



**P
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As you break through the white line of sun
You will find many things different since your departure.
The first thing is the spaciousness of your abstractions.
Fear not, for these are messages from your subliminal brain center
warning you of impending knowledge.
This is but the first of many inner and outer characteristics
subject to change.
You will notice your reach is longer.
This also is fallacy.
For your reach is not longer.
Everything is closer.
As you sink deeper and deeper into the terrestrial planes.
You will feel a warning sensation about your upper cranium.
This is but superficial notice of atmospheric interest
in your diminutive meaning on the cosmic scale (naturally).

There are few things to be cautious of.
First, of course, is your oneness.
For this cannot be tolerated.
Identification with knowledge is the greatest obstacle to wisdom.

As your indoctrination and preliminaries continue,
We will know if you are qualified for higher places
or if you should return beyond the sun,
to be more ready for cosmic harmony.

If you qualify, you will then be transferred to the
Great Opportunity Development
Where you shall be rewarded and added to
the sacred wheel.
Labor, Pain and Joy.

Thomas Hartman

Editor's Foreword

About four years ago the Pegasus Literary Magazine was in its infancy. Fortunately it was a healthy baby blessed over the years by such fine writers as Thom D'Orazio, George Buddy and Matt Sadusky.

The baby has grown each year to something bigger and better. Its popularity on campus has grown with vigor, publication after publication.

In 1971 the child endured a publication transfusion by its editor Dana Imperato. He in that year tried and successfully printed a parody of sorts. Imperato, in a form of comic relief duplicated the format of Playboy Magazine. The twenty - four page center section, titled Playbum (A Pegasus Parody), complemented the literary pages of the magazine. It was the most successful issue to date.

Pegasus 1973 has finally reached its maturity. With the help of the contributing writers, the guidance of Mr. Dave Patterson and Mr. De Prospero and help in layout from Joe Moore the current issue is far better than any previous year.

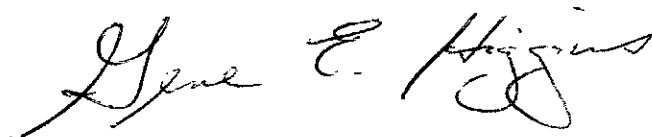
The innovation of different colored pages will hopefully add mood and liveliness. The art section, printed in purple ink on orange stock can be appreciated for its own sake.

This years' issue has more than just eye appeal, it offers some extremely good reading. It has seven enjoyable short stories and the poetry has as many different themes as there are poems.

The photos contributed by Joe Moore offer illustration beyond compare.

I would like to thank our associate editors for the essential part they played in making this magazine a reality. I also hope the reader will enjoy and appreciate the work put into the magazine.

Gene E. Higgins



Editor-in-Chief

The cover was created by Robert Marquiss, from the House of Marquiss studio in Bryn Mawr. Bob is an extraordinary artist-illustrator and is presently working on an illustrated book of ecology satire. His address is 244 Lee Circle, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Date?

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Resurrection

To sleep deeper than sleep and lie in stillness,
Not to stir again untill the hour strikes,
When all awake to rattle decayed and gruesome
Bodies to life in macabre tombs.
Death's grip upon the soul is loosened and
Life flickers as a weak candle flame in
Gusts of air from an open window.
The stench of hideous corpses rises from the
Ground like smoke from a fire.
Slowly, rotted flesh is restored and clings
To the bones of tattered bodies, which after
Countless millennia again appear human in form.

Like migrating animals they knew in
Mortal life, the bodies emerge from all of the
Lands and seas and journey toward the celestial
East, to the Gates of the Kingdom.
There are those who expected this second
Awakening and those thought their eyes
Were never again to be opened.
The total sum and strength of all humanity
Shivers in fear as God is realized
And Judgment is awaited.

The Book of Life is brought fourth and in
Unison voices, mankind accounts for his deeds.
The tears of the evil are like flooding rivers
And raging whirlpools in which they
Drown--unable to die.
The tears of those devoted to kindness are
Few and fall sweetly without fear.
When man's story comes to an end,
An Angel reads from the Book of Life
The names inscribed; and the sentence is
Announced to the anxious masses of humanity.
All of those judged good are called to the
Golden Gateway, and for them joy is boundless.
The key is inserted by the Angel, and the gates
Open to the select few who are embraced
And taken to the Marriage Alter of the Lamb.

All of those judged evil are drawn deeper
Into the whirlpools founded of tears which
Are now pools of fire, and each according to his
Degree of Iniquity is assigned an accompanying
Punishment; Those that spat upon the Son
Are now spat upon with fire, an everlasting
Torment, the inescapable pain of the wrath of God.
All evil is damned to earth's bowels where death

Would be heaven, for death knows not the consciousness
Of torment, nor sensation of cold, decayed flesh.
Just the mindless existence in non-existence equaled
Only by the infinity before conception in the womb.
It would be far better that these souls unfortunate
Were in the grave's grip than to have heels licked
In flame's agony everlasting.

Tom Mullian

Hiking Through A Distant Wood

I had taken rest under a large tree's shade
When its suprised inhabitant addressed me this way:
Ho, There! Strange thing what and whom!
Are you from new or old?
Going where and from what?
Prey, foe or neither be, appear to me
A misplaced object from the sea for
With these wings upon my back I have known
All things here old and new
Grizzly bear and tiny shrew.
You must come from water's edge.
Though I do not know and cannot care
To bid you only to stay or pass
But tell your story if you dare.

Straining my neck at the ancient oak: I said:
Its true I come from under the waves
But also fly like you above,
Have lived on mountains and under ground
and everywhere that's in between.
Descent from old, descend to new,
Friend, fiend and neither be to you
I make my nest from anything I need
I take anything I want I make
Anything I eat I bake everywhere I go I rake.
A screech arose from deep his gut
As he flew off to sound alarm.

Marty Corcoran

FAWN

Golden rays sift through the drowsy
haze of dawn, kissing the distant
hyacinth mountains.
Through towering trees, the trickling
light illumines emerald leaves
greeting an asure sky.
Lichens bathed in drops of hueless
langor as the breath of the breezes
gently rocks Nature's cradle.

Along the forest bed, with gentle,
inquisitive step comes a new
child of the woods
Auburn fur spotted white, unsure legs,
and twitching ears.

The sun sends a silent shower of
light dancing on the water and
gleaming in the tourmaline
eyes of a fawn.

Joan Logue



On Nice Days

On nice days the light makes shadows in the forest at dawn,
Mostly orange with frosty dew that clings to the leaves and
The trees and the grass, making the earth soft with soggy
Ferns that look like the trees that silhouitte against the hazy
Blue sky, diffusing the sunlight and fog through the trees.

Tom Mullian



Night Song

All the world is listening tonight
Every tree is bending low
Even the buttercups have kept their glow
Rivers are rushing to meet
Even the grasshopper's headed for the treat
Bumble bees are singing tonight
While the stars smile an everglowing light
The grass is standing tall to enhance it all
Even the mushrooms are awake tonight
The owl not shy his eyes open wide
All is one tonight - nature sings in unison
Two hearts found a haven
'neath a willow tree, blending
into a velvet night, with the
softness of the moon to guide
them - Sharing their feelings
making the ground 'neath them
warm. Hear their song, mellow
as a nightingale - moving closer
and closer till one voice one
heart sings to the night.

Sandy Schiavoni

Horizons

Where do we go in sleep?
Do we wander deep
In wishes grown during the bright hours of day
Like mushrooms under glass
Waiting for the feast of sleep to come
That we might pass...
Over the horizons without a ticket
A giant ship takes us over the land
And those who wish to fly
Are given seagulls' wings to try...

But ship and train and bird are told
All to return at the crack of dawn.
Only the children are left to play
among the daisies
And dogs in heaven
to live among the stars...

Sue Walter



Christopher

TO TALK NOW ABOUT CHRISTOPHER is a very strange thing, and to think back now and recall the things we did and said, and the things that happened, is like the study of a short era.

We were best friends for a year. The first time I ever saw him was at a party and I was a bit afraid of him at first because he acted so tough. He had a hat on and he was strutting around like one of the "dead end kids," Leo Gorcey even. When he came over to me and started talking, I could tell that he wasn't really like that.

He told me that his name was Christopher Timothy Mc Guire, and that he was twenty years old. I thought it was strange the way he told me his whole name like that, usually people just tell you their first names for some reason.

After we talked for a while I told him, "You really look exactly like a skinny Warren Beatty." He laughed and said, "Everyone tells me that."

