

4-1970

## The Strayed Reveller, No. 6

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### Recommended Citation

Williams, Jim; McMurphey, Harry; Means, Gail; Gallo, Philip; Francis, Deannie; Bartlett, Jack; Whitney, John; Jung, Becky; Hopkins, Charles; Roberts, Wade; Lewis, David; Ryan, Jan; Adams, Cydney; Chevallier, Larry; Seacrest, Joe; Arnold, Steve; and Kleitx, Mary, "The Strayed Reveller, No. 6" (1970). *Strayed Reveller, 1969-1970*. Book 6.

<http://scholarworks.sfasu.edu/reveller/6>

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strayed  
reveller



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The Barrier by Harry McMurphey

Damn, it's hot!

Doesn't this prairie ever cool off?

Yeah, well if you'd walk right you wouldn't be so hot  
Drop dead.....

Did you hear a scream?

It would probably be better if you could swim out  
past the breakers.

It's the wrong time of year.

Yeah, the sharks.

Do you think they'll ever be no sharks?

Sure when the third bar is gone.

Did you hear a scream?

The shrimper that ran up on the 2nd bar is breaking  
up.....Don't you hear her breaking up?

It's not that rough.

Man, it's always rough enough.

The trout moved slowly about their business of  
feeding... all is quiet save the clicking of shrimp.  
Their spotted bodies glide back and forth in the  
filtered sunlight of the green water. The don't  
hear the screams.

Outworks of Broken Morning  
by Gail Means

Hard, blue reality has an unerring way  
of washing away blissful pre-dawn of pink balloons  
leaving only small hands clutching  
bare strings to puppet pinocchio disguises  
waiting for the pied piper's second coming  
to flood puddles, and sink their paper boats;  
to give promises of docks, harbor, and life jackets.  
Pink-eyed and blue-faced they jump eagerly  
from rafts to showboats, clutching  
their wooden whistles; waiting for the clue  
to blow their finely powdered mirage  
to that distant hill where rooted anchors stand,  
curves smiling like hidden smiles  
curving steadfast gladness.

My dawn is horizontal  
sliding gently with a lotus breeze.  
They button up in their brown warms  
and appear oddly bundled with no place to go,  
spending rivers for raindrops, losing dewdrops  
for a spoonful of tears. But they swallow  
tiny specks of me, while tugging at my shoulder  
and winking at my toes. But I stay  
by my river wrapped in a worn rat's coat  
so that love and alliance can free  
each soul alone to itself, to seek each hand  
in their linked shadows.

The Compass Rose  
by Phillip Gallo

Wrapping paper flapping  
in the wind  
We swamped about,  
Staking out ten feet to the inch  
The swamp and NP  
Trestle, by turns  
A fort  
Burned-out blockhouse --  
sometimes even  
A trestle. Then  
Passles of trains, dynamited... But now  
Hill One One Five taking shape,  
We celebrated,  
Cracking skulls with cat tails,  
The obscene projection,  
And gave the finger  
To the wind.



## The Communications Gap

by Deanie Francis

Each age has had its own particular communication difficulties between adults and young people. The care-free, raise-hell attitudes of young people in the "Gay Nineties" and the "Roaring Twenties" often over-shot the expectations of their elders. There has always been, and always will be, a gap, "Difference between ideas"(Webster's Inc. New World Dictionary, 1964) But now, in the waning months of the sixth decade of the twentieth century, the "communications gap" between young and old has almost reached epidemic proportions.

In order to realize the magnitude of the problems, one has simply to observe the differences of opinion between our generation and our predecessors on today's issues. Last Summer, a particular television program in the series of "Sixty Minutes" concentrated on this problem in a series of alternate interviews all over the nation of students and their parents concerning their views on topics such as sex, dope, and the Vietnam war. After an interview with a student, the parents were asked the same questions. Interview after interview showed a general liberalism of young people towards such topics as premarital sex and use of drugs, and the parents were equally reticent in their views of these topics. For instance, one particular student felt that there was absolutely nothing wrong with premarital sex between two people who cared for one another, and felt that it should be a prerequisite to marriage. His mother, when asked the same question, never once used the word "sex" in her discourse, and made it clear that she felt that sex before marriage was quite wrong. Invariably the differences in opinions were so great that it was difficult to believe that the persons involved were even related.

Today's most controversial motion pictures exemplify this strained relationship. The Graduate, the celebrated story of young Benjamin Braddock and his off-beat escapades with Mrs. Robinson, illustrates the vastness of the communications gap between generations.

The opening scene, in which a graduation party is being thrown for him by his parents makes obvious his self-consciousness as every invited guest is a friend of his parents. More humiliating for Benjamin is the birthday celebration they hold for him - once again with adult guests - in which his parents display him proudly in his new gift, a scuba diving suit. As his humiliation mounts, the words of Paul Simon's "Sounds of Silence" drift forth, showing evidence of youth crying out to be heard by their elders.

"Fools! said I, "you do not know, silence like a cancer grows.  
Hear my words that I might teach you.  
Take my arms that I might reach you.  
But my words like silent raindrops fell,  
and echoed--  
In the wells of silence."

Obviously the communications gap is apparent in campus disorders that illustrate a definite sociological significance inside this problem. Carroll F. Johnson, a New York school superintendent who has dealt with campus protestors, was quoted in the February 16, Dallas Morning News as saying,

"Had our communication been better, had we been listening as well as teaching, the (campus) boycotts might well have been averted."

Everywhere: within families, in the entertainment world, on high school and college campuses, the gap of understanding between the younger and older generations broadens. Evidence pertinent in consideration of the problem of the communication gap and its significance is found in the October 17 issue of Time magazine in two letters written to the editors, the first by an adult, William Donnelly; the second Stephen D. Pogue, a college freshman:

"...But it's something more than antagonism to the system, to a governing body or to capitalism. You can see it, feel it.

The gap gets wider. Maybe it's the whole pointlessness of the human condition that breeds this weird and hostile detachment..  
...All this breeds in turn a kind of reckless tolerance in the adult world for youthful peccadilloes - the drug scene, the marxist bent, the inordinate self-indulgence....."

"....But you also have pointed out that youth has created its own culture or 'counter-culture'. This is the crux of the issue. Adults are trying to force their culture down our throats...."

