





G. Brown

This is a student publication of the University of Maryland in Baltimore County. Michael Jacobs is the editor. Peter Caruso and Bonnie Hurwitz are the assistant editors. Arthur Levi is the business manager. Joseph Goodman is the literary advisor, and Patrick Canavan is the art advisor. The photographic series appearing in this issue is the work of M.E. Nage. Comment contained in the magazine is not necessarily that of the university. Peter's wife Irene gave birth to a boy a little while ago.

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... from a London journal, 1968

July 1st. Left the Reading Room of the British Museum yesterday afternoon and took the Underground straight to Victoria Station, where I boarded a bus which bore the mouth-filling name of "Aldershot and District Traction Company." Rode for an hour and a quarter to Camberley, in Surrey, and got off--as instructed--at Gibbet Lane. Close by is the Jolly Farmer Inn, known as the one-time hideout of the 18th-century highwayman Dick Turpin. Camberley--the home of Sandhurst (the British West Point)--sits astride one of the old main roads to London. I suppose Dick Turpin waited at the top of Crawley Ridge before riding out to stop the passing coach with his pistols and cry of "Stand and Deliver!"--probably ended his days at Gibbet Lane swaying there gently in the breeze till he rotted, a warning to all.

The gibbet is no longer there but my host was, a tall man in his mid-50's--slender build and ruddy complexion. Entering his driveway, we were greeted by a barking spaniel and then his wife, a formidable-looking woman with snow-white hair and black eyebrows. Tea was served and the rest of the family introduced: Sarah, their 12 yr. old daughter; Carbon, a black lady cat; and a large tabby tom named Whiskey, who was brought in by Sarah. Said cat looked very full and sleepy, and I was told he had that very morning caught a baby rabbit and eaten it "entirely."

Mr. Brown drove us all to Sandhurst, where he teaches physics. The cadets were on 3 weeks "vac" and the place looked strangely deserted. He showed us the corridors on the 1st floor of the main building--the walls were covered with sabers, muskets and plaques. The different uniforms hanging in the glass cases told the history of the founding of the British Empire in the 19th century.

Back at the house, dinner proved a surprise--instead of roast beef and ale of merrie olde England, they served tomato juice, omelette, peas, wheat bread, nuts and fruit. They announced with some pride that they were teetotallers and vegetarians and antivivisectionists. Still I can't quite fathom Mrs. Brown's preoccupation at the dinner table with Whiskey's morning orgy of baby rabbit, which she described again with a far-away look in her eyes of pride and tenderness.

July 7th. Began this Sunday afternoon with the open-air art exhibition on Bayswater Road. Indirectly, the exhibition owes its existence to the German air raids in WWII. Seems the British ran short of steel and had to melt down the huge iron fence around Hyde Park for shells to knock off the bombers overhead. It was then replaced by a light wire net fence--perfect for hanging pictures. And there they were, a good half mile of them. Oil paintings, watercolours, pastels and sketches done in many different styles and with different degrees of skill. Subjects also varied widely, but most common were London street scenes (e.g. Piccadilly) and landmarks (Tower Bridge, Big Ben). Some artists were obsessed with sailing ships--others with horses (galloping, fighting, nuzzling) or bullfights. Some pictures so crude or bizarre and their colors so wild that a psychiatrist would have had a picnic.

Walked on to the Speakers' Corner at the N.E. end of Hyde Park. Even from a distance I could see there was a good turnout--people standing in clusters of a hundred or so, while some man or woman in their midst shouted at them about disarmament, world government, why Jesus saves, why the U.S. should get out of Vietnam, why the black man is superior to the white, and vice versa, why Communism will save the world--it wouldn't have surprised me to hear someone arguing that the earth is flat. Signs proclaimed "The End Is At

Hand" and "Woe to the Inhabiters of the Earth" and "Pan-African Nationalism." Some of the speakers stood on oversized stepladders--others simply held forth in a circle. Most of them had a job getting their message over because of hecklers.

The predominant message seemed to be that the black and the yellow races are going to inherit the earth. The speaker for "Pan-African Nationalism", for example, shook a long black finger at us and shouted in heavily accented English: "Long live Castro! Cuba has made more progress than any other Latin-American state--they have twisted and broken the spider's web of American imperialism! The Yankees are finished! They are afraid of Chinese rockets! They are afraid of black men--the black man in America must shoot and burn his way to freedom!" There were many shouted interruptions from the crowd, which he either answered or ignored, according to their relevancy. There were plenty of American tourists about--they had come for a good time and instead received a rude shock. "You Yankees!" he shouted, "what culture have you produced? Nothing! But Africa has produced sculpture, painting, and music. America has produced nothing but bombs and bullets--you are the savages!" he grinned, and sipped from the can of Pepsi-Cola at his elbow.