Time passed so quickly. We were drinking gin and tonics and the conversation seemed to flow endlessly. We were talking about our lives and he told me that he quit school when he was sixteen. He went on like this, "I went to Catholic school and it seemed as though every nun I had hated me. They told me that I was a young juvenile delinquent, and that I'd end up in the electric chair someday. They sent me to the lavatory every day, without fail, to tuck in my shirt-tail and comb my hair." Christopher had this naturally curly hair that always did look uncombed. "Sometimes I'd refuse, but those nuns had their ways of persuading people." When Christopher would tell me those things I would laugh so hard because of the way he acted out and recreated each scene. He could imitate a nun's voice, facial expression, and the sounds of faces being slapped so well that I could really remember all of those crazy typical things happening, having gone to a Catholic school myself.

AFTER HE LEFT SCHOOL, he told me, he entered into his "gangster period." He went on like this, "I'd sleep till around noon and then go to the corner to see how many Bennies I could buy with my last five dollars. Every day seemed the same. None of my friends had jobs, so we made money selling ounces of four parts oregano and one part marijuana to former boyscouts that transferred their interests to corner hanging and getting high. That was a few years ago though. Some of the guys are still on the

same corner, doing the same things, but some of them are dead now. Two of the guys were stabbed in a gang fight, one died from an overdose, and one of my closer friends committed suicide." It was so hard for me to understand the idea of a "gang" and how a guy could enter into a stage like that and consistently remain that way. The close union that these guys held for each other and the concept of "The Corner" escaped me. I asked him about this once, and I asked him why he stopped going to the corner and he quoted a line from a song whose title I forget now. He said, "All that stayed was dying and all that lived was getting out." Christopher could quote a song line to answer any question, he had an incredible memory.

We became very good friends and we saw each other every Saturday, as I had school the rest of the week. We had such good times together. I had this plan to culture him and to take him to some really cool places, but he always ended up informing me with his vast knowledge of life and his incredible head for music. He could tell me about any album and could give me the names and histories of each performer, and the instruments they played for each song.

For his birthday, I gave him a watercolor painting that I did and he told me, "I've never had anyone treat me so nicely before without any ulterior motives." That was one thing about Christopher, he really grew up mistrusting people because of his many bad experiences.

I really loved those days together. We both felt so free of responsibility and often sat for hours discussing his incredible religious philosophies, and the obvious depression of the "Working Class Hero's." We both saw the lives of so many people our age following the same depressing pattern as our middle class parents. They were getting married right out of high school. The guys would get jobs, like their fathers', in Westinghouse or G.E., where they would work till retirement so they could rest on their meager pensions, while the girls made up hope chests like their mother's where they would place not only their linens, but their dreams. All too soon the girls would have children, housewifery would become a drudge, and the guys would soon resent the burdens or responsibilities placed on their young shoulders. Neither of us had ever been employed and saw nothing in our lives but continued Saturdays of enjoying life. We both dreamed of becoming independently wealthy and we fantasized owning a huge house in the woods with beautiful gardens. We would throw par-

ties like the Fitzgeralds' and invite Joni Mitchell, James Taylor and Carley, Bob Dylan, John and Yoko, Robert Plant for Jimmi Page, and the "gangster for love," Stevie Miller—just famous rich people like us. We imagined sitting in the gardens while each of us performed, and getting high by smoking marijuana which would be filtered through the branches of our Libocedrus decurrens, commonly known as the Incense Cedar tree.

CHRISTOPHER MADE ME LAUGH so often. Aside from his Leo Gorcey act, he constantly amused me with his imitations of John Lennon and Robert Plant of Led Zepplin. He could quote anything Lennon said in his Beatle days, and had his voice, along with the voice of Robert Plant, imitated to perfection.

Once when we went to the art museum we were standing with a group of tourists when Christopher put on his Lennon act and quoted a line he said in '68.

"When I was about twelve, I used to think I must be a genius, but nobody's noticed. If there is such a thing as a genius I am one; if there isn't, I don't care."

Everyone looked at us like we were crazy, so we just walked away, discussing in English accents the possibilities of extranormal forces tending on a positive reaction, and the results obtained when these forces are combined.

Christopher told me once that when he took LSD he changed his gangster image of drinking and carousing and began his John Lennon career. He became so involved with the Lennon philosophy, that no matter what anyone said, "A Working Class Hero" he never would be. This didn't mean he would never get a job, this only meant he would never follow the pattern that I talked about earlier. Even when people called him a lazy slob and a bum, he'd sing, in Lennon's voice, the words to that song.

People used to say some pretty cruel things about Christopher. When he was seventeen he joined the Navy out of what he called "a crazy insane impulse to belong." His naval career lasted only two months and he was discharged for what they called "unsuitability to the military life." Anyway, word got around about this and people started saying that he was a homosexual. He told me that his harassment lasted for around two years and he reached a point where he didn't feel like fighting it any longer. He put on acts like Robert Plant, of Led Zepplin, and he could sing all of those songs exactly like him.

He never turned into a homosexual or anything, he just enjoyed acting like one.

We had such a great friendship based on a mutual trust that I think I shall never find anyone like him again. When I spoke before about his religious philosophies I didn't really go into depth, but they really were incredible. Christopher believed that Christ really existed as a man and that he was the only perfect human being. He believed in all of the saints, being partial to St. Jude and St. Anthony. He went to church every Sunday and I found this really strange, mainly because of the way the nuns treated him in school. They were often sadistic, and when I would condemn them for this and call them hypocrites to Christianity, he would exclaim, "Just don't lower yourself to their standards man, that's not where Christianity is at."

ON OUR LAST SATURDAY together, Christopher was hit by a car. He was fooling around doing his Leo Gorcey act in the street, not looking where he was going, while I was on the other side of the street looking in a window at a mechanical duck running all around. By the time I turned around it was too late. On impact, his body was thrown into the air and when he hit the ground I thought for sure he was dead. I didn't scream or anything, I guess I was in shock or something, but anyway, he started screaming and crying hysterically, "Oh Jesus Christ don't let me die, oh God don't let me die." An ambulance came and he was rushed to the hospital where they took X-rays and then released him, saying that he was ok but that he'd suffer from a few bruises. I couldn't believe it! I was still in a kind of a daze after the whole experience, but he didn't even break any bones. I got to thinking that maybe all of his religion worked, and that he was indestructible.

He had to stay in bed for a while, so I traveled into the city on the train to see him every night. I thought he appeared fine physi-

cally, but mentally he'd changed. He told me that he thought he saw death when the cat hit him. He had told me once before that when he took LSD it was to get insight into death. I laughed because I thought he was just getting into his "morbid" thing again. Then he told me that he felt his whole body slowly soaring into the air, high above traffic—I thought that it happened so fast—and that he saw his whole life flash before him. He told me that he started praying in those short aspirations the nuns tell you keep the devil out of an idle mind, and that now he couldn't believe how much thought the mind could produce in such a short time. He gave me his miraculous medal to wear and told me it would protect me. I laughed and he said, "It's just something to believe in, you wouldn't believe the power the mind psychologically possesses." I always wear it now.

Christopher died on a Friday morning for seemingly no reason at all.

I didn't go to his viewing or funeral because I think they're barbaric, and because I knew that a bunch of crazy-ass Catholics would be running around saying the rosary and no one would understand anything.

I cried and got really depressed for a long time because I felt so alone without his friendship, but I understand now. He never would have been happy alive; he was young, but as he got older things would begin to get tough. He was too perfect, and his beliefs and philosophies would never have stood up against a slap in the face from the cold cruel world—death was the only way out, and perhaps he realized this. I have stayed, but I am pliable. I can conform and shape my values until they're acceptable; he never could.

Christopher told me once, "To be where I am at, one must totally humiliate oneself."

I believe this to be true.

by Joan Logue



Rain

The raindrops that travel
down the pane of the window
that pushes out over the yard
travel down slowly
till they gather at the bottom
where they sometimes combine
but sometimes fall individually
into the gradually enlarging puddle below
where they hit, then splash,
causing the ripples to spread
out from the center.