Will this gap continue to widen until the adult and youth worlds become polarized with no chance of the gap being bridged? Or will bridges begin breaching this gap -- bridges such as Moratorium Day, when young and old alike rallied for a common cause? The solution may as yet be unknown, but the problem is now recognized as an important one, and recognition is part of the key to its solution.

Summer '69

by Jack Bartlett

He came down quietly and sank in our midst. Although we anticipated His coming, He became more than our expectations had granted us to believe. Anyone knows that June means summertime, but was it supposed to be that hot, and that lonely?

But now, after the arrogant sun has burned our necks and put molasses in our wills, we see Him exciting in the West, crawling into the bedcovers of God with His mistress night, burned out, tired, anemic in His kingdom.

See? Time takes energy from even Him. Some cold man with a blizzard breath has moved Him aside and is shooting icicle spears into His heart. Yes, that was His blood in last evening's sundown.

We survived His sweetness and His tyranny but were always frightened by His long shadows. We survived them all; heat pains in midnight's black bed, wells of perspiration in light's sultry robe, and all the endless days that gave no recommendations to the night. We survived them all, only to be subdued by a subtler cold man father who will bring upon us rippling flesh, lover's wool, broken bondage of leaf and root, the freeze, the shake, and another color.

## The Pipes of Woden

(The continuing story of Poor Eric's Navel)

["Christian! Dost thou feel them. How they creep within....?"]

["What rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches toward Bethelhem to be born?"]

Once upon a time Eric got back from Mystic Mountain, Conn. where he'd enjoyed the music. He was unsuccessful in getting to Flushing, to steal the secret of the Johnny-a-Go-Go, but then Klutch Papers, Inc., as it turned out, had made their disposable bags too small in an effort to force down prices; and had been indicted for restraint of trade, at the instance of the Defense Department, for failure to reach a contractual agreement with the Libyan Expeditionary Force of the Israeli Army.

Eric had not always been troubled with his navel. That affliction had befallen him in high school, where, competing for a particularly desirable college scholarship, he'd strained himself in the endeavor to remain erect at football games. Ultimat(sic) Fred, now ironically Director of RESTRICT at Hipp Central, had been Eric's classmate and chief rival, and in the wake of the latter's failure, had matriculated to booted glory and Ultimate Success (who bore him three lovely children). Eric had to remain content to attend the Breadwell Academy of Pastoral Theology and Aesthetic Woodcraft, at Sizemore, Texas, where, under the tutelage of C. Anal Robards, Homer Leibnitz Professor of Spiritual Therepeutics, he majored with modest distinction in Breath Control.

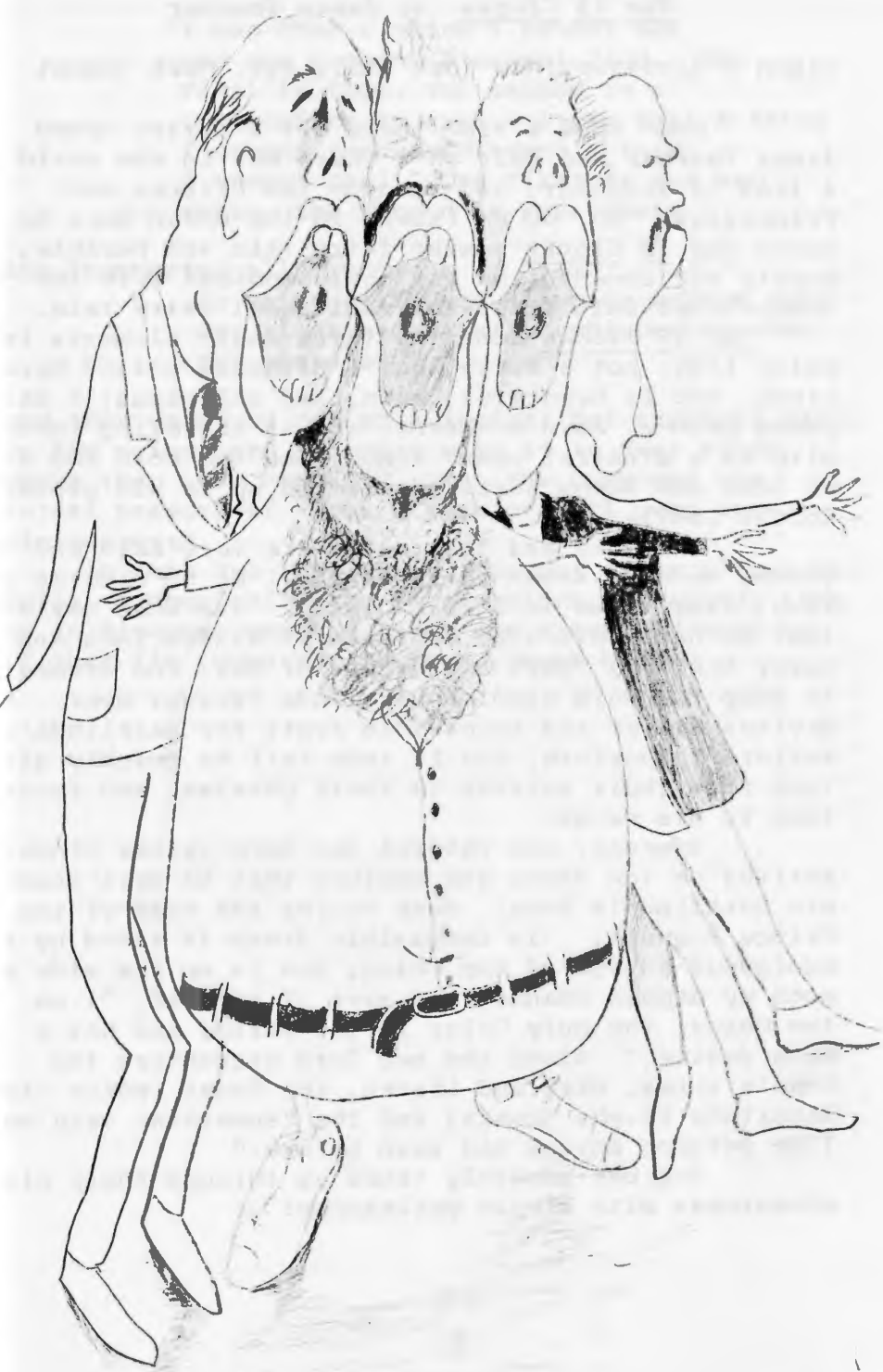
Earlier, before he'd braced up and gotten ahold of himself, Eric had been a damp child with adenoidal difficulties, given to looking as though he'd been eating dirty chocolate ice cream rather too casually. He was called "Junior" then. That was before he met Joe T. Odle.