July 14th. Spent this Sunday Afternoon--a rare, cloudless day--in Kensington Gardens (adjoining Hyde Park). Entered at Lancaster Gate and left behind the roar of traffic on Bayswater Road. Walked west and saw the following among the trees: a discus thrower; a karate class, exercising in their white pajamas; and a young man jogging along in a sweatsuit. Turned down Broad Walk and saw people strewn like fallen leaves on the grass to either side, or sitting in canvas deck chairs sunbathing and reading newspapers. A quarter of a mile on I came to Round Pond, rimmed with parents and children feeding bread to the ducks or sailing boats. One man even had a radio--controlled yacht, which he made tack to and fro by flipping toggle switches on a little black box. An occasional sailboat would veer too close to the ducks and they paddled furiously to get out of the way.

Promptly at 3, the Royal Air Force Band began its concert at the bandstand just south of the pond. People flowed in from all directions. There was the usual collection of tubas, cornets, drums, Sousaphones, flutes and even an oboe ("that ill wind that no one blows good"). The opening number was "Stars and Stripes Forever," which required some fancy flute-work. Languid, scattered applause--acknowledged by the bandmaster with an old-fashioned bow, while holding the baton at both hands. Next number--selections from "Carousel"--I left to watch the kite-flyers.

All kite flying takes place by the wooden shelter on Broad Walk opposite Round Pond. A dozen kites of all sizes, shapes and colors swayed in the afternoon breeze. I approached and stood by the side of a stocky, pleasant looking young black in a red sport shirt, who was talking to friends in precise, clipped, upper-class English. His forearms were enormous, and I soon learned why. His left hand held a large wooden reel, which was almost empty. The white nylon cord (40 lb. test, I was told) disappeared into the sky. His 8-foot kite was a mere speck and the colors indistinguishable. He allowed me to pull on the cord--it felt like 15 or 20



lbs. He had let out some 4500 feet of line--right in the landing path of jets coming into Heathrow Airport. He could fly the kite higher, he said--7,000 ft. or so--but pilots making their landing approaches had complained to the police, and all kiteflyers in the area had been cautioned. With reason, he added, for some of the kites had "aluminum" in them and could cause serious damage if sucked into a jet engine. They also registered as blips on the plane's radar. "See that chap over there?" he asked, pointing to an elderly pipe-smoking kite-flyer, "he actually received a letter from some government bureau saying that the official limit for kite-flying was 200 ft.--above that altitude kites were to be classified as aircraft, which require an aeronautical license."

July 21st. Sunday afternoon. Walked east on Oxford St., intending to buy a ticket for tonight's performance of "Ulysses" at an Oxford Circus cinema. Came to the side street that leads south to the American Embassy, with its bomber-size bronze eagle dominating Grosvenor Square. Saw hundreds of bobbies standing about in their Keystone Kop helmets and with stiff-upper lips. Then I remembered the signs I had seen plastered about London this past month: "Anti-Vietnam War Rally in Trafalgar Square July 21st." Obviously, there was to be a march afterwards to the American Embassy and the bobbies were out to protect our all-too-vulnerable windows. They had already blocked off all traffic on Oxford St.

Walked further and met the demonstrators head-on. First I saw a very senior looking police officer with half a dozen aides, some with walkie-talkies. Behind them stretched a sea of marchers, holding high scarlet banners, placards and North Vietnamese flags. "Wolverhampton Communist Party... Wandsworth Communist League... West Ham Anarchists" the banners read. Then the signs--"Johnson Quit Stalling--Stop the Bombing... Anzacs Accomplices of U.S. Murder..." etc. The demonstrators marched a dozen abreast, some with linked arms, chanting "Ho!... Ho!... Ho-Chi-Minh!" Most were boys and girls in their teens or early twenties. I watched perhaps 5,000 pass--the rear was brought up by a white ambulance and green police van. Knowing their destination, I cut through side streets and watched them enter Grosvenor Sq. The bobbies had cordoned the embassy and lined the square. The marchers were shunted to the south side. From where I stood, the chanting and shouting sounded like a football game in the last quarter, score tied. On the rooftops, the TV cameras waggled this way and that.

Then it happened--a wave of demonstrators broke through the hedge and low wire fence and into the park in front of the embassy. A thin blue line of bobbies walked leisurely towards them and they ran. This happened several times--at one point, the bobbies linked arms and swept the park clean. There was some scuffling at the far end, but I didn't see any clubbing--and of course the bobbies carry no guns. One bobby led a young demonstrator past us, his other hand holding the tree branch the boy had thrust in his face. "That's the evidence," the man next to me said, "him and the branch will appear in Bow Street Court Monday morning." Finding the embassy too well guarded, the crowd soon broke up and moved on to throw rocks at the Playboy Club and the London Hilton. Walking home later, I saw many of them lying down in Hyde Park, their flags and banners furled.

