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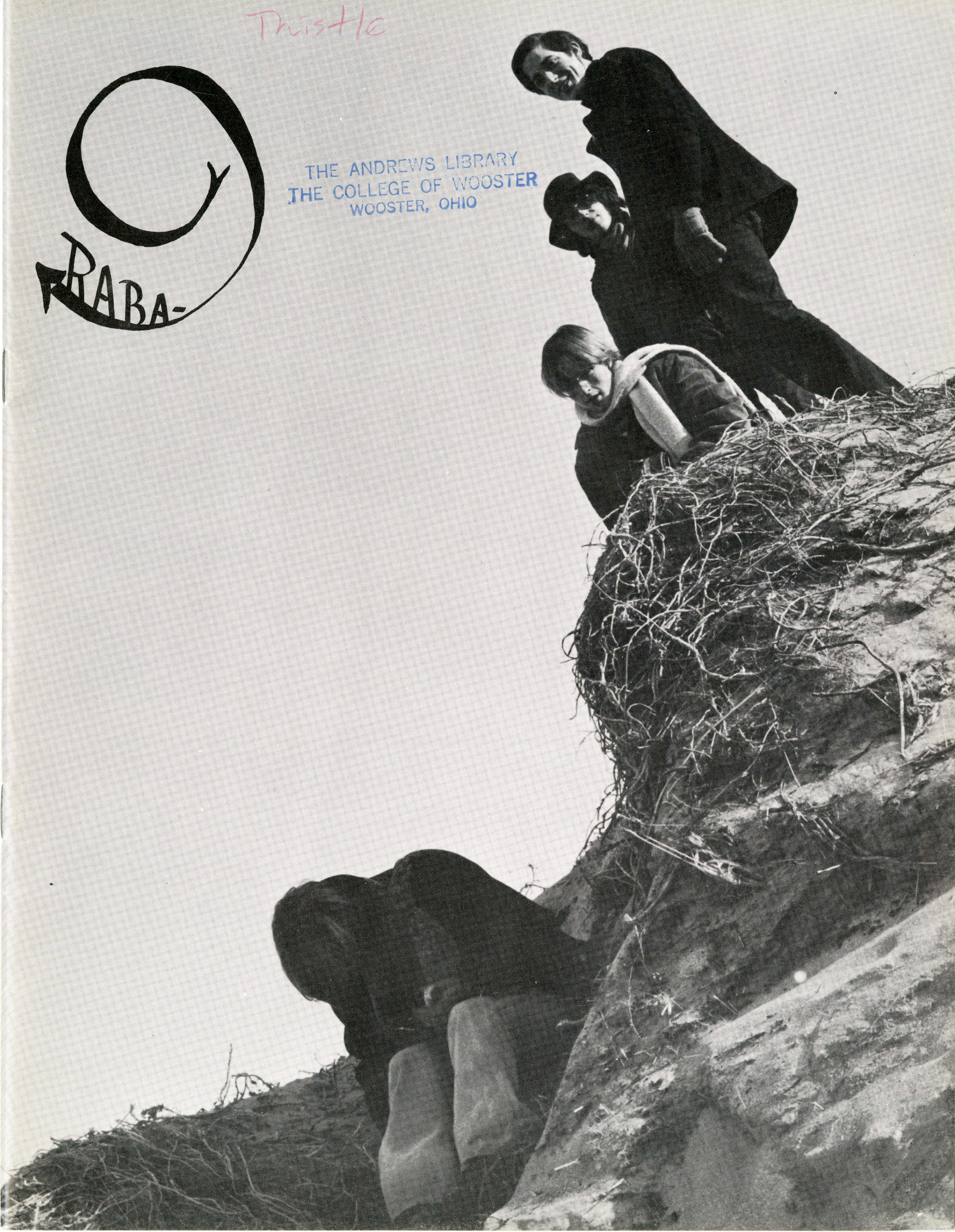
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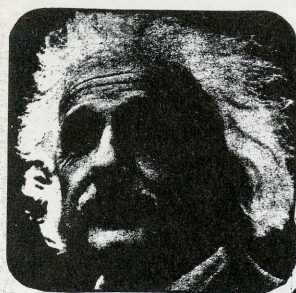
Thistle



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WOOSTER, OHIO







# RABADASH



OPEN THIS END

Vol. 1

Released Semi-Periodically in Wooster, Ohio

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May

True education is the learning that reveals to a man the order, the co-operation and the beauty, the harmony and discipline that exists in nature ... in the universe and teaches him, through his own disciplines, his reason, imagination, and eventually his wisdom, to play his part in creating a higher order and a deeper harmony. It is man's weapon, so that the magnitude of his own inventions and discoveries shall not overwhelm him.

- from: The Rising of the Lark

Unless you take beauty with you, you will find none though you travel the entire world.

Emerson paraphrase

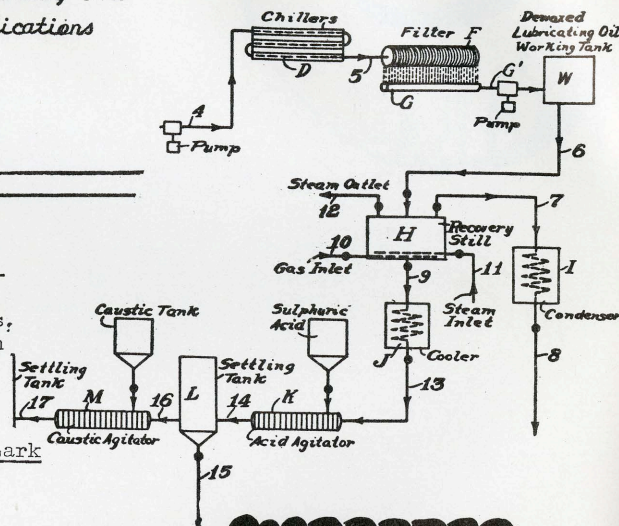
“He who maintains one soul,  
is as if he assured the  
existence of an entire world,”

The Talmud: Book of Sanhedrin, 4th Chapter

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No. 9



# WOOSTER

Oh! The beauty of seeing myself and my family of "human beings" as animals struggling for existence on the face of an infinitely small mass! Constructing our ant hills and tearing gently at medium rare meat. Oh, the joy of understanding our own self-deception. Of realizing our low attempts to master and out-manuever the swarming, buzzing, stinging affairs that surround us, lift us, and carry us away — only to drop us and leave our imprints in paleontological sands.

Oh, the beauty of realizing I am one tiny speck moving upon the grains of human soil. Struggling, thinking I am more than I am. I have watched a small insect bravely defend itself against the delicate heel of my boot.

to realize the arrogance of a caterpillar which consumes every blade of milkweed it sees; non-respective, self driving... It is good to know what one does not know. I realize then that I am too a blade, a root, a bit of life, a cycle, a part — a part of a moving force of inevitable life. Existing and no more. A death, a part, and no more, no less.

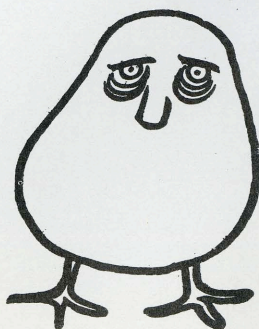
Robert M. Dunsmore

When one finds God, it is because he has found himself.  
(This is religion: to know oneself!)

- a Friend

Where there is sorrow there is holy ground.

- Kahil Gibran



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# the mountain

"And He's allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I've looked over, and I've seen the promised land."

-Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

The man peered through the fence surrounding the playground. Inside the children were behaving as children do everywhere: squabbling over their toys, hogging the swings, falling off the top of the monkey bars. He shuddered to think how long the children must have been there and hoped they'd soon realize how late it was and hurry off for their suppers. He liked to walk in the playground occasionally, in the evenings when it was deserted, remembering when it was all less complicated. The kids probably wouldn't believe him if he told them that once, a long-long time ago, there were no swings or merry-go-rounds or sliding boards, just a field with a small rise more or less in the center of it. They had to invent their own amusements then, not bore themselves on the steel contraptions growing inside the fence. Didn't anybody realize that open space was good for children? How could they be expected to play, fenced into a sparse acre of asphalt that sprouted strange steel shrubs instead of grass and trees? Whatever happened to imagination anyway?

"No wonder their dreams are small," he mused. "They're so cramped during the day, they're afraid to stretch in their sleep."