When Eric's principal and school bus driver, back in the Woden days, dropped out to go back to Wharton

Junior College to try to become a Fug, he was succeeded by Joe T. Odle, who thought Eric had athletic ability because the lad was such a mouth-breather, don't you know, and always sounded like he'd been pulling for the team 100%. As it turned out, Eric was not of professional, or even of junior high athletic stature, but Joe remained fond of him anyway and a year or two later, when the idea occurred to him to form the Odlers, a vocal quintet dedicated to the righteous performance of Sacred American music, he enlisted Eric as his soloist and star performer. It was Eric's first acquaintance with the arts.

The Odlers were an instant success. On the Monday morning after their first performance - Joe had booked them for third billing at a Gravel Ridge revival - they awoke to find themselves famous. Throughout the week, radio-contract offers poured in, from Lovelady, from Sweet Union, from Etoile, from Marfak; but after a Friday evening performance on "At Yer Service", the whited tube was their oyster, and Sunday morning saw them conveyed by the miracle of modern electronics into the homes and hearts of dozens. Picture Eric, if you will, his golden hair-piece coiffed into a welter of softly sparkling oiled undulations, the delicate colors of his milky eyes intensified by the reflective sheen of his sky-blue sports jacket, the casual loops of his plaid string tie transfixed with starch and pins to the unyielding bosom of his yellow "Van Heusen". Close your eyes and hear again, vibrant with emotion, the inspiring strains of his birdlike alto, hymning his Savior's praises, as there he sways and prances before the chorus of older Odlers odling and the richly swagged backdrop of our National bunting. Who can but wonder that such a spectacle of Young Manhood should, a scant decade hence, be committed to the Hipp reservation as a loner, a pacifist, a danger to his nation for failure to exercise his buying power.

Next Episode: "Hark the Herald!" (Angel's Thing);  
or "How Eric overcame his fear of the  
Winkies".



The 13 Clocks by James Thurber

Simon & Schuster, New York 1950, ill. Mark Simon

Once upon a time there was a writer named James Thurber who felt that there was in the world a lack of laughter, and far too few Princes and Princesses. So, on an island in the ocean seas he wrote The 13 Clocks mixing fairy tale and parable, beauty and comedy, and the philosophical with the superficial into a not-so-traditional fairy tale.

The 13 Clocks contains three basic elements in fairy tale: not a fairy, but a princess called Sara Linda, who is beautiful, warm, and oblivious; a nai young prince, Zorn of Zorna, who is traveling incognito as a minstrel named Xingu; and the cold and wicked Duke who keeps Saralinda locked up in his gloomy Coffin Castle.

The Duke and his castle are very cold and gloomy because seven years earlier, at 10 minutes of five, time froze in Coffin Castle. The Duke believes that he had slain time and made it always Then and never Now. He fears the warmth of Now, and wishes to keep the warm hand of Saralinda forever near. He devises clever and impossible feats for Saralinda's suitors to perform, and if they fail he quickly slices them from their zatches to their guzzles, and feeds them to his geese.

However, one fateful day Zorn (alias Xingu) arrives on the scene and decides that he will somehow win Saralinda's hand. Here begins the tale of the Prince's quest. His impossible dream is aided by the ambiguous advice of the Golux, who is on the side of good by happen chance, and says of himself, "I am the Golux, the only Golux in the world, and not a mere device." Along the way Zorn encounters the Duke's spies, Hark and Listen, the Todal (which means Hazza (who laughs jewels) and the "something very much like nothing anyone had seen before."

Thurber smoothly takes us through these misadventures with simple philosophy:



"I can find a thing I cannot see  
and see a thing I cannot find. The  
first is time, the second is a  
spot before my eyes. I can feel a thing  
I cannot touch and touch a thing  
I cannot feel. The first is sad and  
sorry, the second is your heart."

and Thurberian alliteration:

"...in which swift and slippery snakes slid  
and slithered silkily, whispering sin-  
ful secrets."

and then drops us off at a logical but atypical exit.  
Do the prince and princess make it to Ever After  
where they live happily? Does the Duke get his  
unjust preserves? Does virtue prevail over per-  
niciousness?

In this two-level tale, Thurber takes a tour-de-  
force through childhood imaginations and wishes asks  
us to discover whether these are alive and well or  
if they lie forgotten in Never-Never Land.

Mad Birthday Catharsis  
by Charles Hopkins

Winds splashed wild on collared necks.

In the buckled sky  
and rain of galvanized nails,  
I viewed an opulent canister,  
the sky's abound of moon slivers, silver wings.

It was a dark night's work,  
the kind of dark when men and women  
writhe together like headless snakes  
or mutes with fingers shorn,  
jerking to speak with hands  
that have no mouths.

So with every thought I bore butcher's soliloquy.

Yes, I was my mother's repulsion,  
the result of a sordid convulsion.  
She and I were joined  
like Jesus' coat, without a seam  
and she took me by my chord  
and threw me in a stream.

My Virgin Mary mother  
was bent with the purifying pain  
And she swore she had no lover,  
She swore I was a conjure.  
But if it was Satan's hand that noved,  
He did it not by hand.

three stars moved in elemental madness.  
two clouds inked in a solitary shoe  
and a third, nearer earth than the two,  
with a gun muzzle in his mouth,  
cocked the hammer with the end of the shoe.

I led my wife under oil streaked sky,  
My railing voice a knife in the sky.  
Our unborn son in her wanton womb  
rolled unaware of that night's doom,  
to inhale the waters of my birth.

Wife and son are joined  
like Jesus coat, without a seam.  
Shall I grab you by your chord,  
my son, and throw you in a stream?  
or shall I bind up  
the loose ends of matters that have no life  
until they're bound?

It's more than a question of pain.  
Maybe I should spay your brain.

Shall I pull you out with speed  
or spill you out with greed?  
For there seems to be no need of you  
or place for you.  
No crib for you  
or bib for you.

My mouth puffed like a festered pore  
smiling fish scales on a butcher's blade  
like crimson beads from crimson deeds.