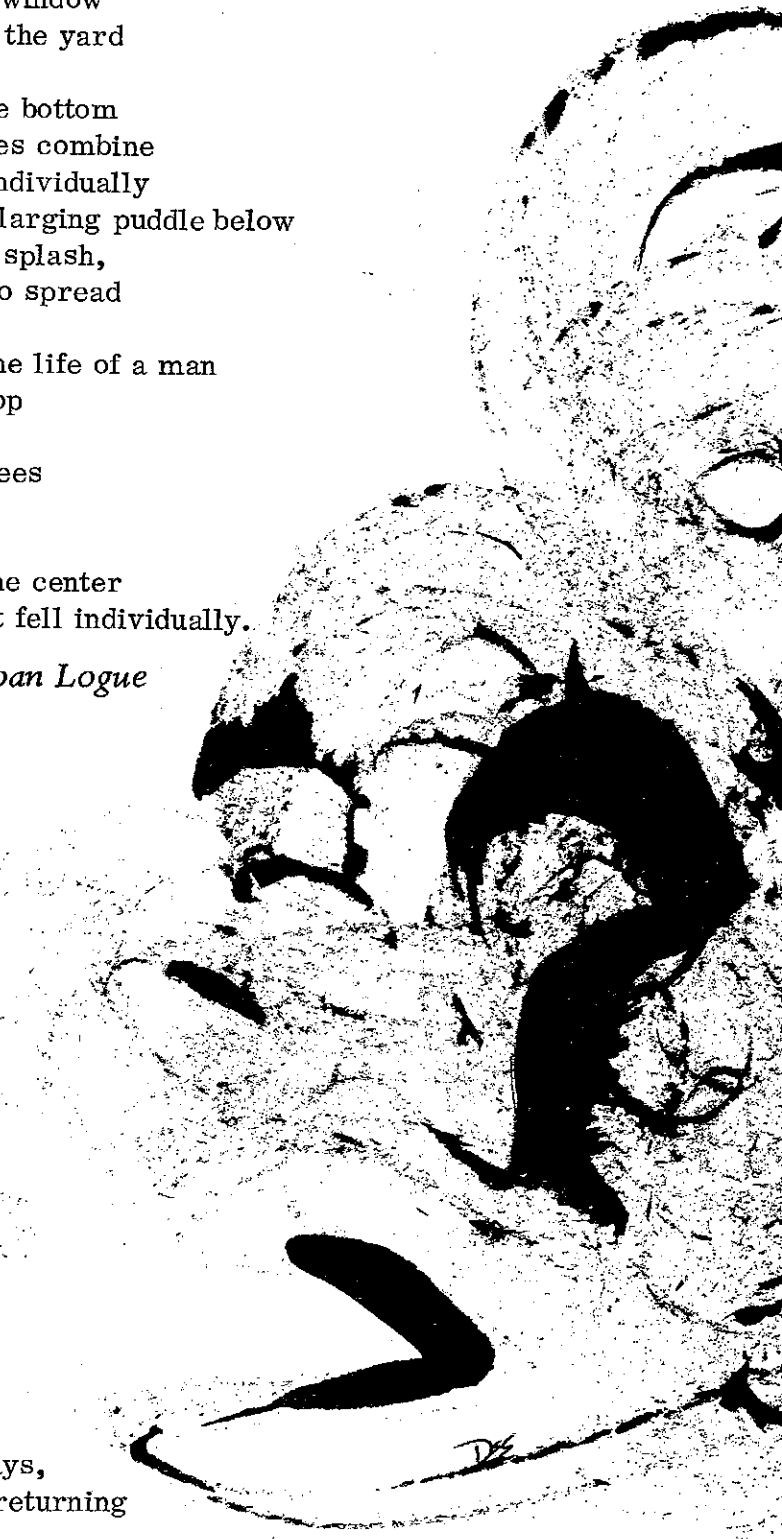
Its just like that in the life of a man
that begins like a drop
of rain in a puddle:
and the changes he sees
just like expansion
cause the ripples
to spread out from the center
like the raindrop that fell individually.

Joan Logue

Sand Castles

Green, moss-covered rocks,
salted down with the ocean's delight,
faded footsteps flavored with broken
clams and sand,
a rowboat, a log, an empty
paper cup,
a half of a sand castle,
a sea gull sifting through ruins
of another day's activities
to recover a morsel of nourishment,
a man, perched upon the ties of the walkways,
envisioning himself drifting away with the returning
tide, is crying.

Mark Kray



Grey Dreams

We dream of life and what could be,
We build our world of dreams as lofty as the clouds

Grey is the color of a courageous man's dream
The imagination appears as the wind
Spurring the fire that burns in one's mind
Man yearns to live his grey dreams

Some dream in black and white only
And grey remains as lonely
As a child abandoned by his mother

Grey dreams need love and encouragement
Otherwise they tend to wither and die

Jackie Briscoe

Automated Oblivion

Stone cold cast iron breath
an expression of selflessness oozes
from loose fitting energies
Hard and final escape from joy
any self-respecting snail would die of malnutrition.
The silence of a time gone by is all about your ears.
broken bones of broken beings
beckon from the bier.
The electrically automated oblivion suffices---
faster than the speed of mind.
O Mistrust of Man jigsawing reality
Where is your heart?
Is it wandering through once true truths
ignorant that evolution has phased itself out?
Pity the dead who cannot die.
Pity the bleeding who can't.
The tears of a lifetime will flow to no avail,
As only the weepers will know of their weeping.
God and the devil shall sigh as one
in the folly of their contrivance.

Thom Hartman



Sadie

WITH THE DRYING FIELDS of corn to my back and my twin sister Pat at my side, I can hardly contain my excitement. Full of mixed emotions, I take time once again to look at this immense and devastating structure before me, this human warehouse called Wheeler State Hospital. I think redundant thoughts, then my mind shifts back to the present—back to Sadie.

Footsteps and the sound of jingling keys in the distance tell me the night supervisor is coming to our assistance. She lets us in, and, like every other week, I am momentarily overcome by the stench. On the wall to my left is the plaque; I can't help staring at it in disbelief. My teeth grind as I read those words which are permanently embossed in my memory: **"Building B is Appropriated the Superintendent's Award for High Treatment Standards for the Year 1971."** When was 1971? It most certainly could not have been last year.

We exchange pleasantries with the attendant as she fumbles for the elevator key. The number "2" lights up in red. We thank her three or four times and hurry over to the West side. Pat presses the buzzer impatiently.

"Hello, Mrs. Brown."

"Hi, girls. You go on up the front. She's all ready, waitin' for you there."

We thank Mrs. Brown for having her ready.

Up ahead from around the corner comes Sadie. She stands there looking down the long, dark, barren hall, with its freshly-mopped green linoleum floor—it is always wet, either from a recent mopping or from the need to be mopped. Sadie's face lights up with recognition before she is halfway down the hall; her arms are outstretched to receive us.

Standing there like that, she looks like a scarecrow who could have walked in from the corn fields outside. She is all dressed-up for us in a regulation hospital gown and a moth-eaten red sweater, both taken from the ward's communal wardrobe. As she shuffles

toward us, we hear the clomp-clomp of her sneakers—those white, laceless, boat-sized sneakers. Keen to her every movement, we are on our guard to catch her should she spill out of them again.

After a long, joyful welcome and the exchange of kisses, Pat and I flank Sadie, leading her emaciated body to the visiting area. On the way we pass the remains of many old women in their perpetual sleep. The beds are set in rows like cemetery plots, the metal headboards sticking up like tombstones.

While Pat eases her down on the bench, I pull up two chairs, taking my place at Sadie's right. Then that familiar queer feeling overtakes me. I am in the presence of some magnificent and noble person. Sadie is on a golden throne, dressed in flowing tapestry and purple robes, and I feel very humble before her. Suddenly, her throne transforms into a black steel bench and her robes into rags before my eyes. But her majestic manner never leaves her. She is still very much a queen, and we, her court.

For the first time in a week, I stare intently at Sadie. Short-cropped, snow-white hair frames a pleasant face, a face I know so well. I look for new wrinkles and am still amazed at how well-preserved her face is, even with the passage of 90 years' time. Perhaps more amazing is the glow of life in her eyes, eyes that have seen the horrors of institutional life for nearly 70 years. Somehow transcending all this, she has an air of dignity about her. She sits there with her chin up high and her hands folded in her lap, like an Indian squaw. As I reach for one of these stiff hands, pale and cold from arthritis, I wish she could still use them to speak sign language, the only language she has ever known. When she sees me reach for her hand, she pokes me in the stomach to give me a start. I am sorry she can't hear my laughter; I'd like to tell her of the joy she brings me. Being deaf and dumb since birth, she is adept at communicating with her face and hands. By her expression and her charm, she tells Pat and me how glad she is to see us; then, she applauds our reunion with her.

Pat pinches Sadie's nose; she jumps up in pretended surprise and responds by doing an Egyptian dance. Her dead hands come to life as she sets them in motion. She rolls them, then points her right hand at me, her left at Pat, the whole performance being noticeably symmetrical. She closes her eyes and bows.

AFTER ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES of non-verbal "conversation," Pat and

I each take one of her cold hands and rub them systematically between ours. The delighted look on Sadie's face tells us how it tingles, how good it is to feel life in them once again.

While trying to divide her attention equally between us, she winks at Pat; Pat finger-spells something to her. I listen to the sound of the pigeons on the windowsill behind her, behind windows so dirty they partially succeed in preventing the pale gray-blue of the early night from descending upon us. Then, I spot some ants marching on the inside of the windows, on the ledge, and down the wall about a foot behind Sadie.