The playground had grown quiet while he had been absorbed in his thoughts. The children had disappeared, as children do, in that solitary, homeward fashion that sometimes startles with its quiet completeness. He untangled his fingers from the Anchor fence they had gripped of their own accord, shaking them loosely to get the circulation started and erase the marks the fence had left. He looked at the silent playground, with its gently rocking swings, and walked to the gate. His shoes made gravelly noises on the crumbling edge of the asphalt and the warmth of the day crept up thru his soles and welcomed his feet to the late afternoon. The latch clanged against the gatepost, and, squeaking tiredly, the gate swung easily toward him. He walked in over the hopscotch court (Didn't little girls draw on sidewalks anymore? He wondered.) and stopped near the swings. One swayed jerkily to and fro like a constipated pendulum. He reached out and caught it with one hand, and walked slowly with it until it hung directly under the bar, in line with the rest. He took his hand away and it swayed again, back and forth, reluctant to lose the life it had borrowed from the little girls who had ridden it all afternoon. He caught it again but, instead of stopping it completely, gave it a little shove to prolong its life. The cross-bar above him creaked gratefully as he wandered on toward the center of the playground.

In the middle of the playground were the monkey bars, flanked by the sliding board, with its shallow, pitted landing space, and the seesaw, pointing its muzzle at the setting sun. He walked around the monkey bars by the seesaw and stopped. He placed his hand on the higher end and pushed slowly down. The hinges groaned quietly to themselves as the board passed level and came to rest again under his hand, its opposite end in the air. He moved past the seesaw, now ready to salute the next day, and turned toward the sandbox behind the sliding board. He passed and ran his hand over the slope of the board, feeling its warmth and the polish given it by the countless bottoms of the afternoon. He ducked under the ladder and stood silently, looking.

Sitting in the sandbox was a little boy. The man was surprised to find anyone in the playground so late, and doubly surprised to find the boy alone. He walked to the sandbox quietly, not making any attempt at stealth, but reluctant to spoil the calm of the approaching evening. The boy heard him on the asphalt and looked up, not alarmed, but not welcoming the intrusion. The man stopped by the edge of the sandbox. "What are you doing," he asked.

"Oh, just playing," said the boy, returning to the gentle mounds of dirt before him. He spoke with a pause between each word, weighing them for portent and value.

"Why didn't you go home when the others did?" asked the man, not in the ominous tone most grown-ups do, but with interest.

"Oh, I didn't want to." Again the careful consideration of the words.

"Why not?" asked the man, squatting down and looking with interest at the vague landscaping the boy was engaged in.

"Because they didn't want me to."

"Why not?"

The boy moved his hands thru the sand, smoothing the hills into the valleys and the valleys into the hills.

"Oh, I don't know. They don't like me, I guess." He was hurt but didn't want to show it.

"Why don't they like you?"

"Because I'm different, I guess."

The man looked up at the dying sun, feeling the golden warmth on his face. "Can I tell you something?"

The boy looked up at the man, his hand poised on the crest of a hill. He nodded, and his hand began to move again.

"You know," the man said, trying to make the boy know.

"You know, the playground wasn't always like this." The boy looked up quickly, not believing, then down again to the world he was creating.

"There wasn't a fence here, or swings, or a sandbox. Just a field with trees on the edges and a hill in the middle." The man paused, to remember the hill and the trees.

"Was it a big hill?" the boy asked and, after a small pause, "A mountain?"

"I don't think it was a mountain," said the man seriously.

"It was just a steep little hill."

"Was it as big or steep as this?" pressed the boy, suddenly scooping the sand into a mound between his legs. "Was it?"

"It was bigger than that."

"What happened to it?"

"It's still there, I guess."

"Where?"

The man pointed to the gate. "Over there. Beyond the fence."

"On the other side of the fence?" The boy didn't believe him. The man rose, eager to convince him.

"Sure. I'll show you."

They walked back past the monkey bars and the swings, back to the fence. The gate had swung shut of its own accord, so they peered out thru the mesh of the fence. Just past the edge of the asphalt the ground began to rise and cover itself with grass. The boy stared with awe in his eyes.

"Would you like to climb it?" asked the man.

The boy looked at him for a moment, then nodded. The man opened the gate and they walked across the asphalt, over the edge, and up the slope of the hill.

"It is a mountain!" said the boy excitedly. "A real mountain!" The man smiled and was silent. They began to climb and it was steeper than he remembered.

The boy reached the crest and stopped. Breathing heavily, the man joined him and they both looked out at the trees in the distance across the grassy slope cooling in the summer afternoon. The sinking sun cast long shadows before them, shadows that ran almost to the trees. The boy breathed deeply thru the daylight on his face, committing the scene to memory, then suddenly turned and began to run back down the hill. The man caught up with him.

"Where are you going?" he asked as they slowed to a walk.

"I've got to go home now," said the boy a little sadly.

"It's suppertime and I've got to help."

The man said nothing, but slipped easily into the boy's small stride.

"I've got work to do," the boy repeated. "But can I come back?"

They were at the bottom of the hill, on the edge of the asphalt. The man hesitated, then said, "Of course. Whenever you want to."

"Thank you," said the boy. "I want to bring my friends, too. Is that all right?"

The man hesitated again, then nodded, "Yes."

A cloud of uncertainty passed over the boy's face. "But if they don't want to come when I do, can I tell them how to get here?"

The man hesitated longer this time, then asked, "What about the ones that don't like you?"

"I'll tell them too."

After a moment of thought, the man said "Yes."

"Thank you," said the boy gravely, then dashed off across the asphalt. The man watched him until he was out of sight, then, with a last look at the mountain and at the sun over the playground, he turned and started back the way he had come. He wondered when the boy would be back.

*Chris Young*





## Far for the Chorus

Eye hit the bawl at least  
 A thousand clowns  
 On a bet  
 (with old Springs topped by a feathered tock of Sure! wood leaves)  
 And it rolled  
 Into the cup  
 On a green  
 Rumped dollar Bill yardstable.  
 Which I promptly stole.  
 The Stilt stuffed it,  
 Into his side pocket  
 To the tune of "I'm Henry the ate I am"  
 So I one by the Skin of his knows.

I was poor in heart;  
 All my money was in his picket  
 So I gave it all to the pure.  
 And if he can do it, so can eye  
 Because wier doing the same  
 World-  
 World-  
 World.

-Robin Hood Johnson

Lilac tree  
 flower of pleasure  
 pleasure in season  
 season in sensuality  
 sensuality in feeling  
 feeling of passion  
 Lilac tree.

Martin Shackesley Bennett



# Deluded Columbus, I

Exploring the geographies of your body  
I am Christopher Columbus,  
set sail on well learned seas  
In search of the most magical of mystic lands.

And when at last my ship  
( Battered and buffeted by ravaging waves )  
Touches prow in the haven of your harbor  
I will plant my staff firmly,  
where the sand meets the foam  
And boldly proclaim this land  
My Own!

## Sculpture

Involved in the sculpture of your body  
I am MICHAELANGELO  
uncovering the most perfect yet to be discovered  
masterpieces  
beneath the stone of ages

Gobbrashear  
5/21/69

# prayer

my fingers down her arm to her fingers  
there entwining  
there finding  
the cross of jesus christ encircling  
like a wedding band  
and i wondered  
which virgin mother bone you  
which spirit moved in you to  
continually hold out your palms  
only to each time receive the nails  
the poet the priest the philosopher the apollo  
each called your praises  
gobbled the bread guzzled the wine  
then quickly thieved away  
yet  
you are untouched  
i pray that i may receive the blessings of your purity





# A Trucker's Tattoo

## THE TRUCKER'S TATTOO

The trucks rust  
crossing the span.  
Slipstream whines,  
gravel ruffles the Mekong.

The vents inhale the screams  
and hold the steaming tongues  
Passenger filling iron lungs  
until the villages expire.

\* \*

The eyes of the driver  
clench in the tropic sun.  
The rice supply we burn away  
he hears TV static polishing.  
His being reels with the tin slums  
we splice, yo-yo-ing refugee lives.

\* \* \*

Scribbled in a ditch--  
"I figure the mothers at home  
believe me only if I say  
'My pulse ticks rpm's ok',  
that I'm just paring my nails."  
He slashes his wrist  
to the bone, the blood  
furls like our flag  
soaked in a sudden shower.

*Philip Gould,  
May 23, 1969.*

## TWO MOVEMENTS

I.  
Dim-lit, the country at new-moon time  
arrests the shapes of cornstalks;

Rows dispose of their symmetry  
to reclaim shadow with nearby thickets,  
as energy cements in darkness.

But always the sun wakes,  
and with it, John the Farmer's system  
of fields designed in angles;

And always the light life-giving  
conceals life-unity of night.

II.  
John so loved the day,  
he created a brightness his own --

Now his cities burn a constant sun  
and the streets shine too loud  
for new moon.

