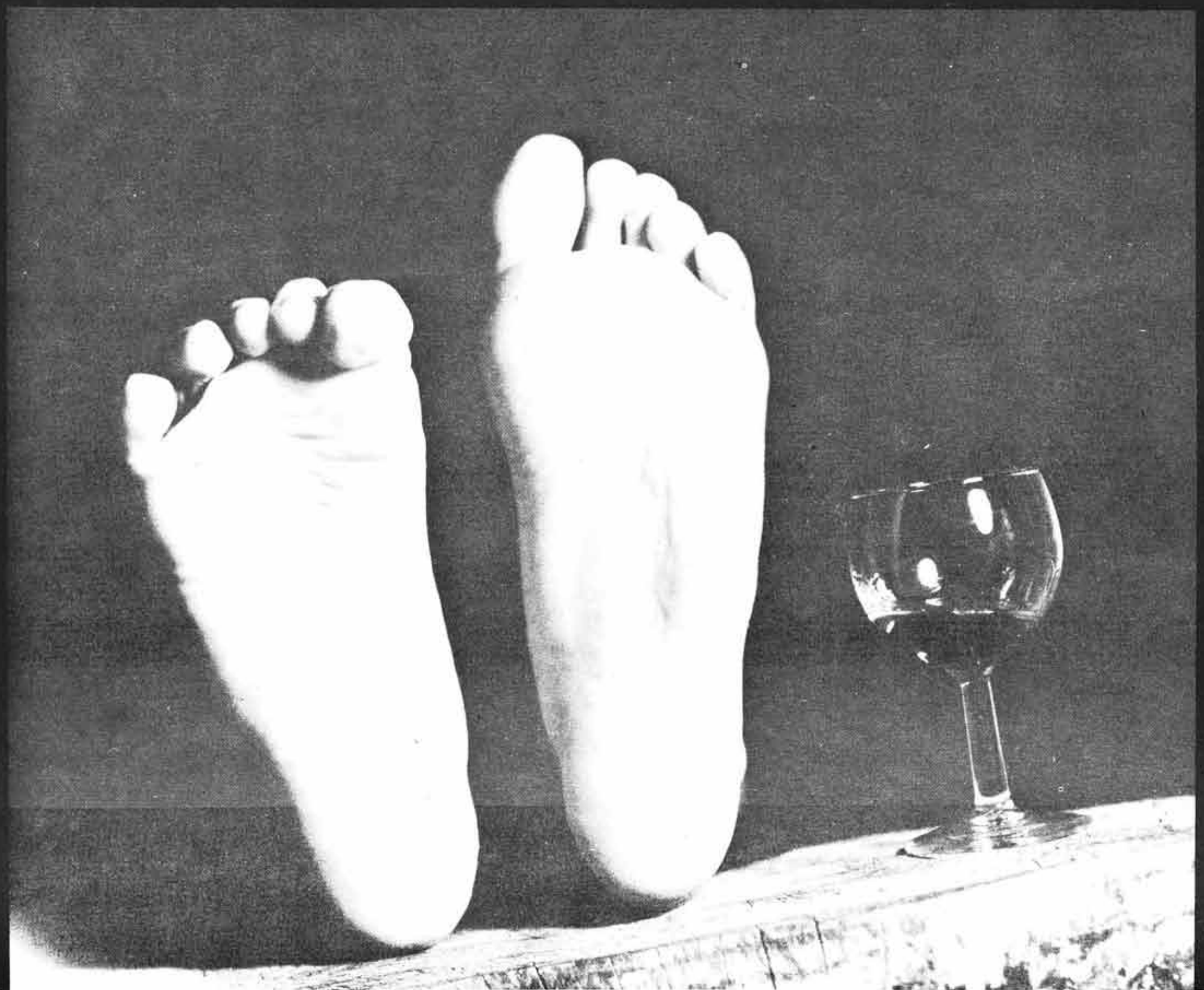
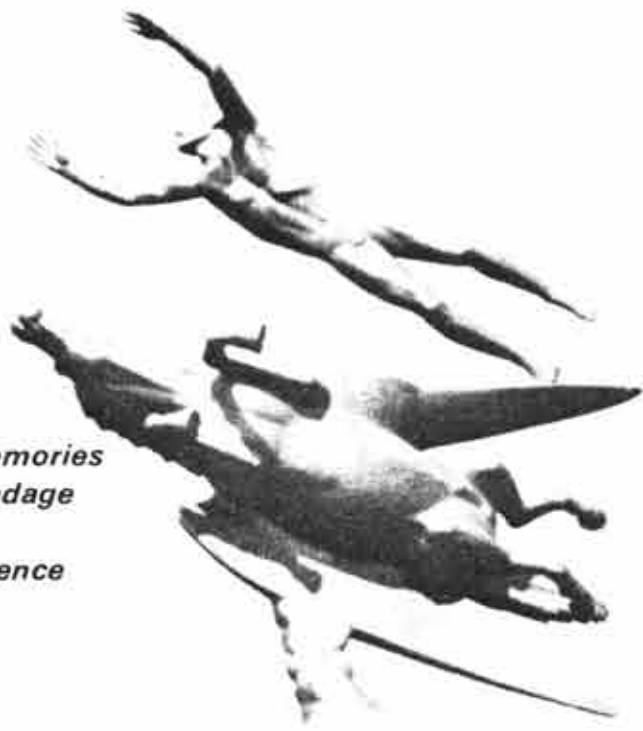


