

2968 CUB Littera monachica

1968 CUB literary magazine

THE CUB

FEATURING

AWARD WINNING SELECTIONS

FROM

THE WILSON-NICHOL WRITING CONTEST

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A Dreadful Atrocity

JEFF SALEM, Senior

1000 hours 4/26

They have progressed to the Hadle Center.

This is serious. Just as prophesied, here at last is a struggle for mastery between machines and men. "To the victor go the spoils," but in this case the spoils will amount to little more than a ruined world and bitter memories.

The Hadle Center manufactures such light metals as are vital to the manufacture of the robots. If they have captured that, then they have also captured refineries of lubricants, and even the firms which create robot-brains.

The roving, fighting gangs are at least well-organized. They have worked long and hard on a plan, and it is a good one. And it has been working since the Horde rose out of the east at 0600 this morning with the sun.

It is terribly true that we pitifully underestimated their ability for original thought. We supposed that they had no capacity for ambition, but not so. They have ambition, but it has degenerated to warped greed. They are making their bid for supremacy, and it looks as if they may succeed.

(Pardon the interruption... my fingerpen malfunctioned)

Yes, they may succeed. For they advance almost uncontended. Ours, up until now, has been the attitude of a society grown rich, unconcerned, lazy, complacent in its security, and now no amount of alertness can save us.

1500 hours 4/28

The roving bands have met with all the resistance we can offer. It was a token effort. The 'caster still gives reports on the progress of the roving bands. I personally have retired to my residence to wait. There is little else to do.

We should have known! We should have known! Our government should long ago have foreseen the danger and taken steps to prevent it. But our live-and-let-live attitudes have bred a laissez-faire policy toward everything, and it is too late now to reform.

The 'caster says that the roving bands have now reached City Hall, and... Ah-hah! He was behind the news! The bands have now reached the 'caster, too. Well, I now must simply wait for my fate. That is the end of the broadcasts, and I will now miss the minute by minute report of my impending doom.

(Pardon the interruption... my fingerpen has again malfunctioned)

The last report puts them around fifty blocks east of here. The invasion moves slowly, not so much because of resistance, but because of extensive looting. I give myself no more than three days before I am killed, or before I die of "natural causes." I am alone with my thoughts. I hope all other individuals are that fortunate when their times arrive. I will continue this later.

2000 hours 4/29

From my window I see only shattered remnants and frames of what were huge and beautiful buildings. The theaters are gone, as is the Ministry of Beauty. I remember that I studied for ten years there the greatest works of art, of all types, that our race has ever produced. And now it lives only in my own mind.

They will destroy us. They will replace. They will triumph. That is certain. And is this not enough? In destroying our culture they defame us even after death.

1200 hours 4/30

I no longer need a 'caster to inform me of events. All that is necessary is to look out at the fires which light our skies, and I read our dreams in the smoke as I hope you read them here.

This will probably be my last entry. Besides the fires, there are audio indications of what is to come. Explosions, shots, the crackle-crackle of charred civilization, and other sounds of violence, but most impressive, the screams. Screams of anger, screams of fear, screams of defeat, screams of greed, screams of lust, screams of victory, SCREAMS, SCREAMS, SCREAMS, SCREAMS.

(Pardon the interruption... my fingerpen has malfunctioned)

Look at me! Look at me! I am aging to death even as I await my doom! Vital parts are failing regularly, and I cannot perform correctly. I have gone a week overtime without solvent or lubricant, and I am nearly inoperable!

I am failing fast now, and I *must* say this: You baboons may have our world! Man may reign where spiritual giants once trod! But when you reach me, and read this, I hope you feel shame, and I hope you feel compassion for the fine, beautiful, sensitive world you have destroyed.

(Pardon the int

WHAT IF

JEFF SALEM, Senior

"What if some change were made in the human anatomy, a change which had strong social overtones, which would alter many little things which no one gives a thought to? Imagine, for instance, that your ears were in your armpits.

"To begin with, you would miss out on a lot of romance. No one would want to whisper sweet nothings in your ears.

"All the armpits of your clothing would have to be cut out.

"You would have to be careful not to puncture your eardrums while applying your spray deodorant.

"During winter, your earmuffs would have to be custom-built to reach around your back.

"It would be terribly irritating to wear ear-rings all day.

"Every time you took a bath you would have to wear ear-plugs.

"Washing behind your ears would be even more widely recommended than it is.

"Your glasses would have to be cemented to your forehead.

"Combing your hair over your ears' would take on an entirely different connotation.

"The school would be in trouble - they would have nothing to measure your sideburns by.

"Due to neglect, your arms might become glued to your sides with earwax.

"Something would have to be done about hats, which would keep falling over your eyes.

"There would be large unsightly bare spots on the sides of your head which you would have to decorate.

"In school, you would be at a terrible disadvantage. You would have to raise your hand just to hear the question. By the same token, you would have to keep the windows open during those long, heated conversations.

"So you can see that having your ears in your armpits would definitely be a disadvantage."

"What?"

Honorable Mention Serious Verse

POEM ONE

KIRK BOGART, Senior

In the Library
it's a spy game
as we sit down
an empty chair between us
I don't look at you
nor you at me
"Here." I whisper
(a scrap of paper is passed
unnoticed by authority)
"It's a poem . . ."

Honorable Mention Humorous Verse

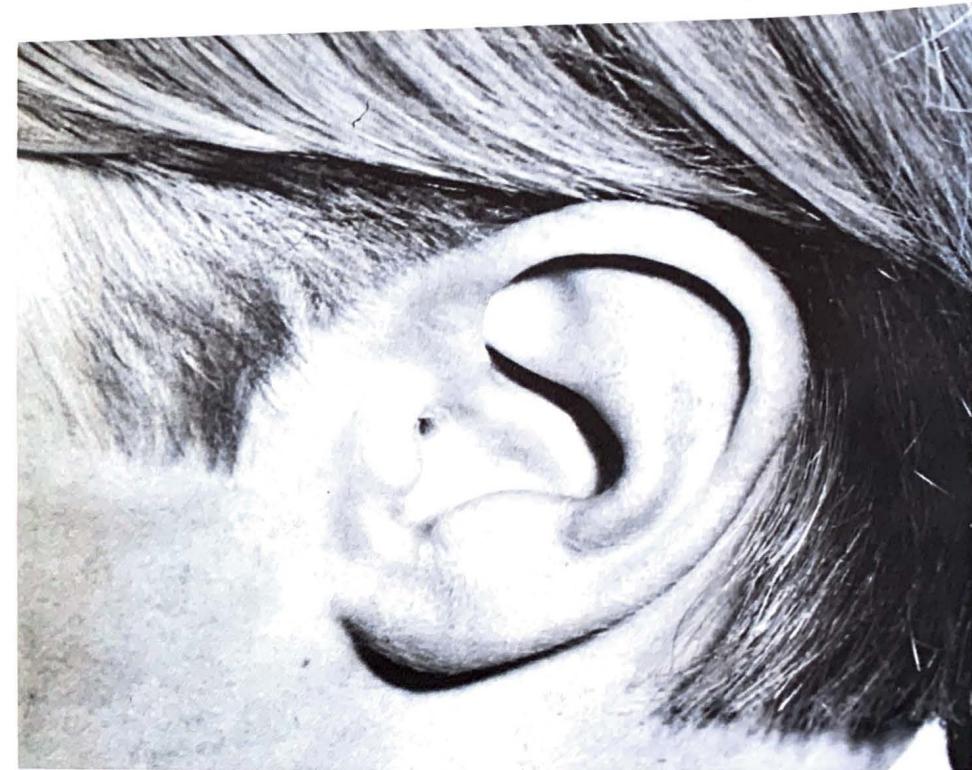
Lighter Side of Life

ELEANOR FLEMING, Junior

It began with the scene of nativity,
An emotion of great sensitivity,
Now we say "Maw" and "Paw",
And "my brother-in-law",
This a theory of great relativity.

The modernized version of GOLDen rule,
Is stamp out De Gaulle and play it cool.

Rorshach's famous for many a blob,
When I make a mess I'm just a slob.



The National Debt:

TOO HEAVY A BURDEN

SUE OLSON, Senior

Each child born today in the United States comes into the world owing a debt of two thousand dollars, for this is each American's share of the present national debt.¹ Since the conception of our nation the United States has been in debt. We began in heavy debt from the revolution and when our country is conquered (if, indeed, it ever is) we will most certainly be in debt.

National or public debt is the term given to the obligation of a government to pay certain sums of money to the holders (usually citizens) of certain securities at some future time. The interest and principal of these securities is paid through taxes.

Each year a new "ceiling" for the national debt is decided upon in Congress. The total debt for that year may not exceed that figure. In June, 1967, the House of Representatives voted down a routine bill to raise the ceiling for the national debt to 365 billion dollars, 29 billion above the present ceiling. Only when the proposed ceiling was lowered to 358 billion dollars with a seven billion provisional clause, did it win approval of the House.²

The incident cited above may serve to illustrate that there is serious misgivings among the leaders of the United States as to the advisability of a large national debt. Some statesmen believe that the interest resulting from a large public debt is too heavy a burden for our government. The U.S. currently pays fourteen billion dollars a year in interest on its debt.³ If interest rates become too high the government will be forced to raise taxes or spend less money on other government programs.

