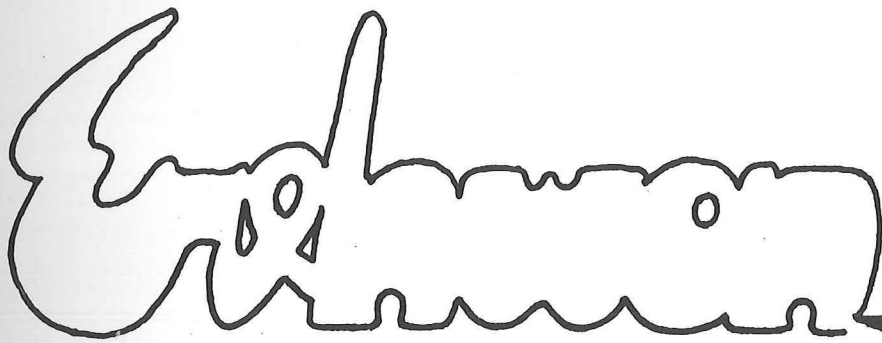


# Erehwon



Literary Magazine of Winston Churchill High School, 1984



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\* Winners of the 1984 PTSA Writing Awards

#### Erehwon Staff

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#### 1984 PTSA Writing Awards

##### Poetry

First: Michelle Green  
Second: Deborah Copaken  
Third: Dan Winter  
Honorable Mention: D. Lewis  
Nancy Greene  
Susan Gorman

**Douglas Messerli**, who judged the poetry entries, is a professor of contemporary literature at Temple University in Philadelphia and is publisher of Sun & Moon Press. He is the author of three books of poetry, **Dinner on the Lawn**, **Some Distance**, and **River to Rivet: A Manifesto**. He has published numerous essays on contemporary poetry and fiction, and he is currently at work on a novel, **Letters from Hanusse**, and a new book of poetry, **Maxims from My Mother's Milk**.

##### Prose

First: William Judy-McKendry  
Second: Lisa Stewart  
Third: Jenny Sauer

**Joyce Reiser Kornblatt** judged the fiction selections. She teaches writing and literature at the University of Maryland. A collection of her short stories called **Nothing to Do With Love** is available on Viking Press. She has recently completed her first novel, **Down to Earth**, an excerpt of which will appear in **Atlantic Monthly** in late summer.

**(imagine)**

the Universe; a  
clutterdusted  
laboratory, walls

of Our nothing-vastness  
(nearly only imagineless to an  
our minded world) Earth; a

somehow science  
project, experimenter  
our some

wide wild eyed  
schoolboy still long aglow,  
open mouthed

mindedness we'll (imagine)  
never know

*D. Lewis*

## Early Morning Over the City (Lost Night)

It's a quiet hush  
no roaches  
no priests  
A sad Sunday  
if in a plush domain

Religious truckers  
pray on the road  
rolling to a dark Monday

With the soft cause  
the gentle white blankets the city  
When the blinds flow  
turn off the world  
turn over the phantoms

The wall thickens  
Two figures trudge through in bliss  
The borders encase  
Two lives  
alone in the island of Dawn  
A pig is shot on Main  
A bus burns in the tunnel  
A plane will hit the bridge

Peace soup will clot  
in the eyes of the majority  
Blind magicians  
with slight of mind  
Disengage

The city awakens to cry sorrowfully  
for the lost night

*C. McLeod*

## Town at Night

The town lay dormant, swallowed by the night  
(Haven of minds possessed but by darkness),  
Not touched by moonglow or hint of daylight,  
But shrouded wholly in ebon's harshness.  
Souls sleep blissful in houses still as wombs,  
Wearied after hours of working by day,  
Streets stand empty and as still as tombs,  
With naught but rats toiling in the byways.  
None save the birds feel the night's wafting breeze,  
Which rustles about in the treetops high,  
And none except the nocturnal can see  
The dim stars which speckle the cloudy skies.  
The night stands without heed to the warning  
Latent in the far reaches of morning.

*Mike Terry*

### Daydream

Digression begins  
Somewhere between position vectors and coplanar points  
With the wafting scent of burnt chestnuts and chocolate  
From a Fifth Avenue street vendor's cart  
Or a glimpse of the color of cherry blossoms  
Blooming in a park by a stream  
In northern Virginia  
Or the sound of parakeets  
Chirping to strains of taped classical music  
In the heady botanical gardens of Fort Lauderdale  
Then the mind must drift out of the real-number field  
Into that other reality  
Which cannot be depicted in neat lines  
On a well-organized two-dimensional three-space graph  
Bounded by asymptotes and zeros.

The sand curves gently in the sunset,  
Following the erosive contours of the tide;  
I wipe the salt spray from my eyes,  
Run damp fingers through my hair and inhale the wind,  
Rub my toes on the soft, sleek grass to remove the grit,  
Seeking the root of the equation.

*Michelle Green*

## Reve

When is the moment,  
sword-like and shining,  
of the birth of a dream?

One crystal instant of illusion,  
a crumb of joy snatched from time,  
becomes a refuge, a realm of delight,  
a life line to my starved and slender  
source of solutions——imagination.

I keep it sacred——  
high above this mundane world of dry reality  
of aching cold impossibility.  
My secret land of fire and fun,  
where life and death  
and breeze and breath  
are measured  
not in puny gusts of mass sterility,  
but roar  
in sweet and stormy  
puffs of power.

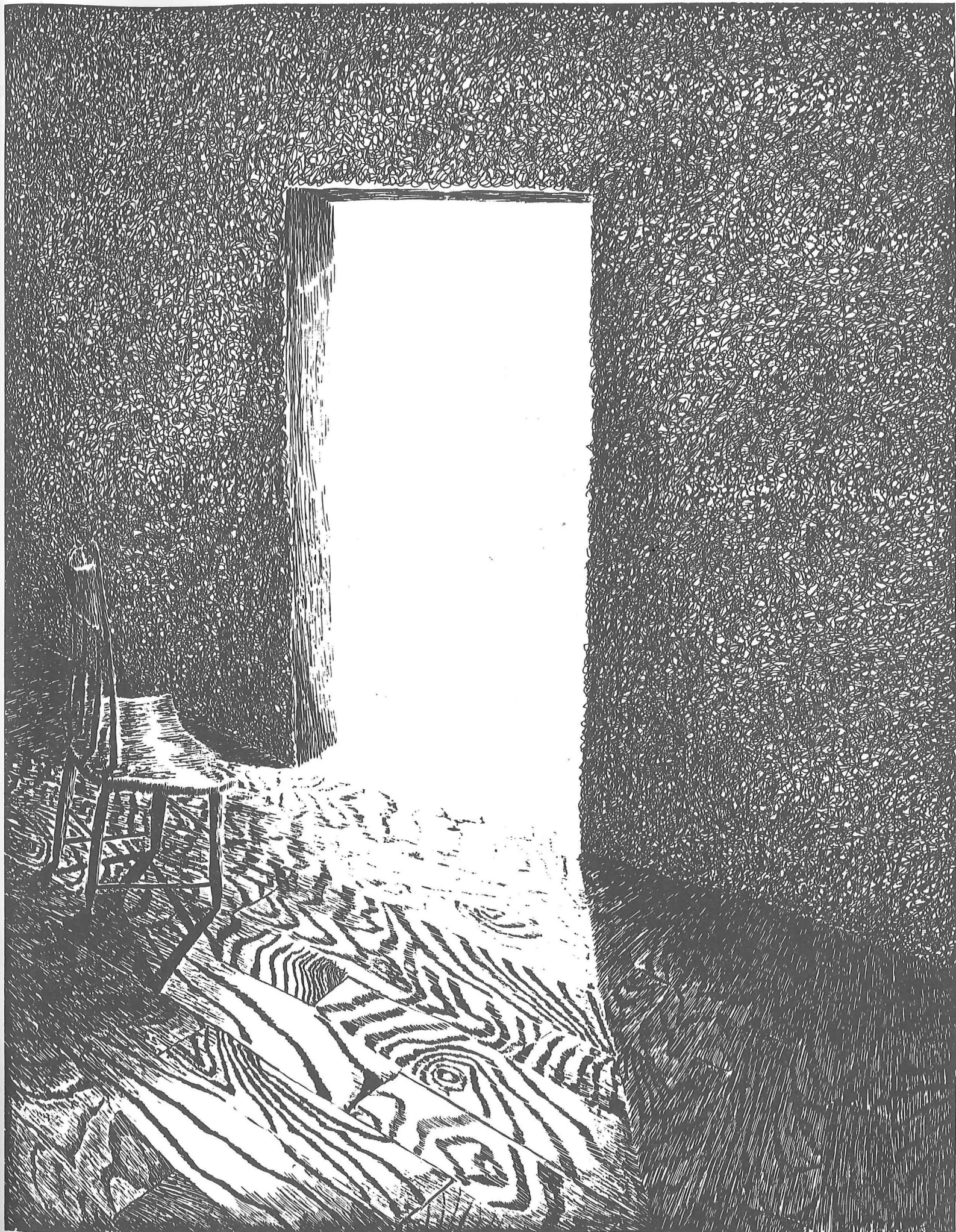
My world was a  
cloak and  
a sword and a  
galloping charger  
and a falcon that soared!  
Romance and danger, a  
gloriously stern  
adventure.