Chiaroscuro

volume fourteen
part one
dec. 1970



*all that happens
is the wind
nothing else matters
when i am naked
to my soul
the chattels of time
the montage of broken memories
the merry-go-round of bondage
the silent roar of voices
the roaring mutation of silence
all that happens
is the wind
in the myriads
in the hills
in the mind
in the eyes
in the id
nothing else matters
when i am spirit-naked*



softly

rolling down
her warm cheeks
my hand touches
wet tears

and i ask why
she is crying silently

but she is bent on
giving me
a line.

Chiaroscuro

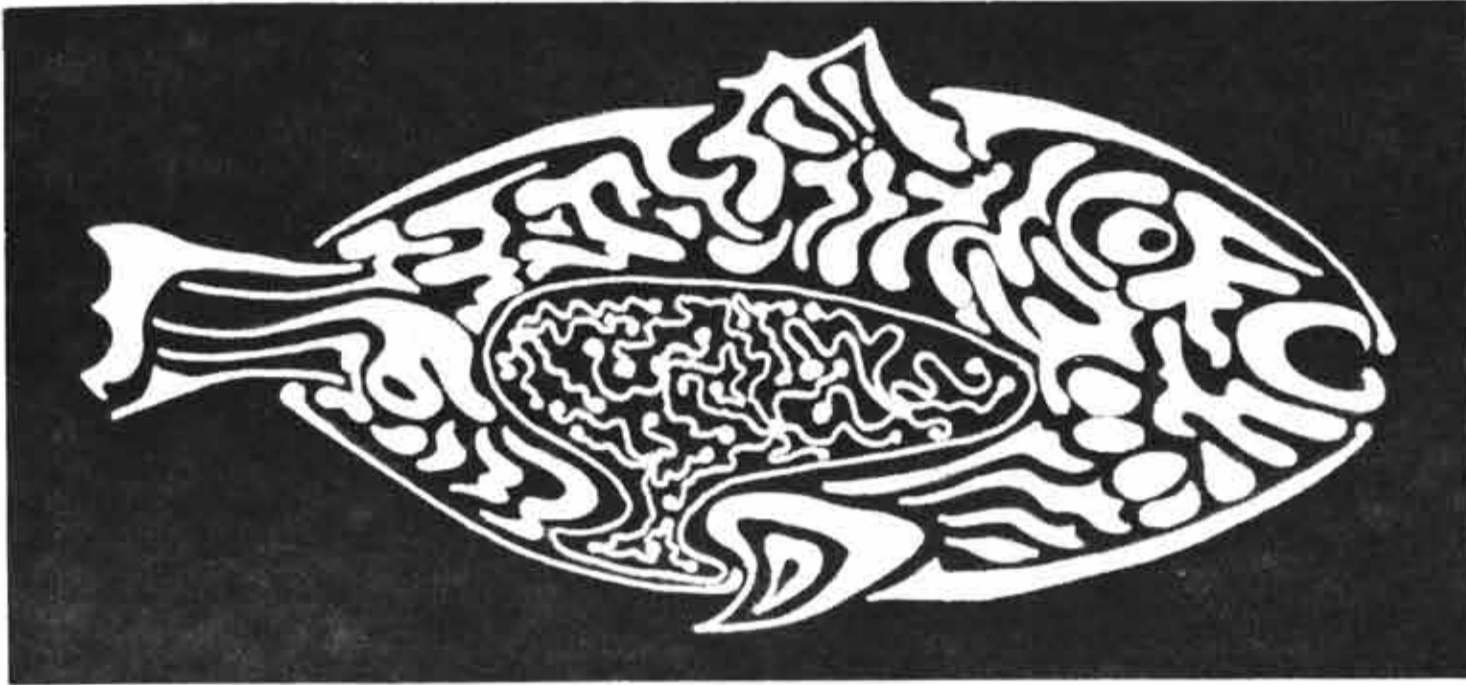