*James Shabill*

Atomic Physicist (tune- Little Brown Jug)

1- When I was still at M.I.T.

I learned atomic energy

How atoms fizz and fuse and pop;

I couldn't bring myself to stop

Chorus:

Oh, ho, ho,

He, he, he,

I love atomic energy (2X)

2- The A.E.C. gave me a home,

Just a little white lab I call my own.

They give me everything I wish

'Cause I'm an atom physicist.

3- Now every day I sit and smile:

I've got my own atomic pile!

With thick lead shields and lots of heat;

I think the whole thing's very sweet!

4- I just can't wait until I get

My own Enola-Gay-type jet.

I'll take it up and cruise around

In search of targets on yhe ground.

5- Things were going very well

Till they locked me in this padded cell.

But I don't worry, time will tell

When I blow you all to hell!

*Chris Young*

We are aware, are you  
one man against the many  
A silent demonstration, for  
fighting passionate thoughts.  
House in realism, undaunted  
mysteries search for light.  
Moth-like creatures, drawn  
in burning flame of idealism.  
Confused of method, swears  
fealty to powers that be.  
Brother to no man, accept  
himself who made policy night.  
Follow others as sheep, rule  
as stated by his own law.  
Interpret what is sin, nothing  
to forgive what he has done.  
The right of power is, can't  
think of a tighter control.

*Martin Shacklesley Bennett*



*Returning Home after a Year  
away at College*

POEM TO BE READ AT THE INAUGURATION OF  
RICHARD NIXON AS PRESIDENT OF THE USA,  
JANUARY, 1969

One might wish that  
    Richard Nixon,  
Upon ordering his tomb,  
    will have inscribed  
    the words,  
        Vicisti, Galilaeae!  
And I say  
    How else  
        is all the intricate  
marble of our cage  
        to be undone?  
The Glass Teat that  
    foresees my future  
tells of nothing  
        but  
        deodorant for sex-sake,  
but I cannot turn the  
        other channel-cheek.  
So the fabricated  
    apostate  
        has taken our  
        white pulpit,  
and the Gaps will get smaller,  
which is to say  
        we race closer to arms  
        (but not God's) and move  
        nearer to the rubber  
                face.  
This is the god of the thousand arms!  
    See all the  
    hands  
        shaking  
            hands:  
    Who will desecrate the labyrinth,  
        and slay the Bull  
                thrower?  
Christ walked;  
        the twelve stations of  
                Chicago.  
Priests  
    (but never Popes)  
        die  
        for our daley sins.  
So turn  
    turn  
    Turn the Cabinet into a commune!  
and emancipate yourself  
    in  
    Lincoln's 9-foot  
        bed!  
Because Richard the Third-Rate  
    is  
        crowned,  
and if he is not  
Julian,  
    it  
        is  
        all over.

*John  
Wright*

When the nineteen year old manchild walked into his parents home on Bull Run Battlefield, it was as if the year he had spent away had never happened. The old patterns were instantly re-established: domineering Mother chattered away about what Son ought to do; Father sat silently at the table eating his dinner, slowly pushed his seat back, uttered a quiet good night and sought refuge in the bathroom to smoke and read The Washington Post. Mother finished washing the dishes and plodded slowly up the stairs toward the bedroom, leaving the Son alone before the television set.

No thought broke the Son's trance before the T.V. until two in the morning when a scream from the second floor interrupted Gail Stern's flight from mummified Boris Karloff: the Japanese were chasing Father through the hot, dense jungle of Burma again. The young man (or old Child) thought. Father and Son could not speak, but they tacitly empathized. They were the same person at different ages, yet they were irreconcilably different: one a rebel, a college student, socialized by his teachers in school and by his peer group, not by his parents; the other, a conservative in the tradition of the poor white Southerner who owns a store in the deteriorating center of a small town with homes in the federal style at every corner, separated by the encroaching suburban houses which sprawl out thirty-five miles from Washington, D.C. The Father's life was at that store. He worked there thirteen hours a day on the average. Usually he ate only breakfast at home; for he often got in too late for dinner to digest, causing a whole battalion of Japanese, rather than one or two, to pursue him in his dreams. Even though he joked and seldom snapped, caused, or even took part in family fights, he looked tense as he ate, turning his head occasionally to catch side-glances of a "Combat" episode on the tube. He looked guilty, as if he were cheating someone; or at least his family wanted him to look guilty because of his devotion to the store, that other family in another town to which he owed a greater allegiance.

The Son left Gail and Boris in the living room and walked out into the oppressively humid, dark, eerie night where the ghosts of soldiers wander over the invisible red hills. The stars sparkled dully above, their light obscured by the water in the air and the glow on the horizon from Dulles Airport, Centreville, Loudon Towne, Manassas, Fairfax, and Gainesville where his mother was born. He could talk to his mother, simply because she had been there when his father wasn't. But there was no communication between Mother and Son. Details stood between them, the bank, the meals, the house, the car. She was not able to follow the plot of a situation comedy because of the crowd of details in her mind. But he should not judge. Her childhood had made her as she was: four brothers died; her parents divorced; and she did not even know her grandmother's name in a society where genealogy is very important in determining one's social status. A month she had spent in a mental hospital when she was nine years old had made her less volatile. She no longer threw beer cans around the house or threatened anyone with murder with malice in her voice. But she still had depressions, times when she would sit and cry or try to solicit as much pity as her family could give her.

He walked through the wet grass over to where the family dog was chained, wagging its tail desperately for attention. He patted the dog softly on the head, a gesture which did not match the dog's enthusiasm. He raised his head and looked at the small, white cinder block house which his parents had built with their own hands. Those hands had been around his guilty neck in a strangle hold ever since he had realized that he was different from those born-and-raised mountain people asleep inside. He felt guilt for his self-contradictory life, here in this anachronistic place. Quickly, he ran inside and closed the door, standing against it breathing hard. He feared what the ghosts outside would do if they ever caught him alone out there on such a night or what the ghosts inside the house would do if he proceeded on into the darkness. He walked cautiously to the living room and turned off the television set, and found his way through the darkness up the stairs to his sheetless bed. He closed his eyes, hoping sleep would come to blot out his despair, weariness and boredom.

by  
*Raymond Hylton*



# on the poet's condition

## THE MAN WITH THE CHINESE GLASSES

he did not see much,  
nor for long.  
his time span of sttention  
cut short itself  
with remarkable readiness.

he saw, he saw,  
and did not need to see more  
than what fell  
on his eyes  
readily.

the response  
came in words  
that spun round  
like a brush stroke's  
end.

## ORIENTAL TRIPLET

I.

the surface outside  
the glass  
is wet too--  
where too many beads  
cluster,  
one will run down--

too much weight  
brings anyone  
down.

II.

water beads  
in a wet affection  
run into their  
clotting, romantically  
dribble with too much  
down the side  
of the glass--

too much love  
can run anyone  
down.

III.

water beads  
glitter the  
water glass

alone,  
my friends  
cluster outside.

## ON HEARING A GUITARIST PRACTICING

these sounds I make are nothing  
like yours; they break  
they stretch thoughts, not things  
of the body's world.

your voice is nothing like  
the sound I hear in these  
words; they mutter, fumble an  
image on a string of pen  
marks. paper is a more possessive  
thing than air.

if my voice were stronger  
I could sing without guitar  
or song, pronouncing nothing  
but the beauty of the  
wind vibrating in some  
girl's young hair,  
loud with bright flowers.  
but these sounds I make are nothing  
like the air; they break  
and stretch thoughts, not things  
of the body's world

## SHANTIH

seperation cries your absence.

