

Fall 1964

UA68/6/2 Voices, Vol. IX, No. 1

Western Writers

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Voices

Voices

Vol. IX No. 1

Fall 1964

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CONTENTS

Anmut	Susie Williams.....	5
Play My Drum	Charles F. Whitaker.....	6
Fresh-Born	Carol Blankenship.....	7
Shantung Summer	Libby Thompson.....	8
Seasons in the Sun	Short Story by David West.....	9
Re Inferno	Libby Thompson.....	12
As Far As A Capon	Carol Blankenship.....	13
The Wind Somewhere	Carol Blankenship.....	14
In Search of Blue-Tinged Leaves	Charles F. Whitaker....	15
August Drops A Leaf	Sam Edwards.....	15
Point-Counterpoint	Libby Thompson.....	16
Small Jungle	Anonymous.....	17
Fragile	Sam Edwards.....	18
A Poem for Cathy	Short Story by Tommy Winstead.....	19
On Having Seen Christina's World by Andrew Wyeth.....	Libby Thompson.....	22
The Church Supper descriptive essay by	Bruce Davidson.....	23
A Camp-Out	Bobby Lee Ford.....	28
Me	Rebecca Norwood.....	28
Mirror	Sam Edwards.....	29
An Attempt at Egotism Denied	Libby Thompson.....	29
Once	Charles F. Whitaker....	30
Way to Nowhere	Carol Blankenship.....	31
Autumn World	Sam Edwards.....	31
Fall, My Child?	Beth McDaniels.....	32
Summer Never Comes	Prose Poem by Beth McDaniels	33
The Last Half	Carol Blankenship.....	34
November 22, 1963	Bobby Lee Ford.....	35
The Prophet	Dan Erwin.....	36
Wonderment	Doug Hundley.....	37
Brief Passage	Anonymous.....	38
The Divine Storm	Short Story by Jim Asher.....	39

Plain Enough.....	Ronald S. Rudd.....	44
Time and Their Seasons and and the Critical Days.....	Libby Thompson.....	45
Pointless.....	Short Story by Doug Noble.....	46
The Inmate.....	Earl Paulus Murphy	48
Omega.....	Bobby Lee Ford.....	50
Jewboy.....	Short Story by Dan Irwin.....	51
Filthy McNasty.....	Parable by James Malone.....	55
Cornucopia.....	R. C. Jones.....	58
A Cynical Sonnet.....	Beth McDaniels.....	58
Clown.....	Sam Edwards.....	59

ANMUT

The feeling was there, lying
on a pillow of velvet, en-
cased in an iron globe.

It had lightness
a quality of weightlessness
but the globe held it fast
in its body.

It reared its might to free
itself, it strained the sides.

It wanted freedom,
it wanted pride.

This feeling had a name, its
name was nameless, the uncreated.

An object stepped in,
it crushed the globe
with hands of hate, it
held nameless with hands
of need.

This object gave nameless meaning,
it gave it freedom by embodying
it in another, in a free body.

The object called nameless ANMUT,
and ANMUT called the object MAN.
The beauty of the human spirit
and man came together to be
created ... as one

Susie Williams

TO PLAY MY DRUM

Bacon-crisp leaves scuttle along before an impatient wind.
They await the crystal sting of sweeping flakes of ice:
Flakes, lingering, hesitant to descend.

They await that they their pace might softly cease
And lose themselves beneath that downy bosom;
To cradle, to cradle there in moistened peace.

"What gift do you bring, lad?"
"I have no gift to bring, sir."

To sleep beneath a crystal quilt: a quilt that magnifies
The leaves own glow, stored up in budding months and
Now sent forth as, old, it dies;

To sleep, no longer swept along o'er cobble stoned streets:
Chased by the wind, nor driving itself, nor running
On hasty, uncallused feet.

"Then for what, lad, have you come?"
"I have come, sir, to play my drum."

Charles F. Whitaker

FRESH-BORN

Vernal leaf
 fresh-born
Cast your drifting
 shifting shadow
On this echo-sifting morn.

Untroubled in your swaying dream
By nightmare fleetness of moons and noons,
Brush your velvet pulse-skin
Against my dry and dusty cheek.

Soon enough
 passion-rough
Wind-kissed
 age-parched
You will friction-float
Through brittle autumn of sun.

But now . . .
You hover
 a warm sigh
Of a child-whisper
 floating
 April-scented
To invade the pain-sensitive pits of my soul
And fall screaming in its resisting vacuum.

Carol Blankenship

SHANTUNG SUMMER

Summer's transcendent air
like fine china at antique sales
Speaks in a low voice
even when shouting
Thinks thoughts muskless spider-thin
allows to roam
Calls sweat honey-dew.

Old china is yellow
reflecting violet of Titian hues
of what once was

Old ladies walk their dogs
having already forgotten
the fragile days they once knew
Spattering through summer rain
that makes sharp little pinpoints

When it dances
like Nabakov.

Distill the prism to pinpoints
Hold lightly on the palm
Or it might slip and fall.

Libby Thompson

SEASONS IN THE SUN

Short Story by David West

"But the hills we would climb were just seasons out of time."

From his vantage point, an ocean of green trees spreads before him, gradually changing to a blue crest of mountain waves. They shimmer in the distance, stretching far ahead, then fade into the haze of the horizon.

The sharp, hollow tapping of a woodpecker against a dead tree somewhere down the slope brings him out of his other-world. His mind from the cave of his skull and the sounds of the woods descend upon him. He becomes aware of a squirrel chewing on a hickory nut in a tree close by and for a brief moment the trees blur, the sounds recede and he is in another time, another woods. Cradled loosely in the crook of his right arm is a 20 gauge and the game is plentiful. Not only was the hunting good then...life was too. He tries to hold the memory but it slips elusively from his mind's grasp and once again he is in the present.

As he descends the hill, threading his way among the trees and rocks, a crow flies overhead, its harsh cry disturbing the peaceful timelessness of his surroundings.

"In the spring it's hard to die, when all the birds are singing in the sky."

The pain grips him again. This time hard. He leans against a tree and waits for it to subside. Time slows to a crawl as he struggles against it silently; the mute tree a witness. Long minutes tick by before finally the throbbing in his head eases. With it comes the nausea. He bends over and is sick, gagging, his forehead pressed against the rough bark of the tree.

After a while, he continues on. As he walks, his thoughts drift back; back to the days that events of late have barred from him forever. He remembers his friend and there is a tightness in his belly as he thinks of

the days of companionship; the hunting and fishing and the countless good times shared.

"Amiel, my trusted friend; we've known each other since we were nine or ten.

Together we climbed hills and trees; Learned of love and ABC's, skinned our hearts and skinned our knees."

How true that the best of friends oft times make the worst of enemies.

They had grown up together, the three of them. They had been inseparable. Good things usually come to an end sometime and did in their case. One of them was a girl...and they both loved her.

"Maria, my trusted wife. Without you I'd have had a lonely life.