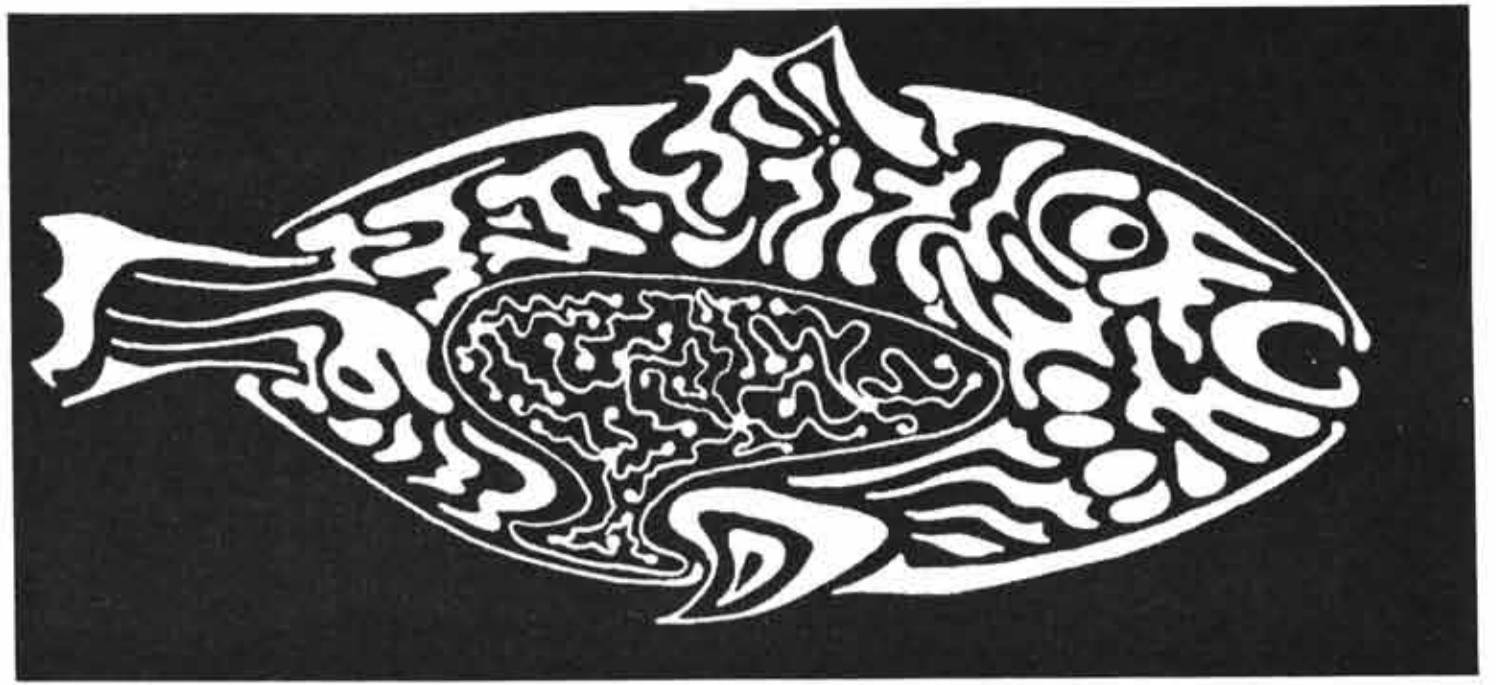
ki-ar e-skyoor'o is an Italian word used in English to mean the distribution and treatment of light and shade in a picture. It also refers to an artists treatment of light and shade. Applied to things literary, it suggests the mixing of contrasting moods, styles and methods. Thus it also proves a fitting name for this potpourri.

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field, sulman, aun

poems by garry engkent

The stars are a thick warm blanket
The sky is a dark soft bed
The moon and the sun make love
in a room called the world.
Their child is light.