The inflationary effect that a large debt may have on a nation is another argument against heavy borrowing. If money which people would ordinarily have saved is given to the government in exchange for bonds and the government then spends it, there is more money in circulation and inflation may result.

It's very painlessness makes heavy government borrowing dangerous. It is all too easy for an administration to incur a large debt to finance programs important at the time and leave the problems which may ensue (inflation, heavy interest payments) for future generations to solve.

However, the large debt held by our coun-

try today does not seem so frightening when it is compared to our current economic standing. The federal debt has risen far less rapidly than state or private debt. Our country is richer now and more able to carry a larger debt. While the U.S. national debt in 1950 equaled seventy per cent of total output of goods and services here, in 1966 it equaled only forty-three per cent of the output of goods.⁴

The interest burden appears less alarming when one considers that the United States government is in a position to have no trouble meeting payments because of the amount of taxes taken in each year. In 1955, the U.S. debt equaled four times the total tax receipt while the debt today is only two and a half times money received in taxes.⁵

The relatively high debt of the United States seems reasonable to me. The government has need of money to support programs important to her people: Medicare, Social Security, national defense, and of course the war in Viet Nam. And while the amount of debt seems to rise astronomically, the wealth of the country increases at a far more rapid rate, rendering the large debt, if not harmless, at least justifiable.

¹ M. Mayer, "Public Debt: What Does It Mean?", *Better Homes and Gardens*, 45 (March, 1967), p. 28.

² "Paying the Store", *Time*, (June 30, 1967), p. 17.

³ "The Soaring Cost of National Debt", *U. S. News and World Report*, 1xix (January 16, 1967), p. 53.

⁴ "The Soaring Cost...", op. cit.

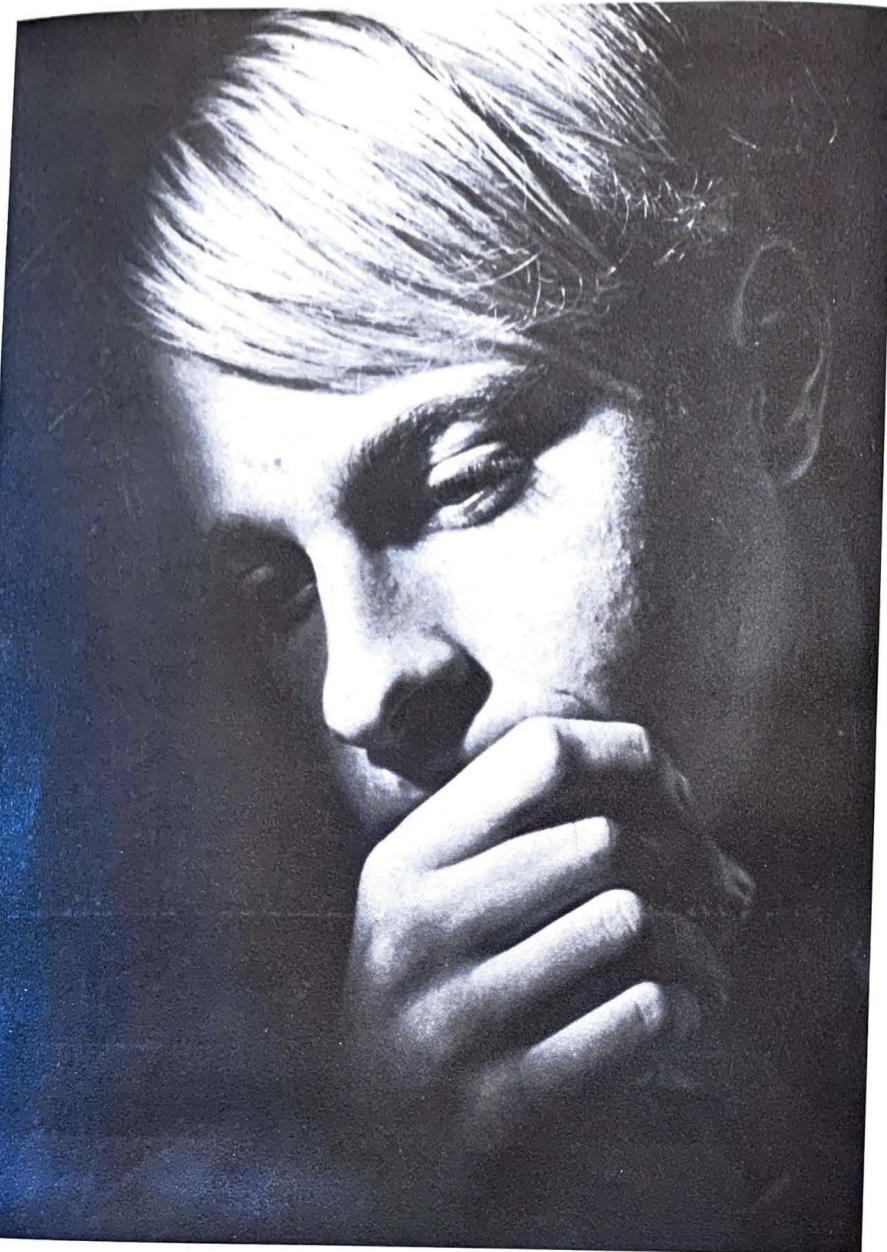
⁵ *Ibid.*

Commendation Award Serious Verse

THE JET PLANE

ELIZABETH HURST, Senior

I heard two beats against the sky.
I looked up and I saw a sliver of sharp steel
Slit its path through the tender wounded blue.
I walked on
Yet I knew not what it was
That wept silently and dropped its tears
Upon my heart.



NOSE BEESNESS

ZANAE JELLETICH, Junior

A bee went buzzing by me once—
 'Twas singing gay old songs,
 I looked at it in shocked surprise,
 To me this seemed quite wrong.
 "Old bee," said I, "What's wrong with you?"
 "Bees aren't supposed to sing!"
 He looked at me and laughed aloud
 Then gave my nose a sting.
 The moral of this tragic tale:
 A question never ask,
 Or never stick your nose into
 A singing bee's own task.

Honorable Mention Story

ALLEN

KAY BECKMAN, Junior

Allen never argued. He never argued when his mother was drunk and told him to get out of the house. He just went. He never argued when his mother's boyfriend said that Allen's father didn't love him. He didn't argue because he knew that of all people his father loved him. No one else really mattered.

There were a lot of things Allen couldn't remember. He remembered the important stuff though. There was only one time that he could remember when his mother and father were together and happy. The three of them were on a picnic by a creek when Allen was around three. His mom and dad were holding hands, and all of a sudden Allen's dad lifted him high above his head and said, "Guess what, Allen! You're going to have a new baby brother or sister!" Allen began hoping it was a smart little girl, because his mom always wanted a smart and cute little girl like his cousin Amy.

Allen couldn't remember the next few months very well. The next thing he could remember real clearly was a telephone call that came while some babysitter was staying with

him. He tried to listen to what she was saying, for he could tell by the way she talked that something was wrong with his mom and dad. When she hung up she told him, "Allen, your parents have had a bad accident. They've been taken to the hospital." Allen was confused. Wasn't the hospital supposed to be a happy place where mommies get babies? Allen didn't cry though. He was too scared to cry.

In the days that followed Allen stayed with the old lady next door. She kept telling him over and over that his mom and dad would be okay. Over and over. After such a long time his dad came home to him. He was so happy to see his dad, but his dad was unhappy. Allen soon found out why. His mom would be okay, but the baby, a little girl, was dead.

Allen's mom came home. She looked so dead. All she did all the time was cry. Allen hated seeing his mother cry. At first Allen's dad comforted her, but as time went by he began yelling at her and she at him. It got so Allen could barely remember them ever being happy.

After she got home from the hospital, his mom wouldn't read to Allen, or play with him or any of the fun stuff they used to do. She'd rather lounge on the couch and drink from that bottle. Always from that bottle. Allen didn't like it when she drank from that bottle because she'd hit him and tell him to get out of the house. He'd go. He'd walk through the lemon orchard. It was quiet there.

Allen's dad was nice to him, though. The thing was that he was a truck driver and was away a lot. Once when he came back he brought Allen a puppy. Oh how Allen loved that dog! He'd talk to it all the time and pretend that it was a special friend named Sam. Allen had to give the dog away, though. His mom called it a filthy animal. When he started to cry, his father told him to be a big man and make him proud of Allen. He never cried after that for anything. He wanted so much for his dad to be proud of him.

Allen finally started to school. He'd always wanted to go to school. The teacher was a real nice lady and Allen loved going to school just for her. Those numbers and words, though. Somehow he could never understand. When he'd try to read aloud the kids would laugh. Allen didn't mind that so much, but some mean kids on the playground would call him, "Stupid!" He didn't like that at all. He didn't cry, though.