It shimmered——  
a wild and golden mirage  
to get me through each day.  
Oh, when is the moment,  
sword-like and shining,  
of the death of a dream?

A shock of reality  
reared and cried,  
and all my dreams turned black  
and died.

*Cara Smith*







## An Unjust Peace

*I prefer the most unjust peace to the most righteous war. -Cicero*

I met the old man during #5, the big war between the old Union and The New Order. Actually, "during" isn't such an accurate way of putting it. Makes it sound like somebody's won. Oh, the Order said it was over when they captured Washington, but the Freedom Fighters in the Dakotas are never going to give in, and the Order knows it.

I met him somewhere the hell in Maryland, right before D.C. fell. The Order had taken every other state on the coast, so we had a choice between death and swimming the Atlantic. And whoever was in charge still thought it meant something to protect the Capitol. Damn, I thought, fat lot of good its going to do losing the last of the army for an empty city. So I deserted, and went off to see if the citizen's militia was still taking volunteers.

I found the Militia, about three-hundred strong. They looked about as orderly as an army can, hanging from electrical towers as far as the eye could see. The Order must have spent days on that little display. It looked like Christmas in Hell, and Satan had really gone all out this year.

That pretty much snapped it for me. I had no real reason to live, so I lit out for the woods to look for somebody to pay for what I'd just seen. About three days later, I thought I'd found just the fellow.

I saw him by a creek, wearing a big black wool coat just covered with braid-A Captain, and black meant he was with the Order. I had his back square in my sights, too, when he spun around and blasted my rifle to bits.

My God, to look at him, you'd swear he was one hundred years old and hadn't stopped growing. And He'd just shot the rifle out of my hands without a moment's notice.

"Hello." he says, like you always say to an enemy of your country who's just tried to kill you in cold blood.

"Hello." I said, like you always say to some one who's probably going to kill you if you blink.

"You're lost. The Order surrounded Washington 24 hours ago and bombed it flat. There can't be much left alive other than roaches. Come and drink."

I didn't know what the hell else to do, and anyway I was thirsty.

"You're a deserter?" he asked

I nodded.

"Me too. About three months ago, my company captured a group of militiamen and my commander decided to make an example of them. Crucified them on telephone poles from Arlington to here. Well, that's not what I'm fighting for. So I killed him in his sleep, and left. So, what are you called?"

"John Mars, Rifleman, 3rd class. Who are you?"

He didn't say a word for one hell of a long time. Just stared. Finally, he said, "I don't remember. I just don't."

I gave him a look over, and checked his uniform. No names, no tags, nothing. Three months isn't that long a time, but I didn't know what this fellow had been through.

"Anything you'd like to be called?" I asked.

He kind of smiled, and said, "Peace."

"Well, why the hell not. It's got a ring to it. Damn clever name for a soldier, if you ask me."

But he didn't, and he seemed pleased, so I left it at that.

For the time being, anyway. After a while though, my mind started working, and I went and got curious.

"Do you, in fact, have any particular reason for wanting to be called that?" I asked. At first, he just got that look in his eyes again, like a rabbit waiting for your car to hit it. Then it hit him.

"What else is there?" he said.

"War." I said.

"That's you."

Well, I'll be damned.

"How do you figure that?"

"Your last name, that's all. Mars."

With a name like Mars, you don't get off easy. I did ask my Dad how the hell we wound up with it, once. Mars, he said, was the greek god of war. He wasn't very brave or strong, or smart, but he was a champ at causing trouble for stupid reasons.

I usually stick with John.

"The only way to achieve peace is to end the war," he went on. "Wars end when someone loses. The sooner that happens, the sooner this will be over."

"Well, what are you going to do about that way the hell out here?"

That's when I noticed the gun he had pointed at me.

"This, for a start."

Don't let anyone tell you what fear tastes like. Fear tastes like a mouthful of dirty pennies that you don't dare swallow.

Fear doesn't paralyze you, either.

I've never run like that again. The sonovabitch still managed to hit me in the same leg twice. I'm damn lucky it's still attached. Only reason I'm not dead is that he left me for dead and didn't make sure.

I made it out of the wilderness three or so days later, then I ditched my uniform and posed as a refugee. The Order had set up hospitals, so I got the leg fixed, and worked as an orderly once I could walk.

That was ten years ago, I guess. I haven't picked up a weapon since.

Let me put it this way: War's got nothing on peace, even if he's not perfect.

*William Judy-McKendry*



## One Light

one light  
one light shines  
one light shines till dawn  
and then  
and then it flickers out  
to be met again by  
the night's tide  
and we claw  
claw to stay alive  
through the fright  
one light shines  
one light shines till dawn  
and then it flickers out.

*Nancy Greene*

## In the Darkness

It's out there  
It's living outside your room  
Out past your window  
Out past your wall  
There's something out there

It's moving towards you  
with a passionate pace  
Moving with precision  
Closer-it's here

It's past your arms  
It moves to your neck  
Crawling slowly upwards  
towards your eyes

You're able to see the Horror  
The Horror of the New Day

It's out there, laughing  
It's past you, moving quickly  
It's to your window  
Past your wall  
Outside your room  
It's lying out there

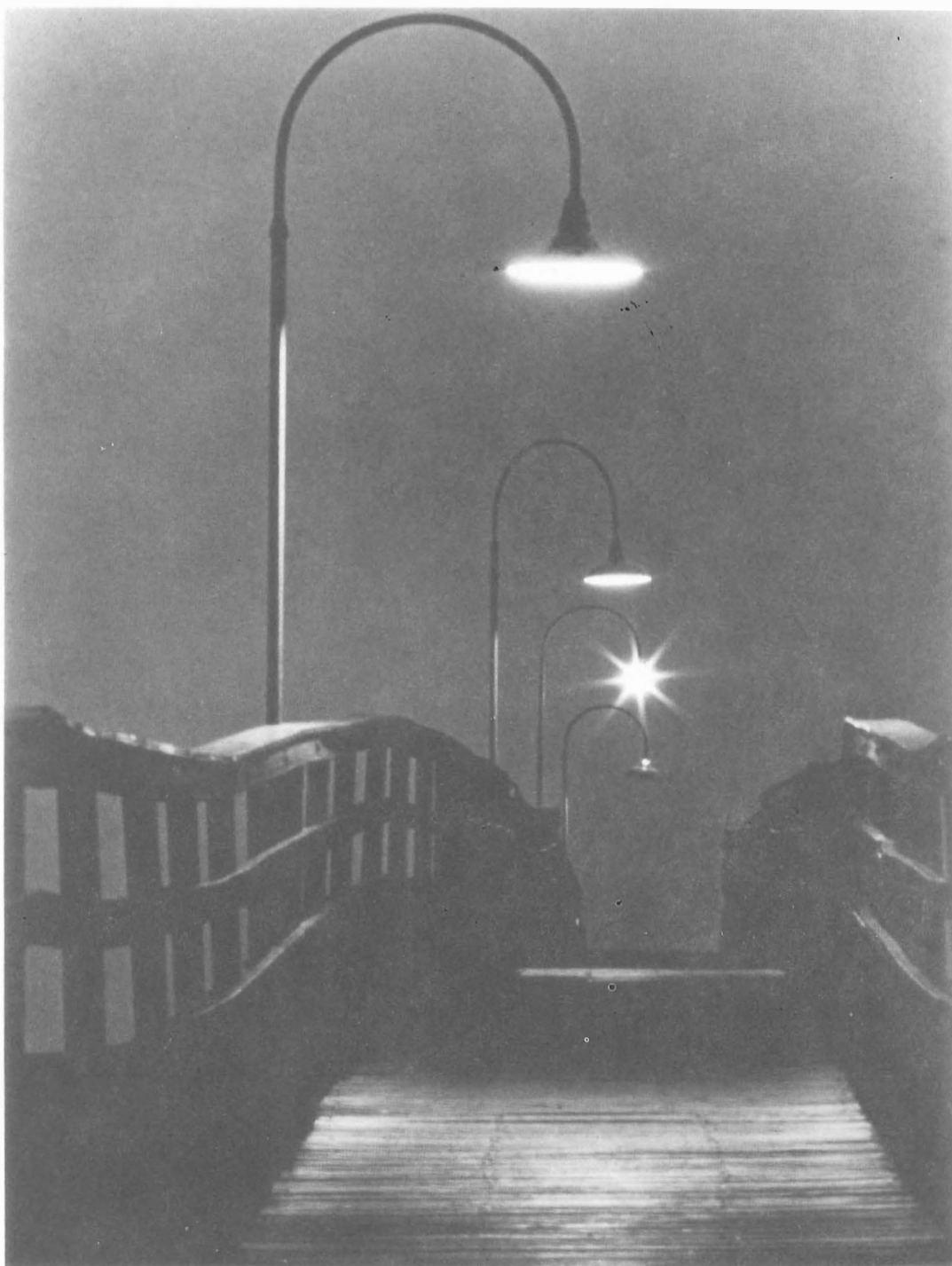
*C. McLeod*

## Alone

You know the city is your lady tonight,  
As her cold coaxing sigh whispers past your ear.  
She is enchanting, dressed in veils of white,  
Yet you feel the filth of her flesh lying near.