*Ah, fish-
so much you
loved to glide
through the crystal blue,
to slither in the
murky depths of the sea.*

*The daylight sun
streaks across the
rainbows of your royal back*

*As you writhe in this
filthy pail,
to become as rotted
as the mind
of the bastard
who caught you.*

poems by
mary nolan

Oh Love,

how we longed for each other
after an absence of an hour

how we passed away an
evening just smiling

how we kissed for hours in the dark
and still wanted more

we would laugh our way
through our problems

we would soak each
other's hair with tears

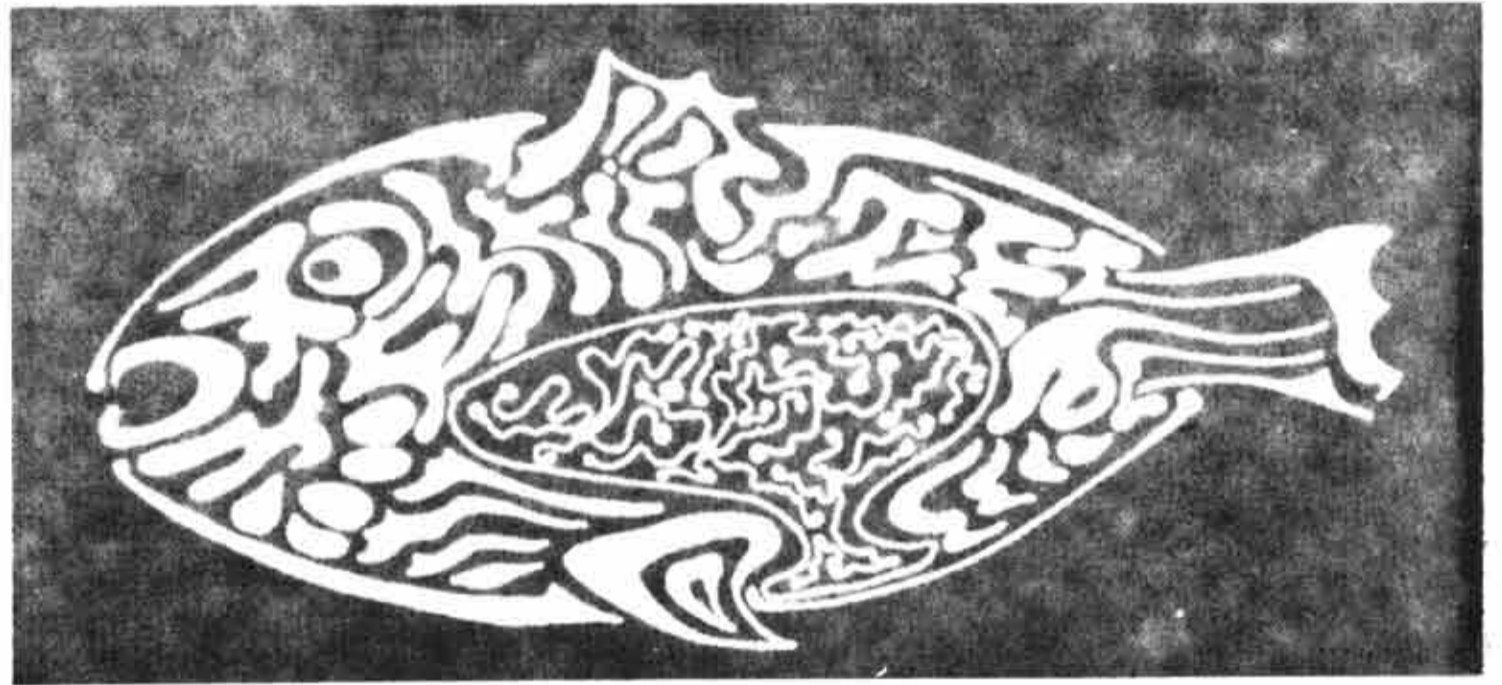
we would be allies
in time of domestic wars

i said goodbye
to my loneliness

we waved goodbye
to our responsibilities

then you waved goodbye
to me.

Thankyou for everything.





Sat. Oct. 10/5731

*nature had set me off
as clouds destroyed the sky
and forever rain got lost inside my hair*

*I ran and wished
and ran and wished*

*while wailing leaves prayed for repentance
and the bush and sand
were glad for each other's comfort*

Dan Fleishman



*I long for one live bud
I turn bitter; I find mud
and bare
black moments where
I seem so free —
others where you heap on me
so cumbered, filthy, deep ...
The streets hiss. Splashes leap
in the sun, dirty and bright.
I feel hot-fingered light
And March air moving on me, warm and wide.
Slowly you crumble away, trickling inside ...*

You are so close to me
Close enough to throw
a flower over the fence
and into the yard.
Close enough to hear your laughter
singing so much clearer
than everyone else's.
Close enough to see
the reflection of your golden hair
when the sun decides to sleep there.
Close enough to reach out
and touch you, when your mind
decides to send you this way.
Close enough to hold
the breeze that passes through your room
and into the cricket night.
Close enough to hold you and love you
But not close enough to speak to.