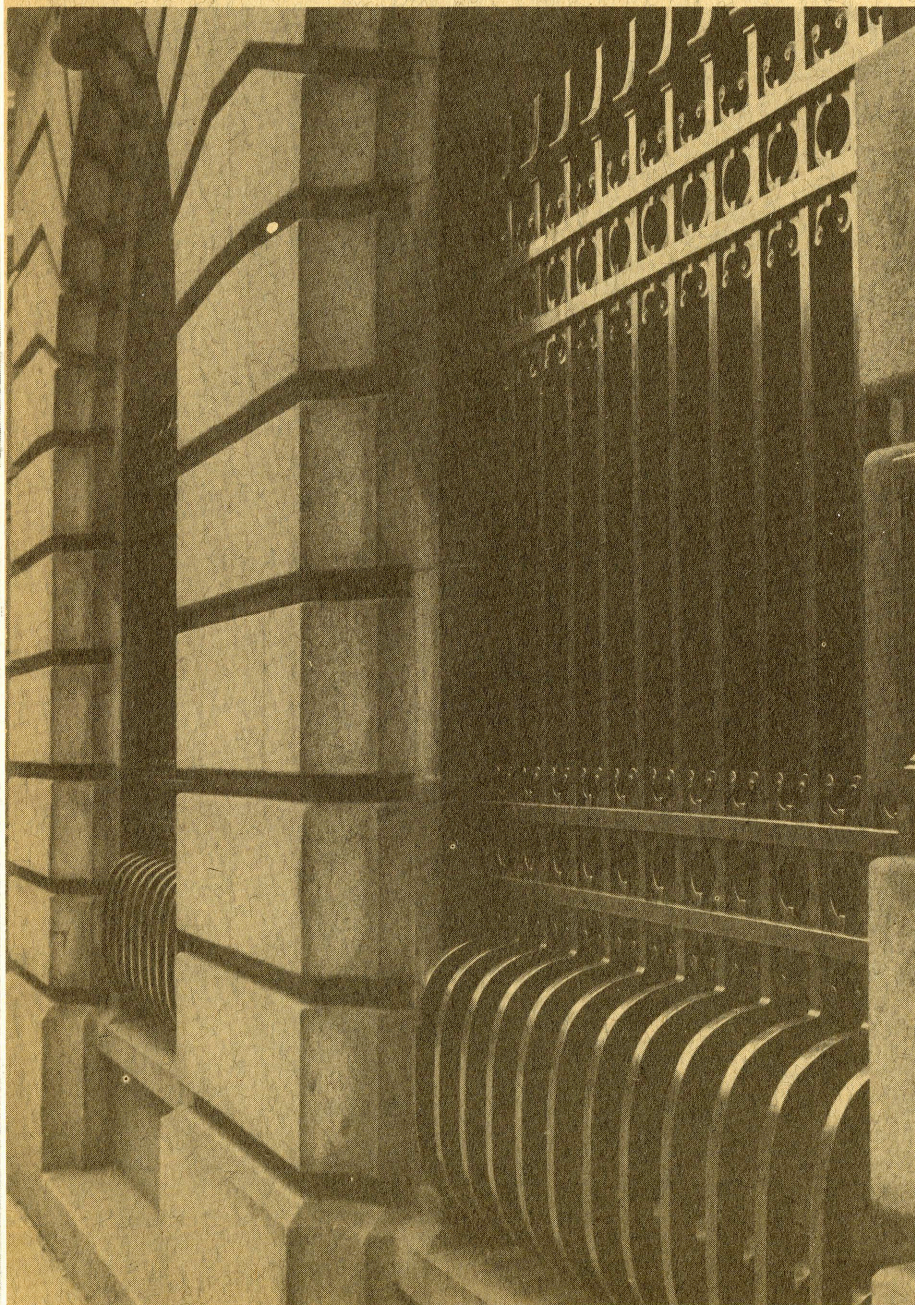
I shudder from a wind  
at your leaving  
and cannot pursue  
you  
through that wind, nor  
do you, breaking  
the wind's desirable fit,  
call.

You stay  
in a moment unseparated,  
fitting yourself with yourself  
like a word in a mouth  
speaking itself  
plainly, calmly  
without wind.

and how can I leave  
that small word  
for the wind of  
pursuing  
you?

with no defeat's desire  
surrounding,  
I fight no wind  
to find you, but  
listen to your  
close syllable in my  
attentive heart.

Michael  
Allen





life holds so many beautiful things  
and you

are one

of those

the colors of the seas are vast and many  
yet you

are colorlessness

and all colors combined

i love you

and you

are beyond

my dreams

beyond

life itself

and the time is now

before

i

lose

my

mind

to

time

which

is

nitty

gritty

shitty

in

all

i am being overtaken by a wave on rush

and everything is red

yea john birch

yes

buy your gas at gulf and you can get

an american flag decal

tiny but it will fit

the back of any toilet

yes

ride your cycle

cause it's really groovy

but watch out for the

disraeli gears

cause they are

gangbusters

yes

and if you aint heard the

led zeppelin

then you just

aint heard

at all

yes

no time for nitty

no time for love

no time for life

you know

i wonder why today is today and not tomorrow or yesterday

i guess that just is

the time is late on a

sunday evening and

everything is red and

the sky is black and

the stars are so very



high

in

the

sky

and

so

am

i

the place is here in

my mind

and

the life

i see before me

is

you

J. HENRY  
THORNTON



# Part Two Of: The Snow Job

A pair of bunk beds and one converted couch. Vacation time and it must be a good time or it will be wasted. There are five (5) girls sharing the room and they don't know what to do with themselves when they're not sking, but there are usually enough boys trailing around to make life interesting.

There are two sort of mechanical, everyday problems. Susy brought the only hair dryer so they all have to take turns. Also, Peggy is kind of a reject and they haven't planned on taking her, but Wendy's mother knows her mother, so they had to take her along. She doesn't like the other girls too much, and they don't like her either.

There is another problem which only Susy knows or cares about, and that is about Wendy. They are close friends. Susy likes to protect Wendy because sometimes she is a 'bad girl' in the Victorian sense. Wendy says Susy is prudish, but Wendy is only seventeen and Susy, the same age and a virgin, worries. Back at boarding school, where they are roommates, Wendy came through the fire escape late one night and started bragging and joking about this stupid boy in the village who was really worried if she was pregnant. They got into an argument and Susy, who is very emotional, began crying and saying how much Wendy hated men and hated everything. Wendy had kept silent and listened.

She is silent now, sitting with her hand on the window sill, gazing into the short view of a night-darkened forest, bare black trees sticking like parking meters out of the gracefully curved snow drifts; she is thinking about Alex.

"Have you finished with that 'Archie' I wanted?" Nancy, biting into an

apple, whines at Susy. Susy brings the entire collection of comic books across the room and deposits them on her bed. "Keep them."

"O.K....thank you."

Ann hears indistinctly because she is under the hair dryer. She speaks anyway, "Barbra Colbert says she's in love with that guy from Nobles, Harry something."

"They deserve each other,"

Nancy adds.

"True Confessions here we come," Ann continues. Wendy turns her eyes back on the bunk bed where the gossip is being aired. "So what."

Nancy turns the page of the comic book and looks quizzically at Wendy. "Next thing she'll be going steady with him or something." She finds her place in the Archie and reads on. Wendy frowns, tapping the long fingernail of her index finger on her front teeth.

Dropping the comic book, Nancy looks at her watch. Six seventeen and a half. Um. Boys, "she croons enticingly, "where are you?"

"They'll be coming soon enough," Susy answers. Wendy returns to staring past the window. "Where's Peggy?" she asks.

"She picked up this guy she knew. She'll be back late again," replies Nancy.

Wendy concentrates on the natural, if less pretty, scenery on the other side of the window, gradually integrating it with another daydream about Alex McHenry. The long three day weekend, it must have been a year ago, in New York City. The momentary escape from a small town in Massachusetts.





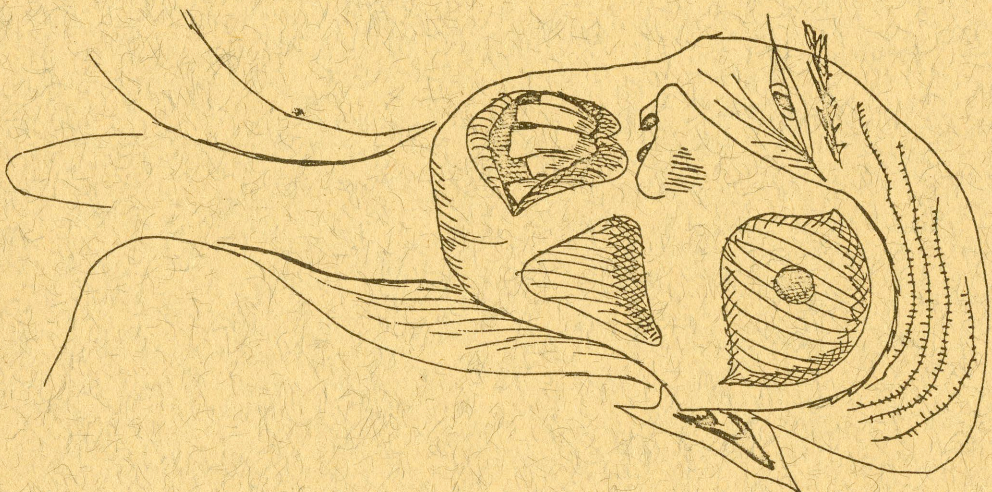
sets, and the great freedom of a big city. Over the snow a grey squirrel scampers and hesitates, scampers and hesitates, alert to every movement the world offers. Her friends had changed so much after this weekend. She cared less of other people's attitude toward her; everything had changed slowly and she yearns, with a hollow bell-toll through some mental bastions, for his company once again.