You ~~cheated~~ ~~had~~ lots of times and then, I forgave you in the end, though your lover was my friend."

It had been hard to kill Amiel in spite of what he had done. Doubly hard, because Amiel was good with a knife. Good...and fast...but not as fast as the gun. He threw anyway, just before the bullet tore away his face.

So now he continues slowly on and thinks of Amiel. As he walks, it hurts him to remember the knife...and he bleeds.

He thinks of Maria, his wife, then pushes the thoughts away.

"Maria, it's hard to die; when all the birds are singing in the sky.

Now that Spring is in the air, with your lovers everywhere, just remember I'll be there."

The dogs were near now. Fortunately, though, so was the sea. It was strangely important to him, to be able to choose how and when he was to die. Especially when there were those so close who would be anxious to make the choice for him.

Now he stands on the edge and watches for a moment, as the sea, sparkling in the sunlight, stretches out below him.

He starts to step out into space and is helped along by the smack of a bullet between his shoulder blades.

"All our lives we had fun; we had seasons in the sun.
But the stars we could reach, were just starfish on the beach."

RE INFERNO

We stand
Caliban unhunched
and scrape a raspy match
across the force
someone long ago named God.

From Sunday School in a starched blue dress
From Bible School with kool-aid overtones
From soft deep choirs in a twangy voice

Comes an examination of trappings

Then aching power on a high hill
The thought of God returning as we do
Comes sin as an experiment
Finding them right, the laws
But wrong, the reason
No reason we find

But stand
Shunning retroactive guilt
And face a Manichean world
Without
Brotherhood, fellowship or a circle of prayer
Consoled only by the fact that we stand
A small mineral thing
Prior to the second coming.

Libby Thompson

AS FAR AS A CAPON

A blanket is a shelter
Against cold
And nakedness
And the silent peering eyes
That penetrate darkness,
A cave of body warmth
That dreams a dream
Of being awake and warm
And floating . . .
 Stumbling from a cliff
 Into a dark hell-ocean
 That joyfully swallows
 Everything up in its shadows,
 Not suffocating—quite,
 But rising to the surface
 Again and again Before drowning in fire.
Ashes sleep a lonely sleep
Whose dreams float only
As far as a capon can fly.

Carol Blankenship

THE WIND SOMEWHERE

Skin

thrill-spent,

Eyelids

closed to familiar fingertips . . .

How I long

for snowflakes on my lashes!

Sounds

silent, empty of words;

Only breathings . . .

Be quiet.

The wind somewhere is whispering

of a dark, dark room

where walls and carpets and air

are engulfingly black and velvet.

Stand in the crowded square this hour

listening to the chiming of the tower-clock.

You won't be lonely.

I shall return to you in the night

a stranger again

and we shall love.

Carol Blankenship

IN SEARCH OF BLUE-TINGED LEAVES

Take this hand nor fear the newness of its source.

And cease your quest in depths of new fallen leaves

In search of those tinged blue by autumn's force.

Nor rake again the leaves of autumns that have passed;

For they are gone, and on their death the new

Are born to bear again the relish of the last.

Take these fingers and hold them not as those of yore,

For these have different whorls to leave their print,

And may have less of strength, and may have more.

Charles F. Whitaker

AUGUST DROPS A LEAF

A locust dies with summer

Days fade like memories

Into hazy, blue philosophy

Voices cease to clamor

And become mumuring echoes

Of a babbling rock

A tree sees summer close

August drops a leaf . . .

I drop a hand

Sam Edwards

POINT-COUNTERPOINT

My life—a checkerboard pattern new
with all the checkers me
 moving here
 moving there
sometimes with no reason
 and less decision
than the old men in dirty sweaters used to
deliberate in my father's store
before the stove
How warm it was before the stove
And how somnolent could grow the spirit there
 see how I ramble
Perfectly I prefer the quick cool air
and how envious the absence of generalities
about what is me
 and why
 and most of all yes most of all who
A question not deigned
 when the old men moved the checkers
Their hands were not the hands I read
but somehow I always hated that vacillating Alice
in her non-controllable wonderland
 but I like her long yellow hair.

The tin man I thought not glamorous
 but Eliot's man of straw
Too much of me I write about
 and too little live
 but too many mes, mes amis,
 the me with yellow hair
 and the me that forgot the touch-up appointment
Too many checkers now falling on the floor
Somewhere in the fall in Pellville.

Libby Thompson

SMALL JUNGLE

Sharp grackle sounds
 Shrill scolding cries
Anxious movement
 From leafy branch
 To naked limb.
 Red-bird, robin,
 Brown-spotted wood thrush,
Purple-glazed grackle.

Alley crushed rock
Slipping white.
Leashed collie stops,
White plumed tail
 Still, one foot raised.
 Startling movement;
Quick calls; swift moving
Exploding feathers
Rush down.

Shrill voices in protest,
Sudden storm
 In alley's jungle corner.
Striped, buff and black
 Unhurried Dignity
Walks away.
 The cat.

Anonymous

FRAGILE

There . . .
Cracks of antiquity
Showing
Peeps of holiness
Through
Stained glass windows
Binding
God to the World
Like
A bridge of
 frosty
 fibers

Sam Edwards

A POEM FOR CATHY

Short Story by Tommy Winstead

The picture is old and faded nearly to the point where you cannot recognize the people, mostly women, standing around the table in the small side yard of the large white house. It has faded until you cannot tell whether there are leaves on the four trees. On the back of the picture written in small neat letters "late fall". I don't know "late fall" when, just "late fall", like it lasted forever. Then there are more pictures, all faded and nearly unrecognizable like the memories that go with them. Not completely lost but just a small image, enough to recall a little, but not enough to remember completely. Maybe it's the clothes the women wear in the pictures long skirts and there on the neck with black stockings, all in the past, all ugly, all different from today.

Seeing the old pictures is like looking into an empty two gallon bucket. There's nothing, nothing, nothing. Not even stained, there is nothing there to discolor the emptiness.

The pictures were taken in a second, and then the camera companies give you this crap, just take a picture and you will have a picture and a positive memory for a thousand years. All you need is a fabulous memory and a camera that takes a picture in a second in wonderful, living, lasting color and you're set for life and when you're fifty years old you can retire and sit on your butt and look at color pictures and remember in black and white for the rest of your life. Now, you can walk right into the local cat house, take a picture and have an instant memory, you're damn right you'll remember.

A picture taken twenty years ago with nothing to go with it, no memory, no before, no after. The picture is like the empty bucket which you held while you stood under a water fall, only you held the bucket upside down and got nothing.

You could of stood there a hundred years and you wouldn't have gained a thing, the bucket might as well not have had a bottom. Can you imagine going through life standing under Niagra Falls holding a two gallon bucket. A few people standing there holding the bucket right side up and just smiling to beat Hell, and the rest standing there with a blank face holding their buckets upside down. Staring at these pictures is like looking into one of those buckets that was held upside down, nothing.