August 19. Bought my ticket this afternoon for a Port of London Authority boat tour of the docks. Like Samuel Pepys, I "took oars" at the Tower Pier for a 10 mile trip downstream to Woolwich (a map will show

Body

*I watch
hopelessly
as it unites with
the other
(for it is only a half)
and drags with it my
spirit
to become aware of
its incompleteness--
its necessary weakness*

Gary Brown

how the Thames snakes its way into the heart of London--our trip covered a stretch that looks like an inverted omega). Of course the scenery has changed since Pepys' time--the green fields and trees have given way to dirty brick warehouses and a forest of cranes of all sizes and angles. The smells would knock you over--malt, paint, creosote, freshly cut lumber, etc. And the sounds--toots, whistles and the chatter of a rivetting gun. The ebbing tide had already left a small Dutch vessel sitting on mud and gravel by her wharf--a flock of white gulls paraded near her propeller. Just beyond Wapping we passed the Prospect of Whitby, a famous waterfront tavern dating from the reign of Henry VIII and known later to Pepys as the Devil Tavern. In the Limehouse Reach we overtook a squat tug towing a string of barges downstream--much tooting between him and us to avoid collision in the strong and tricky current. To our left, the West India Docks on the Isle of Dogs, so-named because Charles II supposedly kept his dogs there. The cute hostess pointed out a memorial at the water's edge--the place from which Capt. John Smith sailed in 1606 with settlers for Virginia. Rounding the bend at Greenwich we saw the Cutty Sark (built in 1869 in Scotland for the tea trade) and beside her, Chichester's Gypsy Moth IV.

At Woolwich we turned sharp left off the Thames and entered a lock, whose sides towered above us--the big gates shut slowly behind us and in 15 minutes we rose 20 feet--the gates ahead swung open and a pipe-smoking dock pilot steered us around inside the Royal Docks. Dozens of ships were loading for such places as New Zealand, Capetown, Zanzibar, Malta, Hamburg--plus a ship with the odd name of "Bergen Maru" for Osaka. We saw crated Hillmans swung aboard one ship and bananas unloaded from another by conveyor belt.

The trip back was enlivened by an accident in the Limehouse Reach--we caught a floating rope in our propeller. The skipper stopped the engine at once and we were helped to a mooring by another boat. Service in the bar astern was halted while two crewmen lifted the floorboards and reached down a well to cut and pull the tope away from the shaft. After 30 minutes, they emerged--hot, dirty, and sweaty--and held aloft the rope, which--as the barmaid put it--smelled "shocking." She handed them each a can of Worthington Export--which they drained in 2 or 3 swallows--and we were on our way again.

August 20th (last day in England). Took the 12:34 from Liverpool Street Station, rode through vacant lots (WWII bombing) in London's East End and then into the green fields of Essex for an hour before pulling into Victoria Station at Southend-on-Sea. Walked down the main street towards the waterfront and finally there it was, a sea-weed strewn beach of pebbles and coarse sand. The tide had ebbed from the flats, leaving small boats tipped on their sides, and for a half mile out people with baskets and forks probed the mud for shellfish. Not an especially good day--the sun never really broke through and one could scarcely see the Casino at the end of the "World's Longest Pier," which stretched out into the haze.

The mile-long beach front had the usual collection of souvenir shops, candy and hotdog stands, bars and slot machines that one finds in such places the world over. Stopped at a "Cockles, Whelks and Jellied Eels" stand and sampled them all, ducking into a nearby pub to wash down each course with a half-pint of bitter. The cockles and whelks are served in small saucers and you dowse them with vinegar and black pepper. The jellied eel is served in a teacup--after the vinegar and pepper application, you are supposed to spoon out the pieces, chew, and spit the bones out in front of the stand.

Stopped in at another pub for a half-pint of dessert. The place was jammed with Cockneys on a holiday with their wives. An electric organ and guitar boomed out the latest tunes while the women danced together--the men, all wearing souvenir paper derbies, couldn't be bothered: they smoked cigars, drank from dripping pint mugs and roared with laughter. When the "band" quit, they sang their own songs and the women danced on. I walked through to the Gents and it was full too. The door banged open--in came one of the paper derby crowd, red-faced and weaving slightly. He aimed gaily at the bottom of the trough--splattering us all--and whistled off-key.