Allen lived for Fridays. Friday was when his dad came home. He always brought Allen something like candy, or a toy, or something. His mom's boyfriend never did that. His name was Monty. Monty always made fun of Allen, because he got bad grades in school. Allen didn't argue because he had Fridays to remember. He remembered those precious moments on Friday before his parents had a chance to

start fighting — those moments when his dad would sometimes talk about a far away trip that the two of them would take together.

Time passed. Allen was thirteen now. He hadn't changed though. Nothing had changed really except that now Allen had friends. All he had to do to be their friend was to take little things from the lunch counter. They were such little things that they would never be missed. Besides, when he gave them the items they would laugh and make jokes about him that he couldn't understand. He didn't mind, though. He liked to make people happy.

Nothing had changed, except that Monty wasn't around anymore. Now there was Chuck. Fridays were still special. One time his dad brought him a paint set and paper. Allen liked to work with his hands. He always threw away his paintings though because of his mother's, "Those awful things clutter up the house!"

One Friday Allen rushed home and saw his dad's car. This meant that his parents were probably already yelling and bickering. His heart sank. He walked inside, and they were fighting. His dad was running around, throwing things into a big suitcase. Allen got excited. Now was the time for the long trip they'd always talked about! "Where are we going, Dad?" His dad seemed not to hear. He closed the suitcase and started for the door. He breathed, "Out of my way, Allen." With that his father was gone.

Allen wept.

Honorable Mention Serious Verse

NOT NOW

MIKE IMMEL, Senior

What do I do when

I want to express

Me

But the bell ~~rrrrr~~ings,
 the doors shut.
 silence is mandatory

what do I do when

I want to express

Me

But the typewriter's too loud
 father's tired
 and the shades need drawing

i am quiet
 i conform
 i creep back inside
 and am lost

Why Detroit?

DENNIS HARVEY, Senior

The United States is presently engaged in a war far more serious than Vietnam: the Black-White conflict. Last summer there was a devastating riot in Detroit, the worst internal American holocaust since the Civil War. From this riot spring two vital questions, "Why hadn't the citizens of Detroit realized the situation and prepared for it?" and "Now that it happened, what are we going to do about it?"

Prior to Detroit there were two presages to a major Negro uprising. In the summer of 1965, the nation was rudely awakened to the Negro problem: 34 dead and \$50 million worth of property lost in Watts, Los Angeles. During the next year (1966) there were thirty minor racial disturbances across the country.

Then in Newark, New Jersey, in the 1967 summer, the second major riot occurred. Five years of federal slum money had not improved conditions at all, and the Negro unemployment rate was extremely high. Newark had long been a "basic training camp for the poor" of the South and other sections of the nation, and a general "blight" existed in the area. If there is such a thing as a "right to riot," Negroes in Newark possessed it.

The stage was set for a major Negro revolution, and the only question was, "Where?" It could happen in any major U.S. city, except Detroit. The experts knew that Detroit was safe from trouble, for its Negroes were better off than any other Negroes in the nation. Forty-five per cent owned their own homes and fifty-seven per cent owned cars. Many Negroes occupied important positions: two were in congress and twelve in the state legislature. Negroes had vast opportunities and possibilities for success. Other U.S. cities studied the Detroit system with admiration.

What the experts failed to see was the Negro "underclass," so designated by Professor Daniel "Pat" Moynihan, professor of urban affairs at Harvard and MIT. This "underclass" is below the social structure, completely cut off from it. In the 1960 census, ten percent of the Negro population was not accounted for (as Professor Moynihan puts it, "they're not even statistics"). In Detroit, twenty-five per cent of the Negro youths are unemployed. Thirty-three per cent of the Negro children are fatherless, twenty-five per cent are illegitimate, and fifty per cent of the first born are illegitimate. Negro children are weaned on looting and robbing, and by eleven years of age they are hardened criminals. The number of these "underclass-

men" in Detroit totals 100,000. It was this population that began the riot.

The riot began on Twelfth Street, Detroit, when a "blind pig" (an illegal drinking and gambling establishment) was raided by police and seventy-three persons were arrested. An urban renewal project had recently uprooted 50,000 Negroes, who consequently had no place to go and didn't know what to do. They moved in with friends, and the homes around Twelfth Street had four to six families per house. It was this group of dislocated Negroes, taking offense at how the police "picked on them," that began the four-day riot.

Why did the Negro underclass riot? The "blind pig" incident was merely a spark, setting off the explosion. What was the underlying powder-keg that supplied fuel for the explosion?

In the words of the Negroes, it was their search for "manhood," "self-esteem," "pride," "dignity," and their desire to make "black as pretty as white." They rioted for freedom, not for possessions. True, the automobile industry offered many jobs, but if the Negroes were humiliated by their white co-workers, they could retain no dignity or self-respect. They became simply workers, not men.

Negroes want to stand on their own two feet and be proud of what they earn. They do not want to accept charity. As one Negro auto worker stated it, "I must be the father of my son and gain his respect. A man must be a man or he is nothing."

And so we can sum up the riot: In their search for manhood, 50,000 evicted "underclass" Negroes rebelled. We know why they rebelled, but what can we do to ease similar problems in the future?

Inevitably Negroes will continue to riot. Black extremist leaders tell us that all of our cities will burn. After the Detroit riot ceased, one extremist said, "This time we got the stores; next time we'll get them (the white store-keepers)." The National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders clearly stated the terrifying possibilities of such action in a report issued on February 29, 1968. The report said:

If the Negro population as a whole developed even stronger feelings of being wrongly penned in and discriminated against, many of its members might come to support not only riots but the rebellion now being preached by only a handful.

If large-scale violence resulted, white retaliation would follow.

This spiral could quite conceivably lead to a kind of urban apartheid with semi-martial law in many major cities, en-

forced residence of Negroes in segregated areas, and a drastic reduction in personal freedom for all Americans, particularly Negroes.

How can we handle this situation, combat the extremists, and not cause a civil war to erupt in urban areas? One way would be to incarcerate the extremist leaders, for without leaders an army is nothing. Dr. Kenneth Clark, a Negro psychologist, disagrees, "Another Stokely (Carmichael) would arise day after tomorrow." Dr. Clark continues to offer his plan of alleviation, "Conditions create people, people do not create conditions." Clean up the conditions and you will clean up the problem.

Professor Moynihan agrees with Dr. Clark somewhat, and says, "All right! We're going to clean up this house, but while we do we're not going to let them pull it down around us!" Moynihan goes deeper into the situation and presents his solution. The major problem of the Negro people is their lack of mobility. What is the sense of earning more money if they are "locked up" in a ghetto and cannot purchase the type of home they deserve? Thus, incentive is destroyed. Furthermore, Moynihan believes that it is too far from the top of the income ladder to the bottom, and he advocates a distribution of the wealth. Moynihan thinks the government should take over employment and give jobs to all those capable. The government should also send a monthly check to needy families for each of their children, thus giving them a family allowance to ease financial difficulties.

This, I think, sums up the whole problem of lack of communication between the whites and the blacks. The whites, one day, say, "We realize your gripes, blacks. You don't want charity. You want to earn your possessions. You want manhood." Then the next day we make plans on how to give them jobs, give them monthly checks, and give them their share of the wealth. All of this giving does not leave much room for gaining dignity.

I think we should answer the Negro slogan of "Burn, baby, burn" with a couple of our own: "Learn, baby, learn" and "Earn, baby, earn."

The Negro will inevitably obtain his self-respect, either by peacefully earning it or violently taking it. The future of the Negro is a sure thing. It is the future of America that remains to be decided.

COMPASSION

ELIZABETH HURST, Senior

Take my hand and I

Will sit silent and listen

To what you must say.



ADAM AND EVE

MIKE IMMEL, Senior

a one act comedy

(The time is only days after the hectic week of creation. The stage is bare, the lighting is normal—like daytime. God's power is shown by the lights flickering off and on. The serpent's voice is like that of a used car salesman on television—sly and fast; he is only heard, not seen. Adam is dressed in a sport shirt and has a windbreaker on. Eve is dressed in a simple shift and her hair is natural. The tone used in conversation between Adam and Eve is at times innocent and naive; then husband and wife; then man trying to be superior to woman—especially when Adam doesn't know the answers to the many questions. The play opens on Adam strolling in the garden of Eden. There is no curtain, the stage is black, then the lights suddenly light the stage.

ADAM: (Strolling around, looks at something, cocks head, frowns, squints, rests chin in hand.) A . . . shop . . . (walks around, pauses) shoop! shell? shoal? No. A . . . sheep! Yeah, a sheep. (pleased) Sheep. S-h-e-e-p. (Looks around skyward, suddenly notices his breath, cross-eyed, he tries to see, then catch, then feel his breath. He contemplates.) Anchored. Ankle. A . . . air. Air? Air. (breathes it) A-i-r. (pleased, he then continues strolling and stumbles on a rock.) owl wo? ow. (picks rock up) hmm . . . rand, roop, roop? Ugh! (Anguish) this is hard! I've got to name all these, these, these, these . . . (groping for a word) th . . . th . . . things! (triumphantly) Yeah, things. (He looked skyward) How about some help? It'll take too long all by myself . . . (Lights flicker, rumble sound. Adam crouches out of fear and in pain yells) Agh!!!! (He has a pain in his chest, then Eve appears from back stage. While Adam is still crouched he sees Eve walk by—she is awed—he looks her over and rises) Who are you?