Behind me I hear the lady in the second bed and see her broken reflection in the windows, but I don't turn around. Her wrists are crossed, her hands pointed at us like flesh-and-bone guns and she is making that funny, spitting noise. Finally, she lays down quietly as she always does.

IT IS GETTING LATE; I pour the juice while Sadie eats the cake and banana Pat gives her. She rubs her tummy in thanks. Six inches from my sneaker a mouse sits, inviting himself to our little party.

I search for any fallen crumbs, to avoid nurturing the building's other undesirable inhabitants. As my eyes glance upward, the blackness of the night makes me mindful of the time. At first, I try to put it out of my mind; then, I try to think of a way to tell her we have to leave. Instead, I nudge Pat. She nudges me back.

Taking Sadie's hand in one of my own, I finger-spell *i-t i-s g-e-t-t-i-n-g l-a-t-e* and wave my hand away, telling her we have a

long way to go. Her look changes from happiness to surprise to sadness, and finally, to understanding.

I help her up while Pat puts the chairs away. Together, the three of us walk slowly to the aide station.

As we approach the station, a few roaches scatter into the bundles of dirty laundry. The attendant says she'll be with us in a minute, and we watch her tie together the hands of an old woman. When the naked woman turns to look at us, I recognize her—she is the one whose eyes I've seen peering out of Seclusion Room 2 countless times.

I turn to Sadie now. The expression on her face seems to be asking me "Why?" Her watering eyes make me conscious of my own. Blinking hard and forcing a smile on my face, I pinch her cheeks, but she doesn't smile. I kiss her and tell her we'll be back next week, and I cross my heart and promise.

The attendant stands by impatiently. We finally break loose from Sadie's grip. Once more, I turn to look at her hunched body. She is still watching us; she will watch until we are out of sight.

She holds up her crooked index finger and tells us that she is one, that she is alone.

Worriedly, I hold up three fingers and point from Sadie to Pat, from Pat to myself, and then back to Sadie. I tell her there are three of us, that she is not alone.

She still stands there, holding up that one finger, with a look of both despair and hope on her face.

God, I wish she could count.

by Janice Olsen

Sonnet .IX

As castles crumble and kingdoms succumb
To heaven's blast or heaven's hell
And all Rome's roads lead to none
But ruins where no soul can dwell
And all great hopes like pillars tumble
To a heap that was once a home
Of peace in this land of trouble
No emperor's power nor tyrant's throne
Can bend with his noble sovereignty;
I run derelict, but soothed, in terror
Of invading fears and anarchy
To an Eden closed safe from war

For below the blue skies of your loving eyes
My fabulous palace in your heart lies

Robert Walz



Time - X !!

Being bored with bathing in the same old way,
I stood on my head in the shower one day.
The change from the sameness at once was grand
So I contemplated Sperry-Rand.

I soon discovered that my strange inversion
Was fast giving way to unwelcome submersion.

The face of my watch jumped up to speak,
"Get out of this water! I'll be damp for a week!"
"As a matter of fact, I was thinking of docking,
But for an electric watch, your speech is quite shocking."
"I admit my speech must be quite jolting,
But the result of this moisture is rather re-volting."
"This is having an adverse effect on your power, I see."
"As a matter of fact my power's D. C.
But remove now the water or my mainspring won't flex."
I replied, "You won't fail, 'cause you're a Timex.
Whatever the stress, whatever the licking,
You're guaranteed to go on ticking."
He began wringing his hands, minute with hour,
And cried "Get me out of this horrible shower!
It's true my guarantee never lies,
But does only what it implies!"
I began then to realize, I really had troubles,
For the rest of our speeches were lost in the bubbles.
I gathered myself in an upright stance,
Dried myself, and put on my pants.
I then placed my watch on the window to dry,
And went back to retrieve it, by and by.
The gears were rusted, and the hands are sticking,
You can't tell time, but it keeps on ticking.
(There is a purpose behind my rhyme,
Would someone, please, tell me the time?)

Tom Roark

Untitled

and I,
not knowing which way,
or of any way to turn,
forgetting the four directions
and what they mean, recall
there is a girl scout compass in an old suitcase back home
that's someplace
someplace where a rusty compass is waiting
to tell me how to travel
if only it isn't too rusty
do girl scout compasses go bad, run down, wear out
as i have?
i tremble
seeing it in my pale white hand as it reaches for the pale
green telephone
like a flower,
the operator should know what to do--
she says "information."
i don't like the feel of her
but pull myself together and try nonchalantly
to explain my predicament.
as she tells me that everyone has won and all are
are entitled to prizes.
before i have a chance to ask her what the game is the
receiver is at first
placidly
and then more and more gradually irritatingly singing
in my ear
i think i shall die with the phone in my hand
so putting it in a box
it is rendered harmless
that is something i know
where i am not going
in a box
i love you
don't ever put me in a box
need air
like the flowers growing wild
cleansed by the rain
blown by the wind
shall i go?

Candice Lloyd



Southwest Passage

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON when I stopped to make camp for the night at a place on the Arizona side of the Colorado River. When I pulled in beneath the trees, the light from a cooking fire down by the river's edge was punctuated by a dog's bark. A man I judged to be in his 40's, dressed in faded work clothes and a blue cap, came toward me and said hello. We shook hands and as he had camped there first, I asked if I might join him for the night. His answer was an invitation to come down to the fire for a cup of boiled coffee.

Bob was a migrant worker who has been on the road for over five years. He left the Navy after nine years service, "so I could do an honest days work." When he works (he hadn't for two months) he keeps some of the fruit and vegetables for his own use and as a barter item to gain other necessities. The interior and trunk of Bob's car were as bountiful as the horn of plenty with booty from his last job. His traveling companion was a half-coolie-half-wolf he called Spike. "Strictly a one man dog," Bob repeatedly warned me, so I would not act careless and get bitten. The two of them had an agreement for survival: food in exchange for protection. Spike was never more than five feet away from Bob that entire evening and it was obvious that the slightest aggressive move toward Bob by anyone would have been met by a mouthful of fangs.

Together they follow the sun and crop harvests in a delapidated '54 Chevy sedan. Besides food, the car is stocked with every necessity and a few conveniences that they need to get by. The front seat falls down to

make a double bed for them when the weather prevents sleeping outside. Spike has a water dish rigged to a five gallon supply in the trunk. The whole affair is connected in such a way that the dish is never empty unless the bottle in the trunk needs filling.

DINNER WAS A CONGLOMERATION of both our resources. It turned out to be sausage, beans, fresh vegetables and fruit. I cleaned the plates while Bob made a fresh pot of coffee and then we sat by the fire while the stars came up and cars rolled by about thirty feet away. We talked about recent weather and the country each of us had been through in the last few days. His descriptions of some places were so intense that I could feel his revelry in the beauty and grandeur of the American Southwest.

He gave me tips about how and where to get a job picking fruit. More important, he told me things that only an experienced picker knows—the methods one must employ if he is to get paid for the work that he has done. "Make sure, boy, that you make the checker sign your tally sheet. Them bastards would take money from their own mother."

Fortunately, Bob was an early-to-bed individual. I had just spent three days in the desert and although I was glad for someone to talk to, my body demanded sleep. I had put my bag out while dinner was cooking, so all that remained was to roll into it and let my aching body recuperate for about twelve hours. Before I fell asleep, I made a promise to myself that at the first opportunity I would hire on as an orange picker. That later proved to be one of the worst decisions of my life; when I did pick oranges for ten hours about two weeks later I received only eight dollars.

The sun came up earlier than I wanted it to and was turning my bag into a broiler when I became aware of the sweat pouring from me. I whiffed the unmistakable smell of coffee brewing and boiling over the top of the pot. I crawled out of the bag-turned-suana-bath and headed directly into the river. My reaction to the liquid glacier left Bob shaking with laughter. "Gotcher eyes open now?" he mocked as I came scrambling out of the river frozen to the marrow.

After a breakfast of two oranges and several cups of Bob's brew, I packed and said goodbye. Before I left, he showed me several spots on the map where I could find roadside rests that had running water and free shelter. And Spike allowed me to pat him.

by J. Moore

Fear of Ridicule

Perhaps it is the weather, or maybe the seasons
that play upon circumstance, causing the inevitable
outcome.

Perhaps it is the individual will and hope mixed
among the torrent of countless other aspirations
that compose the script that we unconscious
actors perform.

Perhaps it is his intervening hand that dictates
our lives and the resolution of our efforts.

Each fleeting year we continue arbitrary wanderings
through the maze of opportunities executing
our random bargaining with life.

Objectives melt into obscurity as the presence of
absurd formalities acts as deterrent and cloaks them.

Pressed for time, we watch the clock--failing
to see what the hour is.

We thrash about fluidly in the quicksand of
technology, striving in agonizing steps to
bring order, order to fears

order to fear
Fear!!