Mary Nolan

if words do not come
then tears will fall

you die
a little at a time
waiting for words
to speak
when mouths die
a silent death
where tears swell
the mind

and arms gingerly
remain dormant

Garry Engkant



Great Poet

audience anticipating
their new found hero
numbling poets await
he arrives...
now on top
5000 for sensitivity please

Dan Fleishman

Gerta

*tired of the Chase
I attended a massage of Gerta Yumstrum
only to be disappointed
by a pair of inarticulate thumbs*

Dan Fleishman

Witch

*witch in black
you are the party
you are the beat*

*snapping to drums
gyrationsreign
your moves draw looks
your ears hear more*

*pointed blond pixie
with submitting smile
you know his hands
you hug the hugger*

*swept off your feet
with glee in air
you are a woman
your queendom in whirl*

Dan Fleishman



jenny

by

garry engkent

The girl was slowly climbing high. She held her breath as long as she could, waiting for the smoke to take effect. Her lungs craved her fresh air; she felt her head becoming light, first like a hydrogen balloon, then like a speck of down upswept by a breeze. She giggled. The grey smoke escaped her mouth. Again she dragged on her joint deeply, and sealed her lips tightly. Her pretty head swayed, her long blonde hair swished as she gazed at her companions in the dingy, smoke-filled room.

Five of them sat squat on the filthy floor that was littered with

empty pop bottles, wine bottles, crumpled paperbags, candy wrappers and a fine coat of dirt. Someone accidentally kicked the low makeshift table of two wooden crates. The single red flame from the longstemmed candle flickered as wax rolled down. The girl touched the warm wax that clung onto her fingers. She smiled. The flame was love; the wax, its aftermath. Everything looked beautiful; she felt beautiful.

Her friends were lost in their own happiness. A guy looking like a laughing Jesus had dropped acid; his eyes were of laughter.

A chortle rumbled from his throat. Beside him, a short-cropped brunette rolled herself into a ball, and started sucking her thumbs with thick, wet noises. Another guy, thin and bony as a Auschwitz victim, was rolling a joint with difficulty.

Somewhere behind them, guitar strings twanged discordantly. The lithe blonde's attention wandered toward the sound. It did not suit her mood. She made a face at the player. The man smiled. He was sitting lazily in the dark corner, plucking carelessly at the strings.

The girl staggered up, and drifted toward the player. Her hips swayed seductively in her skin-tight jeans. "Hi! Haven't seen you here afore..." She sat down cross-leggedly beside him. She brushed her thigh against his.

He was ruggedly handsome. His long, dark hair was a bit curled covering the tips of his elfin ears. He hid his eyes behind reflecting, wire-rimmed glasses. That made him mysterious; the girl grew more curious.

The guitar player smiled. He had strong white teeth. "Haven't been here before."

"I'm Jenny. Whass your name?"

"Folks call me Madeleine."

"You're joshing me! Really, is it Madeleine?"

"Uh-uh. It's Mad O'Lyn." He pronounced distinctly.

"Why'd they call you that?" This Mad O'Lyn was beginning to fascinate her.

The guitar player shrugged his massive shoulders. He made a nonchalant face. "Oh, just for somethin' ah do."

"And what do you do?"

"Well, I don't do drugs."

"No joshing." Jenny offered her short butt. "Hava drag. Pot's good, ain't acid, speed, whatever!"

Mad O'Lyn shook his head. Jenny took a long, long drag and closed her eyes. Jeez, it was good, especially with this Mad O'Lyn so close to her. She could feel warmth radiating from his muscular body.

"You're a strange one. Why're doing here?"

Mad O'Lyn shrugged his shoulders noncommittally. He plucked a few chords.

"Hey!" Jenny suddenly jumped back. "You ain't a nark, are ya?"

"Nark?"

"Nark, y'know. Narcotics stool pigeon that hangs around us like a leech, to see if anyone's got any. Nark, a fink! Pot don't hurt nobody. Makes the world beautiful—livable, you know. You don't look like a nark. I—uh, we can spot-em a mile away."

"Yeah, I'm a nark-fink." Mad O'Lyn said.

Surprised, Jenny stared. Mad O'Lyn sounded so serious; had she made a mistake about him? Muscles on her arms twitched. Her mouth dropped into an open oval. Then the blonde realized that Mad O'Lyn had been kidding her.