Wallace Shugg

Cat

*Finding one
alone
and tremulous —
a furry gleaming,
all its being seeming
and its seeming being all
that it wishes
to be
and no more.*

Harvey Noyes

Stultified Sensation

*We have
lost balance
in concrete
and girders
which join
in expression
of in-human
relation
in cold cells
where we mate
extinguishing
sensation
the rain
soaking
our heads
for growth
where sprouts
my hand
reaching.*

Paul Pardi

The Chosen People

*somewhat ugly
and
somewhat pretty
like
everyone else,
standing alone
on the shore of the night,
broaching the void of their fears,
beseeching a little light,
and, at times through the years,
reviewing and renewing
the legacy of a
long
awaited
leader*

Along Route One

*Loose-wristed pennants on a tired marquee,
Yesterday's Buick Special is the Special for Today
The venal message clamors through a gibberish of signs,
To promise pleasant driving--
On highways just like this.
This artery of trade has hardened,
But only the traffic signals screech geraniums of STOP!*

Homer Schamp



The Founding

"Morning Rick."

"Good morning Mister Saperstein."

"Say Rick, I want you to go to 305 Park Heights to WSIN and pick up a transistor radio, give them this envelope and tell them you found it in the glove compartment of the white '61 chevy on the lot and they'll give you the radio, and leave the truck a block away so they won't know that you work for me."

"Whoa. Go over that again. I don't quite understand."

"Don't you know about the contest that I've been sponsoring on the radio for the past three weeks?" Saperstein said.

"What contest?"

"The transistor treasure hunt contest. You know one of those treasure hunts. We gave the station these goofy clues in order to find where the envelope was hidden and the one who finds the envelope takes it to the radio station and gets the transistor. The best part is that the clues don't lead anywhere. Now take this letter to the station and tell them you found it in the white '61 chevy. You don't think I'd pay thirty bucks for a radio and have some spade walk away with it. Now go up there and get MY radio."

"That doesn't seem..."

"Look just take the letter and get going, we have a lot of calls this morning. In fact, after you leave the radio station go to the corner of Harlem and Bloomingdale, there'll be a guy there with a '64 Ford. He'll tell you where he wants it towed. Oh, and remember to collect the fifteen bills from the guy BEFORE you drop the car off. Now let's get on it."

"Yessir," Rick said.

Rick passed through the line of broken down cars on the lot and climbed into the tow truck. "That dirty jew bastard," he mumbled. He put

the truck in gear and pulled away from the used car lot which doubled as a towing company. *Go up and get MY radio. That rotten bastard.* Rick remembered the time in high school when he and Bob Martin had gone all over town looking for a key which would unlock a treasure chest. He wondered if that contest was fixed the same way.

The light at Woodward and Park Heights was red. The brakes squealed as he came to a stop. "I oughta tell them at the station what that bastard is making me do," he said aloud. Rick leaned his head forward until it rested on top of the steering wheel. *That jew bastard, I oughta tell them.* He again rehearsed in his mind how he was going to tell Saperstein to go to hell after he picked up his last pay check. He had to hold onto the job for just a few more weeks and then he would have enough money saved to go back to college. The job only paid \$1.25 an hour, but he worked at least seventy-two hours a week which allowed him to set aside a good amount for school.

A horn blasted behind him bringing him out of his trance. Rick turned the truck right onto Park Heights Ave. *What a contest.* He pictured thousands of little negro kids running around, looking for a hidden envelope which they couldn't possibly find. He chuckled: "That smooth jew bastard."

Rick glanced out the side window and bipped the horn twice at a well built colored girl standing on a corner. He waved, but she didn't wave back. He looked up at a street sign. *Eleven hundred block, lets see, eight more blocks.* When he went back to the lot the day before, he had noticed a Ford missing. He had often seen Saperstein sell a used car knowing that he would be towing it back to the lot the following day. He thought that the man waiting for his car to be towed must have been the one who bought the Ford the day before. *Well a lot don't even get through one day.*

Rick knew that this wasn't the first time he had done something rotten for Saperstein. Saperstein quizzed him on what to say when he got



to the scene of an accident. "Tell them if they don't want their car taken to our lot it will have to go to the city yard where it will be impounded. Emphasize the word IMPOUNDED." If the people decided to let their car be towed to Saperstein's lot, within the next few days they would receive a bill which would be twice as much as they would have had to pay for storage at the city yard.

Rick pulled the truck to the curb a block from the radio station. He got out and lit a cigarette. *I'll just go in, give them the letter, take the radio and leave.*

He began walking slowly towards the old movie house which had been converted to a radio station. *Maybe I could pull a wire out or something, that would fix the bastard.*

Rick stood for a moment in front of the address and then opened the door. A chubby colored woman sat behind a desk next to the door. He turned his head towards her.