Someone knocks at the door. Ann rushes into the bathroom, "Aah!", with the portable hair dryer still attached to her head. Nancy tightens her sweater, lets her hair down, and puts the Bobby pins and comic books under the bed.

Wendy turns her head and asks flatly, "Who is it?"

After a wink at Tad, Gaynor announces, "It's me, Mark..Mark Gaynor." Wendy is surprised, "Come in, just a second." She runs to unlock the door. Nancy sighs happily at Susy, all prepared for their entrance. A light kiss at the door signals the status of the visitor. Mark introduces his friend to everyone. There is funny small talk for a while and Wendy pushes gaiety out of herself into the stagnant air. Susy is sensitive to Wendy's state of mind, recognizing a lack of communication between her and the people cracking jokes, and she says nothing but observes carefully.

Mark makes a couple of passes at Wendy, and she giggles, not really caring any more. Tad is impressed with Gaynor, and Mark flirts more (a faster rhythm). Wendy must keep up the pace and forget about Alex because it is hopeless to her (It really is-- "Stop crying Wendy!" mother had said, "Your father...daddy will see you again. Things like this...will you ever stop?"). Wendy stands up and stares once more past the win-



dow. A couple of other boys have already entered the room and the radio is even. She hasn't noticed them yet. Sitting on the converted couch, Mark puts his arm around her waist; nonplussed by her smile, he lays back, alert to her remoteness. She continues her acquiescent watch past the leafless trees and then, smiling and very softly, she speaks, "I'm waiting for Alexander."

Nancy winces. "Who's Alexander?" she inquires in a high voice. Mark laughs giddily, "O.K.--I get it--everyone knows good old Alex. Ha--hey Tad--I've been shot down." He feigns a wound in the heart.

"He is coming." (Dr. Bailey had said her grief would pass and that this type of thing often happens when a young girl's parents are divorced.) She walks slowly to her suitcase and pulls out a cheap necklace and places it around her neck. (unanswered letters--"He never sees me any more, Papa! Papa!" she cried to him; Mr. Stratford repeated sympathetically, "Yes, I know, I know!") "Alexander will come...he gave this to me," walking to the window once more. (in the house, alone with her at night, the mother would yell drunken obscenities at a man she had divorced four years before. Wendy, the only child, would sit silently in her room, with her ears closed, waiting, and waiting..) "He should be coming tonight," pathetically rambling in a barely audible whisper, she moves her lips. Her trance does not break and all eyes are on her. ("You're a slut! slut! A little slut!" "Oh please shut up--" "a disgrace, and don't tell me to shut up or I'll do more to hurt you than you can think of." the house she could never escape, even though she tried diversions: art, studying, records, and her undependable boyfriends.)



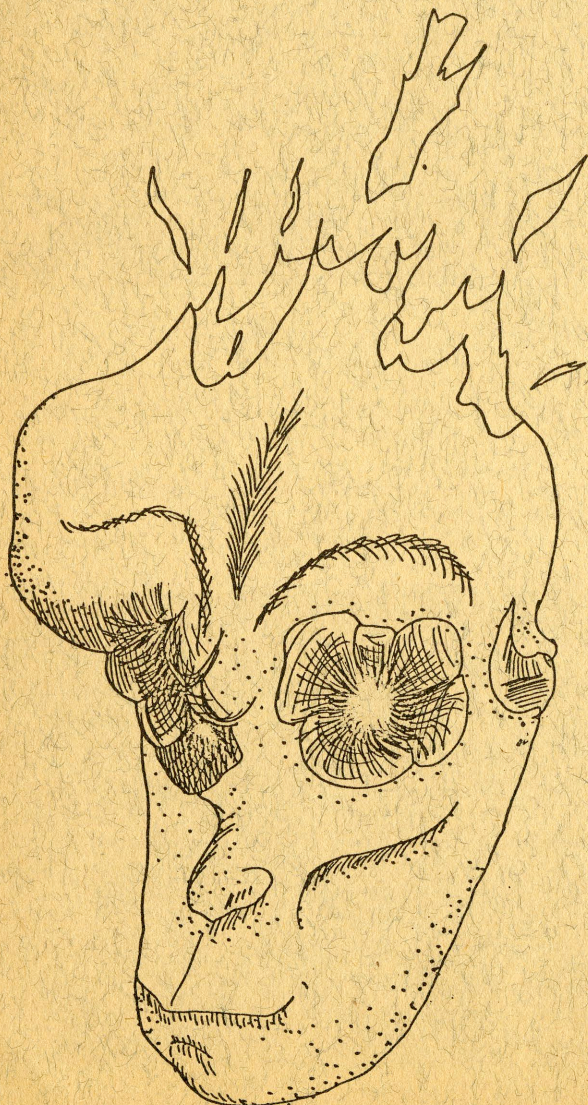
For Mark, the beat is getting out of proportion. "Hey Tad, I don't even know what he looks like."

She remains standing, teetering slightly, "I will wait, I will wait," she babbles incoherently. It sounds like, "Iyewhay, Iyewhay." Sasy goes over to her and waves her hand before Wendy's eyes. There is no reaction. Frightened, she utters something about a doctor.

Mark, in final recognition that Wendy Strafford is acting strange, arranges his face skeptically, "Oh she's just putting us on."

Sasy has left and soon a doctor will come.

Fred  
Choate

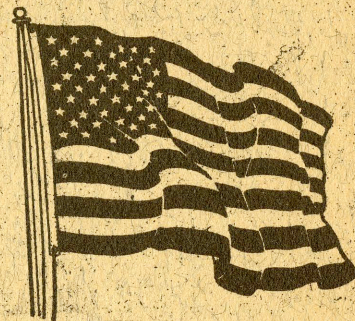


# The Great American Spirit.

## Keep Your Colors Flying!

Show your pride in America . . .  
Display "Old Glory" on patriotic holidays

You have 365 days to prove that you're an American — Several important days to display the beautiful, colorful symbol of our democracy. Now is the time to make this proud purchase! You'll also be proud to display America's finest cotton flag — completely colorfast, specially woven and dyed to meet U.S. Government standards. Perfect for use at home, school, club or church.



## a meeting of the bored

The wind-up clock on the clerk's desk said 3:55. I arranged my papers again. Pictures of the President and General Hershey were tacked to the bulletin board. From the Board meeting room, soft earnest voices of men — they were discussing men's fates, one by one. The clerk rattled her knitting needles, disguised as pencils.

The Fat Man came, ten minutes late. Being principal of the junior high schoole, he disliked long hair on boys, short dresses on girls, and the word "love." His hair, clipped short and neat, stuck straight from his head, squeezed out by the intensity of his convictions. I had known his son — we used to play trumpet together and drive two hundred miles to Albuquerque for lessons each week. He was now in divinity school and I wondered if the God of the Fat Man's son killed Kommies.

We went into the Board meeting room. It was long and narrow, with room for a green table, three green steel filing cabinets, six green chairs. It was hospital green or IBM blue. Would I, who claimed exemption from "service" as a conscientious objector, fit neatly into this narrow room? These three men were to decide.

On the table was a cardboard box full of paper envelopes, each one holding a man. I sat facing the narrow milky window across the table. The sunlight was bright and sharp in the February wind; across the valley the mountains were blue and massive and real.

I gave each Board member a copy of my statement. The feelings expressed in that statement were mine and deeply held, but they looked strange and foreign when typed and Xeroxed; I was not sure I could defend them. A drop of sweat scratched and tickled its way down my left side. My hair caught on my white collar and poked itself into my ears.

The Fat Man shifted around in his chair, skimming my statement. He rubbed his nose and grunted, "a lot of verbiage." The other two Board members read slowly, perhaps carefully. The clerk drew and erased lines with her knitting needles. In front of her was a tall stack of papers. Typewriters had transfixed a man onto each sheet in the stack.

The Fat Man asked how and where I had received religious training. The others continued reading. I remembered the Fat Man's son, dressed for Sunday school, shooting lizards at passing cars with a slingshot. I remembered walking through the forest with the summer sun on my head, watching birds' smooth flights and smelling the hot pine. If I had said, "I went to Church each Sunday and read my Weekly Reader," the Fat Man would have creaked a smile, then given me a cigar and a pat on the head and a gun with a silver cross. Instead he blew his nose on a white cloth and looked at the cloth before folding it up.