Looking through the box I find more useless pictures and on the bottom is the one thing that brings back a definite memory, a poem, the poem for Cathy. The poem means nothing. Really it is just a guide, like a history book, to the past. The poem is like a memo meaningless without the memories. It's probably the only poem I ever wrote in my life, at least that I know of. Anyway I remember Cathy without the poem.

Cathy was the type of person who went around holding her bucket right side up, she didn't miss anything in life. She was never satisfied with herself or with anything else for that matter. She really lived: but Cathy was a long time ago probably before the pictures were taken.

Cathy was the type of person that made you envious of everything. She had good looks, wonderful personality, and a desire for more of everything. Maybe it was that desire that left her incomplete. It's hard to explain her, it's not as though she wasn't all there, she was, but she just had this bucket that never got filled. She could drive you nuts being that way, it was almost an obsession with her to keep digging for more of anything. The old was left behind when she found something new, and if you were the old boy around when she found a new boy it was bye, bye Charlie. That's another thing about Cathy she wasn't sentimental as Hell. With her when something was gone it was really gone, no sobs, no sorries, just gone. She made me feel like the jockey who was winning the derby,

but when she was gone I looked back and I saw I still had my butt in the starting gate. And I wrote that poem for her, she just elated me to death.

A poem and a memory that's all that is left of Cathy, no tokens, no letters, nothing really. She was that type of girl, she didn't have to save the showbills to write on the back who you went to the theatre with and when, she just left you with nothing and a memory.

The poem isn't out of this world or anything. I never was much at poetry. All you need to do is just write something down, it doesn't have to be anything fabulous, just a few words and presto you've got an unbeatable reminder for the rest of your life. It's not like a solitary picture that fades, a picture without an explanation is nothing, but words build a picture, maybe a faint one but they do. Just like the poem for Cathy who, I guess went through life forever holding her bucket right side up and taking notes and grinning like Hell.

In Kecia's world
everything has its nonexistential place
crayons ready
and all aglow
Kecia prepares to go
Better she should melt
and pass forever into forgiveness
than smash one jergens lotion bottle
against a very existential wall.

Better she learn now
when everyone knows for sure
better she never hear
my darline clementine played on gongs
Better she never learn
what they tell me battered poets who know
the world and all its ways
and all its woom doom dumb days
Know.

Better Kecia fail
fail—safe
better Kecia never know Ferlinghetti's inspiration
Better Kecia only watch
on the one-eyed idiot box
what poets show their sores to
in very existential poems.

Better Kecia stay
stretching her hand toward an abandoned farmhouse
somewhere, forever silent,
on a peak in Darien

Libby Thompson

THE CHURCH SUPPER

Descriptive Essay by Bruce Davidson

The bench is hard and you're all numb behind from sitting so long. You sit up straighter and reach to feel the button they pinned on your shirt this morning at Sunday School. Nine months of perfect attendance. You're almost eleven now and you'll soon be promoted to the junior class . . . You wish they'd hurry and finish the singing.

Miss Angie at the piano is just about pooped. Her fat little hands are moving at great speed back and forth, back and forth across the bass keys and her fingers are beginning to slide off the treble. Every time she hits a sour note, she puckers up her pudgy face and looks over her shoulder at Elmer Cauder, the song leader. Elmer looks up from his songbook and stares at her for a second and then proceeds with his fancy arm waving.

The church is hot tonight. The huge oscillating fan stationed in front of the pulpit is pushing hot air at you. They've got the windows open, you notice; but the air doesn't seem to be circulating very well. Two boys from Pearson are outside the back window talking to Elmer Cauder's daughter Flossie through the screen. They'll probably do more than talk after the singing is over and the ladies auxillary finally gets the food on the wagon outside. You remember what Miss Angie said about Flossie's getting too smart for her breeches.

The choir's sitting down now, and what you hoped wouldn't happen just did: Elmer called on old man, Floyd Snider, to pray Floyd's a good old man and all, but you just plain hate to hear him pray. He gets so emotional. He starts as usual and puts in ever so many Our Heavenly Father's and Dear God's along the way. His

prayers are always too long and he never really says anything. Even Miss Angie agrees with that; she's been to a lot of town churches. (You know that noise you just heard was Miss Angie's changing positions on the swivel piano stool. . . .it needs oiling) Floyd's whining wouldn't be so bad if you knew he was sincere. Besides, you can almost see him swigging on one of those refilled gallon syrup bottles people say he gets further out in the country every so often. You bow your head and close your eyes and you thank the Lord that your bike chain didn't break again this week. . .

The prayer's finally over and everybody jumps up to eat. Your whole back is wet and sticky from the smooth bench; you step sideways over to the door where the water bucket and dipper stand on a rickety wooden table. One of the snotty-nosed Hunt children darts in front of you and you decide not to drink. They'll have plenty of tea and lemonade on the wagon anyway.

Bad night for a supper. No moon and cloudy. You can almost feel the the darkness meet you as you walk slowly to the plank fence by the creek. The smell of honeysuckle draws you further down the fence, past the well to the back of the building. You step down into the worn dirt path and feel the strange sensation that the invisible spider webs always give you as you walk in the dark. Turning a tree, you meet the glare which the big bulb at the eaves of the church sends toward the trees and the heavy honeysuckle fence. In your blindness you get slapped by the sagging willow branches that encompass the path.

A bell rings, not loudly or with a clear tone, but with a continuing tinkle. A quietness immediately covers the group by the wagon and you now hear Preacher Telle faintly offer the same short blessing which he unfailingly offers before all church suppers.

The line has formed, you think. You'll walk some more. But then you catch a glimpse of Flossie Cauder and those two boys from Pearson coming toward you. One of them is singing "In The Garden" and you can't see what the other one is doing. Flossie is giggling and jumping around something fierce.

Back at the wagon, you fill your paper plate with potato salad, chicken breasts, and bananas-with-peanuts. You eat every bite.

The food is always good at the church suppers. You always get full, but afterwards you like to eat light bread. It has a good taste and it gets the sweet taste of pecan pie out of your mouth, You grab a piece from the paper plate and start to roll it between your fingers. But now you see old Mrs. Julie Soderbrand through the corner of your eye, making a face at you. Quickly you squeeze the bread into the palm of your right hand and move around behind her. The faces she makes at you just add to the silliness of her painted and powdered face and her dyed black hair.

Julie Soderbrand leans sideways on the huge sycamore stump she's perched on. She was sitting in an aluminium folding chair, but it was too small for her and she almost got stuck in it. She waddled over to the stump and plopped down on it; still she hangs over on all sides. Julie's second husband shot himself (you don't see why not) and she doesn't like to see you roll your light bread. . . .

You squat down on the damp grass and think too late about what your mother will say when she sees the stains on your pants. The bread is all gone now except one little round piece you've saved. You mash it with your forefinger and thumb and swallow it whole. Brenda Morris walks

up to you and asks if you've seen her little brother. She's pretty and you think she likes you, for she smiled a lot at you in school last year. Brenda smiles and sits in the aluminium chair in front of Julie. You fix

a nauseous smile on your face and go stand beside her chair—staring all the while at Julie and hoping that she will make a face at you in front of Brenda.