"Oh boy, you had me fooled for a sec." Jenny confessed with a laugh. "What a downer!"

"How high are you, Jenny?" Mad O'Lyn asked as his arm draped across her shoulders, his big hand firmly holding her arm.

Jenny relaxed. "Not too high. Takes me 'bout three joints to really climb up there. You should try it sometimes. Don't knock it if you ain't tried it."

"Naw, I've seen what happens to a friend I know who went up. Never came down. Freaked out completely."

"Not on grass!" the blonde girl protested. "Must've been acid, speed, MDA, or something. Mebbe he mixed."

"Tell you the truth, Jenny, I can't really say I know the difference. Not being on it and all. Why, you tried, uh, acid?"

The girl nodded. "Yeh. Twice. First time I was really flying in and out of my body. The colours! God, groovy. Second time, a bumper. My friends hadda take me to the hospital." She smiled at him. "But I'm back. Just grass and hash, though. What turns you on?"

"A good ball."

"A sex slave!"

"Well, I figured that's much better than that—" Mad O'Lyn pointed to where Jenny's friends were sitting. On the makeshift table, there were several different kinds of hallocenogens, sugar cubes, yellow-jackets, pink ladies, and two anthill's worth of grass. The character looking like Jesus chugged down the cheap wine after having popped two capsules. The brunette took the candle and began fondling it up and down.

"A sickening bunch." Mad O'Lyn commented.

"They are not! You can't just pass judgement by looking from the outside, square. You don't even dare try grass, hash or acid. How'd you know anything? You gotta feel from the inside. It's beautiful, Mad O'Lyn. I've been there."

Mad O'Lyn twanged his strings in a cacophonous bray. "A bunch of freaks. Young idiotic freeks gettin' stupid kicks. Jenny, you and your friends are nuts!"

"Square. You're so blind and hung up! You don't belong here. Who invited you anyways? What kinda kicks do you get—a good screw and just lookin'—lookin' at us freaks." Jenny tried to push herself away from the guitar player.

Mad O'Lyn held onto her. "I get my kicks, don't you fret none."

"Lemme go!" Jenny struggled, but the man was terribly strong, holding her, hurting her. "I'll scream, if you don't—"

"Go ahead, Jenny girl. Scream. Com'on baby, scream real loud." His soft voice was menacing.

A cold shiver ran up her spine; her body shook. Perversely, Jenny relished this feeling. She was high, she felt afraid, she was really goddallmighty experiencing it.

"Please, please lemme go. Wha-what do you want?" Her voice whined and whimpered. "You wanna ball, or something?" She placed Mad O'Lyn's big, strong hand over her small breast.

"Or something," the man echoed.

"Wha-what? Lemme go, please? Please!"

"You remember you asked me what kicks I like?" The girl nodded, her eyes not leaving his cruel face. "Well, it's like this..."

Mad O'Lyn fished out a long jack-knife. He flicked his wrist slightly, and the sharp blade snapped out. The knife was evil-looking, Mad O'Lyn drew it close to her face.

Jenny's complexion paled. She wanted to run; he held onto her tightly. She could not even faint.

Mad O'Lyn laughed shrilly. It sounded insane.

"What are you—you goin' to do?"

"Oh, my, oh my, Jenny baby-doll, you're beautiful. So beautiful. And I hate beautiful people." Saliva drooled down the corner of his mouth.

The knife came threatening close to her face. It weaved and swayed like a deadly cobra, ready to strike. Jenny tried to scream; the sound caught in her throat. Mad O'Lyn traced the tip along her cheeks. Blood trickled down. Mad O'Lyn's wet tongue licked the red blood from her face.

Her clothes ripped with ease as the knife worked its way down her body. Jenny heard Mad O'Lyn mumbling as his wicked blade expertly snaked about her body.

"Slowly, slowly. I want a long, long thrill, baby."

by garry engkent

Inch by inch, Roblaiser pushed up from the soil of the Muddy Deep. His bulbous head broke above the warm-cold marl and the heavy steam. Fresh hydrogen! The sun's purple rays felt warm and good. Quickly Roblaiser absorbed the strength giving elements into his tendrils and gangelion systems.

This was his first taste of the open sky. An uncompromising surge of life force swelled through his whole being. No longer could his intelligence systems stand the bubbling darkness and the terrible loneliness that the Muddy Deep had given him. He would escape this claustrophobic enclosure; he was never meant to be captivated this way. It was his right to bathe in the sun's glory, and perhaps to attain the distant glow of the cosmos that he felt innately promised to him.