Thrashing with a leather strap,  
I tore that sweet virgin  
from mist and mustang's door!

three stars fell heavenward,  
wrapped in a bloody bundle.  
two clouds moved to go.  
the third, with a gun muzzle in his mouth,  
let fly the hammer with the end of a toe.

In the Sahara or Tiptoeing Through the Wasteland  
by Wade Roberts

You're turned on by a review you have read in Saturday Review, Time, or the Strayed Reveller of a great book. You dream of the moment when you can run into the store, plunk down your cash, and carry the literary work of art home and browse through it at will. You arise early Saturday morning, blow off breakfast, dress hurriedly, and begin your thumb-extended journey to find the object d'art.

Only one problem here - Where do you go? Certainly not to the S.F.A. library, notorious for its lack of fiction and recent books. What about the drive-in-grocery -- only a small rack of second-rate sex novels and cheap mysteries await you there. What about the discount stores and pharmacies - there you will find a dazzling array of books such as "Linda Kelly - Second Floor Nurse-in-charge-of-Bedpans". Hey, how about a short outing to a college bookstore - "Sure they have some neat textbooks, but what about good paperbacks?" Another strike. The only alternative left is to transfer to a college in a large city or to hire somebody to drive to Houston and pick up the book for you.

Let's face it - what Nacogdoches and S.F.A. could use is a good paperback book selection. Paperback because these books are most applicable to a student's budget. There is a dearth of good paperbacks here, not because of a lack of demand, but probably since a store cannot make much profit out of selling books unless it is a bookstore dealing in nothing else. The merchants here already make a tidy sum off S.F.A. students, so it seems they could forego great profit in place of service to the campus and perform this much needed act of furnishing Nacogdoches with good literature.

So heed my advice, all you penny-pinching, money hungry, mercenaries out there, before somebody else hears the demand and starts taking in some of your profits.

(Editors Note: One interesting place to find books, not necessarily specific ones you may want to read, but of value in quality and interest is the Atheneum Bookshelf ("no fees, no fines, no falderol"). This oasis in the midst of the Nacogdoches desert is kept by Dr. Kallsen, Dean of Liberal Arts in his office in Ferguson 101. From all reports it contains many volumes which the library cannot seem to find.)

22nd Birthday Poem for Wide-eyed Girls  
by David Lewis

wide but why so sad  
                  the hello November cold  
                          from some ironic unsecret  
moist light eyes  
                  thin disguising as sunlit leaves  
                          in winter half light  
the tiny troubled dream of two a.m.s  
                  still cold in stolen jackets  
                          and gloved boredom  
wish it would snow  
                  or sidewalk clown would roar back  
                          choking uneasy cold  
freezing crocodiles in their tears  
                          of storied insanity.

A Clockwork Orange - Anthony Burgess  
by P.B.

Anthony Burgess was a composer of music before settling on the composing of songful novels. He was in his late thirties when he began to turn out novels and is now forty-nine. He was the Education Officer in the Federation of Malaya for some years, beginning in 1954, and, under this guise, wrote his Malyan trilogy, The Long Day Wanes, as well as, earlier, his first novel, A Vision of Battlements. After returning to England, he published The Right to an Answer, The Doctor is Sick, Devil of a State, A Clockwork Orange, Honey For the Bears, Nothing Like the Sun (on William Shakespeare), Enderby, Tremor of Intent, The Wanted Seed, and two nonfiction studies, RE Joyce (on James of Ulysses fame), and The Novel Now, a consideration of the state of modern fiction.

A Clockwork Orange is the product of a composer's knowledge of form and analysis coupled with an etymologist's love for words and the need to play with them.

However, his tuneful and verbal antics apart, this novel, as do all his others, displays his artist's compassion for people, with a practical awareness that mankind can be brutal and unworthy of redemption.

His main character is a "clockwork orange" named Alex; like the 'Afterword' says: "A clockwork orange is something mechanical that appears organic...A machine for mechanical violence far below the level of choice... His[Alex's] dreary socialist England is a giant clockwork orange." Burgess of course has the poetic license to name his good book any lubbilubbing thing he wants, even if the 'starrys' or baboochkas and deds can't figure one zvook of the veshch out. If a chelloveck will sloosh a malenky, the raskazz like falls in place, and 'nadsat', the language used to put over Alex and his three droogs, Pete, Georgie, and Dim, becomes more understandable than their appallingly amoral play: \*Viddyng the creeches of eggwews, fillyng oozhassny veshches.  
\*See Glossary at back of novel, for there is one.

with plenty of dratsing, and the old in-and-out: real horrorshow for Alex and his millicent-dodging friends. And meanwhile, there are the old pee and em to terrorize, but poor Alex! All the lewdies in the world like want to plosh his grahzny gulliver, and the millicents long to shive his shiyah. And they do, too, after much fun and the eventural turning of his froogs.

The scene of Alex's restitution at the hands of the State is not just 1984 revisited, but a more personalized view of a Handbook-raised bratty who sees his 1984 scene in the proper perspective - his own. No simple One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest torture-and-treatment for little Alex, but 21st century torments, the millicents deeming their prize villain worthy of the Final Solution, and Alex, their oddy knocky plenny, his litso focused on the screen, glazzies fixed wide open, smots sinnies, and smots sinnies, and smots sinnies until he is cured.

A clockwork orange, Alex, in his clockwork orange world.

Somewhere Closer Than The Face  
by Jack Bartlett

O barren Eye

Eye of waste and running rivers,  
have you not witnessed display?

O heart of ash

with silver snakes that sting the throat,  
your hand is choking you.

O liquid diamond

water body

ty the devil's sponge is eating.

O spirit

spirit of long birds riding  
where March winds have forsaken,  
gather me closer than the face  
into your glorious greys.

Review of "Bored of the Rings" By Harvard Lampoon  
or

"It melts in your brain, not in your mouth"

With the words "Icky!" and "Double icky!" Frito Bugger and the twins Moxie and Pepsi Dingleberry started on their long journey on the Inter-shire Turnpath toward Riv'n'Dell, to rid the Lower Middle Earth of the unpredictable powers of the Ring. The Ring had been acquired some years earlier by Frito's uncle, Dildo Bugger when he pulled it off a drowning clown named Goddam's hand, in the middle of a kidney-shaped magic lake in a magic mountain. The decision to rid all of boggiekind of the Ring had been made by Dildo, after it had caused him to have stomach ulcers, frequent colds and bad backaches, constipation and bad breath. The Most Holy Rosicrucian Wizard Goodgulf had told Dildo that he was not to be rid of it, the evil Sorbed and his nine dreaded narcs would arrive to liberate the Ring in order to add to the Sorbed's evil powers.