Fear to ridicule, fear of not cutting the ice,
fear of inadequacy, fear of blindness,
fear of seeing, fear of hearing, fear of
not having, fear of living, fear of dying.

Always pushing forward creeping progress and jump
across the hot beach catching glimpses
of partially covered breasts, swaying with
luscious body movements.

And cool licking breezes and sun warmth cushion
around my body, sleeping secure, safe from
harshness.

Comforting ocean heartbeat waves are protection and no cares but delight.
no cares but delight.

Touch, sensuous touch of moist skin causing
kissing, swooning with swelling with unexpected
eruption!

Safe! you hear! Safe!

Ahhh, early evening and mellow thoughts at
dinner by candlelight sipping wine.
Smiling, looking at her, from the corner of my
eye seeing haze room round her crystal
features flawless.
Toasting health and happiness, drunk with
delight muttering child-like gibberish.
kissing her parted lips, squeezing her delicate
body.
Safe, you hear, safe.

Mmmm, the thick walls of a whiteroom with
soft hairs and no sharp objects they don't trust me
A pristine room with pretty lights from above
and little men peering at the window
with eager clipboard pencils.

They think I'm alone but I'm not.
I'm lying with my head on your lap as you soft
stroke my hair with velvet hands.
Safe, hear you, safe.
Safe, within these warm lovely walls
where no one mentions that awful word
fear.

Tom Mullian

Axis

The grass was brown as winter wind could make it,
The trees were blunt; grey-green against the bitter sky,
The remains of a snowfall littered the earth's face,
And the air was crisp, crackling cold when it stirred--
The cold air stirred against my face and I listened,
And I heard the world whistle as it turned.

by Sue Walter

HAIRU

Wind roars, the house shakes
Through cracks and holes comes the cold
My time spent patching

by Dan Brown

Beowulf

(OR AN ALL NIGHT ORGY)

ITALIAN PRODUCTION of some grand Herculan saga, complete with giant plastic boulders. Mr. America (muscle beach) of 1952 starring. Dialogue dubbed by unenthusiastic monotone, unable to pronounce all the names. Sound track not in synch with lip movements (not suitable for deaf lip-readers).

Action scenes timed to catch you when you're on the way to dreamland. Lots of "larger-than-life" gestures by cardboard characters. I wonder if Beowulf pulverizes the door on the way to the outhouse—can't imagine him picking his nose—or a flower or feeding birds. He was probably the 1st graduate of the Dale Carnegie Self Improvement course.

—Flash to the Wide World of Sports—heavyweight wrestling championships: Beowulf vs. Mrs. Grendel (Howard Cosell at ringside).

—Alternate riff—"At the Opera" (a la Wagner).

Scene one: Heavy velvet curtain rises on gaudy flats (rugged coastline—viking-type ship approaching across the movable cardboard waves). Overweight bass corseted in gold colored girdle, rhinestoned scabbard on hip paces deck as shore line approaches. He stops on prow to sing: a 65 word declaration of his prowess in the art of self love spiced with appropriate references to God almighty (the latest fad) to whom he runs a close second and "when I get my hands on that bastard Grendel who's been eating all that Danish pastry, I'm going to rip his ugly arm from its ugly socket because I'm the strongest man in rural Scandinavia—(all in one breath!).

Scene two: Interior of an opulent hall whose opulence is diminished only by the blood stains on the floor and a few busted chairs because our host has been having a run of bad luck with this neighbor who likes to eat his drinking buddies.

Action: Fragile tenor in gray wig with droopy robe sans a few jewels (which are in the pawn shop because the mortgage on this pad is outrageous—but what are you going to do when you're too old to fight, other than impress your neighbors with a flashy abode and throw a few parties) pacing the floor, wringing his hands and singing: "I wish that Beowulf guy from the Pinkerton agency would hurry up and get here cause I'm having a party tonight and I don't want that masher Grendel eating anymore of my company!"—And then there's ... **Beowulf's Complaint**—No. 1 best seller.

"Action packed ... the revealing story of a small town boy's conquests in a Scandinavian sea town ... the bizarre violence which erupts at an all-night orgy is unforgettable."—**New York Times**

"The moving drama of Mrs. Grendel's grief for her dead son (he was such a good boy) would break your heart!"—**Jewish Exponent**

"This story of one man's 'winner take all' encounter with the bizarre monsters of a Scanadinavian hamlet is not to be believed!"—**Male Magazine**

"Well known killer, Beowulf, illustrates some helpful tips for bagging the big ones on your next trip to Scandinavia."—**Field and Stream Magazine**

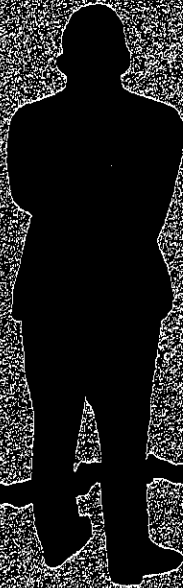
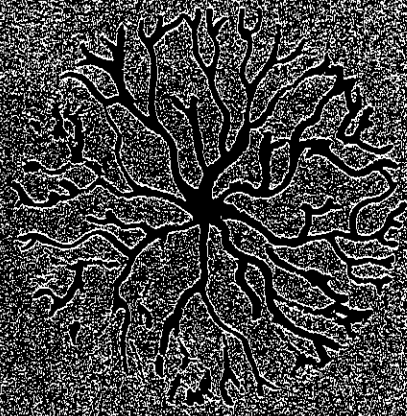
by Glen Furgeson

Art For Its Own Sake









Passing into the other mindlessness
I found I could see
What I never saw.
I found I could see
The past,
The present,
The future, though
Was a shadowy thing
Of illusion and imagination
Only existing in time,
Not in place,
Not in person,
But existing.
So I want
With only illusion
and imagination
To guide me.

Dan Brown

A Genesis

The Lamb's children wait and ecstasy is omnipresent.
Then, in delirium of joy, they gaze upon
The Son; and ears are pierced with
Arrows of Divine Love; each Man, Woman,
And Child receives the Kiss of Eternal Life.
Suddenly appears the face of God, The Father,
And all are on their knees; then
In tears of happiness, praises are sung.
The Angels, too, sing to the celestial symphony,
And all secrets are revealed
Man is now as he was created to be: Immortal.
He is met by other worlds' children, infinite
In number, different in form but of spiritual oneness.
And the Scriptures are fulfilled as all forms of
Life are contained in God's universal embrace.

Tom Mullian

ROTTING

the canopy is slowly rotting
as the venom runs its course
and the fisher king is no longer impotent
although the long night of repression has eaten away at his brains

the hanged man is still hanging yet
he no longer wears his patient countenance
for the vultures have plucked flesh from his skull

somehow as they became complacent
with the changelessness of sterility
there was no more the struggle unto death
know as living.

Candice Lloyd



Almost Home

IT WAS EXACTLY 1800 HOURS, or 6:00 P.M., as he preferred, when the truck deposited Johnson and him at the sand-bagged bunker. Every time he had guard duty he was sure that his section would be overrun by the enemy and he would be one of the first to die. This worrying was taking its toll on him. In the almost eleven months that he had been in the country, he had aged about ten years. Now with only thirty-six more days left in this Hell hole of a country, the worrying had become more intense. The lines around his eyes from constant squinting; the furrowed brow; the nicotine stained index finger and thumb from the constant stream of cigarettes—gave him the look of thirty years instead of the twenty years that he was.

The first six hours were not hard for him because Johnson and he had decided to do six hours on and six hours off, instead of the two on and two off cycle that was prescribed by the S.O.P. for guard duty. They knew that if they followed the S.O.P. they would be awake all night, but this way there was a little hope for some sleep. Even though his clothes were quite damp from perspiration, he soon drifted off, for he had had a busy day.

It seemed to him that he had just gotten settled on the cot when Johnson was shaking him. The first thought that raced through his mind was that they were being attacked, but a quick glance at Johnson reassured him. He knew that it was now his turn to spend six long, lonely hours staring into the darkness.

As he got up Johnson took his place on the cot. He walked over to the front of the bunker and, as he wiped the sleep from his eyes, checked over his weapons. If the enemy did attack, he didn't want to be caught with a jammed or unloaded weapon. After inspecting his small arsenal, he settled into position looking down the slope that was covered with miles and miles of concertina wire.

He checked his watch for the third time since he'd gotten up; and when he realized that it had been only five minutes since he last looked at his watch, he cursed silently

to himself. This was the time that he hated most. There wasn't anything for him to do but sit there and stare silently into the blackness while the sweat slowly trickled down his face. During the day it was much hotter but it didn't bother him so much then because he could curse it out loud.