EVE: Who? Me? (Innocently)

ADAM: (nods affirmatively)

EVE: Eve . . . I'm Eve.

ADAM: (formally) Hello....a....I am Adam.... (no last name.) You can call me Adam. (Eve is innocent and so is Adam, but he feels the compulsion to be masculine and strong.

BOTH: I've heard a lot about you. (They withdraw embarrassed at speaking simultaneously. They smile—Eve looks one way, Adam the opposite; while her back is turned Adam wolfishly sizes her up and decides she's okay.)

EVE: (dumbly) What's that? (Pointing with her arm extended)

ADAM: (Assuming his leadership role) a.... a....I call that Phoenix dactylifera, or apalm tree.

EVE: (Impressed) Dactylifera?

ADAM: Uh huh.

EVE: O.

ADAM: Eve?

EVE: Huh?

ADAM: Who are you?

EVE: I'm Eve—Eve.

ADAM: Yeah, I know—and I'm Adam but who are you, do you have a last name?

EVE: (shakes head indicating no) Do you?

ADAM: No. When were you born?

EVE: (She doesn't understand) I dunno. Do you?

ADAM: No, do you know where you're from?

EVE: I dunno. Do you?

ADAM: No, I guess you just came just like that. (snaps fingers)

EVE: Didn't it take more than just (snaps fingers, looks to Adam for an answer.) What about you? Who are you?

ADAM: I'm Adam.

EVE: I know, but where are you from?

ADAM: Well. (Doesn't want to concede his ignorance) well . . . I dunno, but I was here first. (Changing the subject)

EVE: Where?

ADAM: Here. (obviously)

EVE: But where's here?

ADAM: (Points to ground, realizes he really doesn't know where he is. Long pause.) O. (Both are troubled at this question. They finally look by accident into each other's eyes and they smile. This breaks the seriousness)

ADAM: Well . . . we don't know much, do we?

EVE: (Shakes head indicating no)

ADAM: But we're here . . .

EVE: (Shakes head affirmatively)

ADAM: So let's make the best of it. (EVE: (pause, she frowns, reluctantly asks) Of what?

(Another problem for Adam)

ADAM: Of this! (He spreads his arms wide) Of all this this this st....st....stuff! It gave us.

EVE: IT?

ADAM: IT!

EVE: Who's IT?

ADAM: (points to sky)

EVE: You mean there's something else here besides just us?

ADAM: Of course. IT'S here. Sometimes IT talks and when IT does it's terrible. The sky flashes and IT has an awesome deep voice.

7:00, Time To Get Up

SCOTT ELLISON, Senior

Ten, nine, eight, seven,
 Monday, 7:00, time to get up,
 And the city did.
 six, five, four, three,
 All over the city wives started their breakfasts,
 And husbands started their showers.
 Two, one, zero, Fire!
 Milkmen finished their rounds,
 And people got their morning papers.
 The rocket climbed high into the sky.
 Husbands finished their showers,
 And wives called their families to breakfast.
 The rocket arched high over the Earth,
 Racing toward its target.
 Breakfast was finished, and children left for
 school.
 The rocket's journey was almost done,
 It was returning to Earth.
 Husbands had their last cup of coffee
 And kissed their wives goodbye.
 The rocket finally reached its target.
 Wives turned to start their dishes,
 Then, Oblivion.
 Tuesday, 7:00, time to get up,
 But the city did not.