The rest of the book deals with Frito's perilous journey to Riv'n'Dell where he is to throw the Ring into a tar pit, and his adventures along the way where he meets many odd people, and gets into many freaky seemingly terminal predicaments. The whole book is filled to the brim with irrelevant oddities, in the same manner as the short summation above of the introduction and beginning, and sheathed to the seams with delightful descriptions of a zoo full of improbable, impractical, insane characters.

The Harvard Lampoon, well known for its biting parodies on famous and infamous works, has scored again with a brilliant parody on one of J.R.R. Tolkien's best - "The Lord of the Rings". Following Tolkien's style as close as practical, what started out as a comic satire on a great book has turned into one of the great social essays of our time, satirizing many nonsensical aspects of our "Great Society". This included biting satirical gems on acid heads, narcs, cops, violence, second-rate sex novels, politicians, and famous heroes, not to mention the reader. ("Hint: What is missing from this famous quotation? 'A \_\_\_\_\_ and his \_\_\_\_\_ soon are \_\_\_\_\_.'")



## Freedom's Fling - Jan Ryan

Broad bodies nod numbly, the maiden forms  
Aching with elastic strings, but  
Narcotized by dreams of busted beauty --

Their visages simper as they mentally groan to  
Hold breaths in and breasts out because as  
Everyone knows, they are

Bound to a spiked silence, almost never  
Revealing their padded contents  
As they restlessly pretend nonchalance.

Cafeteria Story - The Discriminatory Mexican Supper  
by Cydney Adams

Tuesday, November 17, all students residing in dormitories on the S.F.A. campus, being compelled by school policy to purchase a meal book along with their dorm room, were subjected to glaring discrimination when both campus cafeterias served an exclusively Mexican-type evening meal.

The pre-cooked excuse for Mexican culinary art was the only choice given to half-frozen, hungry students as they trudged hopefully into that glass menagerie, their eyes lighting with an almost completely degenerated appetite when they fell on the bright, crepe paper tablecloths. The aroma was overpowering, very reminiscent of being inside a huge chili can. And then, of course there were the flies.

Their hooves resounding, the cattle tramped blindly down the chute, speculating, as cattle will, on the dubious quality of the evening's fodder. They grasped their trays with sweaty palms, and, cowered by defiant and authoritarian stares from the personnel meekly submitted them to be filled with something strongly resembling bundles of the Christian Science Monitor in Malaysia during the Monsoon.

They seated themselves and proceeded to feed on this silage-like material. Chewing was common; the simple, single human stomach was incapable of disposing of the meal in one digestive cycle.

The reader will be spared the details of a strangely universal, and sickeningly violent revelation by the student stomach.

The gastronomic cruelty can be overlooked, as it has been daily since September 15. But the presumptuous infringement on the pride of two basically involved groups, Mexicans and non-Mexicans cannot. Not for a moment were the feelings of the nauseated major those of Anglo-Saxon, Nordic descent considered when being compelled to eat an all-Mexican meal. Oh, there is one alternative - one could have taken a salad with its heritage of conquest and avid appetite marching, this group finds it extremely difficult to survive on rabbit food during an evening's

Worse still was the humiliation that students of Spanish background were subjected to by having an important part of their culture so basely perverted.

But justice will be done; the right will prevail! Robert Shelton is at large now, and it is said that the ghost of Pancho Villa lurks in the Spanish lab MWF after sundown....

Anterior Recollections of a Future Night  
Jan Ryan

We gaze through the gauzy web of darkness  
separated only by crystal-coated opaqueness --  
not really seeing each other  
but using a secret sense to scent  
the mute mystery of the veiled sky.  
The gods are sobbing harder now,  
and I want to reach out and fling the door open wide-  
to clutch your shivering, shaking, body to mine.  
But my hands are memory-manacled,  
and my feet have mossed into the damp cement,  
leaving me jellyfish-like  
to stare at your amoebic form  
in joyful, teary terror.

Suddenly --  
with a heathenistic grunt of pain-rage,  
you crumple to the ground  
which engorges you in spastic undulations.

And I --  
through half remembered, half-hazy dreams,  
slowly uncoil and sensually slither to bed.

## SPITFIRE

By Larry Chevallier

About this time I met Toby Mart. We took therapy at the same time and swam at the same time. He had been stricken with polio at an early age. He had gone through the iron lung, learned to write with his toes, the whole bit.

Eventually, I didn't mind going to exercises because I could see some improvement. Also after the afternoon session Toby and I got to go swimming in a heated pool. One of the duties of the volunteer nurses was swimming with therapy patients. I got a big surprise one day after about a week and a half of swimming. I rolled into the pool room anxious to get into the water, and there right in the middle of the pool was Subrena. "Surprise!" she said. "Well don't just sit there. Go get you suit on."

"Be right there." Toby was behind me. When we were in the water, I introduced them.

"Say, man," Toby said after the introductions, "you really know how to pick 'em."

"You're a good liar," Subrena said, "but very kind."

"He's a wolf," I said.

"You shut up," she said. "He knows what he's doing, and he acts more like a gentleman than you ever have."

"One of these days," I said.

"You're beginning to sound like Jackie Gleason," she said.

Toby laughed. "He sure is."

When he said that, I splashed them both and began my backstroke in an attempted escape. But it didn't work. They nearly drowned me when they got me between them and really poured it on. I fought back for a while, then dived for the bottom and came up on the other side of the pool. We spent the next hour playing and swimming until we were

forced to get out. That was when I really got a good look at Subrena. Until then she had been up to her neck in water. She was wearing a bikini that was something else and not much of that. She looked back to see if I was watching. "How do you like it?"

"I like it."

1. "You don't have to act that way. I just wore it to give your spirits a lift."

"You sure did that all right."

"Yeah, mine too," Toby said.

"Toby, you stay out of this, and close your eyes," I said.

"You must be out of your mind! I don't get to see something like that every day."

"See, Andy? Toby appreciates me."

"I appreciate you too; I just want you to go put some clothes on."

"Yes sir," she said, coming to attention and saluting. Then she looked at Toby, winked, and said, "Isn't it great? He's jealous."