"Good mornin'. What can do do fo' you?" she said.

"I've got the envelope for the transistor radio contest."

"Well Lord a mercy. I didn't think nobody was gonna find it. Well congradulations young man. Where in the world did you ever find it?"

"In a car down at the used car lot," Rick said.

"In a car at the used car lot. Well if that ain't somethin'. Limme go get Mista Howard an he'll give you the radio."

She got up and went out of the office. She came back in with a tall negro man with gray hair. He had a box in his hand.

"Is this the lucky gentleman?" he said.

"Yessa, he found the envelope in a car at the used car lot."

"Well congradulations, congradulations," He was shaking Rick's hand.

"Thank you. I hafta be running along now," Rick said.

"Just a second, please," the secretary said.

Two negro women came into the office from

another door.

"This man here found the envelope for the transistor radio," the chubby secretary said to the two women.

"Well ain't that somthin'. You know my nephew went all over the place, but he didn't come up wit nothin'."

The tall man took the box out of Rick's hand. "Let's put the batteries in to make sure it works," he said.

Rick could feel the little drops of sweat forming on his forehead. "No, that's alright. I'm sure it works."

"No trouble, no trouble at all," the tall man said. He put the batteries in the radio and turned it on.

"That's a good radio," the secretary said.

Rick wanted to run out of the office into the cool air. He couldn't hardly breathe. *That goddamn Saperstein.*

"Well thank you. I gotta be goin' now," Rick said. He began edging closer to the door.

The tall man glanced from the radio to Rick.

"Say, you don't wanna forget your radio," he said.

"Oh, yes, thank you, ah, well I'll see you around, goodbye." He had his hand on the door-knob.

"One more thing," said the tall man. "Give Mrs. Estes your name. It'll be on the air every hour. Thank you."

The chubby secretary sat down behind her desk and motioned for Rick to come over. *I can't go through with this. That goddam jew bastard.*

Rick went to the secretary's desk. "First name," she said.

"Ah, what do you want," he said.

"Your first name."

"Well, I ah," Rick couldn't take anymore. This was too rotten. Why are they so nice, he thought.

"Sir, what's your first name."

Rick pulled himself up straight and cleared his throat.

"Benjarmin. Benjarmin Saperstein."



The Eve

*The cubed clock stopped today at October,
and no one has seen its halved-heart since.
The notes are still there,
lost or found themselves.
I cannot move without that piece-pierced heart,
and yet tomorrow will come, rectangular.*

Port of Welcome

*Flow in again, your rain against me, mother
Gush to bent burstings.
Drop by drop, swell and foster a flood.*

*Press my thirsty thought to your passion-prisoned pool.
Let me ride the wrinkle of your wave,
Caress the grain of your sorrow.*

*I will live the shallow and the deep,
I will be barren and will weep.*

Joan Orzolek

*Group one, center circle,
give rise by fire-tongue to the one haloed
in light white.
Eunuch of rubbed sticks of wood.
Crossed.
Wayfaring the dirge in dribble-drabble-babble
They heard the endless drove, beating, bleating,
die in unison, resurrect.
Bough between null and two
Saplings.
Stretched, nailed, glued to glory,
the twelve tones.*



Two figures in a dynamic pose, possibly dancers or athletes, against a dark background.

Cycle

*Comes the dawn,
not breaking,
simply rising in the infinity
of change between
a state of darkness
and a state of lightness.
Comes the awareness
the warmth beside,
the warmth inside;
the non-physical bond
between two is continued
but troubled.
Comes the separation,
the parting of lovers;
the sorrow borne
of a unit broken.
Comes the evening,
a reunion of souls.
Wordlessly thoughts
are communicated,
the warmth builds
and is fed by emotion.
Infinity is inverted as night
grows, filled with awareness.
Comes the dawn...*

Steve R. Miller

The Last Hero

...and he sat there on the rock panting breathing hard the sweat rolling down his body blood smeared here and there a bad slash across his pectoralis the breeze tossing the brown blond blond lock of hair tumbling down his forehead his left hand held held a spear a long spear no other man could hold and his hand on that beautiful girl's head God she was young but built man Rick Rickerus the Emporor Rick-erus would love her for his bed she just stroked stroked his knees and looked up at him her head tilted back to the side big eyes and andsooooo and he was there the sword in his left hand the girl crying sighing over his wounds The People The People gave him The people came out of the town city a big city castles flags they gave a cheer it sent a chill down my spine to see him there he was Valient he saved the town the whole damned city his giant frame stood everyone was quiet not a sound just a little breeze and he was a damned good speaker one time at D he started people crying and then he addressed the People The People I could see his face close up and he was about to address the People he spoke with a rich voice "People..." Neal glanced at the guy sitting next to him. He was relieved that no one had seen him moving his lips. The instructor's voice droned back in.