The Blond Man asked me if I was afraid to die. I remembered



cont.

skiing into a stump and then lying in the snow wondering if the artery were cut, thinking that it takes only two minutes to bleed to death. Feeling close to death removes some of its mystery, for you realize then that death is always close. You realize the insignificance of mere death and the importance of living well. I was afraid to die, of course; but I was more afraid of living freely.

The Short Man asked whether I was obliged to serve my country. I wondered what my country was — a name? a flag and a song? a plot of land? a system of idea, a group of people, a common heritage? He meant, no doubt, some combination of these. But can ideas be defended with bombs, or lives saved with guns? I could make no general answer to his question; I said that freedom forces a man to attempt to do what is right. The Blond Man pounced triumphantly, thin lips stretched over narrow yellow teeth, blue eyes squinted. My idea of freedom, he said, contradicted The American Way Of Majority Rule. I thought of the words of United States Supreme Court Chief Justice H. F. Stone: "Both morals and sound policy require that the state should not violate the conscience of the individual ... (It) may well be questioned whether the state which preserves its life by a settled policy of the violation of the conscience of the individual will not in fact lose it by the process."

The Fat Man wanted me to be reasonable. He wanted to know why I had sent the Board a rotten egg. He thought that a most un-Christian act. "After all, what have we done to you?" he wanted to know. "You scratch my back and ..." He turned to the filing cabinets and took an arm out of the drawer and bent the stiff fingers into a claw and scratched my back with it; he dropped the arm on the floor and it splashed in the blood. I looked at the blood on my hands.

I had not meant to send the Board a rotten egg; the egg had been a symbol but it broke and rotted in the mail. At that time I wore a button saying "The Resistance," and I passed out Leftist Literature. I remembered sitting in a hallway behind a table piled with Literature. Next to me sat an Activist and on the other side of the hall was another table. Joe the Frat Man sat behind that table, selling raffle tickets for a color t.v. The Activist had hard clear eyes and he wore hobnail boots. He would enjoy killing a Kristian for Peace. He sneered at Joe the Frat Man. "Can you see that guy dancing with a Negro?" He would enjoy smashing ahead for Equality.

"Did you know," the Blond Man said to me, "that service in the medical corps is an humanitarian act? All medics on all sides take an oath to help all wounded. Did you know that?" He was serious, smiling at me. I remembered a report in which medicine was called the most effective weapon the United States possessed for winning the hearts and minds of the Vietnamese. "They help everybody, regardless of race, color, creed, political belief, or national origin." I remembered hearing that wounded American troops are airlifted to hospitals, but wounded Vietnamese must walk.

The Short Man said he thought he remembered reading in my file that I was afraid of blood. No one else remembered that. The Fat Man said he didn't remember it, since he had read the file quickly, but if I was afraid of blood I certainly would not make a good medic. (I looked at the blood dripping from my hands, and it frightened me.) The Fat Man twisted the thumb off his backscratcher and ate it like a piece of popcorn, wiping his bloody mouth on a butcher's apron. (I watched the blood seep from the cardboard box on the table. It dropped onto the floor and ran in a slow stream down the hall.) The Short Man became persuasive and fatherly. Why should blood scare me, he wanted to know. (It was joined by other streams, from theaters and newspapers and children's toys.) After all, without blood life is impossible; anyway, blood is only a complex biochemical product. (It rushed onto the street, sweeping away trees and people and cars.) Right?

It was over. I splashed down the bloody hall and was washed into the street.

This article is reprinted from The Colorado Daily, a student newspaper at the university of Colorado (Boulder), by permission, Graham Mark, a '68 graduate in math from CU. He was eventually refused C.O. draft status.

## Hamburger Hill

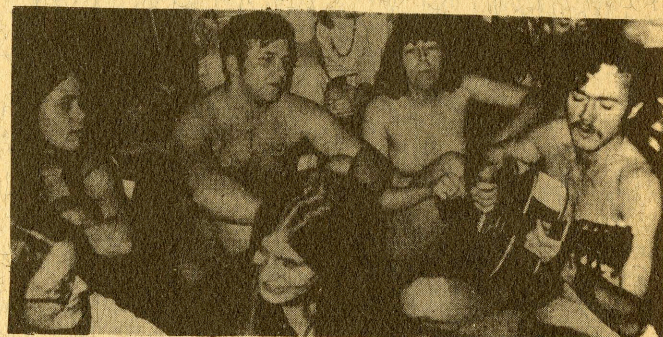


### Assault 'Senseless'

SAIGON (UPI)—U.S. paratroopers today snuffed out the last pocket of North Vietnamese resistance atop Hamburger Hill, killing 12 guerrilla snipers left behind from the Communist regiment that surrendered the peak Tuesday. The snipers apparently were assigned to keep the troopers of the U.S. 101st Airborne Division occupied as the Communist survivors of the 10-day battle headed for Laos where they would be immune from ground pursuit.

In 10 days of fighting to the summit, the Americans lost 58 killed and nearly 300 wounded while killing more than 400 North Vietnamese, according to reports from the field.

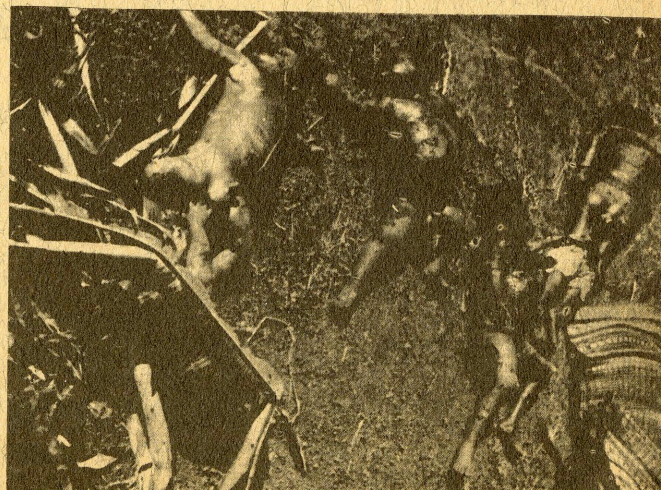
On Hamburger Hill today, the American GIs cleaned up the debris from 10 days of fighting for the peak. They found everything from North Vietnamese radios to unexploded bombs from the U.S. bombardment.



"Is 'fuck' really a more obscene four-letter word than 'kill'?" The former is an act of love (a four-letter word), whereas the latter is an act of hate (also a four-letter word). Is the photo of a passive nude human body more obscene than the picture of a child's body permanently disfigured by Napalm? Seen in family magazines such as Life, Look."

(also four-letter words)

--reprint Penn State underground newspaper





# To One Perceived As Not Keeping Pace With His Immediate Companions

Wears a red jacket in fall  
and army-green  
when the snow begins.  
The day is cold  
and frozen into stiff mud ruts.  
Hurrying with old briefcase  
walks lightly  
and disappears through a doorway  
barely more than spirit  
with essentials.  
Sloppy a bit, defiant  
and loose  
there is no reply to that kind of walking.

(He asks for none.)

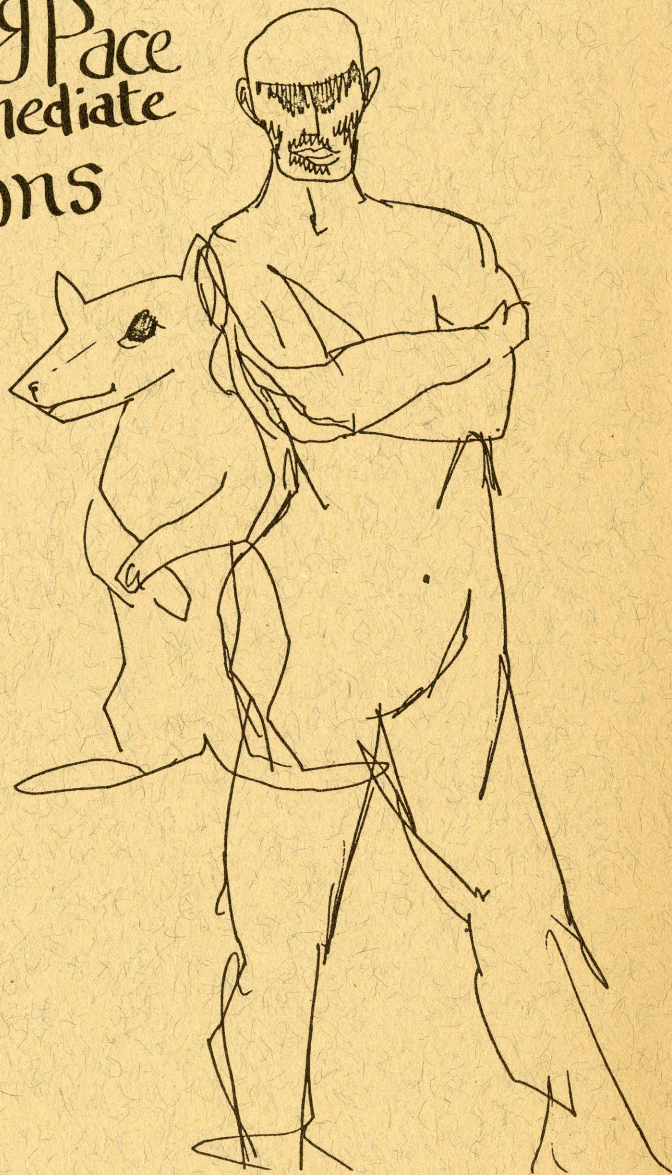
Stays apart and watches,  
back of his head  
dark hair sticks out  
a few strands,  
he narrows his eyes  
and wonders at you.  
(He removes his glasses.)  
Has quick eyes  
and eyebrows easy to displease  
but a strange taut mouth which  
may slip out into a smile  
briefly  
and back to thought.  
When he talks with you  
he will be gentle.