During the day he was too busy with work to think about home, but out here in the silent darkness his mind raced the 8,000 or so miles to home and family where he longed to be. After almost eleven months of rotten food, the ever present heat, and either slimy mud or choking dust, he wanted to go home more than ever. After all this misery he knew that he just had to make it home safely. Now, with only thirty-six more days left in the country, his worrying became almost unbearable.

HE WAS ABOUT TO MOVE around a little to get the stiffness out of his body when the hair on the back of his neck stood on end. What was that noise he heard? Was someone trying to crawl through that mass of concertina wire? Was it a dog foraging for food, or was his mind just working overtime, causing him to imagine things? He stared so intently down the slope in front of him that his eyes began to ache. It was only after several minutes of absolute silence and not seeing any movement that he began to relax a little.

As he wiped a drop of sweat off the end of his nose with his shirt sleeve, he realized with relief that the sun was beginning to rise. He checked his watch for about the hundredth time in less than six hours and found that it was 5:45. By the time he had gotten Johnson up and they had both gathered up their weapons, the truck was there to pick them up.

They tossed their weapons onto the truck and climbed in. As they were riding back to their barracks, and comparative safety, he glanced at the sun, which was well above the horizon now; and he realized that he would have to see the sun rise only thirty-five more times and then he would be home safe.

by Geoffrey Smith

AMBROSIA

From an ebony altar a priest mumbles quiet prayers
to the tattered empty tiers, rotted by faithful time.
Leaning heavily upon the preacher's podium, words begin
to border on incoherency.
He steals another swig of sacred wine from the communion
cup, pulls the ornate sleeve of his robe across
his face, belches, and squints at the vacant
pews.
His gaze becomes an unseeing stare at meaningless rows
of perches for souls to bask in religious radiation
and rejoice in the righteous revelations of demagogues.
The temporary thrones where community padishahs sit in weekly
judgment recreate the characters of the previous
hour before the eyes of the priest.
Clutching the cup like a rosary, he straightens his
slouching body and addresses the nonexistent congregation.

"Dear friends...welcome.

A bright and cheerful welcome to you on this seventh day,
the Sabbath, as designated by our lord, the Father,
in His well-known, best-selling book.

Friends, this fantastic anthology of hair-raising tales
is comparable only to Bulfinch's Greek Mythology.

It is informative but lacks the realism of a true work
of literary genius; I consider it required
reading for all of you.

"All of you unfortunate damned souls, last night's
fornicators and drunkards, here you are creeping
like sickening serpents to the holy fane in silky
dresses and hand tailored suits of the finest
materials to feign belief in the blessed Scriptures!
Damn you!

"Yes, I am harsh, angry, and merciless unlike your jolly
green god with his dirges dripping of egotism.
Merciless Like the orifice of the great void where the
banshee sqalls the impending doom of intellectuals
bathing themselves in pedantic prose,
The downright drivel you digest like pigs at feeding time
and reiterate to your sons and daughters.
Sons and daughters who in all innocence thrust their trust
in you, with curious little faces and mouths babbling
with inquisitiveness."

The priest staggers to the life-size statue of the
Virgin Mary and puts his arm affectionately around
her waist.

With spasmodic movement he lifts the cup and drinks;
wind spills from the corners of his mouth like
a bleeding wound.

He raises his eyes to the crucifix.

"I thirst, too. Food of the Gods. Do you hear me?

Father why hast Thou forsaken me?

I eat an apple a day to grow wise.

Alas! There is no hope, my priestly patrons, no hope.

God is indifferent and will not be shaken from his throne
to come down and save his meaningless creation of
sputtering plasmic animals.

And so my sermon is,"

he pauses and sloppily gulps down the remaining wine,

"to sin. Sin to your Goddam heart's content.

But dear friends, remember, it matters not, for we all
have one foot firmly entrenched in Hell."

The priest collapsed to the floor in a confused heap of
religious robes and limp limbs, unconscious as death.
The golden cup crashed to the floor, empty.

Tom Mullian

Standing silent, still.
Sentry of the silver sands.
Solitary sea gull.

Veronica Scott



William's Notes

YES, I KNEW HIM and know the strange tale involving him. And yes, I will tell it to you, though in the shortest time possible. Why? Primarily because I am a very poor story teller (and length of detail and description add only to obscurity, destroying any preciseness of speech I might possess) and secondly, because of the morbidity of the whole incident I would like to have done with it and its depressing effects as quickly as possible.

His name was William Prog, and as you have already ascertained, he was in a number of my freshman classes at Yale. He was born a cripple, a hunchback with a terribly twisted frame, but he could walk and write and perform most other physical tasks, though only with the greatest awkward clumsiness. I did not know him personally as our sole exchange of conversation never exceeded the "nice day today" stage, but nevertheless I was aware of some of the circumstances of his life. Of course then I was interested mainly in wine, women and song, and the details of such an unfortunate life did not draw my ardent attention. I had noticed, however, that he was a solitary fellow, which was probably just a matter of convenience at first (his disability made him slow and disposed to exhaustion and therefore somewhat of a burden to his rowdy college peers) but I think that later it became a type of passion with him because of the pretentious love and pride one can build around a fault nursed and lived with for so many years. He had only a few friends (many people were repulsed at first sight by his figure), one of them a female who, I heard, he knew intimately. She was a cripple like himself, and although they saw much of each other, their relationship seems to have been merely one of mutual and reciprocal pity.

He was in my physics class, which was taught by a Mr. Adler who I remember very well and who found an incredible pleasure in verbally assaulting William (or Willy Boy as he called him). But William was by no means

his only victim. I remember quite clearly a few days on which, having learned by subtle questioning that I had not studied the work assigned during the preceding class, he called me up to the blackboard and giving me a problem to calculate (as of course I could not) made me the butt of a continuous barrage of jokes and sarcasms. Nor was William spared because of his abnormality. On the contrary, he was the prime target. Exactly why Mr. Adler enjoyed abusing William especially I am not sure, neither am I qualified to judge, but my conjecture on the subject of his personality, though perhaps banal, may be somewhat enlightening. I do not think he was essentially a sadist. I think, rather, that he was a man with a crippled ego who, just as William had had to nurse his physical deformity, had nursed his mental deformity by constantly concentrating his psychic energies toward self, causing him to appear as the ultimate in ego-centricism. I think, too, that when he looked at William he saw his own mental state personified in that pathetic body and detested every inch of it as he detested his own abnormality. That he was also a perfectionist added to the conflict because William was far from perfect; he was always late for class and looked quite slovenly (because, as I have mentioned before, he was very slow and awkward).

Mr. Adler's vicious ribbings rarely dealt with William's physical deformity, but I am sure William took almost all of them in that way, as he was morbidly oversensitive about his condition and blamed every misfortune on it. At times when he was being ridiculed and thought no one saw him, I would watch his whole face pale as if turning white hot, and his lips quivered like the earth's trembling before a gargantuan volcanic eruption quick to burst from control.

ALL THIS WENT ON for quite a while, about half a year, until one day William did not show up for class. I suspected nothing unusual until about the third day of his absence when a friend of mine told me that a suicide note had been found by William's foster parents. In the note William cited Mr. Adler as the sole reason for his self made demise. William wrote that Adler "was the representation of the extreme cruelty in the world that I will always have to cope with if I continue to exist." He ended by saying that his "private battle" was too much for him and that he hoped to be happier "with a perfect body in the next world." The body meanwhile was being searched for by the police, but to no avail; William had left no clues how or where he was to do himself in. At about

the same time that I found this out, Mr. Adler began receiving notes and letters from different "anonymous" students, accusing and blaming him for William's death. Some were very crude. For example one left on his desk said simply "murderer," in newspaper type, while others, although they dealt with such a terrible subject, were written in beautiful rhetoric.

The effect all this had on Mr. Adler was greater than one might have expected. He became noticeably depressed and very irregular in his class attendance. I heard that he had visited William's foster parents a couple of times, but what had taken place at the meetings I don't know. I did find out, however, that he had been allowed to read William's own note, and that he was so visibly shaken after doing so that someone drove him home for his own safety. The story surprised me much at the time because I had taken him to be far more callous than he apparently was and could not imagine anything getting through a hide as thick as his. I had also taken him to be emotionally much stronger and more stable than he was, for he

gave me no clue of weakness. But now that I reflect on the subject in a much more objective light, I can see that his whole personality was lopsided and unbalanced and its precarious build was subject to topple in just the right breeze—a breeze such as this incident blew.

A couple of days later the body was found. There were contrary reports about how he died but the most widely accepted was that he had hanged himself in the woods not too far from the college campus.