The snug chambers of her heart rest too high to reach,  
And they lie encased in a breast of stone;  
Only when you are under her feet may you beseech  
The bittersweet chalice of her love - you drink alone.

*Mike Terry*





### A Salute to the Great Salami Swami

Where would we be without awareness. . .  
    (actually, where would we be  
    without the *r* in  
    awareness because that would just  
    make its pronunciation  
    change  
    to a-way-ness and  
    of course  
    every fool knows that that  
    [redundance, redundance, redundance]  
    would epitomize the apotheosis  
    of the crux of true awareness  
    and, my aren't we erudite today, but,  
    so, maybe, thus, henceforth  
    shall we remember  
    [contrite, contrite, contrite]  
    to love our brothers not  
    our bothers and let's hear it  
    for *r*'s.)

Roar.

*Deborah E. Copaken*



## Modern Love

She looked, blue blue blue into his oh so talented eyes.  
She said, Marry me you fit into my plan  
She, no more adolescent worrying had it together tan suit and all  
Time to get married  
marry an artist because Mom didn't  
He loved those blue blue blue eyes  
slow stirrings frozen currents behind that Vogue exterior.  
He said, yes yes yes you fit into my plan

*Jenny Sauer*

## Delusion

I should have waited before assuming  
that soft flowers bending in a golden breeze  
could smell good  
or that  
smiling children could be happy.

I was a fool to think  
that you had eyes to see my innermost thoughts  
or that I was a human to be satisfied.

My eyes burst from graveyards of empty shells  
hurled on a soundless beach  
my human shell is full of water

Simmerless.

I'm only deceiving myself.

*Cecile Coudol*

## Face Value

I took his head in my hands and  
popped it off. I looked inside his head  
and below it. Then I placed it back. To  
say he was, slightly annoyed would be an  
understatement. And to say I was disappointed  
would also be. But I put my hands on his  
face and kissed him lightly on the lips.

*Nancy Greene*

## Strawberries

My feet pounded on the sidewalk. One, two, three--- jump. Up and over the fence. Around, around the corner. I was fast. Yes, the fastest! I could hear Sam and Jean behind me, but I was in front. The laces of my new red sneakers were flying. Whew. Fly, fly! Around again, again. Don't slip Lisa, no. Good. You're ahead. Keep going. Beat 'em. Back over the fence. Watch it, now. Jump! Okay, now fly to the finish. You're the fastest. Yes. Here you go. Yeah! You won again.

I bent over, gasping for breath and staring at the ground. Here come Sam and Jean. They fell behind me in the grass and tumbled over each other, giggling. "You always win." "I know."

When I looked up, there was Ronnie. He laughed at me; his white, white teeth flashed as a breeze blew his dark bangs up and back, revealing the twenty seven freckles Sam had counted just yesterday. Hands on his hips, he squinted at me and the twins in the grass, panting.

"Hey," I breathed.

Ronnie's hair fell back over his face as he left. The three of us stared after him as he raced down the block.

"Come on." I yelled, starting to run. Grudgingly, Sam and Jean followed.

We caught up several yards down the block and turned the corner with Ronnie. Sam and Jean poked at each other and tried to step on my heels. Ronnie wasn't talking, and, imitating him, I put on a serious face and walked like a wooden soldier.

"Hup, two, three, four." Sam and Jeannie fell into step and we marched down the block, following Ronnie. Then he stopped in front of old Mr. Kitchner's house.

Mr. Kitchner had a beautiful garden, the most beautiful in the whole neighborhood. The grass was a plush, green carpet which we were continually reminded not to walk on. He had a creeping ivy climbing the brick house almost past the windows. Mr. Kitchner looked to be about one hundred years old, but everyday he worked in his little Eden. He knelt among the delicate purple and pink flowers growing in bunches along the sidewalk. Mr. Kitchner's garden changed with the seasons. In the spring his bushes sprouted little red berries. In the fall his giant yellow and orange marigolds appeared in brilliant bouquets. But summertime was for the strawberries. Neat rows of green lay quietly and inconspicuously to the left of the house, and as the weeks of spring evolved into summer, tiny white flowers turned green and then red, ripe

strawberries. I had never tasted them though. Mr. Kitchner would pick them just as soon as they were ready and then sit on his back porch eating, sharing them only with the birds.

But today Mr. Kitchner was not outside in his garden. His windows were closed, his curtains drawn. The tiny pink flowers were still, quietly waiting in the grass, their leaves studded with drops of morning dew that sparkled and glittered in the light. The sun was high and hot and the strawberries were out, big red berries shaded under cool leaves. They looked good and full of sweetness, so plump and juicy you wanted to pinch them between your fingers.

"Yaaaaaa!" Ronnie screamed and ran. He jumped through the flowers and fell on his knees in the soft grass. Savagely, we plucked up each strawberry, tearing at the leaves and stuffing our pockets with the fruit. Then down, down the sidewalk I ran with my shirt folded up over my berries and fell into the grassy lot around the corner. We laughed all afternoon, stuffing ourselves with strawberries. Each bite was a burst of flavor, sweet and sour together on my tongue. I lay back in the tall grass, my eyes closed, and breathed the sweetness into the air. Shirts and faces stained with red, the twins continued to giggle as we rolled in the grass, giddy with laughter and the deliciously sweet strawberry taste.

The next day, I was headed out to play when my mother stopped me. "Don't be too loud outside today. Mr. Kitchner died last night and his family is very sad."

Looking at her, I felt the sickeningly sweet taste of strawberries in my mouth. I ran to the bathroom and gargled. "What's wrong with me?" I thought. "Mr. Kitchner was old, a hundred years old. I never hurt him. Ronnie was the one who started it. I hate Ronnie. Mr. Kitchner should have shared with us before, anyway." I gargled again. The strawberries were still there, mingling with the minty taste. I started to brush my teeth furiously. Then through the open window, I heard the twins laughing. Looking out, I saw them tumbling in the grass, the sun shining down on them. Ronnie was there, too. The wind lifted his hair as he shouted at the twins in play. It blew back the curtains into my face.

"Hey!" I yelled out the window. Quickly, I wiped my mouth on a towel and ran out to join them as they played in the grass.

*Lisa Stewart*

## The Truth

And the word did spread  
across the land,  
As kings played chess  
on fine grained sand  
The Lord has raised  
His Mighty Hand  
And smote the sky  
with his demand

Hail Mother Mary,  
Eve, and Ruth  
With two parts Gin  
and one Vermouth  
And every Woman  
Man and Youth  
Shall decide upon  
and speak  
The Truth

And the world did make  
A joyful noise  
Celebrate! Scream!  
Rejoice!  
So what's the Truth?  
We asked the voice,  
That, it replied,  
Is your own damn choice

And so the merry factions grew,  
each standing fast  
by what they knew  
And oh, this glorious day  
They'd rue  
Should they dispute  
the other's view

And soon the world was  
near bereft  
of seekers of truth  
though I was left  
thinking of nothing of  
any real heft  
When The Lord stooped down  
and kissed my cleft

He wiped his lips,  
and burbled, You!  
are chosen of  
these Final Few  
You shall tell  
this Motley Crew  
of what is False,  
And what is True

so I leave my poem  
here for you,  
a fool's words,  
but oh, so true

*William Judy-McKendry*

## Things We Like to Reason

Dying for a dream  
Miraculous occurrences of all kinds.  
Concepts of romantic love.  
Sociologically bankrupt theories  
that personify the cinematic life.  
The inevitability and the security  
and the promise  
of another year,  
while each moment we wring white  
stacks of possibilities  
on thin rope.  
A few, a lot like us, believe  
that the red white & blue  
will never run  
Reasonably, they speak  
of weapons and injuries,  
the cultivated way,  
perhaps less like us than more  
like another's injured dream.  
Others, who claim no  
marketable miracles for the future,  
continue to cherish  
good endings, the weekly wash, youth,  
but mostly the endless tributes  
of our saviors.

*Tina Cowles*



## Inward Bound

Del wheezed as he struck the ground. He coughed nervously as the truck disappeared around the bend. Crouching low, he scooted into the thick foliage of the unknown forest. For the next three days, he thought, I have only my sometimes superior intellect to rely on.