A voice is deep,  
unexpected  
and concentrated on you.  
You are known probably  
better than you know  
because he  
notices people.  
(but who are you?)

you are talking to me, why?  
and why do you listen,  
do things make you ponder also?  
what connects you to me  
and makes you listen?  
or is there nothing

people think they  
can belong to each other  
but they are deluded  
and there is nothing  
I must follow a different pace  
and hang on to my own self  
better than that.  
(there are too many damn people in the world!)  
I follow drums  
alive and real  
but what is my way?  
and what is possible  
and what is?

and what do I miss  
for what is gained?  
sometimes I am a child  
in a box  
and can reach no one.  
(at this moment, however  
I can talk to you  
and I think I like that)



Sits above  
in the balcony  
apart  
watching people  
and judging with quick eyes  
impatient at them,  
piercing through frivolity  
and baring motives  
darkly.

(He puts back on his glasses  
and writes it down  
as it is  
as he sees it.)

Reaches through to persons  
and touches fragility,  
when he talks with you  
he will be gentle.

Anon



# Quan Ritorn Tu Saro Nel Paradiso

*a psychological fantasy in one act*

A man in a lion suit silently paws his way across the stage, his suit is tail-less. His cross is behind the cardboard tree, and when he is almost off-stage Lingren begins to speak softly to herself. She is a girl, about 20, long hair, wearing a full length white dress. She is beneath the tree downstage left, sitting on a rock, holding a flower.

Lingren: I don't know, I guess I shouldn't have, I mean I didn't mean that he should go away like that. Somehow I felt as if he would understand. (pause) I wonder where...

Chambray Sunday: Maybe he did. (voice from s-r --said deliberately)

Lingren: What? (not in answer to C.S.)

Chambray Sunday: Understand. (C.S. walks towards L. from rock pile) (said as if there were no other possible answer)

L: What? Who's that?

C.S.: Me. Is this yours? (He holds up lion's tail)

L: (She looks at the tail, then at CS. pause. Looking into his eyes.) No. Do you happen to have a Cheese Sandwich?

CS: No? Are you hungry?

L: No, but I think I would like a Cheese Sandwich.

CS: Oh, (he looks at her face- she is frowning) Do you mind if I sit down?

L: (poking around- then pointing to a place at her feet) Sit there- it might be still warm- tell me...

CS: (He sits) Its hard, I don't feel any heat- like Goldie-locks, I guess, It's just right. Do you mind?

L: I said I didn't.

CS: (looking off stage) Did he promise you a Cheese Sandwich or something?

L: No, he didn't. (said as if the line were- but I guess it was something like that!) How long have you been here?

CS: All the time. (pause) I saw him leave- and I waited over there under that big rock in its shadow.

L: (to herself) Yes, I am all alone now. (looking at him) Why did you wait?

CS: I saw you and I wanted to talk to you for awhile. (looking at the audience) And maybe tell you about the day.

L: Today?

CS: Yea, this One. I feel just like the day is...do you think that's odd? (excitedly) No, its Not, I always feel like that. The only time I'm ever happy is when the day is. I wasn't anything then- and well, I thought that you might be something. (seeing that she doesn't understand) I mean he was sad when he walked away. (he has stood up during this last speech/goes behind tree).

L: Does it make me something just because he left sad?

CS: It might.

L: (she has put down the flower and now picked up the lion's tail) What was it you said when you came?

CS: That perhaps he did understand.

L: But he left.

CS: I came. (quietly, their glances meet)

L: (Lost in remembrance) He picked up his hat...stood up, looked at me with desolate eyes and left. I guess he's still out there somewhere. (she is looking out into the audience during last line)

CS: He didn't evade reality then and the day withered within him.

L: What?

CS: Nothing (slowly, sadly)

L: We were having a fine time until I laughed and told him this tree was cardboard.....I thought he would understand that I was just teasing him.....He could have stayed if he had wanted to.....he was going to hold my hand, I noticed he was thinking about it.

CS: I guess he decided it was empty. (He is sitting now and his back is against the Prosc. arch)

L: You mean that my hand was better left empty.

SC: No just empty.....The grass out there is day now (said looking at the audience) it was wet in the morning with the dew.....my feet were wet as I walked in the morning to the day with dawn.....This tree was the happiest thing around then, but I went further on and when I came back just a little while ago the tree was sad and my feet were dry.....

L: But I thought you said you were here all the time?

CS: I lied.

L: What do you do besides lie? Anything particular?

CS: No, nothing particular, but I am a keeper.

L: Keeper? You're funny, my name is Lingren. What's yours?

CS: Chambray, Chambray Sunday, but just call me CS.

L: Oh....I'm a girl (said matter-of-factly)

CS: I know. (puts himself in a prone position)

L: Do you like me?

CS: I don't think so.

L: Good I don't like myself either.

CS: (he suddenly stands up cautiously walks to stage right and listens he then comes back and standing quite close to L.) Lingren girl I am going to sit on that rock over there.

L: Are you leaving?

CS: No, I want to be remote, out-of-sight for awhile - a wordless but warm and breathing creature. (He starts to leave)

L: Before you go .....is the tree any happier?....tell me.

CS: (He turns) No, its not..... it's like me ....like the day ....any day ....as the day is/so it is that I am/the day is sad/I'm sad/the Tree is sad. But even so I might come again before I go back down into the valley. (As the last comment is usually directed to the audience

before I go back down into the valley. (As usual, the last comment is directed to the audience). (He goes stage right and obscures himself midst the platforms that serve as the rock pile.)

L: (Calling loudly) I don't like cheese sandwiches anyway... (to herself) I don't know, I guess I shouldn't have, I mean I didn't mean that he should go away like that .... I wonder

didn't mean that he should go away like that ....I wonder ... a keeper .....a keeper of what? (At this time a roar is heard off stage. Obviously human, the roaring, stage right, continues until the lion finally appears, the hiatus separating the roars is irregular and the volume is slowly increased) Chambray, Oh Chambray.

CS: Yea (pause and then more softly) what is it?

L: What are you a keeper of?

CS: False Illusions. (A loud deep off stage voice says, 'Shut-up, Sunday!' The voice is different than any previously encountered. At first, CS hesitates, then says) I talk too much.

Hey girl, be quiet would you?

L: Say who did you think I might be awhile ago?

CS: SSSHHHHHH.

L: Uh? tell me.

CS: A Day-slayer.

L: Oh, am I one?

CS: No. Now be quiet .....

L: Is that why you left?

CS: (Surprised)

CS: No, someone's coming.

L: (Surprised) Who?

CS: It sounds like a lion to me.

L: Oh, is he hungry? Chambray Chambray, I'm afraid .....

(terror stricken) Chambray, whil

(terror stricken) Chambray, will you help me.

CS: There isn't any need to be afraid .....It's a false lion .....you can tell by the voice. Besides, I have a rubber knife.

L: Oh? (A loud roar stage right and the man in the lion suit appears) Help me (Said softly as the lion approaches her) (The man on all paws around the stage for awhile and then lies in front of L. in a very human fashion.)

LM: My tail (he picks it up)(Said to himself)

L: Hey, you don't act much like a lion.

LM: (After a sustained pause he looks at her) I don't know about that. I like roaring and the suit fits.

L: Well, what are you doing anyway, I mean why the suit and the roaring business at all?