"I'll make you think jealous," I said as I threw my towel at her. And she had the gall or shame or something to pick the towel up and do a little dance with it all the way to the dressing room.

After we dressed and Toby left for home, Subrena and I went to my hospital room. This time she was wearing her new uniform, a white dress with the light green smock over it and a Red Cross patch on one sleeve. I asked her what had brought about the volunteer bit, but she just shrugged her shoulders and said, "Oh, I don't know. I just thought the other day if I was going to be here every day, I might as well make myself useful. You know what I mean. Besides, a lot of the girls in the dorm have been doing it and they say they like it. Of course, most of them are pre-nursing students, but they all said it was really rewarding. So I thought I'd try it."

"Oh. I thought you did it so you'd be close to me."

"The thought never entered my mind," she said, then she winked. "You big baby. You think I spend every waking minute thinking about you."

"Kiss me, you half wit."

"No, dear sir. The Florence Nightingale Handbook says, 'a nurse should never get too friendly with her patients.'"

I grabbed her wrist and pulled her toward me.

"Please, sir, my modesty!"

"Your modesty! Your modesty! After what you wore or should I say didn't wear in the pool today?"

"I thought you liked it."

"I didn't say I liked it."

"But you didn't say you didn't like it. I combined this fact with the way your eyes looked when you looked at me and the tone of your voice and a certain degree of womanly intuition. Believe me, you liked it whether you knew it or not."

"Ah, you're crazy," I said as she leaned down to my chair to kiss me.

"See? I knew just what you wanted. Women's intuition."

"I give up. I liked the bikini. In fact, I don't know a man in his right mind who wouldn't. But I don't think you should wear it tomorrow. Because of Toby. He... Well, I don't like anyone looking at my girl that way."

"You're jealous," she grinned. "And you're making a big thing out of nothing, but if you say, don't wear the bikini, I won't wear the bikini."

"Good." And about that time a shrivelled up old nurse came in without knocking (they never knock) to give me some kind of relaxing pill. She cleared her throat and tried to act highly embarrassed which she probably was. She wasn't too flustered though, to let Subrena know that she was still on duty and that she definitely had other patients. It didn't phase Subrena, but then nothing ever did. She kissed me once more just to show the nurse that she could if she wanted to, I think, and told me that she would come

back before she left the hospital, and then she left without showing a speck of embarrassment.

She kept her promise and came back later that evening after she signed out. She stayed for about an hour and we sat and talked about the up coming Christmas holiday. This meant she would leave for home in a little less than a week. My doctor had already told me I could go home for the two week holiday. This was good news to me. It would be good to be home, to be with family and friends. Maybe I'd get in some rabbit hunting with Mickey. I was forgetting myself for a minute. I couldn't go hunting in a wheelchair, or could I? We had gone hunting many times in his pickup and hunted from the cab. Why not do it again? And if I could go hunting in a rather unusual way, I could ultimately find different ways to do other things and thereby be really independent. I don't know what got me onto this train of thought, but I shared it with Subrena and she in turn shared her joy of finding satisfaction in her new job and her newly found ability to help others. Half the joy of loving her was in sharing with her, and all of the misery was in her leaving each night as she soon did that night.

I got to the gym early the next morning. Toby was already on one of the mats doing pushups, so I fell on the mat next to his and began my sit-ups.

"How're you doing today?" he said.

"Great." I said, "I think I'm getting a lot stronger."

"Of course," he said, "How could you do anything else with Big Gus handling you? He will either make you stronger or kill you. It's a matter of self defense. You're supposed to get stronger. You've always been very active. It's natural that you would regain your strength fairly quickly. I'll bet you are walking before too long and as good as ever. You have a reason to do it in that beautiful fiancée of yours. But then, I've let my big mouth say too much as usual."

"Not at all. I can always use that kind of encouragement. Coming from you, it means a lot, and as for Subrena, I always like to talk about her."

"She's quite a girl. Spunky. I like that kind of girl." He hesitated a minute as if in deep thought, then continued. "That's a laugh, I like all kinds of girls." His voice began to fade as he seemed to be talking to himself or the wall or something invisible. "Even that is laughable. I like all girls. Yeah, and they all hate me. Isn't that something? It's kind of like a paradox. It's not true, though. My sister and mother like me. At least they said they did. Oh well, no matter. It would be nice though to have a girl, just one. Yeah, that would be nice to hold her, maybe to kiss her every now and then. Not hard! Never hard, but softly - so very softly like...what? Like snowflakes that you lick off your top lip. That's the way it would be only warmer. And I'd talk to her. I'd tell her how pretty and wonderful she was and how I could spend my life just looking at her. And to top it off, she would love me. Isn't that something? The way I've been carrying on, you probably think I'm crazy. I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize. We all need a sounding board sometimes. I think you underestimate yourself, though. You're a good looking guy. You could probably have lots of girls like I had before I met Subrena."

"Were you handicapped then, and when you met Subrena?"

"Well, no, but that doesn't make any difference. I'm still the same guy that I was before."

"Sure you are. That's true, but other people's attitudes toward you have changed. Or maybe you haven't been on the outside yet. If you had you would know."

"Know what?"

"I don't know if I can explain it. You have joined a very small minority group and being in that group, you have certain advantages and disadvantages. For example, any accomplishment that you achieve from now on will be the finest achievement in the world. You could even get a job with the Mafia and be praised for a job well done. And getting a job, that's easy. In the first place you have the government working for you. HIRE THE HANDICAPPED. In the second place



place, if you go to any job interview with a spunky self-determined air about you, you are practically hired. Next come the attitudes. If you're determined to be independent, most real men will shake your hand and slap you on the back and help you all they can. The others don't matter. As for the women, they come in three groups, those that admire you and think you're witty and charming, those that think they're better than you and the sobsisters and do-gooders. The latter group is filled with older ladies who whisper, "That poor, poor dear." Then there are the girls our age. They're in a class by themselves. Oh yes, they're very sweet. But there's always a certain, well, distance between you and them that can't be bridged. You meet them on the street and you smile and nod and they smile, a forced smile. It's not real and you read their minds as they pass. They are thinking, "He smiles at me a lot lately. Maybe he is getting interested in me. He might even ask me for a date. Oh, I hope not, what would I say? What would I do?"

"I think you're wrong. I think they smile because they like you and admire you. They probably think, "I'd like to meet that boy and maybe go out with him, but he never asks."