After class Neal ran over to his karate lessons in the gym and then ran home. He went through back alleys and deserted playgrounds--not even a bum in wait for him.

While getting ready for his date, he thought how tired he was of getting tired of girls. Things always started out well. Why didn't they last longer? Why wouldn't he say hello to girls he'd dated before when he passed them in the halls?



What do they want? He closed his eyes.
Maybe . . .

he was zig-zagging up a smoking hill with a machine gun in his hand--teeth clenched, sweat rolling down his face along with drops of blood, a gash across his pectoralis somehow he'd lost his shirt, all his medals with it they'd get him new ones he bellowed out an order, some order "duck" "hey, you snivelling coward..." she was a 38-22-36 American Army nurse maybe a Vietnamese peasant no, an American Army nurse really nice

he tucked her under his arm and took her somewhere a place somewhere . . .

"After I'm decorated--just one break--and some girl will love me until I die."

He smiled and left.

The date was typical, though a little more strained. It was their last. They walked down the alley behind the movies--nothing happened--then turned down a street where a kid was stabbed the week before--still nothing happened.

Neal was taking classical tradition now, and he enjoyed reading the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*. He didn't know why no one has written a modern epic. Another thing he liked in classical tradition was a chick--a living goddess, a real Briseis--sitting a few rows up. He'd had his eye on her for a couple of weeks and even dove in with his sure-fire lines but couldn't seem to get wet. She looked and acted different from all the other girls he'd dated. He didn't like the crowd she hung around with--a lot of long-haired, bearded guys--but he still had to have her.

In speech class he was charging up some hill or sneaking between Oriental buildings, his chest heaving, sweat and blood rolling down his neck, some beautiful thing gazing up at him while someone was reading an essay, "The Last----" something to the class. He had a task to do; get from one end of the island to the other with cutthroats and booby traps scattered between. He'd just been missed by a falling tree, a two-ton boulder and . . .

". . . before when the great champions and leaders faced tactical problems such as ap-

proaching armies or distressed ladies they relied on on their cunning and mostly their physical strength. They could throttle, choke, hack to pieces an impending menace. Any problem could be solved by having more men left standing on the battle field than their opponent. The prizes of war were handsome and virility, fertility, numbers was the key to power. Natural destructive phenomena were attributed to . . ."

Neal fell into a cleverly disguised tiger pit. Here was a problem . . .

". . . built up their classic figures in their songs by having them slay terrible monsters. The forbidden and unexplored territories were entered only by stout and reckless souls. Today our leaders don't have it as well."

. . . the jungle was hot, a beautiful native girl stood above the pit with legs spread . . .

". . . and his staff of specialists know far more than he, big muscles are worse than useless, and with over-population he certainly is not looked upon as a fertility symbol. The real all-powerful Jehovah, the Atom Bomb, has him self-consciously watching every word. He doesn't know exactly who, where, or what his enemies are. Petty military confrontations bog down into sticky draws--no prizes, no treasures, just filled hospitals and graves."

. . . yeah, her legs spread, very long legs...

". . . cooperation, self-control, arbitration and reconciliation are necessary to prevent Total Destruction. Frontiers such as outer space, the ocean, human relations are being carefully and calculatingly explored by teams of scientists and artists. The men and women who move mankind relentlessly forward now are those trained to combat microscopic enemies and those talented enough to help us know ourselves better. Elementary psychology texts expose the egotistics of the strong, rash, defender of the P . . ."

Neal was being driven down a wide confetti-covered street for having slain seventy foe when class was dismissed.

He saw a guy he took karate with who messed around in a cycle gang. Neal let it be known that the pretty madonna in classical tradition liked the leader of the Dragons and that she usually stood at the corner for the bus around



Toss-Up

*The time has come to kiss the ass
of everything that once was past.
I don't know why I don't refuse
It seems I just can't help but choose,
to give the giant ass a kiss.
It's so, so big it's impossible to miss.*

Crawling down the sidewalk at a quick pace considering that, after all, it was pretty hot and no need to rush. "Wouldn't be late even if I became a snail" right before the eyes of the porchsitters and laughing children... (He surely couldn't have noticed them noticing him even if to their amazement the strange metamorphosis had occurred, and he would have continued along briskly oozing out a steaming slime trail. For, as you will see, his mind was occupied with more important things than how others saw him.)...but he liked to move quickly, and in the heat he was loving it.