The Muddy Deep, his foster mother, had provided Roblaiser with protein and protection from the fearful elements through the years of his youth. He felt a tinge of guilt, being so ungrateful. But he knew he did not belong to the Muddy Deep. This was not his world. His para-senses told him that his ancestors had come from the distant cosmos, beyond the fringes of the universe. It was his duty to leave the Muddy Deep and return home. Where home was, Roblaiser did not know, however, he was confident he could find it. And towering high and proud above the Muddy Deep, Roblaiser would grow and find his destiny.

He had dreams, aspirations, curiosity and strong conviction that there was more than just freedom from the Muddy Deep. There was infinity to conquer.

Roblaiser's mighty strength broke the crusty marl of the Muddy Deep. Large chunks of hewn earth flew away as he forced his body upward. His potency grew more as the glorious sun's purple rays penetrated into the hearth of his being. A feeling of drunken euphoria for power and freedom enveloped him. Nothing could stop him now!

He grew impatient. All the sun's orbit long, his body pierced out of the Muddy Deep. Until he felt he was touching the sky itself. But there was still more of him to rise, those fine tendrils that drew protein into his systems. When the sun disappeared, the violent elements attacked him relentlessly. Again there was darkness, darkness that he hated. With the passing of time, he adapted to the cold. Roblaiser shivered and swayed with each blow of natural elements. For an instance, he thought of retreating back into the Muddy Deep.

Roblaiser looked up into the open sky. The brittle millions of light in the midst of the darkness gave him hope. One day, he would be amongst the stars—a stone's throw away from infinity.

For weeks, he drew himself higher and higher. He became aware that there were others, like him, surging their puny bodies towards the sun. So he was not alone and yet he might as well be alone, for the others were different from him. Roblaiser felt he was something special. He sensed the others were content with their lot, grounded in the Muddy Deep. The wind had brought their hopes to his telepathic senses.

—Roblaiser! Roblaiser!

The telepathic message penetrated into his neural-intelligence system.

—Who are you?

—Roblaiser, give up. You'll never make it. They'll never let you. I know! We know!

—Who are you?

—I am, we are, not of your species, comrade of the Muddy Deep. But alas! we share the same hopes, and unfortunate fates. Once, once I, we, had your grand hopes. But they devastated us, as they will you.

—Who are **they**? Answer me! Who are **they**?

—I've already strained myself. . . . The telepath being was fading into unintelligible confusion and frustration. An intelligence was coming to its last leg of sanity. Now it was dying—dying.

Roblaiser became more curious. He was wrong to think that the other beings of the Muddy Deep were complacent; obviously, they had similar aspirations. But they were thwarted. Roblaiser was determined not to succumb. The distant start fascinated him, and beckoned him welcome. Somewhere in the galaxy, or beyond it, there was his true home. His own kind.

His tendril and gangelion systems devoured enormous raw protein, and hydrogen, and converted as much as he could into energy. He was exploiting and hurting the Muddy Deep. His sensory systems felt the awe and horror of the other weak beings beside him dying as he robbed them of life-source. Roblaiser only felt contempt for they were the weak, the unfit, for better designs. It was the way of the universe: the strong survives.

Soon Roblaiser was competing with the tallest of the Muddy Deep. His sinewy tendrils adapted themselves in the hydrogen air. With his limbs, he killed the other struggling inhabitants, mercilessly. Their messages for mercy went unheard.

Roblaiser's first triumph was that his rooted limbs were able to rise and move about above the Muddy Deep. Soon he would be able to bring his whole body up. No longer would he be stationary.

Experimenting with his new freedom, he discovered that only for a short period of time he could unroot himself and travel about, but he would have to re-root himself as movement tended to sap much of his energy. Each successive derootment lasted longer than the last, thus giving him more mobility. His systems quickly co-ordinated with his metamorphosis. Synthesizing more protein readily from the Muddy Deep, the purple sun-ray and the elements.

Roblaiser calculated that within a short time he would be entirely independent on the Muddy Deep. Then, the next step—the stars!

Roblaiser suddenly felt danger approaching. For the first time he sensed the meaning of fear. He wanted to run, but he was too exhausted. He needed time to recuperate and replenish his strength.

He saw them. Giants. They towered above him, he sensed their intentions.

—Stop! Don't kill me. I am Roblaiser. Roblaiser!