L: Oh.

LM: Do you often stay under this tree?

L: No,,this is my first day here .....do you spend much time around here?

LM: Oh, I'm running away from the circus.....I wasn't happy there...I wanted to be a lion but they wouldn't let me.

L: That's sad.(quite sympathetic)

LM: I just sat in kinda a cage all day, and did things..... I was supposed to sell things and calculate things and learn things...I don't know I just felt trapped.

*Cont.*



# Rubber Summer

.: I don't understand.....why couldn't you quit, I mean if  
 you didn't like the circus. Why did you run away?  
 .M: I wanted to run away. I wanted to be a lion and lions  
 don't quit they run away.  
 .: You're right about that...say, is anybody looking for you?  
 .M: I don't know (He looks around) But they will have to kill  
 me first.  
 .: Goodness (The LM yawns) Excuse me but you wouldn't happen  
 to have a Cheese Sandwich would you?  
 .M: No, but I like you.  
 .: That's too bad.  
 .M: (pause) Can I hold your hand?(The LM gets up and sits next  
 to L)  
 Then a wild yell is heard from the rock pile as CS leaps from  
 the pile and attacks the LM. The LM can scream as CS stabs  
 him repeatedly with the rubber knife as they wrestle. Dur-  
 ing this L has yelled stop! Stop! and then wept, the sobs  
 being audible. Eventually Sunday gets off LM and the LM con-  
 tinues to writhe on the floor, he shouts at times I'm not dead,  
 I'm not dead. But then he is still and CS comes over and with  
 deliberate motions unzips the suit and removes the man. He  
 throws the suit over his shoulder and taking a rope from his  
 pocket and ties LM's heels together. CS then begins to drag  
 M off stage. But he stops and turns to L.  
 .S: Once I take him back to the circus, I'll see if I can  
 find a Cheese Sandwich.  
 .: But I don't like them.  
 .S: I know.

Jim Lechman

## IF SEASONS STOPPED WITH WINTER

Suppose each day  
 Abode  
 To itself  
 In edifice --

And the sky  
 Remained one way,  
 With thick-rolling clouds  
 Lapping over themselves,  
 Maintaining gray --  
 Topping  
 The earth  
 An old man --

And constantly  
 The clouds  
 Dropped snow  
 Into a crystal realm  
 Of their making;--

Oh  
 It all,  
 So unmelting,  
 Would even  
 Haunt old men --

And young men?  
 Their change would  
 Be from change,  
 As their growth would  
 Be from growth,  
 For they would  
 Never breathe a spring.

James Gmbrell

In the warehouse  
 Summer pumped us for our sweat  
 In the dark concrete box

In the long cave  
 Preservatives bit our noses  
 And rubber warmed itself to cloud  
 As thick mist almost rained its rubber

There John and I machined the pump  
 Into the tire tubes

The sound of the dirty air  
 Into the tire tubes

And Binder the brander  
 Flooded that air with smoke  
 Singeing in puffy billows  
 From the red hot iron

John the man says  
 Beat the boxcars

- work boys -

John the man rides  
 His motorcycle daylong  
 Checking...

Still, in one place  
 The rubbered air thinned  
 And sun sometimes streamed in  
 For the workers who could break  
 Sometimes between boxcar loads



Old man T  
 He works in boxcars  
 This means he  
 Has worked to his top

Old man T  
 He lost his tee-th once  
 This means he  
 Gums his words, his food

Old man T  
 Can't he see  
 He could be  
 Fired easily

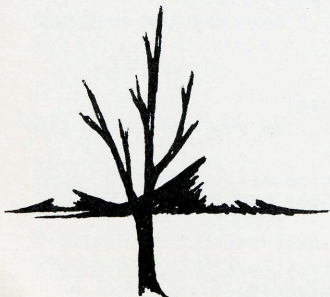
Old man T  
 Can't he see  
 Old man T  
 Old man T

Sun screamed warmer upon my neck  
 I nearly stomped a grasshopper  
 But he exiled into the air.

She motioned me closer with her eyes  
 As her rolled-up bleached jeans  
 Gently edged the watery surface  
 Of the field

I found a ball she said  
 Spalding Dot!  
 And no big slices  
 Seventy five cent I said

And we bounced smiles between us  
 Like bouncing rubber balls  
 From a corridor wall to wall  
 back to  
 to back  
 back to  
 to back  
 back to





I braced myself with my arm on her shoulder  
To show her a nightcrawler with my right foot.

The worm was so fresh as it formed \$ shapes  
And dripped mud rippling concentric circles  
In the moistured air and summer sweat  
In the concentric circles

And we laughed at the foolish men  
who will buy our balls to lose them

Drink, my boys,  
Find your soul,  
Drink, rejoice.

Breathe, my boys,  
Eternal life,  
Breathe, rejoice.

The bedroom churched,  
The worshipping organ  
Piped louder  
/Drink, boys/  
Stronger the discord  
Yet harmony  
/Find your soul/  
Sadistic tearing at my flesh  
Pulling at my skin to find  
A newer one reborn  
/Drink, rejoice!

It is true that winter freezes  
All tries to never comes...  
Still, there are snakes in summer...

The matrons stroked my head  
My blonde hair was wet  
And beads collected on my snakey skin

You must drink this,  
Do you not want to live again?  
Do you not want to live to recover?  
Christmas is coming.

It was night  
So I drank their wine  
Thinking of worms I've met  
Dangling in air like living rubber

Quickly I fell asleep  
Waiting to awake reborn.

Over here!  
She waved  
A little girl smile  
Holding something glossy green:  
A toad!  
How lucky I said  
We now have a pet  
We'll name him T for toad  
She laughed at me  
I felt her warmth tan my soul  
Light up my face

It was noon of a clear day  
And a very proud sun

We went back to the house for lunch  
Noon always helps my step bounce.  
Even in the mud my body seemed very light;

With the changing of the guards  
I find me free

With the changing of the seasons  
I find me

Quisch  
We toed the mud almost home  
And she found a Wilson:  
Thirty five cent  
I answered  
Hosing her feet then mine  
With the neighbor's hose  
With a prayer

Look the boys  
Black ant step  
With hard shoes  
Crunching hard  
With strong rubber souls  
The breath of living  
Into quisch  
Concentric quisch

Leaves are browning

And in comfort from the swelter  
I run my miles in the harvest air

I pass Robert in the woods,  
And as most woods have damp rocks  
That stand fortress for the ants,  
Robert tends his ants  
Waiting for vacation of the winter  
Waiting for Christmas --

But look the ants  
wake from their illusion.

The motor sounded, beating a knifing slice  
Into my golf ball head it ripped at my conscious actions  
To put the tires one on one until the sixth,  
Then we tied together with a four  
Then we tied together with four  
Then we tied together  
Then no more, there was a ceiling.  
We had only two bodies  
To work the mountain --  
The sound rode me on my back  
It tried to step on my hands  
And the hands of all the others. --



Old man T mumbled to us gummy,  
And went cool as the cycle drove directly up

- work T, rejoice -  
- work boys, rejoice -  
(T was a boy like the rest of us\*  
- be glad of work, boys -

And revolution is such  
A mud-vast field  
Where stepping quisches variety  
That is overrun by water,  
Something we find may be a worm.  
The man is worm, is rubber;  
O, come with us, T, anyway.

John waves a comic dying  
From the ledge he falls into the quarry.  
It eats his form for a moment...

Drink T,  
Find your soul,  
Drink like me  
Eternal life.  
Drink these worms darling.

A swim after work  
Cleans off the warehouse rubber  
Sooths the skin,  
Washes sweat into nectar, into wine.  
We usually dive into the nectar  
Our bodies usually drink the wine.  
And we glide on our backs  
Watching for overhanging tree greens  
That tell of the sharp-rocked banks  
We must avoid because there is no lifeguard.  
We drink stronger than the hungry water.

Morning awoke showering blessings;  
The light reflected from her beauty magnifying it...  
Then she said those concentric words:  
Honey our toad T is gone...

My mind chanted...  
Our toad T  
Old man T  
Where could he be  
Would I could with him be

O, come, my darling, thought the mud-vast field --  
We'll pump summer for its sweat, its rubber --  
We'll squeeze juice from the sun --

Then we'll drink of wine together  
in a rubbered air.

*James Grubill*



Coiled imagination aches toward some  
four corner cross-road on a  
hill crest of the mind

A Tao touch thrusts up  
makes me spend down  
a run of the land

Morning light

if from the South going  
Eve lit if by North coming

Wintery Eastern legacy

having been

Summery West to be

is to be

is to be

is to be