Now the other ladies, who have been clearing the wagon, walk near Julie and begin talking low tones. The men are standing in little groups around you. You wish you were at the Methodist Church like the other boys your age. But then you're glad that Brenda is there. She smiles at you again and you nearly tell her about where you saw Flossie and those boys, except her mother is coming up behind you. You speak to her and walk back toward the nearly-empty wagon.

Mrs. Bryan Bunn, your fifth grade teacher last year, is finishing packing her pecan pies into a large cardboard box. She's smiling warmly at you—as always She asks if you'll soon be ready to start school again. You say yes. Oh, there's a big red ant under my pie plate, she says. She hits at it with her hand and grins, thinking of something funny. Do you know what we used to call those kind of ants when I was a little girl, she asks you. Just like that she asks you. Of course you know what that kind of ants is called. But why did she have to ask you! Yes, you say with your head down, you know. She giggles, very unlike Mrs. Bunn ever did. They're just about that color, aren't they, she says. Boy, that did it. If only the guys at the Methodist church had heard that Mrs. Bunn saying a thing like that!

Glancing behind you, you see that Brenda's alone again. You walk quickly to her, leaving Mrs. Bryan Bunn still hitting at the big red ants and laughing with almost childish enjoyment.

Julie is speaking more loudly now to the women around her:

When Mrs. Fennell asked me to come and nurse her husband, I said I'd visit them and tell her. Why, when I got over there that pore man was

a-laying in bed a-heaving and blowing and Marie was just a-standing there by the bed wringing her hands....I knew I had to help them....I stayed for almost a month doing everthing I knew how to do—I don't like much being a R.N., you know—I took six weeks of training there — Well, ever morning I'd say, Mr. Fennell, I'd say you look mighty bad this morning—He never would say much to me. And I'd say your legs is a-swelling just like my first husband Marvin's did about two weeks afore he died. I told him that ever morning, but he never said a thang....I really hated it when he died I really did...Myrtle here knows, Myrtle you know how bad I took it when he died..And Marie didn't shed a tear. Hard-hearted's what I call people like her. Why, when I was a-burning Mr. Fennell's pajamas that afternoon—that reminds me, do you remember when my grandson Buford swallowed all them sleeping pills about three days afore the funeral. I was a-setting at the funeral home that night and me and Flossie Mae Cauder got to talking about how funny it was, him swallowing the whole bottle and having his stomach pumped and what he said when he woke up and Marie come up and

Julie stops abruptly when your aunt Marie comes out of the church and walks past them. The other ladies start talking about the way Miss Angie's playing was getting the choir mixed up.

You hear old man Floyd Snider yawn loudly and announce to the other men that he and his wife are leaving. The others agree in unison and go looking for their wives, too, It's late and you feel a drop or two of rain on your arm. You tell Brenda good night and get in the car to wait for your parents. Flossie Cauder and the two boys from Pearson are getting into a new red convertible. They spin their tires in the loose gravel as they pull away. You push your nose flat against the car window and look out at the blurry church as the rain becomes harder. The church supper is over.

A CAMP-OUT

On the fortnight
Dark bull frogs
Danced and croaked
In strange swamps,
And giant crickets
(Who lived under the
Bark of tall oak trees)
Cried all night
Where our jungle hammocks
Were stretched under
The pale night Moon.

Then only the dew
Appeared.
With its sharp
Night crispness
And hypnotic force
On the grasshopper,
And strangely raped
The chilling night air.

Just before the
Death of the Moon,
A large-mouth bass
Flipped and walked
Across the water,
Leaving only a few
Ripples to be broken
Against the cattails
That lined the muddy shores.

Bobby Lee Ford

ME

I hate to bait hooks, gain weight, mate books
I shudder to see fights, observe sights, endure neophytes.
I abhor to toe the line, save a dime, take my time.
I despise to walk on ice, be consciously nice, or be precise.
It makes me sick to lend a cent, see what I've spent,
Or pay my rent
I should repent!

Rebecca Norwood

MIRROR

I caught a drop of rain
and it remained
Intact
And did not splash
I saw upon its surface
a perfect mirror
Of my face
Only Nature could make
me see a me

Sam Edwards

AN ATTEMPT AT EGOTISM DENIED

Youth's munificent fields
like waterlilies under bare feet barely skimming
Bartered now.
Experiences remain of barbed wire fences safely crossed
with no tear in my violet sprigged dress
with the sash tied back
and a collar edged with lace
it has been a long time since I owned anything violet
N years ago in the memory
of sunlight and running in the grass
But the grass was slick
and that was the second time I broke my collarbone.
More careless now in a more precarious world
Must keep for a maxim
the third time when I jumped from a moving truck
and cried
More because gravity was there
Than for my mother.

Libby Thompson

ONCE

We crushed back the wirey reeds, as if somehow they
Represented some sneering foe encroaching on our
hallowed land.

They sprang back, most of them, we could never
Really conquer them completely; our weapons,
Gnarled staffs:

Gnarled staffs that only bent those creeping reeds,
Nor could all our fury unleash power enough to halt
Their growth.

The sweat trickled down our sides and arms,
Leaving paths as snails, then halted stinging in the
Blisters on our hands.

We crushed back those reeds and reached the beach:
Sandy and yielding, and yet so non-retentive to
Our feet

And then we left.

The blisters are gone now, and we view once again
That younger place and those wirey reeds encroaching
On our land.

Charles F. Whitaker

WAY TO NOWHERE

On our way to nowhere
We walked one day at noon
Down a double path
Where daisies grew between us.

On the path's way,
A wooden bridge,
Grey and weathered,
Crossed a stream
Whose banks were feathered
By saplings.

Alone in a sunny noonday world,
We sat dangling bare feet
Over the edge of a grey
Wooden bridge . . .
Talking of twelve o'clock topics.

You lifted me down
Into the stream
Where bits of life
Were at my feet,
And we walked in slow motion
As the water welcomed us in murmurs
And rushed to greet a damselfly
Farther on.

Carol Blankenship

AUTUMN WORLD

And I come to see you, Autumn World
With a soul more autumn than your own
Reds and Browns.
Mine tersely tinted with bygone years;
Never to be bleached except in spots
Deep red, deep brown,
In a world of always autumn.

Sam Edwards

FALL, MY CHILD?

What is fall, Mother?
I could say that fall is
A near-full moon
The color of ancient ivory piano keys
Peeping through the saffron leaves
Of an elderly elm.
. . . or the haunting laughter
Of gilt-remembered
Yesterdays.
But your yesterdays have been so few
And only in some mirror-bright tomorrow
Can these words find meaning for you.
It is a breath of chill air
Against a summer-tanned cheek.
. . . or the funeral dirge
Of romances and roses and
World-weary leaves.
. . . or a cinnamon petal caught
In the upswept curve of tawny hair.
But most of all it is the clinging
To summer memories
And the yearning
Toward winter dreams.