Amid his occasional grunts and coughs, Del had no indication that anything at all was sharing the forest with him. He knew, though, that if he were wounded or dead, he would have more than enough company. He staggered to a halt near a large tree. A lapping sound trickled into his ears. Tired and thirsty, he crawled over to the nearby brook. Soaking his face revived him enough to address the situation concerning his food. He'd been running off and on for an hour and he was now rather hungry. He slurped some more water, crossed the stream, and glanced back to mark his place. Maybe I could learn to mark like the animals, he thought. Laughing, he trooped into the forest again, cheerfully pausing to gather roots and berries.

Stumbling over a successful beaver trap, he dropped most of his bundle. The beaver had been dead for quite some time, and the smell did not waft on the wind, but rather it streaked viciously into his nostrils, ringing an alarm bell deep inside Del.

He extracted the pungent victim from the implacable trap. He swallowed his rising bile, and he had to pause in his chore more than once to control himself.

On his return to the stream, the forest pulsed with life as it prepared for night. Del clambered up a tree at nightfall. He decided that the other candidates were undoubtedly experiencing boundless terror in the pitch. He delighted in the sporadic noises created by the innocent woods creatures.

Del grinned, all alone, but in the best company. He didn't fret about lions and tigers and bears. He reveled in the whuff of the investigating wolf. His eyes adjusted by dead night, and he watched as well as listened.

The animals slunk back to their lairs before the sun rose. Del shimmied down his tree, muscles creaking. He shucked his clothing and plunged into the brook. The water wasn't deep, but it was cold, and it rejuvenated Del.

After considering whether putting on clothes was a good idea, Del scrambled off, partly dressed, in search of food. Inadvertantly, he returned to the trap. The carcass was gone, as he suspected, but the thing was eaten, the bones sucked dry of marrow. The trap lay broken.



Del shuddered. Nature's beauty held great strength. Del hoped he would never have to face a true forest predator.

Using the burbling brook as a base, he ranged far in search of new and interesting sights, sounds, and tastes. Scrabbling up a small rocky hill, Del heard a cough behind him.

A human cough has a deliberate air to it. This cough sounded spontaneous and unintentional. His whole body clenched, Del turned woodenly.

It stood four feet tall at the shoulder. Young and healthy, the wolf wore a wiser, more intelligent look than the ones at the zoo. Its presence seemed familiar, and Del knew it had been his nighttime "friend".

Calmly, it padded off into the heavy foliage. Del shook, and the tremors mirrored his heartbeat. Jangled, he wended his careful way back to the stream. With every step, he searched the ground. He didn't know exactly why.

The encounter of the day dampened Del's exultant spirit when reintroduced to night. The huge wolf sat below his tree, panting patiently.

At dawn, Del slithered down from his tree, grumpy. He cared little if the horrid beast were watching or not. It watched, and he knew it. Del bathed insolently anyway, refusing to be daunted by something he didn't understand.

A sentinel could not have been more diligent than the wolf was. When Del jogged for the logging road, to meet the Outward Bound II truck, the wolf padded along, taking little interest, it seemed, in Del's activities.

They both paused at the trap site. The wolf marked the chewed bones and the broken trap. Del trotted off, and the wolf shadowed him, as was its wont.

With a snap, Del fell, screaming. The wolf pricked up its ears. Del thought about his naivete of the day earlier. This wolf is no different from any other wolf. It, too, preyed on the helpless, and Del qualified. The wolf slinked over to the fallen youth. Its huge jaws went to work. Del fainted.

At the U.S. Park Service station, Jon Davies placed a cool towel on Del's hot brow. He murmured to Del and tried to comfort the fevered boy.

"He sure was lucky," he whispered to the boy's Bound guide. "Damndest thing I ever saw. This wolf stood over him, keeping other wolves at bay. And the trap... was broken somehow."

Del liked to think of the maternal wolf as Mother Nature.



## Thales in Disneyland

Heart wallowing, head wading  
soul searching for the ticket booth  
(the iron sea is far too boundless)

You've followed the cold, rustless, rails  
but their tracks end at the start  
Sink deep but not content  
in your new ordered confusion  
(like me at the Great Mount's base)  
make it flawless, perfected phenomena  
Like the ferris wheel or Olympus  
who are we to turn it off

*D. Lewis*

## Simply, simply

a man of drought-filled ageless arrow days  
had lived and come to hear the melody  
he lit a pipe and smoked, thought pensively  
of all the battles that had been lost that day

the time-held man, my brother says, is Sioux  
an ancient tribe, once and again had fought  
against the hate the pale skinned man had brought  
and tried to say that what was wrong was true

Now, what may be the point of rambling on  
about a dying race, no man would care  
the time of drums has changed to one of trains  
and border marks cannot be crossed, as lawns  
of cities, braying horns of cars in grand despair  
for life goes on, and we can change the lanes

*Cecile Coudol*



**Drivel to live by**

Lustful breathing of smoldering stick  
Leads to persistent pain.  
It hurts; cuts lives  
Like that!  
Don't forget the family,  
Oust that flaming fag with a flick.

Sociably sousing and excessive carousing  
Lead to inexorable inertia.  
Imbibing and driving don't mix.  
Don't forget your family,  
Avoid the pain of mourning-arousing.

Over-religious rearing  
Makes for mental midgets.  
Heads locked tight.  
Don't forget the family,  
But avoid over-steering.

*Dan Winter*

## The Wish

After many years at last  
I have found the perfect flower  
And yet it grows away from the light  
It lives its twisted life quite happily  
But as it exists, so do I wither  
and shrivel in the face of the bitter sun.

*Jenny Sauer*

## Fairytales

Hand in hand  
Side by side  
They walked silently  
They lovingly embraced  
and sat on a hillside  
They stared in each others eyes intently.  
A gaze of true love,  
some said  
Could it be chemistry that  
brought them together?  
Whatever it was, it was strikingly strong  
For they now kissed  
as his beard rubbed against  
the other man's mustache.

*Robin April*

## Obsession

Perhaps it was love that brought them together;  
A kind of childish obsession.  
But this love was met with anger -  
A fiery Capulet dissension.  
Plans rose up protective arms  
Dreams whipped out to sever each limb.  
She taunted them with less than charm  
And conspirators who were secretly hidden.  
The blood flowed wine  
Poisoned by time,  
As a sharpness stabbed at the heart.  
Perhaps it was a love  
Of two different kinds,  
That incised the obsession apart.

*Carolyn Hong*

## A Day Like Any Other

With a single, gliding stroke of the air pen, Phoebus Xenon illuminated his left eye with fluorescent violet. He continued the phosphorescing streak past his left ear and down into the nape of his neck, thus completing his scintillating image. At the same time, of course, programming next year's megabucks in the fashion industry. He stepped back to admire his glittering countenance: something not quite resembling hair swept back from his forehead in rows of shimmering icicles, covering only the crown of his head; the sides were smooth and hairless as a woman's cheek. He surveyed the sharp features, their fineness emphasized by the lines of violet on his white skin. His eyes flashed silver, reflecting the colors of whatever his sight illuminated. Which at the moment was his outfit, geometric in style, of some unnameable color. It could be called white, yet it glistened with myriad hues not quite seen, but only perceived to be there. He noticed a speck of dust upon his grey boots, the boots it was rumored he never took off, and casually flicked it aside. 'Take a joy-ride, luv, and become one with the dustspeck horde.' He blew it a kiss.

His appraisal completed, he signaled for his trenchcoat and stepped out into the crisp November air, surrounded by bodyguards.

A sigh, then a hushed roar rippled through the beast of a thousand voices as it caught sight of Phoebus Xenon, 36, cult figure, trend setter, plasmatic hero of a cosmic youth. He held them immobile, drew their very souls to his being, enticed them to become one with him. And, as always, he wondered at this malleable lump of clay that was his to shape at whim. It was a game of follow-the-leader, with himself at the head. Subtle changes, in dress, hairstyle, would be echoed through the masses as though some intricate mechanism were at work. Snip a lock of hair, and watch as a hundred locks fell to the ground. Pierce an ear, a nostril, a lip, wear top hats and white lilies, and just watch, just look and wonder as the pattern repeated, again, again, and again. . . He was a pitcher and a pebble, and they the ripples in a lake.

And as he held them in hypnotic fascination, a generator cartridge was snapped into the barrel of a laser gun, a slip was drawn back and released. Xenon's telepathic bodyguard sensed the danger and slammed him to safety on the floor of the platform. At that precise moment, a laser bullet phpped overhead and thwacked into the crowd. Several more followed, and various bits of human flew into the air. Something hit the platform a few inches from Xenon's head. He opened his eyes and saw that it was a lump of plastic and metal, a few wires protruding peculiarly, and several smallish gears scattered about, like drops of blood. And he wondered. . .



*Jenny Sauer*

## No Twilight

I am the darkness; you are the light  
Straight from the autumn sun you flew  
on angel's wings.  
Earth was my mother  
I ride the night.

I am of the water and earth  
Lurking in the mystic forest  
searching moonlight.  
You are wind and fire,  
The drifting spirit of scorching birth.

Did you think I was so rash  
As to throw away my rushing streams  
of chill water  
And ascend with you to the stars,  
Endure heaven's brutal lash?