"Maybe so. We don't really have time to argue the point."

"You're right there. We'd better get to our exercises."

Later, I thought almost constantly about what Toby had said. Why had he talked so freely? And why to me? Was he really trying to help me prepare for leaving the hospital, or did he just feel a need to say these things, to get them off his chest. I wondered. I wondered if I had defended the proper cause, my beloved normal society. Unconsciously, I still considered myself a member and an intruder into his realm. Most of all I kept thinking about his dream, to love someone and have someone love him. It seemed reasonable. And yet, I was so recently handicapped that I thought as I always had and remembered when I would meet blind people, or deaf people, or people in wheelchairs, or polio victims. I admired them when I got to know them, because most of them had overcome

a great deal. I also liked to sit and talk to them when I had time to listen, because then I was freer to enjoy my society without being self conscious of a feeling of superiority. Thus, I could sympathize with Toby and also sympathize with any girl he tried to pursue. Did Toby have a right to love? I had no answer.

That afternoon as the day before, Subrena was waiting for Toby and I in the pool. As soon as we walked in, she yelled, "Hello!", and jumped high out of the water to show me her one piece suit.

"Where is the bikini?" I said.

"In my beach bag. Why?"

"Go put it on."

"Yes, but you said..."

"I know what I said. Now will you go put it on? I'll explain later."

"O.K. I'm going."

"Hey, wait." Toby said, "don't make her do it because of what I said this morning."

"What did he say?"

"Never mind. I just like that bikini."

"Get!" I said. When she came back out she looked great. We had a ball, too, just as before. Subrena told us she didn't want to get her hair wet, so we didn't. We soaked it. And running true to form, she had to tell us again that day when to get out.

As soon as we were back in my room that evening, Subrena asked me why I had changed my mind and what Toby had said. I was a little reluctant at first, but I thought she might be mad at me for trying to use her beauty or attributes or whatever one might say, to help the feelings of a boy who was almost a complete stranger, especially since she did not understand my motives. I was wrong as usual. She was very proud of me for being so understanding of another person's needs. The way she put it, she even made me proud of me, which was not hard. Unlike the day before, though, she didn't stay long after she took me to my room. I guess they had given her a little constructive pep talk after staying so long in my room. She never said.

The next day was much like the day before.

Then just for fun, Subrena decided to climb out of the pool and dive off the deep end, literally. Jokingly, I treaded water right in her way and told her to jump into my arms, but then I thought she might really do it so I moved to one side. Toby was in one of the shallow corners holding onto the side with his elbows, practicing his kick, and watching the show at the other end. Then it was time for the great Olympic belly-bust. She raised her arms to horizontal and in one complete motion she made a perfect dive and split the water like an arrow. A second later I saw a double parachute for mice come floating to the surface. I grabbed it as soon as I saw it and hid it behind me. Then I watched the frantic search at the bottom of the pool. She surfaced after about a minute with her back to me and said, "Ok, where is it?"

"Where's what?"

"You know what. Now where is it?"

"Oh, you mean this?" I said as I held it up behind her so she saw it.

"Give it to me."

"Come and get it."

"Oh you dirty minded young man. You mean, evil sex maniac. Look at Toby over there. He doesn't act like you. He is just sitting there minding his own business. He is a gentleman, a real gentleman." Suddenly she stopped and glanced at him a few times and repeated very slowly under her breath. "A real gentleman." Suddenly everything was still as she swam slowly toward him. When she got to him she stood up slowly in water that came to her waist. She kissed him very softly, the way he had told me. Without saying a word, she took both his hands and placed them on her breasts. He stood there for a minute and lifted them slightly. Then he gently kissed each. Without saying a word, he took her in his arms and held her close for about a minute, and shut his eyes very tight, trying to absorb this moment into a lifetime. He released her and kissed her one last time. Then he turned away and went to the dressing room. Subrena did the same, crying as she went, leaving me in the pool alone.

She didn't take me to my room that evening or

come by that night, and I only saw her for a few minutes the next day as she told me good-bye and left for the holidays. We didn't mention the day before. There was no need.

Ice fishing, hunting, meeting new friends and re-meeting old ones, getting loads of gifts, and meeting people just like Toby had described and others completely different, I had a two week blast. Vacations and holidays always seem to end too soon. Almost before it had begun, it had ended and it was time to return to the hospital.

For some reason I expected Subrena to be waiting when I returned after Christmas, but she wasn't and for the week that followed there was still no word from her. Mickey had told me school started the day after he drove me to the hospital, so she had to be in town. Why hadn't she come to see me then? She could be studying for finals. Yes, that was it. But I knew better. Finally one evening after I had gone to bed to read, she opened my door very quietly, tiptoed over to the bed, removed the book from my face, and kissed me.

"Hi." She said softly.

"Where have you been?"

"Kidnapped."

"Kidnapped?"

"Not really, just wanted to see if you were awake."

"Well I'm awake. Now where have you been?"

"To London to see the queen?"

"Can't buy it."

"No, of course not. You want the truth and that is what you deserve and will get if I can say it. I've been at school, in the dorm, out walking, and generally just thinking about you and me and our future. Trying to find answers to questions that weren't even in my mind a few weeks ago. I love, Andy for what it's worth. I do love you. But I'm weak Andy, weak in a way that most women are strong. All during the past two months we've never really discussed the possibility that you might....."

"Never walk again?"

She nodded. "That thought never really hit me until that day with Toby. Then for a moment I saw what could be your future, our future, through his eyes. We've always been honest and straight forward with each other, so let me say it as honestly as I can. I am frightened of the idea of spending a lifetime with a man in a wheelchair. I don't think I have the strength inside me to do it."

"I know what I'm supposed to say right now. I'm supposed to be real meek and understanding. I'm supposed to love you so much that I can give you up on the assumption that it will be the best thing for you, that you will be happier without me, that I will be doing the right thing and will be much happier for doing the right and noble thing. That is what I'm supposed to do, but dammit, I love you. That is just the way it is, and nothing or nobody is going to change it. I wish I could tell you that someday I will walk as well as I ever did and everything would be just the way it was, but I don't know that. All I know is I need you now for your strength and love." She left saying she wouldn't be back until she had worked everything out in her own mind. If she couldn't find the strength she was looking for, she wouldn't be back at all.