Beth McDaniel

SUMMER NEVER COMES

Prose poem by Beth McDaniel

The leaves are golden now . . . quietly submissive to wind-whim and rain-drops, more beautiful than the hardy, sun-drenched summer past. Summer had been shy that year, hiding behind spring until the last possible moment, then skipping lilac-scented toward autumn and now vanquished in a flutter of leaves and a golden moonbeam. He was like that too. August had watched us here before—me and summer and him; and he had been its child, the favored one, showered with golden gifts of summer. And I had watched him too—with a sharp, bright passion, frozen in relief upon an August night.

They had let me tag along with them like a slightly addlepated puppy until they were ready to go. Then they left, vanished, drifted like phantoms, into a crystal covered forest where only the golden ones can go and they have never come back—neither one. . . and one never will.

Standing here, quietly submissive, like the leaves, I watch as the wind tears savagely at one leaf which refuses to submit. Then silently iron-toed scarlet kittens creep up and close my eyes, sharpening their claws on my heart and when my eyes open again the searing, mind-dulling pain is gone. The shreds of my heart brush together and form scar-tissue—rock-hard—and my greatest frustration is that I cannot cry. A season's worth of tears swell behind my eyes, pushing, aching, yet still finding no release. I stand here quietly—a yellow leaf caught in my hair, remembering—in an eternal winter of the heart. They have not returned—and one never, never will.

THE LAST HALF

The flock flew north the first of November
North in

shifting separating
formless
formations

Very black directly overhead
And fading floating into the wispy blue
of a very high November sky
On a day when it was making the sun
(but sadly now as a signal
for the last half of love)

Disappearing in distance and dream

With twenty flying lower
and faster---frantic to obey the North call---
black and moving
against the speckling grey
(which eyes far-sighted-er than others
watch dissolve against the wispy
November North.)

Then others higher press

In a moment---North---and are gone
(and so must we from this free field
where love lay on November grass---
long and cushioning---
and touched the single barky giant
whose black limbs and crisped amber leaves
made blessed the sky
in the last half of its love.)

Carol Blankenship

NOVEMBER 22, 1963

Long will the
World remember,
Long was the
Line of mourning
As six great white
Horses pranced
Towards the cold Potomac.

In the mirthful days before,
Of salted sails along
The Cape Cod shores.
The winding paths,
Embraced by mounds of white sand.

Then from an unknown
Shadow, high above
Some hot Texas street,
Came the crack of gunshot.

Bobby Lee Ford

THE PROPHET

There's a prophet who lives in a
Shack outside of our town

And every day he goes on the
Square and tells us we're going

To die

But we know better. . .
We're going to live forever in
Eternity

But no one can tell the prophet
He just stands on the

Square

And shows

Despair

He can't be happy

And eat

And live

And love

Like the rest of us

He just stays in his shack

Until noontime

And comes to tell us we'll

Die

But we know better. . .

So we go on

Drinking coffee

And catching trains

And eating

And loving

And living

And hoping

That the prophet's

Lying. . .

And we're not

Dying. . .

Dan Irwin

WONDERMENT

Watching the fun—phony lives of
TV people, it isn't hard
To imagine that they will be
Gone, one by one or all at once,
But me? How can there be an end to me?

It is truly unthinkable,
For in thinking I seem to thwart
My conception of ends and things.
My grandmother and my friend and
The president did think, but now they're gone

Fire and brimstone or pearly gates
Are fairy—tailed securities.
I am happy, giving no cause
For punishment or meriting
Reward for how I get my happiness.

However, my placidity
Is blemished by that question—mark
—that ugly void that nature built
To mar and scar contentedness.
I'm left groping, hoping, knowing nothing.

My heart beats fast; I dread the day
And yet I am anxious for the
Filling feeling of chalking up
Another small experience
On my almost—full activity chart

Doug Hundley

BRIEF PASSAGE

The corridor was short.
The walls were made of brick.
The bricks were made of fog—
Velvet, pearl—grey velvet fog.
The slender boy, his anger held in leash,
Walked the misty length alone.
His eyes like probing steel
Tried the walls for windows.
The velvet fog held fast.
Softly, stealthily, he pushed into the mist.
The walls enfolded him.
No mark shows his passing.

Anonymous

THE DIVINE STORM

Short Story by Jim Asher

"Gentlemen," he said, "I offer you a toast. . . .to my death, and yours." The nightclub was suddenly silent, and one by one the doomed pilots raised their glasses in answer. Then, it was as before: music, laughter, men singing. Who would believe that these same men who were getting drunk for the last time know that they would fly away to their deaths early the next morning? Yet, the man who proposed the toast was not singing. he was sitting there alone at the bar, staring into his glass.

Few pilots were as completely opposed to deliberately throwing away their lives as Joshu Yamata. He could not see any way Japan could gain by such actions: it might not even prolong the end of the war. But his views were secret and meant nothing.

Three days before, he and twelve other hand picked pilots had been instructed that they were to lead the next kamikaze attack. These few days and nights had been given them so they could celebrate the honor bestowed upon them. It was believed by the high command that as long as they remained capable of fulfilling their obligations a few last happy moments should not be denied. And almost to a man they set out to discover new experiences and to relive those that had already been enjoyed. But now, this was the last night, not too unlike the early days of the kamikaze when the night spots would be full and resounding laughter would echo through the night. Still, there was a difference. Slowly, but with undeniable sureness, the laughter had become less, for the crowds of airmen were becoming smaller. Many pilots had led cheers and songs in an overcrowded nightclub, knowing full well that on the morrow they would fly away forever. Others merely sat silently in a corner sulking over a glass of beer. But time moved on; those really hectic nights were over. Too many times Joshu had laughed with the men who died; he didn't try to make friends anymore. A man without friends found it easier, for there was no one to mourn for. All he had to do was wait until the time was his, and he would be comforted knowing that there were no tears for him.

Joshu had tried to become a "loner", but there were other men who sought him out, to have a companion when the fears seemed overbearing. Yet, there were a few isolated moments when he found himself alone, and these were the times he loved most.

Many times Joshu would find himself strolling around the near deserted airbase; he would walk through empty barracks where men had gathered at the twilight of their honor. Most hangars were empty now, save for an observation craft in one or a trainer in another. It was quite a contrast to the days when fighters and bombers came and went every few minutes. Now the runways were in constant repair from the periodic American bombing raids. How he hated them, Joshu thought, at times he almost looked forward to the moment his plane would be bearing down on an American ship.

That last morning he awoke to a bitter, rain-swept day, and after a nervous breakfast, he and the other pilots headed toward the flight line. Some walked silently while others acknowledged cheers from the mechanics and other personnel. They met at a pre-determined area to receive last minute instructions and to wish each other a farewell; it proved rather strained. Joshu spoke to no one; he would allow no emotional feelings to interfere with the success of his mission. As he climbed into the cockpit he noticed other pilots smiling and waving to each other; he wondered how long the smiles would last after the cockpits were all closed and each man was alone where no one could see him. As they began to move forward into flight position, somehow he found himself with them near the end of the strip. . . then the ground began to move away.