Playful drops of perspiration running across his forehead, slipping, sliding down his nose to the tip, drip, drip, drip... splash onto his mustache-camouflaged upper lip, whence his tongue reached out and up licking at the hairs drawing the ends into his mouth. Salt hairs taste especially delicious today, he thought.

Another habit was less easily observable, almost invisible, but very important. And though the salt-sucking was a spontaneous reaction this he controlled.

While moving he would think of what was in his pockets. Then, to be sure, hands checked in a very regular, inflexible pattern. He thought. Almost imperceptibly, without changing pace, fingers of left hand brushed front pants pocket. coins, Coins, COins, COInS, COINs, COINS flipped into place. Simultaneously, right hand, moving back, felt the inch of metal teeth projecting from rear pocket. COMB connected. Next, as left hand, having reached the height of backswing moved forward, thumb bent in turning on...WALLET. Right hand, now opposite front pocket brush material. The jingling kept kitchen window intact, and assured him that once inside he wouldn't have to pry off lock to gain access to interior of strongbox which lived under bed in corner. (Its odd that he kept the box locked for it had always been empty, but he was prepared should anything of value come into his hands.) Keys, KEYS completed the quartet.

"COINS , COMB , WALLET , KEYS" , very relieved.

Now the entire ritual lasted but a few seconds and, because he moved as one normally moves while walking, it required a quite observant eye to share the rite. Over and over with each step coins, comb, wallet, keys COINS, COMB, WALLET, KEYS offered themselves. All present and accounted for, sir!

Its not that anything he carried necessitated such repeated checks. It had merely struck him by accident one hot day, and since it occupied his walking mind COINS, COMB, WALLET, KEYS remained.

COINS, COMB, WA... Just then it hit him. "If I could only find the right word to replace it with"...perfect poetic alliteration!... "Perfect!"

COINS, COMB, billfold? God, that's really stupid. It doesn't even have the right sound and anyway...only five ones...I mean who carries much folding money in these times."

COINS, COMB, wallet came back but only temporarily, mind you. He was going to find the true "k-word" any second now.

COINS, COMB.....DAMN!

"A dictionary or a book of synonyms...No, that wouldn't be fair." He was determined to come up with the ideal with no outside assistance. And he would.

After all, had't the others. Keys and comb were obvious. Coins joined them after a battle with change. Coins allied with keys and comb was too formidable and change succumbed at the instant of conception, a flushed abortion, and wallet was soon to share the same fate if he could only...

COINS, COMB...He was reminded of billfold and felt ashamed that he had ever..."Practically obsolete and just so harsh, so..."...aesthetically unheard of.

COINS, COMB...DAMNED WALLET, KEYS

His pace had now quickened, so that as his right foot left the curb he was nearly running.

COINS, COMB,...DAMNDAMNDAMNDAMNDAMNDAMNDAMNDAMNDAMNDAMNDAMNDAMNDAMN!!!

He was lying on his back now, feeling himself sink into the melting tar. He got the impression that he was being swallowed up by a warm, black pool. Sliding deeper and when the surface ceased to move there would be no traces of his having been there. Some future archaeologist, no doubt, would happen upon his remains in a distant time and ponder over the life and death of this primitive creature and his coins, comb and keys. Wallet, of course, wouldn't survive the effects of heat and time. It deserves to die, he thought. It must. MUST.

He wanted to resist, to stand up and keep moving...COINS, COMB...a siren screamed somewhere...Keys KEYS...but his arms and legs kept sinking.

COINS....

COMB...

"What?! What did he say?"

"Dunno. Couldn't make it out."

"Well, least we know he's not dead."

The crowd had grown quite large by now, but he didn't...COINS...hear...COMB...them.

"He ran right out in front of me, officer. Nothin' I could do. Nothin'."

"Goddam look at that dent!"

"Sure don't make 'em like they used to."

MOVE HANDS...MOVE...

"Yeah, a real nut running on a day like this."

"What happened?"

MOVEMOVEMOVE.....MOVE.

"C'mon get back! Everybody get back! Give the man room to breathe."

COINS, COMB...

"Where is that damned ambulance, anyway. This guy's bleeding to death."

He heard the cop damn the ambulance. To hell with the ambulance, he tried to speak. But even when the cop held his ear to the mouth he couldn't hear a sound. Mouth opened. Lips and tongue moved. That was all.

The dying man turned his head and saw the infernal wallet lying in the gutter, hidden by the curb from those above. It was open where it had fallen a few feet from his face. It seemed to be..It was mocking him opening and closing, laughing as his life flowed into the street.

COINS, COMB...

OH, GOD, MY GOD...GODDAM YOU!

