garage by his father's car. He walked slowly across the pavement scuffing his feet, but was careful not to step on any skid marks. He gently opened and closed the screen door, and burst into tears in the lighted room.



Pat Victory '76

## The Blatant Morning

### Refinement

and your words so dull,  
waiting for a single moment,  
a fleeting passion,  
when your clothes won't be so neat  
piled in a heap  
beside your thoughts.

Tears run from your eyes  
and streak down  
your cheek-  
bone.

Your vengence strikes out at me.

### Complication

is my own doing  
loss of finality  
your undoing.

Put on your shoes, we'll take a walk.

### Substance

I cannot be clay:  
the imprint of your fingers  
heightens,  
yet mars my temples.

- phil mercurio '75

## sweet nothings

sly, silver smile, inspiring desire  
lies in the eyes of the lady  
a platinum princess of mirrored perfection  
reflecting/refracting, the light of men's lives  
crystallizing a moment for each to possess her  
with practiced precision she shimmers the mind  
highly glossed flattery, polished with praise  
shines flawlessly through her mirage

sterling madonna, looking glass lady,  
is it you that you see in the mirror?  
not the face, silver sweetheart, not the face  
but the mirror

classy miss glassy coated thinly with silver

Linda Anderson '74

## Alone In Bed

Upon awakening this morning  
I found I'd had a fear  
Implanted in me  
During the night

I dreamed  
Of shady apartments in lost cities  
In the dry deserts of Arizona  
I dreamed of two men  
Lonely---

Yet together lying stretched  
Upon a small floor cot  
Hands resting gently on  
Each other's smooth waists  
Lips---

Not far apart  
Talking in silent whisperings  
Of love, of a moment--  
Of renting the lost apartment

For their one time  
Together in peace without  
Scornful looks of dissatisfied men

And in the hours of morning  
Sitting alone in bed  
I found a fear implanted

*val evans '76*

A city stands. People towering like buildings into the sky stare down at him, but only in passing. Squares of black marble and middle class strength run blind to his back. Not far from the corner, ignorance flows up and down the avenue, stopping once in a while to observe a luxury in a window. Long furs and shiny shoes glide over one lost autumn leaf, browned and shredded, yet unable to accept the solitude of true death He is so willing to share.

Old dirt and city grime rest dry and cracked on soles turned to rest one on top of another. Where dark thin leather once struggled to pull itself free of the seams, tired threads now lay stiff, oblivious to all suffering of life. Ribbed cloth follows the lines of sharp bones weakened by mind and drink, and finds itself captured and hidden beneath once carefully folded cuffs. A pair of trousers and a coat, never to have seen

a lonely closet, protect the outline of his body against strips of dull grid iron. His arms are folded across his chest to hide knotted fingers from the brisk autumn day. Inside he gropes eternally for the few memories worth saving. The city's filth has wound its way between brittle colorless whiskers that circle unevenly about mild colorless lips, those that had so often searched for the warm dizziness of stale whisky. Eyelids shut in mellow repose close out the rest of the world forever. The bloodshot eyes now rest in peace, something which was always harder to find than a lost dime or a half empty bottle. Across his brow thick lines dug deep, once formed as he would listen intently to long lost tales of acquaintances drowned in their own stinking breath of survival. With no pillow to ease the thoughts so distraught from day to day, his greying hairs lay bent and motionless upon the rich city pavement stained in spit.

A flower, though still young in its beauty, falls to settle upon creases in his coat. His soul now escapes to petals torn and twisted. Solitude at last envelops them.

*Suzanne Dean '76*



*Anne G. English '76*





Wilson Baldrige '73

### Walls and the Fallen Woman

Mourn along with me, walls.  
Turn a darker shade of blue  
to spite the bitter yellowsun  
that dares violate my window.  
But, should one immortal sneer  
seep out a crack  
I will burn you  
with no more regret  
than I would burn a tinselled pine in January.

For a last companion, how is it I choose you?  
This room of my babypink crib  
can know little of me now.  
Each night I stumbled in here  
plopping my head on the swirling bed,  
I saw your dignified shock  
(like that of some dowdy nanny)  
straighten each board.  
And when I locked the door,  
stopped the keyhole,

and let unknown young knights  
gallop through the window  
to shed their armor in my bed,  
I felt your remonstrations creeping in, too.

Perhaps you think you've won  
now that my innocence is wedged in the gutter,  
my happiness shattered on cold cement,  
and petals of my rosy peace irretrievably scattered  
by some intoxicating wind I am unable to flee.  
But, you have nothing to do with this justice  
I created it on the grounds of my own guilt.  
There is nothing new and I can't stand the old stench.  
You self-righteous walls!  
I stand in judgement of you now.

The verdict:  
Guilty as charged of undone mortal sins.  
In this world  
we must slink as low as our lowest companion  
who in this case is me, you prude.

The sentence:  
Eternal visions  
of the debauchery of your last mortal companion: me.

After this day and night have passed,  
You, alone, will hold my last testament.  
Stupid wood as you are,  
You'll keep silent and wear weed of cobwebs  
while they shroud me in white.  
But, that's to be.  
Show a little comradeship now!

H.



Richard E. Bergen '75

### A Victim of Need

With sparkling blue awareness  
I feel you watching  
The parched creased flesh  
Slipping over sharp but worn

Desires of perpetual  
Motion. Encased by  
A delicate  
Softness, you are sterile

To cruelty of such  
Harsh destitution.  
A glitter, wet  
With life, momentarily

Moistens the cracks.

*Suzanne Dean '76*



*Bruce Andre '74*