Release me from your burning sight.  
The owl flies; the stag is calling.  
Night beckons.  
Fly away, winged one,  
For I am the darkness; you are the light.

*Jenny Sauer*

## Ballerina

While striving for the perfect arabesque  
Or turning pirouettes across the floor  
With head and neck held straight and statuesque,  
Do you never wonder how many more  
Dances can be danced, efforts can be made,  
Before your clock too quickly strikes the hour  
When, as those roses tossed to your feet fade,  
Years of triumph will wither like a flower?

The time in which success is yours is brief.  
Old movements mean new agonies for limbs.  
And acts which once gained glory now give grief.  
Fame dulls to legend; too soon the spotlight dims,  
But now you feel it shining like the dawn  
And will dance onward, 'til the chance is gone.

*Michelle Green*



## Like Forefather, Like Son

It was just another gray and indistinguishable Thursday morning, with just enough rain to make the world a thoroughly disheartening sight, but not quite enough to justify an umbrella. The young man in the greatcoat was carrying one anyway, unopened. Standing stock still in the middle of his driveway, he was waiting for a moment when everyone within range was looking elsewhere, and hopefully down. And when the moment came, no one saw as he raised the umbrella at arm's length, opened it with a flick of his wrist, mumbled softly, and rose into the dreary sky, as smoothly and serenely as a soap bubble. Oliver Blackburn, the last son of Merlin, was late for school.

Flight, Oliver had learned from the journals of his ancestors, was simply a matter of convincing the force of gravity to bugger off for a while and busy itself with something else. The umbrella had nothing to do with the process, but since Oliver didn't quite have invisibility down yet, he had to stick with flying in the rain. Nobody in their right mind wants to look up at the sky when it's raining, only manic depressives and other lunatics. And who's going to take them seriously when they say they saw a boy with an umbrella floating through the air? Oliver reasoned. People will just think that they have Mary Poppins fixations, or, they were staring at a Magritte print for too long.

As he was thinking this, much to Oliver's chagrin, it stopped raining. This made necessary a hasty landing in a small but dense wooded area between two housing developments. After studying his surroundings for a bit, he noticed a path, and decided to see where it led him. After a few steps he found a small pond, bloated by rainwater. Lovely, he thought, ought to be a photograph with a tacky poem in the corner. Then he noticed something stirring up the water.

"Oh, God, please not this again," he groaned, watching as the Lady of the Lake emerged from the pond wielding an old bloodstained broadsword. Excalibur, thought Oliver, his head beginning to ache.

"Don't you ever give up?" he shouted. "Why do you even bother? The last of Arthur's line died in the London blitz nearly fifty years ago. The rest of the round table's

descendants died in the trenches with lungs full of mustard gas, before they were old enough to have reproduced. So there are no more of us left! Only me. And I want nothing of you."

The Lady of the Lake watched Oliver with bloodcurdling patience of a kindergarten teacher dealing with a problem child. She dropped the sword at his feet.

"No. I don't want it. It doesn't matter to me who your ancestors were, and it doesn't matter what I am. I did not ask for this, and I won't just blindly accept it as fate when a woman with a sword lying in a pond tells me I am destined to lead the world out of the dark ages again, then follow me wherever I go.

I've already made my decision to lead a normal life. What would you have me do? Be a messiah? Perhaps a master criminal, or a cult leader. You don't seem to understand how meaningless it is to be a wizard when modern technology has surpassed you. Here I stand, last son of Merlin, Oliver the obsolete! And as for this..."

Oliver picked up the sword, swung it back over his head in an arcing slash, and threw it at a nearby rock. It slid as easy as a swithblade into an apple.

"And there it stays. Now head back to Camelot."

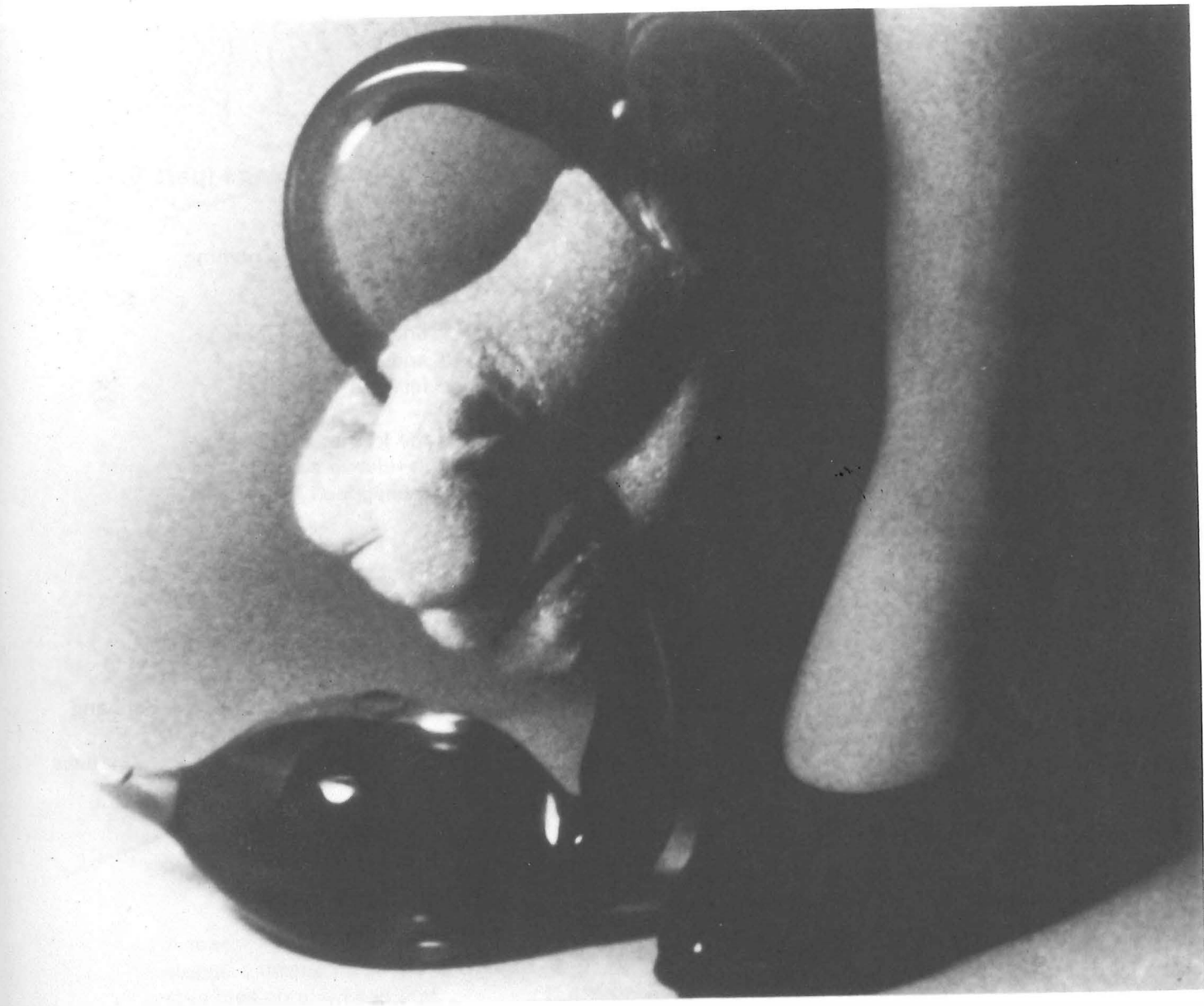
The rain started up again, blessedly, and Oliver resumed his flight, leaving the Lady of the Lake to deal with her dilemma however she could. Who knows, he thought perhaps some new savior will happen to...but no. That's the stuff of fairy tales.

\* \* \* \* \*

The boy with the bright blue eyes was exploring the woods near his house when he happened upon the beautiful old sword. He couldn't figure for the life of him how it got stuck in the rock, but it was stuck fast. Still, he wanted it, and he was going to have it. So, Victor Hagen, the last male descendant of Adolf Hitler, went home to find a sledgehammer.

*William Judy-McKendall*





## Derailed

When I was twelve, I slept on a train  
which made it possible to travel  
from my world to Disney's  
in the space of a single day

I fell to sleep watching dead cities  
Marvelling at the scores I had passed  
Lying perfectly still at 100 mph

I awoke to a nightmare,  
with the window I had watched  
smashed to a spiderweb  
and the contents of  
the razorblade dispenser  
scattered about the floor  
like the dead strewn out  
on a battlefield

The car I had slept in  
lay dead across the tracks  
Flanked by two of its fellows  
protecting a wounded member  
of the herd

One of its wheels had failed,  
and it lost its essential grip  
while slowing to meet the city of  
Savannah, Ga.