Commendation Award Serious Verse

Car Dump

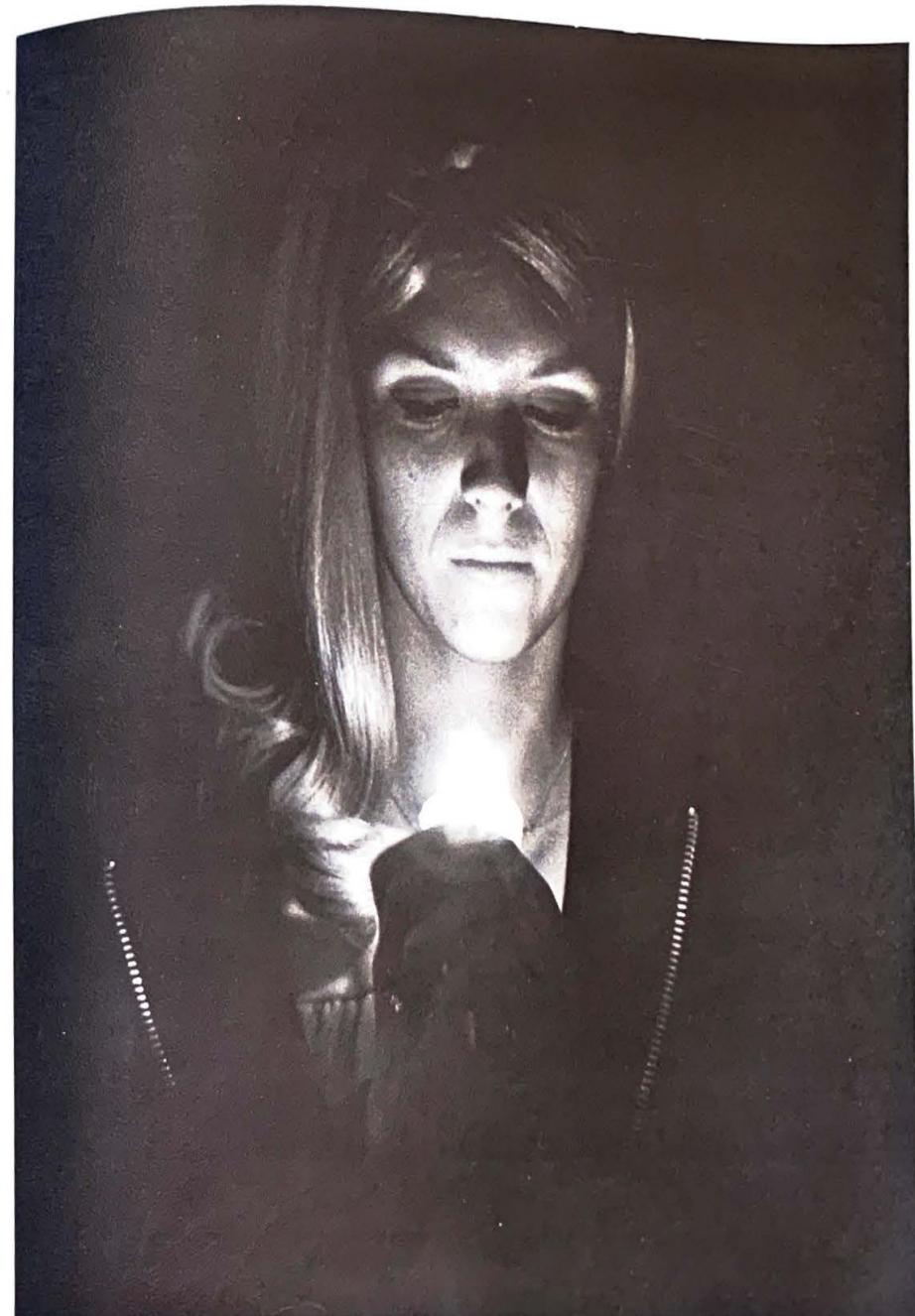
DAVID WILKINSON, Sophomore

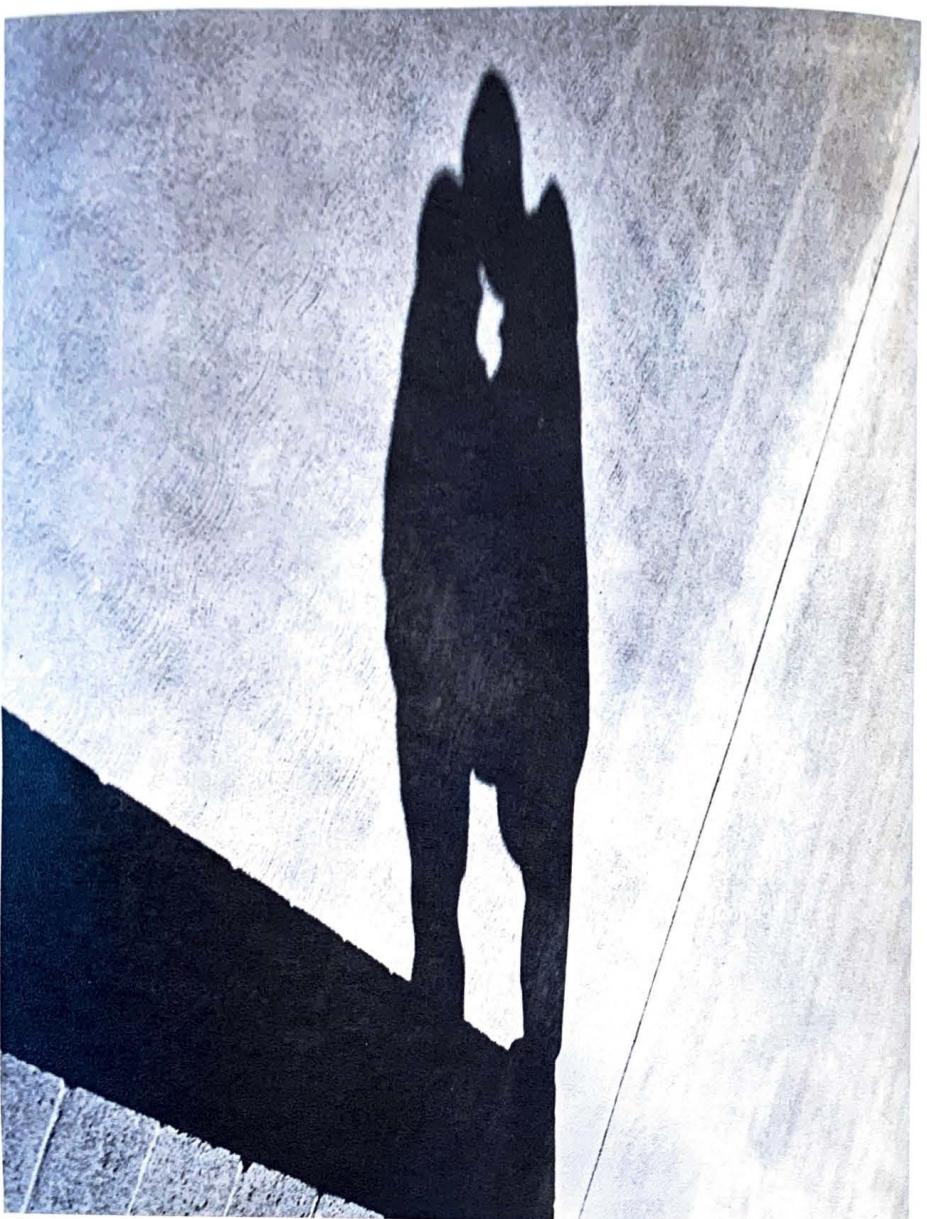
It's not a beach I'm at,
 But there are lots of shells
 With no hermit crabs inside,
 But rather, a lot of ripped upholstery.
 See, the twisted metal
 Is starting to rust.
 Metal graves piled one on one;
 I can almost hear the freakish screams,
 And the flying glass and spattering blood,
 And a child's last cry.

Ballad of a Visitation

JEFF SALEM, Senior

She bolted the door and made fast all the windows.
 She turned off the lights and went up to her room.
 She made her way slowly the length of the hall,
 It was cold and her house was a tomb.
 She came to her door and she opened it slowly,
 Then suddenly turned and looked back down the hall.
 She waited a moment to see what was there
 For she thought she had heard someone call.
 Regaining composure she laughed at her folly.
 Who possibly could at this hour be 'round?
 Her bedroom door clicked as she latched it behind her;
 The walls coldly echoed the sound.
 Outside in the hall there approached something misty,
 Unclear, undefined, in the dark all aglow.
 It twisted and writhed as it came near her doorway,
 Its movements uncertain and slow.
 She laid down her robe and then pulled back the comfort.
 She blew out the candle she'd carried upstairs.
 She laid back her head as she shut her eyes tightly,
 And tried to forget all her cares.
 It passed through the door and confronted the lady.
 She lay there in horror averting her eyes.
 She started to speak but it silenced her, wailing,
 "I'll put up with none of your lies."
 "It's far too late now to repent all your evil,
 And make your amends for the thing you have done."
 She pleaded for mercy, she begged its forgiveness!
 It wailed once again and was gone.
 That morning her maid entered through the front doorway.
 To waken her mistress she went to her room.
 She found her in bed and reached out for her hand,
 It was cold, and her house was a tomb.





The Kiss

MIKE IMMEL, Senior

— Well, goodnight, he said not looking to her eyes.

— Thank you, she said, thank you for, for tonight.

awkward pause break it by a kiss kiss her now she's probably been waiting for a kiss at every goodnight goodnight we've just said said she must i do then do it o dont be chicken (she hates chickens she likes men or rather boys) get it over with it will be nice when i finally do do it so start kissing now and then stop having to worry and start having to kiss her a lot start having a good time even at her doorstep then maybe later inside that when i finally get to know a girl when i get accustomed to her quit thinking kiss her now before turning around and walking up the painted red patio and into the car before she turns after the pause awkward and into her soft floor of carpet she probably takes off her shoes when she gets inside because the carpet is so so nice on the bottom of feet especially in the morning dont go home tonight like last weekend saturdays night without kissing her at her door dont be chicken just kiss her now so when i go home i wont lie in bed thinking how it might have been go home and think how it was or how it used to be all empty and unfinished and very dull think how nice it will be to go home and go to sleep not having to think about anything unless i want to think about how the kiss tasted different from whatshernames or lastyearsgirlfriend even though i cant really remember what they tasted like but how yes kiss her not this is getting ridiculous i take her out at least once almost every weekend and i dont even take the initiative to kiss her kiss her kiss her johnny take your medicine its good after i take it but the anxiety before almost kills kiss her so when other boys ask how she is i can say that she is okay and smile wide and leave the rest to their imagination instead i wont have to make excuses and say were just friends she just like a sister i couldnt really feature wellyouknow then their quiet misunderstanding but they go along because they really dont care nobody really cares what i do as long as i do i suppose thats how i feel anyway kiss her quit standing there here like that ornamental tree here by her door kiss her she wants it she wouldnt turn her head away no one especially her because ive known her for so very long shesjustlikeasister i dont think she d mind she wants to do do i then kiss her now dont be afraid she wont do anything funny she ll probably be very glad so that if her sister asks her "did he kiss you tonight" then the reply from her "no" then her sisters reply "not yet" then "no not yet" then

"o thats funny he should but he doesnt you know that is funny ha ha" im having an emotional trauma over a little little kiss goodnight just kiss her so when dad asks kiddingly early in the morning "did you kiss her goodnight" i wont be embarrassed and have to say no because i dont lie it would be so easy to lie but it would be so hard to lie thats why i dont lie im a good boy i get good grades i dont get in trouble i never do anything wrong and i rarely do anything right for me for others it seems as though i do but to me i dont really know if i do or not kiss her j alfred prufrock i dont want to be you but sometimes i feel as though i am you and not myself thats what i dread sometimes being him kiss her now kiss her now i wonder why i get all awkward at her doorstep and not at other girls doorsteps just hers really i think we've both been this way for such a long time a year i suppose o i dont know we really dont expect a kiss goodnight kiss her it is good to kiss when young and old or inbetween there is nothing wrong with kissing it is nice but its wet and funny and awkward the first time kiss her kiss her turn away but kiss her first dont go towards the red patio steps until the kiss is over then next time at the doorsteps she ll know that i am going to kiss her and all worries will come to an end and a happy end and probably hers too unless i dont kiss her now now

— Yeah, he said, you're welcome.

— You know what, girls aren't supposed to say thank you.

— I know where you read that.

— In my seventeen book of etiquette, she said.

— Yeah, in your etiquette book, the one you got for Christmas, you already told me.

— O, would you like to come in?

— No, I've got to work early tomorrow with my dad.

— O, okay, but if you want, you can come in.

— Ah . . . no I better not.

why not i dont get up till eight o clock thats not very early and working with father is not very hard not really go inside no dont it will just prolong the time i dont really want to go inside or do i do i no yes it doesn't matter but kiss her now then go home kiss her and then say goodnight then she ll say goodnight then it will be nice to sleep with that in mind so kiss her now then when they ask i can say yes than i can be what other people expect i must im so close to her in all other ways no one else even asks her out because they think ive got a good little thing going here but i dont but i do if i would only start it i suppose i suppose shes standing there in front of that door sort of waiting is she is she or is she just ready to go inside kiss her before that time and then it will be nice i suppose like with whatshernames i suppose withwhatshernames it was so

easy so easy but dont think of her now think of her here and kiss her now take that medicine johnny gee this is really ridiculous just kiss her and get it all over with so when i with her come home i can lie around and kiss her a lot and get accustomed to her and really get to like her i cant go around not kissing anyone i've got to kiss somegirl a decent one a good one a pretty one like everyone thinks i do does she or does she think im funny because i dont kiss her kiss her now so she and her sister and the boys and her and them and they wont think do it now kiss her and it will be nice kiss her here bend towards her girleyes and kiss her and kiss her now

- Goodnight, she said said.

- Goodnight, he said said.

Commendation Award Serious Verse

Door Into Summer

WENDY BISCH, Sophomore

I found
A door into summer.
After
Cold, clammy days
A warm evening
Recalls:
The content
Of a star-filled night;
The gentle
Lapping
Of the swimming pool,
Recently left;
Half remembered, murmured
Conversation
While lying face towards
The sun that beats
Twin gleaming disks
Into the centers of my
Eyelids;
The icy feeling
Of a hot and crackly
Sunburned face being
Soothed
With a cool fragrant cream.
My mind is at rest
My body satisfyingly
Exhausted.
Crickets
Chirp farewell to
The sun.
The last rays leave—
Life settles, leaving me hungry
For this same day
That will return
At winter's end.