It had been supposed that the weather would serve as cover for the squadron, but it appeared as though it might develop into an opponent rather than ally. Having never taken off with conditions so adverse he felt that surely someone had made a mistake. The weather was becoming worse, and streaks of lightning seemed to engulf them all. It grew darker

all the while, and wind began to rock the plane from side to side. Visible contact with the rest of the flight was gone, and it was rapidly becoming difficult to hold a steady bearing. The storm suddenly tossed his ship in such a manner that he wondered if it would fall apart. He remembered hearing as a recruit that eventually five out of thirty did fall apart, sometimes in mid-air.

Then rain hit; it was coming so fast that the water was lacing his wings, and reoccurring deluges completely blotted his view. The lightning hissed and popped from every angle and was followed by stunning jolts of such force that it seemed a picket fence was being moved down with dangerous precision. Rain and wind he had seen before, but never anything like this. The rain was lashing even harder and the engine strained from its very gullet to keep from rupturing at its seams. Twice it coughed, and Joshu felt his heart answering each threat with a failure of its own. His head was pounding as he peered through the gloom. Tradition was temporarily forgotten, and he wondered if there was any reason for him to struggle any longer. He would only meet his watery grave a little sooner. Temptation was great to let his numbed fingers ease up on the controls and slip unseen into the churning fury below. More than once his fingers began to slip, only to quickly retain their grasp. Then he realized that this was his chance; if he could outlast the storm he could fly to a neutral base and leave this hopeless war forever. Even if the entire squadron escaped the storm they would be so hopelessly separated that a regrouping of forces would be impossible. Believing this, he found it easier to follow his new plan. But he wasn't out of it yet; the storm roared on with increasing rage; it was laughing at him. The lightning flashed its evil grin, and the wind howled in delight as the tiny ship was played with as a toy. Suddenly only a few feet below was the sea, ravenously lunging skyward and barely missing as Joshu once again urged his fighter into the screaming clouds above.

A glorious death for the Emperor was now far from his mind. . . All he was interested in was his chance for survival. Before the days of the kamikaze, survival had been the goal of all pilots; now it was his once again. If he flew back to the base everything would begin anew, and in a few days there would be another mission with another group.

Memories were coming back now, of the night before when he had joined his fellow kamikazes in the last moments of their final celebration. He remembered how old classmates and buddies had died... Most of them had been blown to bits before they could strike an enemy ship, but he wasn't going to let that happen to him. Only nature could stop him now.

After what seemed an eternity, the storm began to finally show signs of letting up. His fighter began to level with greater ease, and the wind and light ning were coming with less violence than in moments before. Just ahead it appeared that the clouds were slowly breaking, and visibility was rapidly increasing. Seconds later it seemed that a whole new world had appeared. The sky was blue before him, and the storm seemed years in the past. There were no signs of any planes from the mission to be seen. Happily he turned his plane towards China and oblivion.

He was laughing now, laughing at the men who couldn't wait to fly to their destruction. To them it was the moment of supreme glory which gave meaning to their past existence. They were the ones who created the image that all Japanese pilots were maniacs with no regard to life or death.

Joshu never knew why he angled his plane downward; All he knew was that there was an American cruiser below and it had to be destroyed. The plans of a moment before had been forgotten. He was already at 10,000 feet and closing fast when the ship's guns began to spit their deadly welcome. The plane was beginning to rock and jerk as flak was coming in soft, black bursts. Bullets were crashing through the windshield, and each puncture added a new whistle to augment the deadly tunes

already established by the first shells to strike. Tracers were reaching for him as the great squid below began to stretch its fiery tenacles. The plane seemed almost to melt as a solid sheet of flame loomed as the only possible target. There was no way of telling where on the ship he would strike as streams of fire blotted any vision from the shattered cockpit. He only knew that he wasn't going to disappoint those who had gone before him. There for a second just before him he spotted the side of the cruiser. Closer and closer it came until there was nothing more to see.

Those nearest the shock were thrown from their feet, and by the time they gained the mainrail most of the fighter had disappeared beneath the concealing sea. The tail section was all that could be seen; Joshu had found his oasis.

Slowly, as some lumbering giant, the cruiser continued the same course. In a few more hours the incident would be forgotten. It wasn't the first time a kamikaze had missed. Another Jap had thrown his life away. . . . It didn't really matter.

PLAIN ENOUGH

Aye son, as we were o'er looking that meadow last June,
Casey and me saw plainly, a squad o' men shooing away
A pack o' stray dogs, that had come up from the bay.
The wound dressers didn't whistle no tune,
But went about their work during the heat o' noon.

The day before Casey and me had returned from a-whaling,
Them Rebs had jumpe d a few Yanks in that field,
And killed 'em all before they could yield.
So as we were o'er looking, our stomachs were failing,
'Cause about twenty were stinking and the rest still ailing.

Casey and me spied one young feller with long light hair.
'Twas being moved by the wind, like the green around him;
And it looked rather queer ——— twitching like a grass stem.
But we weren't much worried about them rotting souls down there
They went back, boy, to the dirt, and back to the air.

Ronald S. Rudd

TIMES AND THEIR SEASONS AND THEIR CRITICAL DAYS

time comes
when Brahms is more real
or seems that way
than songs about lost green valleys

time comes
when cacophony
is a sustained note
held too long

time comes
when the moon must turn red
and cause tousle-haired men
to proclaim it dead

And when the time comes
we will bury time

bury it with a lily smell
with talk of recipes, kin and what else is dead
and who else is born in a appropriate voice
and proclaim it looks natural, time
and what we're all doing

catching each other's eye with a high strung cry
then we will walk away
glad to be rid of physical remains
and wait.

Libby Thompson

POINTLESS

Short Story by Doug Noble

All of us hugged the ground for dear life. The soft whistle of the vicious little shells were more terrifying than the sharp bangs of their explosions. Here and there some tried to find better cover. Many were cut down before they had gone very far, however.

Our ass of an officer had led us too far forward against the American lines and, when discovered, we were cold meat. Here and there, on the ridges along our flanks, we could see them flitting in and out from the trees and underbrush, some lugging heavy machine-guns, as they moved to get between us and our lines. Those of us who saw the Americans began to pass the word to pull back but it was of no use.

They surrounded us before we could get a hundred meters and began to cut us to shreds with a withering hail of shells and slugs. We did not have a chance in hell and most of us knew it. The inexperienced ones among us immediately panicked and tried to run but were slaughtered by the heavy fire as soon as they got to their feet.