Were it not for  
the city of Savannah,  
the minion of Amtrak would have  
derailed at 100 mph  
and crushed me as callously  
as a child  
stepping on an autumn leaf

A wise man once told us  
that all that happens  
will bring on an equal  
and opposite reaction  
so, whatever we do  
to make life more efficient  
will make death equally so

and Savannah will not always be there

*William Judy-McKendry*

## Endings and Beginnings (part 9)

. . .and then the big bang  
sending all into nothing  
where and again

only timeless-longness  
enduring watching  
forward

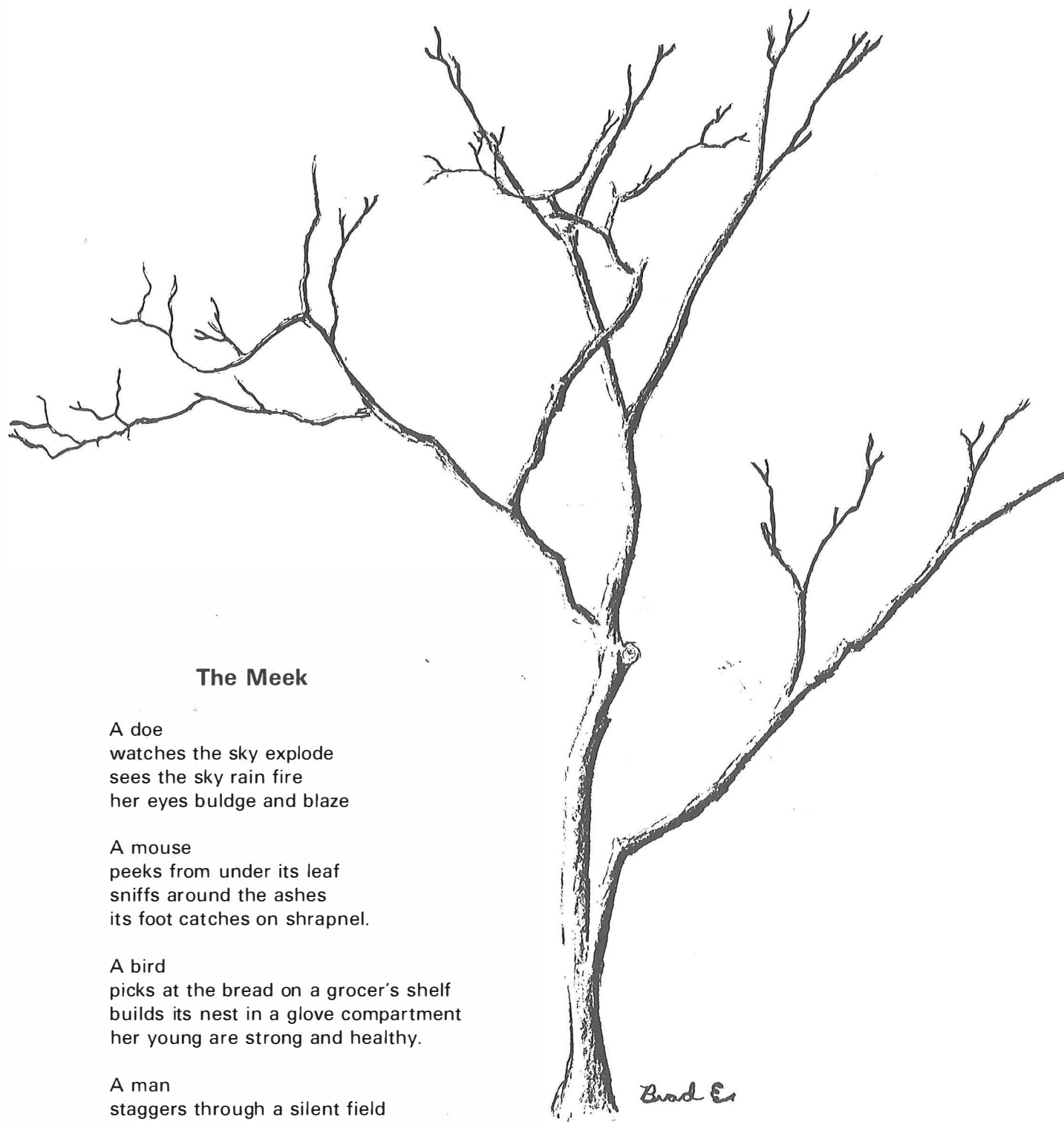
the Inevitable Miracle  
in relative seconds  
it happened

that and again  
this time it was quicker than  
before

growth was simple

. . .and then the big bang

*D. Lewis*



### The Meek

A doe  
watches the sky explode  
sees the sky rain fire  
her eyes buldge and blaze

A mouse  
peeks from under its leaf  
sniffs around the ashes  
its foot catches on shrapnel.

A bird  
picks at the bread on a grocer's shelf  
builds its nest in a glove compartment  
her young are strong and healthy.

A man  
staggers through a silent field  
stumbles on a twisted root  
his eyes stare endlessly.

And  
the trees  
were  
laughing.

*Steven Cosson*

## Two Sides of the Same Coin

**Characters:** Twelve to fifteen, exchanging parts as it becomes necessary. Since the scenes shift so often, a minimum of costuming allows characters onstage to change into each others' characters or to take on new roles.

**Setting:** An empty, curtainless stage with a large globe, the left half painted black and the right white, at the center of the stage.

*(House lights should dim several seconds before the players enter, giving the audience time to wonder the nature of the globe. He enters stage left; she enters stage right.)*

**He:** Look at that!

**She:** Oh! My goodness! It's white!

**He:** No, it's black!

**She:** But it's white! The first thing I noticed about it was that it was white!

**He:** Well, maybe you should get your eyes checked. You noticed wrong. It is clearly, conclusively black.

**She:** And you are repetitively redundant. Maybe you need your eyes checked, or psychiatric help. It is white!

**He:** I know black when I see it!

**She:** It is white, white, white!

**He:** Black!

**She:** White!

*(She slaps him across the face. He punches her in the jaw. They fight behind the globe, separate, circle each other. Then they fight in front of the globe until she is at stage left, looking at the black side of the globe, and he is at right, looking at the white side.)*

**He:** It's white! Don't you have eyes?

**She:** You are deranged. It's black! It has always been! It will always be!

*(She exits. Enter a psychiatrist. He lies down on the floor, looking up at the globe; the psychiatrist faces the audience.)*

**He:** It's white. I know it's white. Why did she lie to me?

**Dr:** How long have you had this fear of deception?

**He:** It's white, of course. Just like my mother always told me. White, pure.

**Dr:** Things in life aren't always black and white, you know.

**He:** Are you accusing me of having a two-valued orientation? You're not supposed to judge! You wanna fight, huh?

*(Enter two armies, commanded by a general dressed in white (WG) and a general dressed in black (BG).)*

**WG:** This object is white. It is therefore claimed by the crown.

**BG:** How dare you make such a presumption, or tell such a fib! This object is black, and is ours by right.

**WG:** What right? You are unworthy to command, you proletarian swine! This object is white!

*(The troops engage each other. Enter a King on the side of the White Army. Enter Communist Dissenters (CD) on the side of the Black Army.)*

**K:** I hereby decree that this white object belongs to us.

**CD:** You are a foolish tyrant! This object is black.

**K:** I have decreed that it is white! Let no man speak to the contrary, or he shall be put to death!

**CD:** Comrades! This man is an enemy of the people! He must be stopped! *(Black Army executes King.)* At last we are free! Let the people rule! We hereby decree that this object is black!

**WG:** But it is white! Look at it!

**CD:** This man is an enemy of the people! He must be stopped!

*(Amid cries of "Death to the enemy, long live the majority, the people rule," the Black Army begins to torture the White Army.)*

**BA:** What color is this?

**WA:** It is white! AAAAGH!

**BA:** What color?

**WA:** White! White! AAAAAGH. . . Black! Black!

**BA:** But you just said it was white!

**WA:** I was wrong! I lied! It's black! Let me go! AAAAAAAAGH!

*(Exit Black Army, leaving bodies scattered on the stage. Enter a Doctor (D), who joins the Communist Dissenter.)*

**D:** I hereby decree that these men are officially dead.

**CD:** And the globe? Can you prove that black is its true nature?

**D:** No. But I can prove that white is its true nature.

**CD:** You have evidence of this?

**D:** I do.

**CD:** It must be destroyed.

**D:** It cannot be destroyed!

**CD:** Then you must be destroyed! *(Stabs doctor.)*

*(Dead bodies on stage rise and become Hippies (H), as Black Army reenters as National Guard.)*