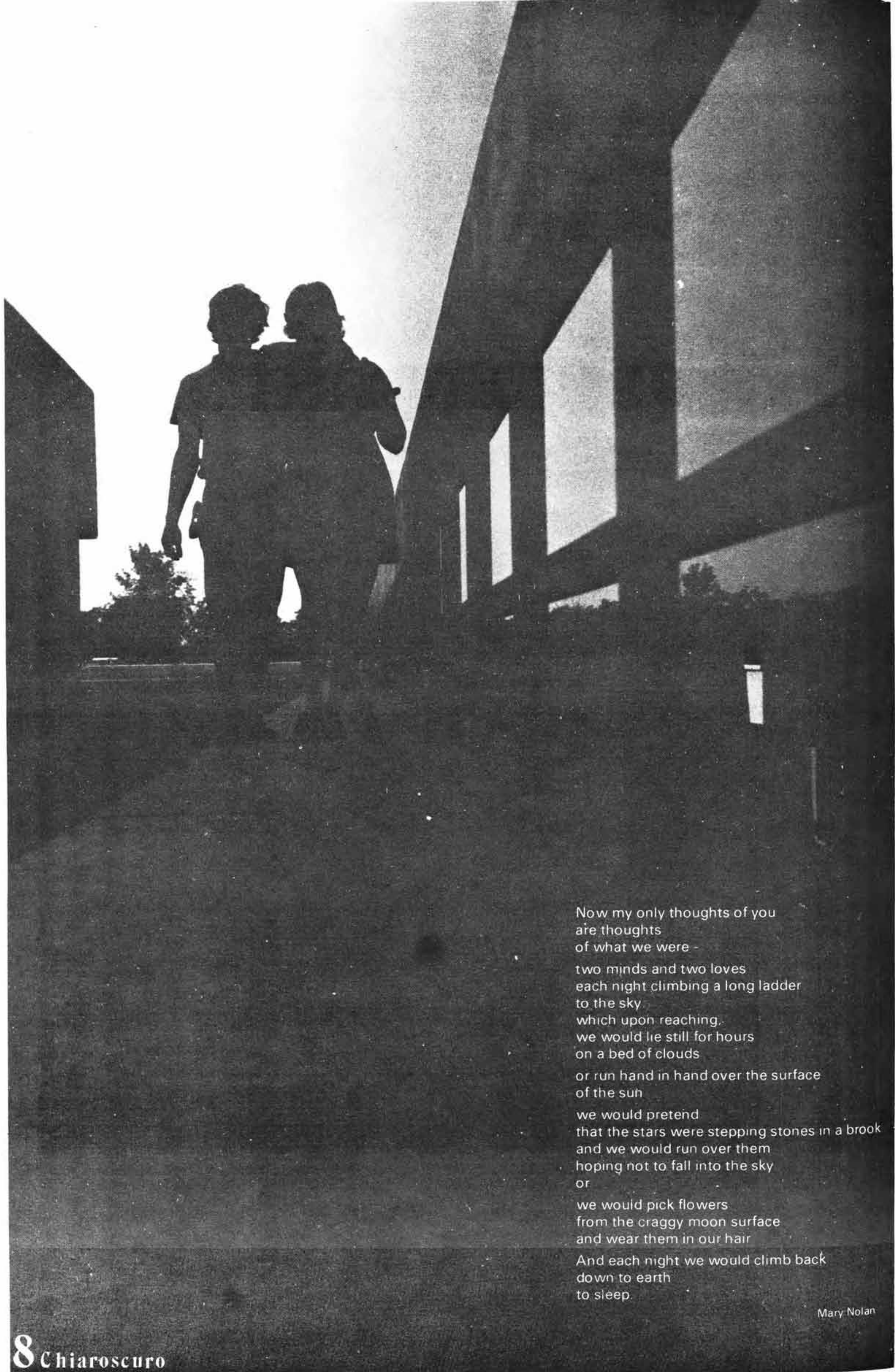
"Look, Ebanzer, another one of those jumping things."

"Yeah, I see it. Dammit if they don't grow so quickly in this rich soil."

"The whole planet seems t'be covered with them weeds. Wonder how many more we have to clear before we can begin spring planting . . ."

—Please! Please! I am Roblaiser!

"Get your scythe out."



Now my only thoughts of you
are thoughts
of what we were -
two minds and two loves
each night climbing a long ladder
to the sky
which upon reaching,
we would lie still for hours
on a bed of clouds
or run hand in hand over the surface
of the sun
we would pretend
that the stars were stepping stones in a brook
and we would run over them
hoping not to fall into the sky
or
we would pick flowers
from the craggy moon surface
and wear them in our hair
And each night we would climb back
down to earth
to sleep.

Mary Nolan