Having been in the war since North Africa, the thought of having to die now, now that it was almost over, frightened and angered me to my guts. I became like a cornered rat. Sharp screams of pain and anger rose above the roar of the firing now and again as a shell or slug ripped into some poor bastard. My stomach soon refused to hold and I retched horribly. Suddenly my uniform soaked with vomit and cold sweat, I had to get away. I had to find cover. . . had to get behind something solid.

Ahead of me, two recruits huddled in a small hole. One of them was crying hysterically, the other was futilely firing short bursts with his heavy Schmeiser machine-pistol. With a lull in the American fire, I made my move. I leapt forward and dived into the hole with the two recruits.

The crying one flung his arms around my neck and begged wildly for me to save him. I shoved him hard in the throat to get him away from me. The other one turned on me with the Schmeiser and screamed at me to get away because the hole was too small for the three of us. I jerked my service

revolver from my coat pocket and pumped two quick shots into his face. He fell back heavily. The crying one screamed like a woman as I trained the pistol at his head. Bolting from the hole, he had not gone ten steps when he caught a shell full in the chest. With a muffled boom, his body blew apart into several fleshy hunks.

All the activity around the hole quickly drew the American fire. Large geysers of dirt and grass were flung up all around the two of us. We were showered with dirt and fragments. The recruit began to moan softly. His hands clutched his face. Blood streamed smoothly and steadily through his fingers down his hands and arms. The bullets continued to howl around us.

Suddenly a slug slammed through my ankle making me blanch with pain. I screamed. The hole was still too crowded. Frantically, I shoved the recruit's unresisting body out of the hole and onto its lip. The bullets chewed him into a bloody mass, but I was safe at last at the bottom of the hole.

After a while the Americans stopped firing and rushed us. They took prisoner those few of us that still were left alive. For me, the war ended then and I had come through it alive.

I still limp badly from the old ankle wound but, with a cane, I have adjusted to it and get around fairly well. At times, when it pains me, I find myself thinking of the two recruits and the shell hole. What with the rush of orders, for our Volkswagens, from American and England, I do not have too much time to think about such things nowadays.

After all, what is past is past and business is business. I let bygones be bygones.

THE INMATE

Where am I, am I
Alive or dead, I hear
Cacophonous sounds, arising
From chasms, alien to nature
Eldritch chants, discordant music of
Harpichord and organ

The screams the terrible wailings of
A dying, burning child; there seems
No existing patterns, color without meaning
Bright hues, floating in space
Wait, there is a pattern

I perceive a man, he is dressed in black
An axe, shiny bladed, gleaming
It is brought downward, flashing
A head rolls into a dirty basket
It stares at me, its eyes bulged
The red veins about to burst
The veins thick and glistening
It starts to speak to me, but I refuse to listen
There are men marching, their feet
They are going to trample me
The noise becomes louder, louder, louder
I can't stand it, I think I scream
The marching stops

No, no it is the spiders
Crawling, creeping, eating bodies
Of dead decaying corpses
They see me, they come for me
Racing, their hairy tentacles
Covered with blood

Suddenly all is still, clear but dark
I see a hand, protruding from nowhere
It brings a tray; it hands the platter to me
It is food, I won't eat
Then they can't poison me
I'll feed it to the spiders

I wish I knew where I was
Who are they, maybe I'm dead
No, I must be captured by some enemy
Why would someone try to poison a corpse
They have me in a cell for interrogation
That must be it

Hear, once again I hear the beautiful sounds
The wondrous waves, the melancholy murmurs
Of the stream, the bells, the forest
The air, the rain, the patterns arise
It is a little girl
She is picking lilacs in the blue meadow

The lilac it moves, it is turned
Into a hand, its huge fingers
Evolved around the small child's neck
No, the rats, the spiders are
Devouring her, she is rotting
She is a grinning, gleaming skeleton

Another face, a man
His body filled with parasites
The hookworms filling his insides
Entering through his toenails
God I wish it weren't dark in here
Let me out

OMEGA

The smoke-stained
Rails of hickory
Stand broken where
Once shiny black
Leather boots and
The flashing steel
Of new bayonets
Paraded as vigilant
Columns of courage.

The lonely battle-scarred
Trees now stand barren
With jagged arms
Upheld in hope of
An opening to withstand
The hardening of the grey sky.

Bobby Lee Ford

JEWBOY

Short Story by Dan Irwin

In the spring I always wandered further from my block than usual. It seemed like with everything bursting out with new life, that there was more world for me to have to see.

I remember on this particular spring day I'd wandered all the way to Greenwell Street, when I noticed another boy standing in my path. He was staring intently at me.

"Hey boy, what you staring at?" I asked.

"Nothing. Hey, where're you from?"

"Down on Grant Street. Who are you anyhow?"

"My name's Sammy" he answered and then added, "but everybody call me 'Jewboy'. So I guess you can too."

"Stupid name," I replied.

"Hey, Where'd you get those?" he asked, pointing to my new guns.

"I got 'em for my birthday last week. .Want to see them?"

He took the gun from me and fondled it as a priest would a sanctified chalice. An idea seemed to come to him and he suggested we go play in the barn (that apparently had been missed by zoning laws) in his back yard. I was more than willing to follow Jewboy across the lot to the rather barren structure that was his home.

As we entered the screen door, a high pitched monotone voice challenged

"Is that you Sammy?"

"Yea, Ma, I brought a friend with me."

Jewboy led me into his room. It, like the rest of the house, was barren but surprisingly neat. While Jewboy was digging through the closet my curiosity got the better of me and I asked him why they called him Jewboy. He jerked about as if he'd been suddenly shocked; his normal neutral face had become contorted as if in pain. "It's cause I'm a Jew."

"What's that?" I questioned further.

"It's what I am," he said, as if he were expecting me to react violently to the disclosure he'd made to me.

I decided not to pursue the topic further. Jewboy's facial expression went back to neutral and he continued digging in the closet until he emerged with a somewhat worn cowboy hat. He caressed it with the same attraction and devout admiration he had shown my guns.

It took him several minutes to adjust the hat just as he wanted it, but when he had done so he ran, with me trailing behind, out the back door and into the barn. He then led me up the ladder and into the loft.

A child's world is a delicate balance between reality and fantasy; at any given moment one world can blot out the other. As soon as Jewboy and I entered the barn we also entered into our own private world. I noticed a complete change in Jewboy's features; where once he was neutral and unexpressive, he was now animated and expressive.

We entered into a blazing gunbattle and I snuck behind Jewboy and fired fourteen shots screaming, "Got cha!"

Every muscle in his body went limp at once and he slumped to the loft floor. I stood over him triumphantly at first, but as the seconds ticked by, I became more and more worried that I actually killed him. Finally he rose from the floor boasting.

"I play dead good, don't I?"

"I'll say, I was getting pretty scared."

"I'm up here by myself a lot and sometimes I just lay here and pretend I'm dead."

"Boy, you're nutty. Come on, let'd play some more."

We had just entered into another situation when we heard a commotion down below. Peering through the cracks in the floor, I saw a group of about seven boys milling about, apparently hunting for something or someone.