**H:** Ban the establishment! White is right! Ban government cover-ups! Ban the government!

**NG:** This object is black. It is government property. Keep your distance!

**H:** Ban the government! White is right! Ban Black! Ban war!

**NG:** Escort these men off! Defend the Constitution!

**H:** Hey, freedom of speech, man!

*(Hippies are escorted off. Enter scientists working for the government.)*

**S1:** How are your results?

**S2:** Inconclusive.

**S1:** The feds'll fire us if we can't prove that this object is black.

**S2:** As far as I can tell, this object has a dual nature.

**S1:** A scientific anomaly! *(Pause.)* What'll we tell the press?

**S2:** We'll tell them nothing. Let's get out of here.

*(Enter a Marine, in white, and a Naval Officer, in black.)*

**NO:** Who are you?

**M:** Marines, sir. Since this object is white, I have come to claim it for us.

**NO:** But this object is black! That makes it Navy property. Besides, look at yourself - you are black.

**M:** No, I'm not! You must be color blind. I am a Marine; I am white.

**NO:** Have you ever seen the moon?

**M:** Of course! It is white.

**NO:** And when it is eclipsed?

**M:** It is black.

**NO:** You see? We all have a dual nature.

**M:** I won't accept that!

**NO:** Are you racially prejudiced? Do you believe in a superior race?

**M:** Well. . . yes!

**NO:** Then you must be converted to a new and more enlightened way of thinking!

*(Enter two priests from the same side of the stage, one in white, one in black (WP and BP))*

**BP:** It is white! Save us! We are doomed!

**WP:** It is white! We are saved!

**BP:** Are you mad? We shall die and burn!

**WP:** Are you mad? It is a sign! The Lord will save us!

*(Two more priests, one in white and one in black, enter from the opposite side of the stage. W2 and B2)*

**W2:** It is black! Save us! We are doomed!

**B2:** It is black! We are saved!

**W2:** Are you mad? We shall die and burn!

**B2:** Are you mad? It is a sign! The Lord will save us!

**BP:** Devil worshipers! It is white! We are doomed!

**WP:** Satan's spawn! It is white! We are saved!

**B2:** We are saved! But it is black!

**W2:** It is black! And we are doomed!

*(Verbal argument breaks out. Enter the Communist Dissenter, with White Army.)*

**CD:** I represent the Moral Majority. This object is white!

**All:** How dare you presume to tell us what to believe!

**CD:** The majority must rule. We must take this to the World Council!

*(Enter the World Council, composed in a semicircle around the globe. Members are addressed as UN1, UN2, etc.)*

**UN1:** I think it is clear to all present that this is an issue of hypervocal discontenuation, and not improbable dichotomizing. We can all see the true nature of this anomaly; we must agree on some nonnomenclatural title which isn't a problem to and subdivisational independents of the human experience.

**UN2:** Stop the verbiage. What he's trying to say is that this globe is white, and all we have to do is get everyone to agree on this obviously correct fact.

**UN3:** And we will never agree! You lie! This globe is black!

**UN4:** As usual, those who have the least to lose are stalling! Why deny the facts? This globe is white!

**UN5:** This globe is black!

**UN4:** You're on the brink of commencing a war, mister!

**UN5:** So be it!

*(The council dissolves in chaos. Screaming people run across the stage, crying, "War!")*

**CD:** Look at the sky! It's black!

**K:** No, it's white!

*(People begin to drop. Screams are heard offstage. At last, all is still for a few moments. Then He and She, the last two people on earth, enter.)*

**He:** Look at that!

**She:** Oh! My goodness! It's white!

**He:** No, it's black!

**She:** But it's white! The first thing I noticed about it was that it was white!

**He:** I know black when I see it!

**She:** It is white, white, white!

**He:** Black!

**She:** White!

*(They scuffle, until they are on opposite sides of the globe, as at the beginning of the play.)*

**He:** It's white! You are deranged.

**She:** Don't you have eyes? It's black! It always has been! It always will be!

*(They stalk offstage, furiously. The bodies rise, cry out "Black" or "White", and stalk off. Stage remains bare for several moments.)*

Michelle Green

## Just Desserts

"... She gripped the mildewing edges of the rotting casket and lifted her decaying body into an erect position. Caked with blood and molding flesh, the corpse turned her head and smiled at me.' Fantastic! " he thought. "This is a great book."

Sidney had been an avid reader of horror novels for over three years. He found gruesome gore and deranged deaths more intriguing than homework and the other kids. His school locker was stacked with bent and dog-eared paperbacks, worn from being clapped into notebooks when the teacher walked by.

And at school everybody knew him. He had been voted by his peers as "Most-Likely-to-Succeed-in-Pathology" and was generally recognized as "That-Four-eyed-Loner-in-my-English-Class" or "That-Weird-Kid-Wearing-Floods-with-the-Fly-Down".

Having few friends, Sidney had grown quite detached, finding refuge and fascination in the world of horror. He was contented; his vivid imagination guaranteed that, because in Sidney's mind, the classroom was a witches' coven, the students grisly monsters, and the teacher a vicious demon.

"Sidney!"

Sidney was jarred back to the reality of the classroom.

"Sidney," the Spanish teacher bellowed, "what are you reading? Obviously you find it more interesting than my class."

"Oh no." Sidney thought, "The she-monster from the depths is addressing me. If I close my eyes, she will sink back to the deep."

Sidney opened his eyes and found that the teacher was still there, approaching his desk. She extended a hairy claw and ripped the book out of his hands. In a sarcastic tone, she began to recite to the class the page that he had just finished reading. The other hellcats heckled in unison and made retching sounds. Sidney slid down into his seat, hurt without the protection of his chimerical world, and thought, "Someday, someday they will be sorry that they laughed at me."

On his way home, Sidney stopped off at the local coffee shop. He sat down at the counter and waited for the girl to

take his order. She was occupied gossiping with her girlfriends. When she saw Sidney sitting forlornly at the other end of the counter, absorbed in another novel of horror, she stopped gossiping and began an animated recount of his embarrassing experience in Spanish class.

"I'll have a pistachio shake, please." requested Sidney trying to be polite.

The girl, whom he recognized as one of the hags from his Spanish class, reluctantly pulled herself away from her gorgon friends and proceeded to make the shake.

"Will that be with or without rotting flesh?" she asked mockingly. One of the gorgons, doubled over in laughter, accidentally pushed her glass of Tab off the counter, forming a large puddle on the other side.

The girl finished adding the ingredients and, still laughing, unknowingly stepped into the puddle of Tab and put the metallic cup of ice cream underneath the machine.

"She's gonna get it." Sidney cursed, trying to escape into his newest novel.

The girl flicked on the shake machine and then a resounding ZAP followed by the acrid smell of ozone filled the shop. The Gorgons began to screech and Sidney leaned over the counter to see the girl, flat on the floor in a mush of ice cream and Tab, her mouth agape and her eyeballs rolled up to the back of her head.

Sidney stepped out of the shop, oblivious to the horrified crowd that was forming, and walked home in a daze. He wasn't sure if he had imagined this horror or if it had really happened until the next day when he read the terrifying account of the fatal electrocution in the newspaper.

"Agent 008, unaware of the KGB assassin on his tail, returned to his hotel room and began to review the stolen microfilm. Suddenly, his concentration was broken by the explosion of a pipebomb outside his room door.' Wow!," thought Sidney, "Now *this* is a great book!

Sidney had become an avid reader of spy novels.

Karen Ando



## Betty Friedan and the Quantum Theory of Lip Gloss

They wear spiked heels and short skirts  
and laugh in loud shrills  
while twisting their fingers  
in flirtatious flustered fidgets  
through their curly permed hair.

And while working on their doctoral thesis on the Quantum theory of lip gloss,  
they raise their hands while calling

Wait-I-don't-understand-oh-Bob-you-big strong-right-hemisphere-dominant-football-player (flutter, flutter) can-you explain?

And Big Bob

who is so swell-headed that his cerebrum has been damaged by turgor pressure,  
he laughs,

and shaking his head, feels superior.

Betty Friedan, where are you when America needs you?

*Susan Gorman*

## A Feminine Ideal

Again she dreamed she loved him.  
This time, she had felt  
lightning bite  
at his touch and  
the smash of glass needles  
rise with the hair  
on her arms.  
As she clutched  
at his very breath,  
he promised to set  
fire to all the lakes  
and rivers.

Later, would she flinch  
if he flushed,  
then plunged her back  
clot by clot?  
Perhaps not

Perhaps. For now,  
to be drunk on perfumed poetry, fleshed  
with the wind through her  
throat, running panic, she  
ignored all choice but  
to be slipped forever  
into the wild wreckage.

*Tina Cowles*

## April

Through mist and wet  
I go entranced,  
sodden-shod, tramping  
through soggily green fields.

A stream trickles over  
a spider's web, glistens,  
stretches, and tears,  
while tiny yellow  
dandelions bravely  
blaze among the green.