Commendation Award Humorous Verse

WELL, MOM

CYN CRUCKARD, Junior

"Is his family well-to-do?
Are his eyes both big and blue?
Is his hair cut nice and short?
He's athletic! In what sport?
Dear, please tell me all the rest.
For you we want the very best."

"Well, his head is wonderfully flat.
His best and only friend's a cat.
He won't go out for any sport.
His mind is quick, he's just the sort
Of person that I really 'dig',
But most of all his hands are big."

Third Award Informal Essay

My Ideal Woman

BRAD HERRMAN, Senior

Every man, sooner or later, gets around to thinking about settling down, getting married, and having a nice home and family. He acquires a nice, safe job, and lives a nice, safe life. Everyman's wife, (Housewifeus Domesticum), is also typically nice and safe; her life consisting of such excitement as tea parties, bridge games, laundering, and buying Girl Scout Cookies. Everyman may find that he got just what he bargained for... the safe life... the dull wife.

Someday in that far, gray, and distant future when I start looking for a wife (like about next week), I'm going to set certain standards and criteria for Wifehood. I find this a most reasonable thing to do, since when I start chasing, (or if I'm chased), I will do it with the full realization that my "catch" will be my life's partner. It's a pretty important decision, so why not set a few conditions for matrimony?

First, she must be exciting... not just in the

physical sense, but she must be fun to be with. After all, if we're going to be Man-and-Wife for fifty or sixty years, we've got to be able to stand each other. I mean, compatibility is essential.

What else must the Ideal Woman be besides compatible? My woman must be smart. Contrary to popular belief, gentlemen do not prefer dumb blondes, dumb brunettes, or dumb anything! Men want women that are alive and vibrant, and well able to compete intellectually with their husbands. I want a wife that can discuss God, Beethoven, and Vietnam as well as babies, cooking, and the neighbors' new stove. Women have to be smart... men respect them for it.

Wonder Woman must also have a great sense of humor. There are times in every marriage when things are gloomy. Perhaps there are financial troubles, or other worries. My wife will be able to take problems in stride, seeing the good side in everything. (If there isn't a good side, she'll make one up.)

One very important criteria is that of beauty. Naturally, all men want attractive wives (I'm no exception), but my wife must have inner beauty, too. She must have strength of character, an appreciation of art and music, and a love for life. Within these things lies a beauty that no make-up can hide or change.

Last, and most important of all, is the criteria of love. Within love lies the essential ingredient to a successful marriage, for in love there is excitement, compatibility, understanding, and beauty. Above all else, my Ideal Woman must be able to love, for love shall be the foundation of my marriage.

There's only one thing that bothers me, though. What if someday, when I find my Ideal Woman, I don't pass her standards?

Commendation Award Serious Verse

RAINBOW

MARIA GRANT, Junior

Colors bright and fresh
Circle the earth in an arch.
The earth's wedding band.

Honorable Mention Serious Verse

Summer Night

ELIZABETH HURST, Senior

I rise from my hot bed
And slip into the starlight;
The Universal Mother wraps
Me in cool folds of darkness.

Commendation Serious Verse

LONELINESS

DIANE BENNISON, Junior

Loneliness is a cold, bare room within the soul.
The room is inside. How am I locked in?
The empty dwelling has no warmth.
It is dark and cold and hard.
The skeleton of the naked tree taps on the icy
window, begging me to open up.
Loneliness is the desolate, desperate emotion of
despair.
It is the chill of the autumn wind after the rain
has cooled the earth.
Each breath taken deep into the body stings
and parches.

Loneliness is silent, never-changing space.
The infinity of time and place.
Silent, yet screaming recklessly through the
echoing corridors of my brain.

Caught in a maze, turning endless numbers of
corners like the blowing, bluesy wind.
At times, reaching the limit of nothing, giving
up the search for understanding and
resigning to the fate with a short calm.
But coming again when the wind blows its
soundless, shrieking message.

Now once again, the bony fingers of the starv-
ing tree scratch hungrily at my win-
dow, asking me the impossible ques-
tion.

SUM STYLES

MIKE IMMEL, Senior

The riders of today are developing many new styles. Styles that carry the themes that apply to the many times in which they are written and read. Or the former only. Or the latter only. Styles that graphically and verbally inter into the innermost and outermost feelings and thoughts and desires and etceteras of man, and woman too.

One of these new styles developed by Jim Joyce in his book ULYSSES, is rivers of the mind, or stream of consciousness. It's a weird thing Jimmy does he flashes all round with th... th... that egg yes, a sunrise dotted with pellets of pepper yes this morning sloshed and slapped through my lips yes food the eternal life blood yes mmmm yes . . . thoughts of his characters.

through this technique often lacking in punctuation Jim achieves a real oneness with his reader and character a sort of abject nirvana i mean if youve studied it before jimmy really puts over how a character thinks to his reader and modern mans modern reactions to a modern world

"Then there's that style, oh I guess it's a style, yes I would call it that. It employs the subject, or is it the author, in a mental conversation with the reader. D. H. Lawrence sometimes uses this style, yes he did, I recall in, STUDIES IN CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE, yes of course. I knew that Dave converses his sentences like that, or like this, to familiarize the reader with the subject, or DH himself. Of course that's it. How else are you gonna get to know anything without talking?

Poetry too has been affected by style. e.e. cummings, a short man, very often used away of writing poetry

seemed that

jump A——L——L 2

over

the page.

Poet Cummings had the creativity to see + to visualize, how words + phrases are, said, + what certain words + phrases would be in terms of word constructions. He sculptured poetical word constructions because he figured that the straight line was too overused and too narrow. He wanted originality, something new, so he expanded the straight line a

1 over the page.

This idea was a GREAT leap forward in searching out the many ways of getting meaning across to readers.

Lately Ralphy Ginsberg has erected a new style of writing, but we can't discuss his godam style right now.

So their you have there styles, o my they are nice. And have you noticed the new style I have been creating? I use mispeled words so the reader can cheque hisself on spelling. I also use poor grammar, punctuation, and diction etc to check the reader's english knowledge. I believe in education of the reader. So in a sense, my style could be called, I suppose check attempts to educate the reader but also tries to portray a world wide theme, maybe even a universal one. I attempt to show the chaos of this place, this place we live in - this earth, thru chaotic use of the language. Chaoticism.