Before I could say anything, Jewboy had locked the loft door, his face once again an expressionless mask.

"Lay down and don't move," he whispered, "Don't make any noise and they'll go away."

After saying this, he lay down on his back in the same position he was in when I shot him. I bewilderedly followed Jewboy's orders and lay down on the loft floor. From below I could hear a chant, steadily rising in volume being thrown up at Jewboy. "Dirty, stinking, Jewboy, Come on down, Jewboy. Dirty, stinking Jew." I looked over at Jewboy. He hadn't moved a muscle. I lay listening, waiting until I could bear it no longer. I jumped up and threw open the loft door and screamed, "He's up here!! Come and get the dirty Jew!"

The group clambered up the ladder and formed a circle around the, now standing Jewboy. They began to shove about the circle, chanting, "Dirty, stinking Jewboy." Before long I found myself caught up in the cruel game, but I noticed that all this taunting and shoving was having no apparent effect on Jewboy. He was completely passive and without emotion. An idea struck me; I ran to the center of the ring and grabbed up Jewboy's hat that had fallen off during the jostling.

"Look, I got the Jew's hat," I yelled, holding it in the air. Each boy grabbed the hat and began to pull vigorously.

For the first time, Jewboy responded, "No! not my hat, please not my hat."

His pleadings only made us pull harder and in a moment the hat was in shreds. Simultaneously, with the destruction of the hat, came a voice from outside, "Hey, what's going on in there?" It was Jewboy's mother.

Everyone exited as fast as possible. I was the last to leave, and I remember looking at Jewboy just before going down the ladder. He was

holding his hat and he looked—well, I guess he looked dead, if that's possible.

I ran home as fast as I could. When I got there, my family had already started supper.

"Hey, little man you're late," Dad said

"Dad, what's Jew?"

"What?"

"Aw, nothing." I said, and walked to the bathroom and washed my hands.

FILTHY McNASTY

Parable by James Malone

My name is not important, but what I know is. This tale I am about to tell you takes place in that period of time just after the apes came out of the trees and just before it became popular to burn churches and for 21 men to kill 3 men. The latter was a great sport in the warmer parts of the country. As every story must have its hero and villain, so it is with my story. Our villain, who I am sure you all have heard of, is Kunder Kluxclan. He is called "Ku" by his close friends of which he has a large number. Ku is also the winner of that prize of prizes, the Mobile Peace Prize. Among his lesser honors are such titles as 3 time winner of the N.A.A.C.D. BOMBING CHAMPIONSHIPS held each year in BLOOMINGHAM, USA, and the only person to ever attend 78 riots in a row! But enough of our villain. . . We must move on to our hero, who is, as I am sure you have guessed by the title, none other than the Great Filthy McNasty.

Filthy was quite an unusual boy. His father being dead, Filthy lived alone with his mother. Filthy and his mother were the last surviving members of a race of people who had an affinity for dirt. At first glance Filthy would look like an extra dirty boy, but on closer inspection you would find that it was really a crust of dirt about as thick as a sheet of paper. Filthy's mother had lost her crust due to old age, which was the only way to get rid of them. She looked just like everyone else, but just because she had the blood of this particular race in her, she was no more accepted than her son.

Filthy made use of his "gift" by cleaning up various places around town. All he had to do was walk through them and all the dirt in the place would cling to him. He would then go outside and be sprayed by water. All the dirt would come off, all except that one layer. This was all Filthy could do because none of the other kids would play with him for fear of being called a "dirt-lover". He was different you know. Anyway, wasn't that enough? Also, he was banned from the country because when he walked

he would pick up so much soil that he was bringing down property values. What little money Filthy made at his work he would give to his mother, as it was their only means of existence.

One day Kunder Kluxclan came to town. Now this was really a mean man. He was so mean that he would burn "X" on the front lawns of people's houses. Ku was a bad man no doubt about it. Naturally Ku had his band of cut throats with him. No one knew what they looked like because they always wore white garbage cans over their heads and upper bodies. And, they all rode English-racer bicycles. . . Boy were they mean!

Ku was used to having his way wherever he went, but this time he went too far. He wanted the people to give him the rights to that years segregatable crop. Imagine that! Who in their right mind would give up their rights to their very own segregatable crop? They had been growing that crop for over 100 years and they were not going to give it up now.

Ku gave them a choice. . . Either give up their rights to the crops, or be burned out by him and his men. . . They would rather burn than switch. But how could they beat such odds? No one knew. Everyone was scared stiff. They didn't know what to do. Ku was right outside town ready to do them in. The people had two chances of beating the villains: slim and none. Who could save them? Naturally it was going to be our hero, Filthy McNasty and his affinity for dirt.

Filthy had heard of the people's plight and went to offer his aid. By now the people were willing to do anything to save their wonderful crop. They decided to let Filthy try.

So off Filthy went to the place where the villains were waiting. Once there Filthy began to run around the camp like crazy. All the villains thought he was nuts, so they did not bother him. Due to his affinity for dirt, Filthy soon had a whirl pool of dirt surrounding the villains. He went faster and faster. After about ten minutes of this, Filthy had choked the entire band of villains to death and buried them under a mound of dirt.

When Filthy showed the people what he had done, they were all overjoyed. For days they did nothing but praise Filthy and tell his mother what a fine boy he was. But as all good things must come to an end, so did all the joy.

Soon things were back to normal. Filthy went back to work, the kids still wouldn't play with him, and everyone went back to disliking Filthy and his mother just as before.

CORNUCOPIA

Pain and pestilence; wreck and war,
You drive the peoples myraid
Across the world.
The races meet and mate.
The fledgling fowl of human experience
Spreads its wings. . . We fly.
And in the mist, the Cornucopia,
Glimpst in a million dreams, seems nigh.

Pain and pestilence; wrack and war,
Whipping—masters of former years,
Be drowned in joy!
The Cornucopia, harvest of
Our toilsome past at last is here!

R. C. Jones

A CYNICAL SONNET

I sit here in the classroom
Speculating wisely
On the nature of Truth
And God and Mind.
Talking vehemently about free will.
(We do have it you know.)
And once in a while
Looking up with new eyes
At the backs of listening heads
And wondering:
Why does noble, all-knowing
Man
Have ears shaped like
Cornucopia.

Beth McDaniel

CLOWN

Clown
You have a funny face
With
Deep surface eyes
Mirroring not the
Sadness of your
Heart thoughts
But
The tragedy of your
Silly jigs
 Laugh
 Sing
 Dance
You silly clown
But
Sometimes. . .
Cry

Sam Edwards

All Western Students interested in creative writing are encouraged to submit their work to be considered for publication in Voices.

All material must be typed, and contributors should keep carbons of their work since manuscripts will not be returned.

Students desiring help with their writing should enroll in the creative writing course (English 123) or contact one of the following English staff members:

Mr. Joseph Boggs
Mr. Howard Doll
Mr. Tom Jones
Mr. Michael Partick
Mr. John Spurlock
Dr. James Wise

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