"Who is he anyway," asked the cop who had by now damned the ambulance no less than twenty-five times.

"Just lives alone at the end of the block," volunteered a young, thin woman with bad teeth, adding that she had seen the whole thing. Yes he did run in front of the car and yes she had been the first one at the scene "exceptin' the driver of course."

"Don't know his name, tho'," she continued. "Never did much talkin'. Quiet type, y'know."

Everyone there seemed to know. The cop nodded.

"Ain't he got no eye-dentification?"

"I couldn't find any on him." The cop raised his voice, "Anyone know who he is?"

Nobody seemed to know. The cop shook his head.

"Hey, looky there. In the gutter."

She bent down and picked up the wallet.

"Must be his card-case all right."

to be the mother of a leaf
is denied me
human as I am
conscious pride defines my bounds
little do I know
of the world
that holds me
as specimen
deaf and dumb

the rhythm
the breathings in and out
of our lives
is not to find a mean?
or rather the
natural cycles
that each of us reflect and repel
swept away by your swift undertow
my feet touch bottom
re-embark
meeting your faceful anguish
will we ever stop
before each other
and meet?

Invisible Architect

the sweat writes a shrieking soliloquy
in his dirty yellow hand
unaware—washed away in the silent dawning fog
he rises in his terrible temple
and momentarily blesses the outside morning

pulls on yesterday's clothes
always yesterday's
steps into morning
sidewalk success
steel mountains half grown
workman
building more than the engineer's dream

you did not wake this morning
there is a church
in rainy sunset
loved by a dying river
you are there
the hand you are holding
is your own
you are alone and time is forgotten
you cannot feel
the wind wet
you are dead
you cannot fear
all is over
all is begun
you are all you are

H. CHRISTINE MISIORA

in the jungles of the mind
the caw caw birds screech
and blossoming pungency of
rainbows leaf born
wrap around last year's memories
like explorer's earth unknown

I will think of you
milkweed and sun
life in your hands
Not afraid of your eyes
our feet walk as one
and then we smile

All dry and gone to seed
but we are growing,
our reflections

Day's end comes quickly
purple morning gone
moment over.

Flight

morning, you are the wind
ricocheting from river to hill
in and out
whistle through the throats
of prairie roads
gravel song
dry and penetrating
earth's back hand...
reservation town

Half Told Tale

go ahead and walk by me
the music of my tin cup
shall not play for your virgin ears

my twisted body scares you, eh
and my corner companion's blind
eyed songs lock your fears

conscience friend, do not shrink
my curses are self aimed
can't look at you either.



"This huge insecck, Dad!"

"Insect? Huge insect?"

"Yes, and he changes into a huge insecck and his father throws an apple at him which gets stuck in his back."

"Becomes lodged in his back? Yes, Jesus Christ!"

"Dad, I don't know, it, Jesus Christ, it really blew my mind."

"Don't say that..."

"But you know it. Ah, Jesus Christ, it really made me think, you know."

"That's better."

Joseph put the book down and started drumming his fingers on the cover.

After a while he said, "But anyway it really made me think and you know..."

When he was silent, his father said, "Blew your little mind, did it? Ah, Joseph, Yusef, indelible blame child of my offspringing, harrumph."

Joseph smiled. "But it did seem to offend thee did it not my chaste daddy."

"How do you mean?"

"God! God! I mean I don't know, God!"

"Chased or chaste, you know what I mean, kiddo."

"So anyway it happens to be about truth and morality and how it is relative you do what you think. Everything."

"So? I mean I really don't know what to think."

"Read the book."

"As it turns out I haven't."

"So? I mean I really don't know what to think-o."

"Have a beer son," said the father.

They drank in silence for a few minutes. It was raining.

"Blew my little mind, I'm not mincing words, goddam," said Joseph.

"I've been seeing so many people lately," she said, "with shiteating grins on their faces."

"I have too," he said. "I wonder, could it be the flu?"

"Well, I for one have a theory. I think it might be an epidemic of good old fashioned love." She laughed.

He said, "I think it might be at that," and took a handful of her popcorn.

"If it is," she said, "I wouldn't be at all surprised to see a writeup someday soon in the New York Times."

"Well, it is the season," he said.

"Yes," she said.

He said, "Yes."

Dialogos

*"The power of the Word
is the rule of Truth
And the rule of Truth
is Law,
And the species-state
of Man is governed
of Law, by Law, for Law."*

*"The power of the Word
is the rule of Truth
And the rule of Truth
is Love,
And the species-state
of Man needs no governing
in Love;*

...

*to wit,
Governments and governors
alike are Superfluities
to it."*

Harvey Noyes



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