A trial was begun almost immediately. The prosecution could prove nothing more than mental cruelty and so the court could give no more punitive a sentence than an official reprimand and a recommendation for psychiatric treatment. What seems to me the most pitiful and ironic shame of this whole horrible story is that they proved all those vicious and accusing letters were of William's hand, and then found him alive in an abandoned barn less than an hour after Adler's suicide.

by Robert Walz

An Explanation

to be unprejudiced
means to

unlearn
the
learned,

to escape the pollution
and travel
into clear, fresh air;
to have the fire of excitement
means not to

burn
the
unburned

but to pour water
over the ashes
and be able to see the
beauty
in the cool, wet drops.

Sue Walter





Vigil

THE STEADY DOWNPOUR was providing a constant drumbeat against the window pane. It was midnight and I had just come on duty to work the long, dreary graveyard shift of a night that was destined to be a little different.

I was assigned to take care of Mr. Marshall, who was a fairly young man dying of terminal cancer. He had been with us for over a year and the entire staff had learned to respect and love this man who had taught us all many lessons in courage.

When I entered his room, he was still awake. I sat down beside the bed and told him that since I had to stay awake, he would have to get enough sleep for the both of us. His very ready smile told me he was willing to comply, but he had one request, that I stay with him until he fell asleep and maybe for a little while afterwards if I could.

Mr. Marshall had been sleeping for some time when I started to feel myself dozing. I felt like getting up and walking around, but to leave him after his request would have seemed somehow like a betrayal to me. I stayed beside the bed and listened to the rain and to the sound of his labored respirations. Everything else was very quiet.

I STARTED TO THINK BACK over the year that Mr. Marshall had been a patient on the ward. Very slowly, but surely, he had revealed the strength of character and personality that had helped him and us survive the very long and extremely difficult months.

On one occasion, I had been doing his daily dressing changes, which were very extensive, when a commercial came on the television. It was one of those cancer research pleas for money which called for a checkup and a check. When the commercial was over, I glanced at Mr. Marshall and I noticed him smiling faintly at me. He said, "So that's what happened—my check wasn't big enough."

My reminiscing was suddenly interrupted by the sound of footsteps, at first faint and indistinct but growing more pur-

poseful as they approached. Mrs. Caruthers was one of those lion-on-the-outside, lamb-on-the-inside types whose cold efficiency was easily melted in the appropriate situations. I smiled and nodded reassuringly. She turned and I listened to the sound of her footsteps disrupting the silence.

The shift wore on very slowly. Pieces of memories kept drifting aimlessly through my mind. I remembered the many times I had shaved Mr. Marshall in the course of his morning care. It was our standard joke that he always acted as if he were in danger of losing his life as I approached him with the razor. No matter how bad his night had been, he still played our little games, more for me, I thought, than for himself.

THE NIGHT was drawing to a close and the darkness was giving way to a grey dawn. The rain had stopped and so, I realized, had the respirations.

The numbness from the long night was slowly giving way to intense sensation as I walked home from the hospital. I was vividly aware of the sights and sounds around me. It all signified life and I was sorely in need of contact with it after my first meeting with its antithesis.

Cessation of life had happened in only a moment, but the death had happened over many moments. That's what I learned sitting in that room all night, waiting for some great awesome mystery to occur. Actually, the physical death was only an anticlimax. Mr. Marshall had died so many times before. He died whenever he looked into the eyes of his wife and daughter and saw the sorrow that had become so much a part of them. He died whenever the pain became intense and reminded him of what was happening inside of him.

There were so many kinds of death for this man to suffer and, oddly, the last was probably the least painful and the most welcome.

by Annette Moran

Three

From whosoever I shall giveth of myself totally,
of body and of spirit,
I shall expect mutual return of the same.
And should it not be returned,
I will, in my misery, consider myself
more a woman.

Variously



Brown-eyed,
blue-jeaned,
baby-faced,
crimson-cheeked,
short-haired,
long-legged girl...
stroll on by before I need you.

Mark Kray

Related

Poems

Iris walks pleasantly among the gardened meadows,
doesn't she?

I've seen her this summer between the hedgerows,
dandelions stapled to her dress.

Mike Welch

boobs & alterboys

THE STACATTO RINGING of the alarm clock always seemed to barge into my unconscious world of fantasies at the wrong time. Usually I was just crossing the goal line with my third touchdown of the day (a sure shot for all pro running back in my rookie year) or I was about to make love to Ellen Roner, the sexiest girl in the sixth grade. Whenever I made love to Ellen she always wore black fishnet stockings. I mean I didn't have any other fetishes in sixth grade, just black fishnet stockings. Anyway it was always at one of these inopportune times that I had to relinquish the roar of a hundred thousand fans or a wiggling, moaning Ellen to go serve mass at Saint Dominick's church.

Venturing out on those cold icy mornings wasn't the biggest thrill in my life, but I knew that the nuns and those same old people would be depending on me. It was some conciliation to know that God, the priest and I were going to put a mass on for these people. What a feeling I used to get when the priest called God down during the consecration. Old Father Grogan would scream, "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus," at the top of his lungs and I would ring the bells with all the pious ferocity I could muster. Sister Marie Hubert used to really give me hell about ringing those bells so hard. She'd tell me about this being God's house and all, and that God didn't like showoffy people. I mean she was just a nun—she didn't know about that feeling that Father Grogan and I had with God. Anyway Father Grogan was deaf; he used to wear a hearing aid, and I'm sure he really got a charge out of all the hollering and bell ringing. The wine and all that noise used to make him feel really fine. Most of the other priests in the parish went easy on the wine that early in the morning, especially on an empty stomach. Not Father Grogan, he'd just swallow it down and look kind of holy; after a high mass he always looked sort of extra holy.

Being an altar boy was really sort of an asset in those days. I mean the nuns used to give us a break and old people used to smile at you. It had its financial rewards too—we used to get fifty cents apiece for funerals whenever the undertaker Kilpatrick handled it. In the beginning all the crying and screaming used to bother me, especially Italian funerals, Christ could those people scream. That really got under my skin for a while. But I got toughened up, and for fifty cents a shot Kilpatrick could have lined stiff up around the block and I wouldn't have complained. You just had to look at your shoes a

lot and move kind of sad and for thirty minutes work you got fifty cents; it wasn't big money but they didn't take out social security either.

I USED TO SERVE MASS with Frannie Butz all the time. We were about the same size, both of us had blond hair, and both of our mothers used to make this huge pompadour right in the front of our heads. I think the two of them got together and compared notes and techniques on how to make me and Frannie look like we were fruity or something. My mother used to put this green goo on my hair and then comb it into her idea of how a sixth grade boy's head should look to serve mass. The stuff dried in about ten minutes and it felt like I was walking around with a football helmet on. After it set, there was no moving a single strand of hair for the rest of the day. Everybody used to wonder how thugs and cowboys on T.V. used to keep their hair from getting messed up while they were getting punched around or knocked off a horse. I knew how all the time, my mother told them about the green goo in the bottle with the 1920 model man on the label.

There were some really funny times in the altar boy business, I mean funny now—not then. Nine o'clock mass was always the children's mass. It was particularly desirable duty for altar boys, especially horny altar boys like myself. All those lovely girls that I used to have sexual privileges with in my dreams were there in the flesh. They used to just pour up to the altar rail to receive communion. I used to fantasize that they were all after me and that the rail was a fence to hold them back. Christ was I desirable in sixth grade, with my pompadour and all. Anyway this particular Sunday I was serving communion and the seventh and eighth grade girls were beginning to approach the rail. I remember flashing along ahead of the priest, positioning my serving plate with all the precision of the experienced altar boy that I was. Looking down at all those lovelies was really something, I mean I knew I was dripping with a devil-may-care, Humphrey Bogart attitude, just gliding along using all the tricks of the trade. And then all of a sudden there she was, Ellen Roner, right in front of me, all of her beauty just seizing me like a giant hand. Not that being Ellen Roner wasn't enough, but to top that off she had on a low cut blouse that just sort of hung on her boobs. When the priest gave her the host she sort of leaned forward and struck out her tongue and those two beautiful boobs almost fell out on my serving plate. It was really too much—I had always dreamed a lot about

girls' breasts and I even thought that someday I would get to touch one—but here they were staring me in the face like two old friends. Christ Almighty, I thought I was having a seizure or something. There was a tight feeling in my throat, and my breath began to come in gasps. I know my mouth fell open but there was nothing I could do, the whole church was spinning around and I knew I wasn't moving. If this wasn't enough trouble I could feel a tremendous erection trying to push through my pants. I knew there was a huge lump in my cassack, and I thought that everyone in the congregation was probably staring at it. Father Grogan snapped me out of this semi-comatose state with a loud humph and a push. Focus gradually returned to my eyes, and my mind began to function ever so slightly. Still I could hardly walk and there were probably a hundred people left in line. How I ever got through it I couldn't say, but here I was in God's house with Ellen Roner's boobs on my mind and a painful erection.