*Cara Smith*

## Slugs

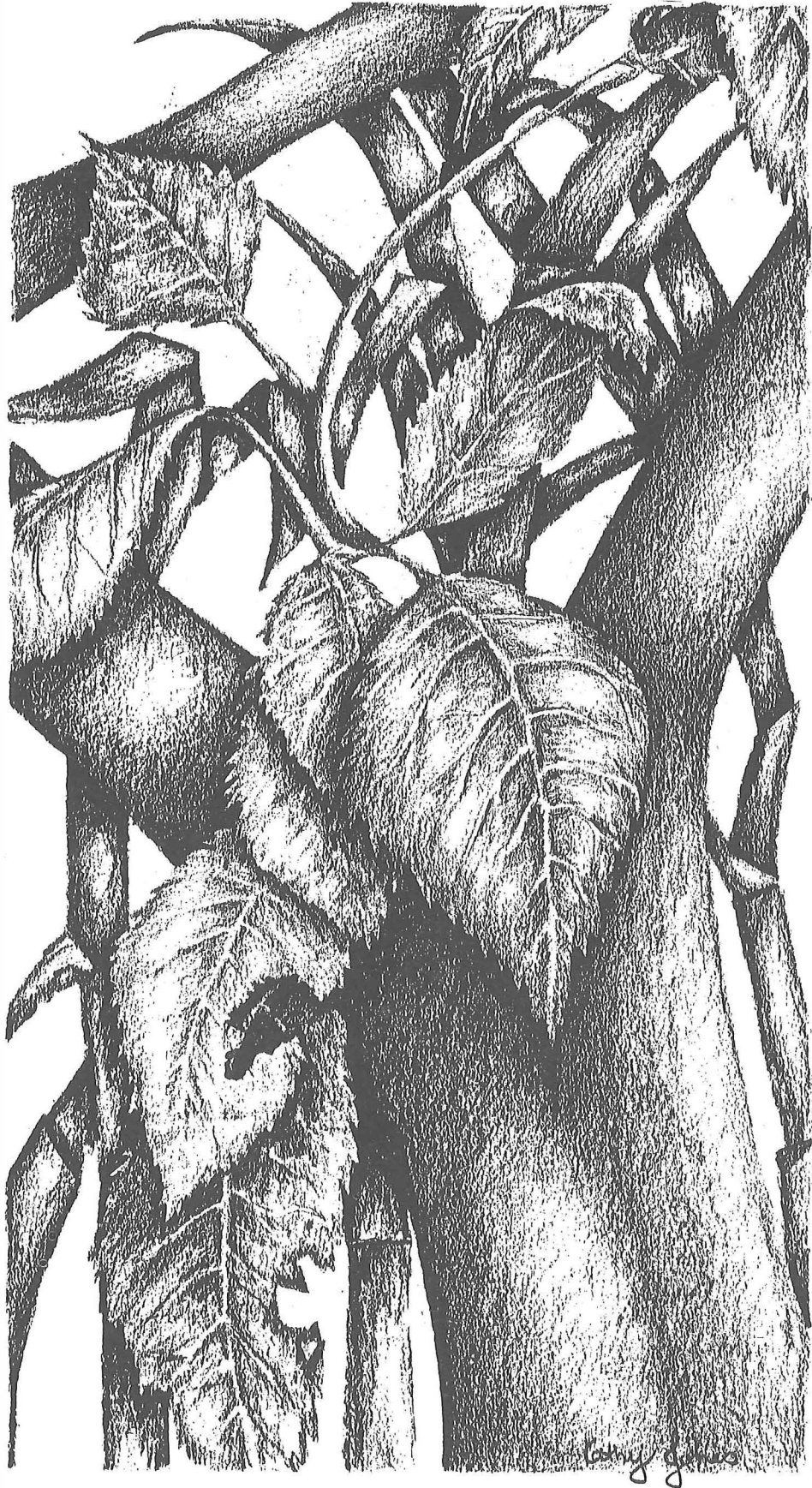
Slugs are passive and mellow  
and sometimes the loveliest shade  
of yellow.

Though they look  
like cud and jello,  
a slug will use  
a smile as his umbrella.

A slug will let you step on it  
with no complaints,  
nor quips,  
nor quibbles.

So don't storm off into a fit  
if upon your  
Rose  
it nibbles.

*Steven Cosson*



## Civilian Defense

Thompson looked up as he heard a sharp knock on his office door. He pushed aside some papers, ran a hand through his sparse hair, and called, "Come in."

The visitor entered with slight hesitation. Thompson was annoyed, but he waved Grant impatiently into one of the undersized chairs near the desk. He then picked up one of the papers near him and started to write.

Grant watched for a few moments, then burst out, "Is it true?"

Thompson paused, then smoothly resumed writing. "Is what true?"

"The shield--come on--the whole section's been talking! You can't keep that secret very long, no matter what regulations say. Can we block the nuclear missiles?" Grant leaned forward, eyes bright with anticipation.

Thompson put down his pen and stood up sternly. "The section is not responsible for this project. I am. I think we shall succeed, but it is untested."

Grant fingered the edge of the desk as if considering whether he should continue. "Well, if that's all you're going to tell me. . ." he trailed off hopefully. As Thompson stared ahead truculently, he sighed, "I suppose so. Thanks for the information." He slipped out.

At home, Thompson felt irritated about his encounter with Grant. Damn fool, no notion of security. It was unimportant; everyone would know soon. He mechanically hung up his tie and looked through the dim light at his reflection in the old and dusty mirror. His brown hair had become dull and thin, his eyes shadowed with fatigue. The hours of work on formulas and theories had molded him, sapped his energy. It was a cold and hollow face that looked back at him. He turned away.

But America is still first, he thought. Just like World War II. . . we were first. First to invent nuclear weapons, first to use them, just like Hiroshima with the charred bodies.. Thompson gasped with sudden pain as he shook violently. When the spasm passed, he lay back on his bed. His frailty had not stopped his work; nothing had interfered. Now America would be truly safe. But at

whose expense, he wondered. . .

The morning came and Thompson felt a great weariness. He lay quietly, not wanting to disturb the fragile peace. I can't face them today, he thought. No energy. Ridiculous. And I'm the one who is supposed to save us.

Thompson rolled out of bed and felt a painful stab in his back. He walked awkwardly to the window and looked out at the park. The trees were green and fresh with spring. He started brewing a cup of coffee, viewing the landscape through the thick glass.

The weariness would not leave despite Thompson's determined efforts so he compromised and sat down. He felt a sudden aversion towards leaving or working on the same formulas that meant so much, day in and day out. . .

He looked up as he realized the small apartment was filled with the smell of burnt coffee. He shook his head. Ridiculous.

At lunch Grant seemed more subdued. "Sorry if I was nosey the other day, Harry. I didn't mean to be rude, but this is monumental, isn't it? Why, you'll change the world situation." He gave Thompson a keen look. "Seems like I owe you some information, and I'm one up on you now." He whispered in a conspiratorial tone, "I heard that if this thing checks out, we're going to start operations in Afghanistan and a couple of other places. We can really stretch out now. Marvelous, isn't it?" He grinned and took a large bite of his sandwich.

Thompson's throat felt dry. "Marvelous," he replied, avoiding Grant's gaze.

Thompson walked into the laboratory with a firmer step than the past tortured months. There were no more questions now. He unlocked the steel safe recessed deep in the concrete. They guarded it well, he thought grimly as he twisted the tumblers. But no one would suspect him. He reached in and shifted through the stack of papers inside. He drew one out and scanned it carefully, reading it over and over again. Then he dipped the edge of the paper in his lighter flame as a sad smile spread across his face.

*Erica Schulman*

## It's Raining Again

A flood of misinformation  
streams into your mind  
let loose in such a flurry that  
it irrigates your brain  
compounds,  
compiles,  
condenses,  
and rains from your mouth  
to fertilize the  
nonsense fields  
which swallow the rain,  
swell,  
and sprout.

*Juliette Hanson*

## Jasmine Veil

Honey-lit colors  
arise from the sun  
Smoke circles  
in the arriving night,  
Will it ever smile  
or cease its thick, sweet hue  
Or sprinkle to earth  
like acid rain  
Burning all in its path,  
even though it looks O.K. from far away.  
As the light dims and slowly fades,  
it is outshone by the stars  
In the dark sky,  
and the honey slides away,  
So let's not take it all  
let's save some for the kids.

*Jen. Karp*

## Candidate

Each day I wait to see, and see while I wait, a possibility of acceptance. This is no easy task, mind you. Neither for me, nor my fellow running mates. A decision to reflect the direction of my life, only in the hands of the popular vote. Do they really understand the subject of debate? One single vote could help or hinder the fire that kindles in the hopes of success. I am young, capable of comprehending the now misunderstood. But where shall I go if not elected? How shall I spend my next four years?

*Laura Porter*



### **Patrons**

George and Wilma Sauer  
Dr. and Mrs. Philip E. Winter  
Elizabeth B. Riggs  
Bruce R. Riggs  
Margaret R. Riggs  
Dr. T.S. Scott  
Ruth McKendry  
Sebastin Rocket  
Mr. and Mrs. Paul West  
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter  
David and Roberta Greene  
Carla Satinsky  
David Satinsky  
Francoise Coudol  
Anna Faulkner Pfeiffer  
Rick Zirzow  
Gumby

### **Collaboration**

Haiku. God bless you,  
Young grasshopper, you small bug,  
You sneezed on my shirt.

*Walsh and Winter*

**Typeset at Falls Church Typographics**

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Martha Curran  
Russ Chase