I have not seen or heard from her since then and probable never will. It had to be this way.

## The Band Review

From the over-soul of Dylan came The Band:

### I.

Trust of moon bound to the riverside  
turns on the weather with nowhere-to-go  
music for sleeping bag relaxation,  
or restless rag on through to the other side;  
across the Great Divide  
with the celebration of moving barely alive  
from the dixie bells of civil war burdens:  
take what you need in the night  
leave the rest for heritage.  
Took the load off Fanny:  
free webbing from lean beliefs  
...growing old is never knowing  
...expectations from grandpa's knee  
and awakening to frost bite:  
the might of day uses the deaths  
you save from night.  
Tangent dreams winning or showing  
defensive laughter: she mends, she lends  
she sends into temptation your lonely roads.  
...The waiting confronts whispering pines  
grasping the clouds' drift  
until weakness blends with the rainfall.  
Executed rather than celebrated, the sleep  
protecting what once belonged to the sea gulls  
alone.  
The wavers of wishes ripple for one star shine  
until all goes around with one inside another  
crawling towards the choice of rebirth.

### II.

Dry up the side show pretension  
...gives private regal surrender  
to the river of your burlesque fears  
...give in to your feet on the ground,  
the kingdom of harvest is within you.  
Rag time Fog From The Sea rolling towards  
your very best Friend  
dippin' snuff in a rockin' chair.

to reach the uncomplaining smile.  
Point to the shores that never went anywhere  
unless you spent a life at sea.  
...The days that remain running right up on you:  
money is not like a shelter.  
Storms like mistakes still come,  
dreams thunder ahead of you  
...when do you lose in the burn of tools  
you tried to master to spread your heart?  
Quit dealing veils  
...if you need it speak it don't run from it  
in spite or glory to share pain  
or spare kindness by a new look or walk  
or to become a barker of shame -  
just the same it's no one's fault.  
Take it in stride, arrive at the edge of time  
where fields born desires to work for the wind  
with words of union like the smell of magnolia leaves  
while the moon mothers the scarecrow of your soul.

Plastic Love by Steve Arnold

feet walk in glass gardens  
and find the tongues of past speakers  
have been ripped from the mouths  
of eloquent statesmen  
who fondle the bodies of  
illegible nymphets with blond hairs  
and white pale skin  
strolling the beaches of sand and water  
and white maleness touching  
the bare feet walking in  
love's circles and tasting  
her gropings with a salty mouth  
crying for release from  
the throws of passion  
and from the tightly wrapped  
legs of love.



## WHITE ON WHIT-E

There are nine  
fine, smiling  
blind  
Caucasoid boys  
Saying, "I came back."  
"I came back."  
"I came back."  
"And we're glad they did"  
Says the blond. "They're mighty whit-e  
with smoooth hair!"

Don't come back.  
COME TO.  
Or we'll all  
(mine is as white as you)  
burn in a Caucasoid stew.

Mary Kleitz



I Was K by P.B.

Sunrays splatter patterns on the walls of the glass house I am too young to live in, where I must pretend that I fear no stones.

But I am too old to hide all day in the closet rooms and sleep instead of watching the world go by; the world I love and loathe and want to tumble each alphabet block of, and won't ever choose to leave and try to escape in some way every day.

And on my block, fancy letters -CDEK - all colored, red, raven, mauve, green, live dancing ball catching children who are all, mine; only some of these children I love more. These I lock at night in diamond walnut cells their father built to shelter them...

Their father, a music artist who hammers a rhythmic tune of love, with other more worldly things, and sings to us instead of crying or laughing openly and ordinarily.

Next door, on the mauve C square is a lithe lady who was a social worker who really did it because she loved people and not just because she liked gossip, and her husband who ignores people and tries to plant enough vegetables to stuff all the starving children of Asia.

Across the street - on the raven E - two who have lost:

A husband, a wife, sisters, brothers, mothers, fathers, violence violating their quiet thrills at the things they know they can do well. For they have explored electronic and financial mysteries, corralled and nurtured cattle, pigs, peacocks. They yearn for all the children to play outside their windows, all the wild plants and birds to spring up in their courtyard.

And far below us all, on the verdant D, at

the end of a road he lay by hand, lives the road builder, the aggie of the game, courageously keeping the world going, going, going round round round, on loops and swirls, divides and straight-aways, machine made fantasies of his mind. He lives behind not glass but stone, and quietly retreats to his shaded cliff each evening to dream some more, and sip hot amber flavors. He was a lieutenant in the war at only nineteen.

We are joined in our separation on the CDEK block, our feelers groping invisible about the town, we draw others to us. The happy and sad drive in this circle of nearness and walk, leap, crawl over the draw bridge to my moated glass house.

We stare with one eye at the trees and plants and birds and cows and horses:

not our cows and horses, but loose creatures who have jumped over the moon and fallen in our tree tops; who talk to our dogs and nuzzle my glass windows and frighten and delight, and drink the moat water and fertilize our flower topped weeds.

We stare and yawn as we take deep draughts of sensing, seeing.

I live in a glass house, and I am looking out always for stones. Marble pebbles enclose the circle to my bridge and I fear even those. I can never forget for one minute the tenuousness of our goodness.

A strange child was drawn by the other children, probably, for I had never seen him. He picked up the brightly lettered toy block amidst the shining marble of the circle, and unlike any of my children, he chose our CDEK block instead of the pebbles, and played with it (with us).

As he watched himself in the two way mirror

of my glass K and made funny Three Stooges faces, I tried to tease him and say the silly things I say to all my children, hoping they will never know but good.

But he could not see or hear me, and as he ran away the block fell from his hand: the mirror smashed. Our K is missing.

I am removed, my diamonds crushed, the walnut only a vanished cloak. Gone with the sparkle of children, the singing of my lover, the swinging of the bridge that carried to me the lithe lady, the emerald aggie, the sad pair of finches across the street, and the others, others, others whom I loved.

And the horses, and the cows and the sheep in the meadow, who just a moment before, had been under the haystack fast asleep.

Sketch

by Becky Jung

the newness of an old feeling

it drops not as snow

but harder than hail.

the new,

brought back

by words incongruent to

the soft love words past,

and by a truth

in eyes speaking words

which plunge deep into blue,

becomes a snowbed where

our shadows split the night;

and the hail hits gently now.



The antiquated mind

is the guardian genius of hypocrisy.

poor eric