I FOUND OUT LATER that erections were sort of an occupational hazard with altar boys. Bunkie Hooper used to get one from seeing all the women stick their tongues out at the altar rail. We all got them and we all had little tricks to get rid of them. I used to pray to God to take them away, the harder it was the more fervently I prayed; I don't know if it worked or not but at least I felt some atonement.

Pete Flannery and I were serving eight o'clock mass one Sunday; he did communion that day and when he came back to kneel I knew there was something wrong. We had only knelt there a few minutes when he leaned his head back and began to count backwards from a hundred. It wasn't loud counting at first but the further he went the louder it got. By the time he was to 80 the people in the first three pews were starting to look around and mumble. Anyway Father Grogan heard him and right in the middle of a *Tantum ergo sum* . . . he turned around and yelled "Flannery!" I thought Pete was going to fall off the altar steps, he really looked shocked like somebody looks when you wake them out of a sound sleep. I found out after mass that Pete's way of dealing with this occupational affliction was to concentrate on counting backwards from a hundred, only this time he got a little bit overzealous in his concentrating.

The funny things weren't the only things I remember about my old altar boy days. There were other rewards besides the humor and financial ones. Sister Maria Hu-

bert used to give us a hard time about everything—if it wasn't the bell ringing it was mumbling responses—always something. She was in charge of the altar boys and she used to administer her post like Hitler's S.S. Chief. I know all of the altar boys and most of the priests were afraid of her; the way she ran things I wouldn't have been surprised if God was afraid of her. One morning she was receiving communion and as the priest put the host on her tongue I accidentally hit her in the Adam's apple with the serving plate. She spit the host out like it was poison and then she hung her head like a whipped puppy. It seems she had this idea that if God didn't think she was worthy of receiving his body and blood at communion He would make her drop the host out of her mouth. The word got spread around pretty fast about where and when to tap her

Adam's apple with the plate and after two weeks of not being worthy she wasn't far from a nervous breakdown. We finally got one of the guys she liked to tell her she was being too hard on God's altar boys and maybe if she eased up a little God would forgive her. She was a changed person after that and to this day I doubt if she ever caught on.

It hasn't been a lot of years since all these things happened; why just yesterday some of the old Latin responses were banging around in my head. I know my surplice and cassack are still in the cedar chest in the basement. Wonder if the altar boys today are out of the same mold. Wonder where Ellen Roner is.

by Don Solomon



Apart & Past

A bleak day
 He was like a photo album
A cold day
 A solid reminder
Not harsh
 Of things past
Not bitter
 When lost
Just a fog blanket
 A slight sentiment
Of sorrow
 If only he'd been
Death
 Just a photo
A former friend
 Not a living man
Yet the very closest
 How much easier
Different paths
 It would be
Different likes
 To forget?
No anger
 No remember
No sudden break
 The good times
Just a slow drift
 The happy times
Apart
 Dull and exciting
We still smiled and waved
 That for a while
When we passed
 We shared
But it wasn't the same
 And received
Still I thought often of our friendship
 From each other
With pleasure
 What all men need
 But can only receive
 From another

Goodbye

Dan Brown

Smoke filled rock and roll room,
nite-club lights and short skirts,
a table, a candle,
frosted glasses chilled to
the senses' delight
a silhouette of a couple
embraced within their own world
casting aside the heat and music,
only to hear and feel each other,
and their words of love.

Mark Kray

Sway -

Dim lit bars and good time music
jewel red peacocks strutting across the room
to the accompaniment of swiftly melting ice cubes
making time with scotch and soda

a ruby room where emerald clad panthers
stalk their prey
or inhaling sweet mash
take refuge from the harsh daylight
revealing their shabby turf

Bodies swaying to mellow music
jolted as undulating flesh slashes its way through the
silvered strips of foil marking the stage
and then, it's showtime

lights and colours flashing
sounds wailing plaintively, rising harshly, falling
tenderly
once again young girls in the dim lights
their arms akimbo flailing through space

the sweet sound of laughter
in counterpoint to the sharp cash register's ring

2 am

the street beckons once again

Candice Lloyd



damself in distress

Cry not like a damself in distress
Where is that blue eyed boy?
Your muscular tears cannot stay
The milk of the spilling scythe

Cry better over a game of chess
Here the neurons from skull to finger
Push themselves as king to pawn
And crumbling castles, old age and death
Emit from their tips and not the wind

Cry not like a damself in distress
No knight can answer
But the echo in your armoured self

Robert Walz

I remember the soldiers in Europe.
I used to collect their cigarette packs.

I remember the children in Europe.
They were Americanophiles.

Mike Welc

If

If you commanded
How would you do your best?
"Like the queen of bees or the prince of ants
Or like over plastic pieces in a game of chess."
Knowing their end, how could you send
Or rob the young once from a mother's nest?
"Bees and ants and plastic pieces
In a game of chance, know no death."

Robert Walz

Nightmare

Wipses of smoke.
That fill my mind;
Then drift around,
In endless time.

Haunting shadows,
Never still,
That come or go
at their will.

No chance to know
Just what to be;
Or eyes or ears,
To go and see.

Tiny windows,
In calm debate;
With no thought,
That might relate.

Wipses of smoke,
That fill my mind,
And all these things,
In endless time.

Jim Duffy

Sunday A.M.

I WOKE EASILY THIS MORNING about eight-thirty. The breeze coming through the open window next to the bed was cool and fresh, the way the air is after it has been washed clean by rain. Several gulps of such a sweet bouquet while lying in bed, languishing long enough to enjoy a luxurious stretch of my whole frame, is a fine way to start the day.

Gazing through the window out at the large Elm tree, I noticed a huge gray squirrel sunning himself, apparently contented with the morning quiet. He was surveying the area about him with an air of disdain, as if realizing that in a few short weeks it would all lie beneath a white blanket and he would be confined to whatever hollow tree he had homesteaded for hibernation. Movement from my direction brought my stare and his pupil-to-pupil momentarily. I could tell from his change of expression that my intrusion into his world was unwelcome. I apologized and went to the bathroom.

Small things, like a pot of coffee brewing, entertain me. The way clear tap water is miraculously transformed into a rich brown, aromatic elixir that can destroy those morning cobwebs always sets me to thinking about cattle drives, chuck wagons and cooking fires. Sweet rolls, fresh and doughy, sent their spicy fragrance to every corner of the house as they began to turn golden brown in the oven. Coffee and cinnamon vapors blended together and combined with the sweet outdoor smells to bring the warmth of life into what had been minutes before just another room. Sitting down with a pot of fresh, steaming hot coffee and chewy caramel pastry while losing my senses in the technicolor fantasy of the Sunday paper comic pages is, for me, sheer enjoyment.

As I sat there, totally consuming all the treats before me, other sounds began

creeping into my awaking consciousness. Somewhere within hearing an infant had just opened its eyes and started crying. I supposed that the built-in-alarm-clock stomach told him or her that it was time to eat. After half a dozen wails, a woman's voice, tender and loving the way mothers are with their babies, soothed this spoiler of serenity with her reassuring words, and probably a bottle.

Outside, a master of backyard espionage was stealthily prowling, his line of vision fixed on two bluejays that were sitting among the ivy vines covering a porch wall of the house next door. A combat veteran from the appearance of his mangy fur and shredded right ear, the old yellow tom cat moved cautiously, as if testing each spot of earth he touched upon. He kept his body low to the ground and drawn up tense, so as to be able to make a lightening move at the right time. The two birds sat preening themselves, apparently oblivious to the cat's silent approach.

The classic cat and mouse game, but as events unraveled, it was difficult to tell who was stalking whom. As I watched, the birds began to dance in a way that had an enticing effect upon the cat. He ran a wet tongue around the outside of his mouth and started to quiver with nervous anticipation. At a moment when the gristled hunter was a slink away from his attack point and ultimate victory, the bluejays flew off laughing, shrieking insults at his buffoonery. The old cat lingered a moment, frozen by surprise in mid-slink. He seemed to be retracing his movements to see where he had gone wrong and to regain his composure, which had obviously been shaken. Then he dismissed it and turned with nonchalance to other cat business.

by J. Moore

A Terse Verse

I have an odd hobby,
A persuit quite absurd:
For my own simple pleasures
I manipulate words.

I take them and hold them
And bend them and fold them
And turn them around
Just to hear how they sound.

Then I say them aloud.
For the joy it will bring
To see if my phrases
Will whisper or ring.

Then I take hold of each phrase
When it's in its prime
And curve it and shape it
To engender a rhyme

Then I throw away half
To make it more terse,
Put it together and
Call it a verse.

I then type it up
To read the next day
And the next time I see it
I throw it away

Then I break out my pad
And my felt-tipped pen
And Start the whole process
over again.

Tom Roark

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