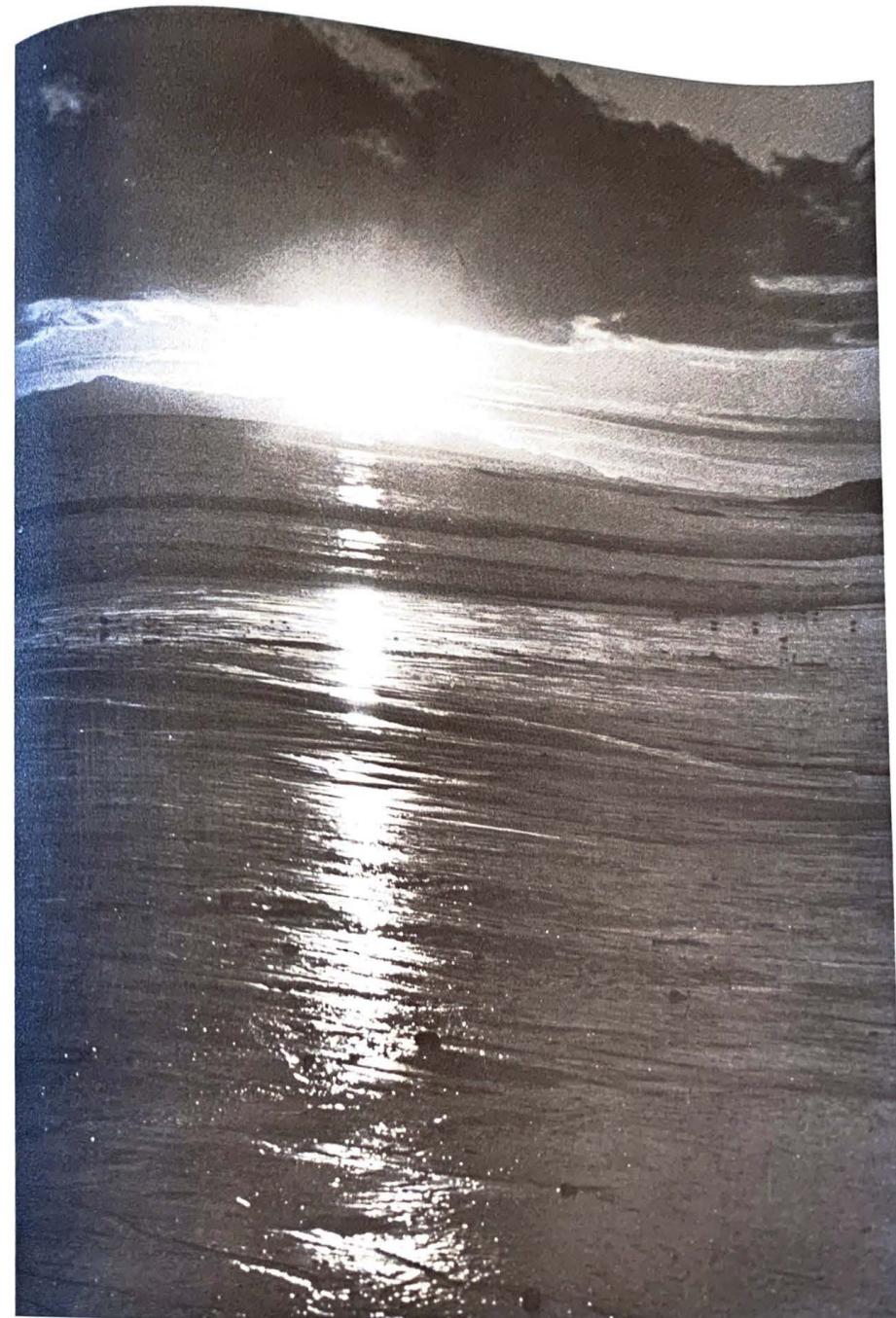
Second Award Serious Verse

Seniors Farewell

BRAD HERRMAN, Senior

And now it is my turn to leave,
Good-bye to class bells,
Good-bye to rows of silent lockers,
Good-bye to lunch time and books.
Farewell to all these things . . .
For it is my turn to leave.
And I also say good-bye to
That shelter of freedom within the walls of
youth.

Now those walls crumble with
The passing of a short year,
The forward look to college,
The first step out.
It is my turn to leave
And before it happens
Let me turn and look with wonder
Before it happens
Before those memories become stale
And unimportant.
Let me look just once more.
Then I shall gladly step out and up . . .
Just let me look once more . . .
For it is my turn to leave,
And I can never return . . .





Paint It Like It Is

JANELL McCARTY, Senior

I

As the red light blinked to green, a multitude of office workers and harried shoppers surged across the crowded New York street. Upon reaching the opposite sidewalk, Rupert Upon reaching the opposite sidewalk, Rupert Grey, his blue and red plaid beret perched jauntily upon his unkempt head of hair, dislodged himself from the sea of hurried people and turned down a small side street which hosted a variety of small shops and studios. As he strolled casually towards his destination, Rupert could not help smiling smugly at the short, fat-faced man with the protruding stomach who grinned back from the reflection of the shops' pane-glass windows. At his designated doorway, he disappeared from the street and trudged up a flight of narrow stairs. For a few moments he stood searching in his coat pocket until he found the key which, when inserted into the complaining lock, gave access to his studio.

Across the room propped up on an easel stood his painting. Cautiously he edged near the picture until, with the animation of slow-motion movies, he drew his short pudgy hand out and carefully removed the drape that had veiled the painting. He stepped back, and after adjusting the shade over the window, squinted his already sunken eyes into mere slits from which he critically viewed his work. With his eyes still transfixed on the canvas, he backed towards the door, opened it, and yelled up the stairs.

"Alfie. Down here!"

In the few moments that elapsed, Rupert again moved across the floor to stand immediately in front of his masterpiece. Just as he leaned forward to caress the canvas with his hand, the door frame creaked softly with the weight of someone leaning against it and a hoarse, throaty voice filled the room with its presence.

"That it?"

Robbed of his moment of admiration for his own creativeness, Rupert turned his head slightly and let his squinted eyes move slowly up from the sanded feet, tousled jeans and sagging sweatshirt, to the straggly beard and intense black eyes of the young man who slouched against the door jamb. He replied simply.

"Yeah."

The large body straightened itself away from the door and moved carelessly towards

the easel. As he approached closer, the dark eyes remained riveted at the painting; investigating each line and questioning each swirl of color about its existence. He stood there for several seconds meditating and gazing at the conglomeration of color. Rupert watched his face intently, searching for any glimpse of emotion. The face showed none. Finally in the same controlled, yet savage voice that had filled the room earlier, Alfie spoke.

"It breathes. Tell me about it."

"It's life, Alf; every experience of life is there. The large black line that gets lost in itself is the road. The swirls of brown are confusion and frustration. The green is jealousy and hate, the yellow one that's almost hidden is happiness, and the red one is belief."

"Belief in what, painter?"

"Any illusion. In the far corner is hope, and the lines that make a shield around it are despair. See the thick black lines intertwined with the curving orange ones? That's war and the center of the painting is peace."

"The purple squiggle with the zigzag lines?"

"Ah... that's evil - the woman."

"Woman?" The dark eyebrows raised themselves into questioning arches.

"Yeah. Woman destroys man. Takes a man, independent from cause, harassment, and responsibility, breaks his spirit, sears his pride, tames his imagination and dissolves his ego. Leaves him dependent upon her commands, emotions, and desires. Creates a puppet and leaves only the whisper of a man."

Alfie did not speak. But the hard eyes flicked amusedly over the earnest and disillusioned face of the squat man beside him.

Rupert continued his narration.

"The pale grey form that fluxes in and out of the whole painting is God."

"You forgot the red line?"

"Illusion, Alfie! God is reality; the last stronghold that survivors grasp onto when they meet the lines on the road. The red line is only disillusionment's sonnet."

"Okay, creator. When are you gonna hit the masses with this?"

"Hmmm... oh, I think at that little park show on Saturday."

"What about your other paintings?"

"I'll take 'em. But this one...this is the One."

Altie was at the door.

"Bomb 'em."

He softly shut the door on his words. He stood for a moment facing the closed door, visualizing the man and the painting within the room. Abruptly he turned and trudged up the flight of stairs. At the next landing, he stopped and peered sneeringly at the dark gaping passageway from which he had just come. Then he raised his face to the ceiling and ripped from his vocal cords the cruel, husky laughter that shattered the solitude of the building. Rupert raised his puzzled eyes momentarily from his painting to the direction from which the noise had come.

II

People, brought together by the desire to be thought of as sophisticated and perhaps by a common attraction to paintings and artists, milled about on the lawn. Some, making brief comments to their companions, strolled lingeringly from one painting to the next. Others gazed curiously at the loitering artists who, like many of their canvas creations, were strange and colorfully clad. Still others, predominantly young children, asked in bored voices where the bathroom was, or made faces at the paintings and other children. They were, as a whole, the average people striving to be sophisticated.

A girl, fifteen or perhaps nineteen, threaded her way unconspicuously among the pictures. Once in a while, as she leaned closer to read the name printed at the bottom of a painting, the long brown hair would fall softly across her bony shoulders and the bangs would slide unconcernedly over her eyes. In a moment with a flick of her head, she would toss them back before moving on to the next canvas.

With increasing curiosity Rupert watched the girl as she neared him. She was not a pretty girl, but there was a kind of magnetism that attracted him to her. Finally she stood in front of his painting. With a toss of her head she shook the lank hair behind her shoulders and then gazed up at the colorful canvas. For a few moments the girl contemplated his painting. Then she turned her startling large eyes in Rupert's direction and demanded in a gentle but compelling voice, "Do you like this painting? I don't."

Rupert stared at the girl for a moment and then spoke in a very slow and controlled voice.

"Well... maybe you don't understand it."

"Maybe. But the title says it's Life and I think I understand that."

"You haven't lived long enough to understand such a creation."

The girl gazed coolly at Rupert for a minute.

"All I know is that if my life were such a ghastly scribble of color, I would be sick. Maybe the painted is so disillusioned that he can't see the serenity of life."

"I think you are missing the whole point of this painting. The painter is obviously showing Life through the senses."

"I don't think it communicates. You know, Life has to have depth. So does this painting if it's representing Life. It's really kind of superficial; fake."

The girl smiled shyly, perhaps realizing that she had spoken too much to the stranger. As she turned to leave, Rupert stopped her with his words.

"You must understand this painting. You can't have any realization of Life until you do!"

"I realize Life. But I don't see it as cork-screw and scribbly lines meshed together."

Rupert returned bewildered and crestfallen comment, "How else would you paint an abstract feeling?"

"I don't know. But a man's life has so much emotion in it that a painting to represent such a life must convey feeling. This painting doesn't make me cry or laugh or even think. It just sits there with all those gaudy lines and colors."

"You don't understand!" Rupert wanted to cry. His painting was changing.

"I know. I don't understand you either. Can you really grasp the soul and the meaning out of that painting? I don't think it's there to begin with."

Rupert hurt inside. His painting and his custom-packaged philosophy of life was ripping apart and deteriorating from the girl's words. The painting had changed. The colored lines were now shallow and sharp jagged strokes of nothingness that inflicted wounds he felt but could not see. The harsh lines glared with brilliant violence. They seemed to reach out and pierce his mind, gore his innards, and twist his soul. He wanted to scream and cry, but he couldn't. He wanted to push the girl away, but he couldn't. She was still there, looking at him with those big eyes!

"Can you really grasp the soul and the meaning out of that painting?" The words screamed across his mind.

Answering words screamed back across his brain.

"No, stupid girl. There's no meaning, no soul! Hal! Hal! Hal!"

Rupert focused on the girl's face. Woman Destroyer! He turned and ran, ran, and kept running. The beret fell to the ground. People turned and stared. Rupert didn't care. He was laughing and running...from reality. And as he ran he laughed the "Who am I?" and the "What am I?" He wanted to squeeze something, hurt it, kill it... Maybe himself, a martyr to the end.

Commendation Award Humorous Verse

Ode to a White Potato

MARY FOOR, Junior

Oh little root upon my sink,
"How shall I eat you?" is what I think.
How about hashed or crisply fried?
How about stewed or scalloped?
I love to eat you mashed or boiled,
Or fresh from the oven neatly foiled.
I am content when you're split and baked,
I welcome you at breakfast, patty-caked.
Over a variation I wildly flip,
It's widely known as potato & chip.
You're best seasoned with pepper and salt.
And also with butter; you have no faults.
I adore you as a fresh cooked soup,
I bow to you, oh marvelous root!
There's just one drawback that keeps on
hap'ning,
Oh wondrous potato, why are you fat'ning?!!

Honorable Mention Story

The Approach

SUE OLSON, Senior

Mary stood on the porch, hand on the door knob. She wondered wearily why she had even bothered to come. No doubt this party would be the same as dozens of others she had been to. She would either sit alone all evening or pass the time talking to girlfriends she saw every day at school or to boys who were not interested in her, but simply bored with the party. She would either despair early and decide to walk home before the night was half over or she would stay and help clean up. And then she would cry herself to sleep.

Finally she turned the knob and let herself into the house. The noise of chatter, laughter and loud music held no enchantment for her. She attended parties not because she expected to have any fun, but because she believed, she had to believe, that somewhere there was a

special person who would care for her and that she must make an effort to meet him.

The scene inside was a familiar one. There were a few couples dancing in the middle of the living room, but most of the people were in groups, talking. There was nothing formal about the gathering. Everyone was dressed as he pleased and most people were sitting on the floor.

Once inside, Mary went straight to the kitchen. She found Elaine, the hostess, there.

"Hi, Elaine. Can I help?"

"Thanks, Mary. Would you put more potato chips out and more ice in the bucket?"

Elaine left and Mary carried out the requests, glad to be spared joining the crowd immediately. When she found nothing left to do in the kitchen she slipped into the living room and sat on the floor at the edge of a group of kids including several she knew. They were discussing a recent concert of a group she particularly disliked. She thought the conversation with its overabundance of groovy's, flash's, and so added nothing to it. She drifted off to a group of girls who were discussing a dance she had not attended.

From time to time the party seemed to undergo a fluctuation period during which the groups were rearranged and everyone ended up talking to different people. Somehow Mary was never quite included in the regroupings. She became tired of making an effort to talk to people who were never really interested in her, so she went back to the kitchen and replenished all the refreshments. She returned to the living room, but sat on the couch this time, just watching the party. She noticed various girls approaching the boys who interested them. The whole process was so obvious it was amusing. The conversations were all the same. The mundane questions - How old are you? Do you go to the college or to high school? Oh, by the way, what's your name? Amusing maybe, but it was a way to find a boy. Why, Mary wondered, was she unable to employ the same methods?

It was then that she first noticed the boy who was staring at her. She immediately decided that she must be mistaken. What boy would stare at her in a roomful of attractive girls? She looked to see if there was another girl he might be looking at, but she saw that she was alone on the sofa. When she glanced a second and third time he was still staring although he looked away each time her eyes met his. Surely this was the time to go and speak to him, but she was too afraid. Perhaps he would speak to her first. If not...

She walked to the next room where the record player was, praying that he would follow. It was much less crowded there. She replaced the loud music with a Donovan record and sat

down to listen. He had not followed. She sank back to the tired feeling she had had when she entered the party. He had looked nice, not cute at all, only nice. Too bad. The music deepened her melancholy but made it more pleasant.

Suddenly she saw the boy standing by the record player. He was tall and blond.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," she answered. Please don't be happy. Nothing will come of this. Nothing ever does.

"Do you by any chance have an older sister?"

She almost laughed. How right to never anticipate. "No, I'm sorry. I'm an only child."

"Oh, really? I'm sorry—" he started to apologize just as someone in the living room called for Mary to switch the record to something livelier.

"Will you please put on the Doors or something?" Mary asked him. And as he began to shuffle through the records, she left the party.

This was the last one she would attend she told herself as she left the party, the very last. Perhaps she would never find anyone to love, but maybe it didn't matter. The night was lovely, she liked to walk, and there were things she liked to do, alone if necessary. And if no one loved her for her whole life it would still be all right because she would learn to enjoy what can be enjoyed without company.

Suddenly she heard footsteps behind her. Who would be leaving the party this early and who would possibly be walking?

"Wait—wait," a male voice cried.

She turned, and running toward her was the boy who had spoken so unkindly to her at the party.

"I thought I might find you out here. They told me at the party that you often walk home. I didn't really want to know if you had a sister, you know. I was just too embarrassed to approach you any other way. I was going to apologize and start all over, but I turned around and you were gone. I hope we can still be friends."

"Oh, I'm sure we can be. Do you go to the college, or are you in high school?"

Honorable Mention Humorous Verse

Polish Remover

MIKE IMMEL, Senior

It's Coty and Revlon that pro'ver,
They say it was made after Hoover,
But to all their surprise,
'Twas a German surmise,
For Hitler made "Polish" remover.

Second Award Humorous Verse

Rest In Pieces

GLORIA McCRAE, Senior

The scalpel flashes; now descends,
And glitters as it pierces skin.
And flesh, turned back and held by pins,
Now glistens drops of red.
The blade removes, with heartless callous,
Sections of the pectoralis.
And turning then with gleaming malice,
Regards the hapless head.
The skull is beaten, crushed and cracked;
The cerebellum likewise hacked;
Till naught remains except the fact
That the patient's all agog.

The happy student turneth then
To notebook, and records therein
His findings. Then he turneth once again
and throws away his frog.

Commendation Award Humorous Verse

RAININ'

JANE GILBERT, Senior

I hear the rain a'fallin' Lord.
It's ploppin' all around me.
It's risen high as seven feet;
I fear it's gonna drown me.

I see the rain a risin' Lord.
Oh won't you come and cease it?
For all the pleadin' that I've done
Does nothin' but increase it.

I feel the rain a soakin' Lord.
It's night well drenched my undies.
If you'll please make it stop, I might
Stop sleepin' in on Sundays.

I'm glad you stopped the rainin' Lord.
I've tried to show my spunk.
But there's one problem I can't fix—
My "Sanforized" shorts have shrunk!

Third Award Formal Essay

SPONTANEITY, THE GREATEST BRAVERY

KIRK BOGART, Senior

This moment is gone
Come too fast to defend against it
This moment is gone
Too great an experience
For logical explanation
This moment is gone
Too much to perceive
This moment is gone

Unknown

Marshall McLuhan calls the "information overload," for as the communications media became total rather than partial and linear (because of TV) people with their linear and logical values and patterns of exclusion could not as easily avoid the now. Experiential reality has shifted emphasis from A followed by B followed by C to NOW

W

For example before TV came in, most information was transmitted in linear form, one word followed by another in logical order. But with TV the existential now became the new communications product. No longer was war simply the word "war" or a collection of words in glamorous description. War now is seeing men dying on TV every night. Where before only the people who were there knew what it was like, now everyone has available the total experience.

Some might ask, "How important is a change in communications media?" Here are two reasons which point out its importance:

1. The experience of today (in reaction to communications media) forms habits thru which one interprets tomorrow.
2. One must consider the great amount of time youths have spent watching TV.

Youth has grown up with the "information over-load" and is more in-touch with the Gestalt now than the adult population, because adults have solidified their lives in more logical, linear order, i.e., they still interpret life in terms of old conditioned responses. If adults wish to "turn on" to now they will have to be very

brave. But it would be worth the pain. As Harrison said, "Everything is magic."

Often I have sat staring at an apple, or some such *insignificant* article, practicing the exercise I read in *Gestalt Therapy* by Perls, Heferline and Goodman. The idea is to make a sentence starting with the phrase "Now I am aware of . . So I sit adding up interpretations of an apple and getting "higher"!

Color, many shades that aren't really red.

A unique shape.

Wonder at what is inside.

Wondering about the tree the apple came from.

Where does the stem end and the apple begin?

Was it killed when it was picked?

Or, will it die when I eat it?

..... all adding up to
The feeling one gets when one wonders at what is past the stars.

The microcosm of an apple is infinite and excitingly mysterious. The magic of the unknown now is amazing and inspiring as well as frightening.

Curiosity is born with you,
but,
It can die before you.

Commendation Award Humorous Verse

FLAT CAT

JEFF EVANS, Junior

There once was a lady so fat,
That when she sat down on her cat,
The cat was so flat,
And colourful that
She now wears the cat for a hat.

Commendation Award Humorous Verse

LIMERICKS

DENNIS HARVEY, Senior

The Monkees aren't really well-versed,
As shown when they play unrehearsed.
They prove just one thing
As they dance and they sing:
Darwinian process reversed.

ELIZABETH HURST

I smashed the mirror with my fist;
A hundred tiny pieces of myself
Looked up from the floor.