



MARK
LOZANO



A Ventura High School Publication

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Forword

We, the Cub Staff of 1971, have selected those writings most relevant to the theme "Ways of Life". The literary magazine is composed of selections taken from the Wilson-Nichol writing contest series. The chosen writings along with the winning entries convey human warmth, brotherhood and the simple ideas of internal peace.

We wish to thank Mrs. Clara Nichol for her continued sponsorship of the writing contest, and all of the authors and artists whose contributions and efforts helped us forge our ideas into one literary magazine. Many thanks also to the judges of the creative writing contest— Mrs. Rita Goldman, Mr. Robert Rithner, and Mr. Morris Husted; to the dedicated co-ordinators of the program, Mrs. Carolyn Hynes and Mr. Robert Ferris; to the Cub advisor, Mrs. Carol Ruzicka; and to Star Quality Printing.

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Dedication

Dedication of the 1971 VHS Cub goes to Mrs. Clara Nichol for her continued support of the Wilson-Nichol writing contest at Ventura High School.

*"Of all those arts in which men excell,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."
Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire*



CONTENTS:

THE WAYS OF MAN

Moment of Truth.....	Tom Imhoof.....	1
A Crack In The Wall.....	Mike Beeler.....	4
A Nice Voice.....	Sherry Basham.....	5
I Love You.....	Gail Ford.....	6
Defeat.....	Linda Moraga.....	7
You Say Women's Lib is Great.....	Teri Teel.....	7
Simplicity.....	Gary Collins.....	8
Ode To My Efforts.....	Bruce Cates.....	8
Conversation With Experience.....	Tina Behal.....	9
Sonnet On A Sunrise.....	Louette Hipskind.....	10
Byrd Crud.....	Jon Kurnick.....	10
Peace of Mind.....	Marsha Ebersoll.....	11
Freedom Ride.....	Richard Flores.....	12
What Is America?.....	Teri Teel.....	13
The Discarded.....	Christine Culler.....	14
Alone.....	Mike Sansosti.....	15
A Thought.....	Vance Edwards.....	16

THE WORLD AROUND US

Life.....	Julie Jones.....	20
Cold Wind.....	Mike Beeler.....	21
Retrospect.....	Don Sage.....	21
Dinner Party.....	Christine Culler.....	22
Truth.....	Marsh Nolen.....	25
A Dozen Wilted Red Roses		
Have Died.....	Mike Beeler.....	26
Nothing.....	Vicki Wuerth.....	27
Tresspasser.....	Sheila Morten.....	28
The Duke Is Dead;		
Long Live Mr. Nader.....	Peter Fish.....	29
Unger.....	Peter Fish.....	31
Clouds.....	Vicki Wuerth.....	37
Vignette.....	Don Sage.....	38
Snow.....	Gary Collins.....	39
Haiku.....	Heather Garven.....	40

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1971 Wilson Nichol Writing Contest Winners

197

Short Story

- 1st. place "Vignette" by Don Sage
 2nd. place "Moment of Truth" by Tom Imhoof
 3rd. place "Dinner Party" by Christine Culler
 Honorable Mention "Unger" by Peter Fish

Serious Verse

- 1st. place "A Conversation with Experience" by Tina Behal
 2nd. place "Sonnet on a Sunrise" by Louette Hipkind
 3rd. place "Freedom Ride" by Richard Flores

Humorous Verse

- 1st. place "The Duke Is Dead" by Peter Fish
 2nd. place "You Say Women's Lib Is Great?" by Teri Teel
 3rd. place "Nothing" by Vicki Wuerth

CREATIVE WRITING CLUB HAIKU CONTEST

First places

Heather Garven
 Peter Fish
 Julie Jones

Honorable Mention

Karen Zoft
 Howard Zebker

WAYS OF MAN

Moment of Truth

The crisp, biting October cold of Idaho's Clearwater Mountains hit Harry Robertson suddenly as he poked his head out of the small pup tent; yet the iciness was pleasantly refreshing. During the night, snow had fallen. It blanketed the rough terrain with velvety white. In the pre-dawn darkness, Robertson could make out the dim outline of Pilot Knob in the distance.

Robertson ducked back into the pup tent and closed the flap. He could barely contain his fervid desire to yell in utter delight... but that would awaken his seventeen year old son who was asleep in the bag in the corner of the tent. It was now 4:45. Robertson would let his son sleep another three-quarters of an hour.

He dressed quickly. His woolen clothes and down jacket would keep him warm when he and Sammy went out to hunt Wapiti.

Wapiti. For eleven years, Robertson had been hunting him. Each time the giant elk had managed to escape. For eleven years, the great king had dodged the fatal bullet, sometimes only by inches... but each time, he had got away. "Not this time!" Robertson thought. This time he would get Wapiti.

For three hours they hiked over hill and rocks, through snow and brush, across meadows and brooks. Finally Robertson pointed toward the crest of a hill. There were pine trees and brush on the top, but the snow there was only about six inches deep. On the other side of the hill there was a small clearing, about fifty yards in diameter. Wapiti would come through this clearing, as he had done so many times in the past, and this time... this time....

But the mighty elk did not come that day. Or the day after that. He did not come on the third and fourth days.

Each day Robertson and his son waited for him, and he did not come. The way back to camp seemed to grow longer and longer.

The young Robertson began to doubt that Wapiti would ever come, in spite of his father's reassurances. Was the majestic elk real? Or did it exist only in his father's mind? Was it just a figment of his imagination?

"He will come, I know he will," the boy's father insisted. "Wapiti will come!"

On the fifth day they saw panther tracks on the way to the crest. The prints were those of a big male, Robertson decided. If food were scarce, he might attack the pack mule at camp, but this was unlikely. Not many panthers dared venture into a camp.

Just past noon, they spotted something a way off in the distance. At first it was a tiny speck against the snow; as it came closer, it became two, three specks...then four, five, seven. Robertson felt a tingle go up his spine. They were elk! Where was Wapiti?

The herd moved slowly toward the clearing, approaching from the left. The snow was forcing them to head for lower ground. When they were closer, Robertson could distinguish a harem of eight does, followed closely by a large bull elk. It was not Wapiti.

Just at that moment, from the right, appeared another large bull. He trotted with grandeur into the clearing, tossing his head and bugling triumphantly. Again Robertson was disappointed; it was not Wapiti. Starting with a deep, hoarse bellow, the challenger raised his voice to a clear, high tone, and then exploded in a series of grunts. A-a-a-a-ai-e-eeee eough! e-uh! e-uh! e-eh!

The herd stopped, raised their eyes, and listened intently. The cry echoed through the forest. The harem master answered the challenge with his own bellow, and advanced, stiff-legged, into the clearing.

There was a moment of total calm. Then the massive bulls charged each other. The polished racks of antlers crashed together, and the sinewed bodies strained and pushed. They broke, then clashed again, with full fury. Abruptly, the defeated interloper broke and dashed into the forest. The harem master,

snorting victoriously, returned to his cows and continued on.

The Robertsons remained hidden, silent. They had witnessed a truly magnificent phenomenon of nature.

Sammy Robertson couldn't sleep that night. He kept remembering the fight that afternoon, the panther tracks, and ultimately, Wapiti. When would Wapiti come? When?

The next day there was a peculiar stillness in the air. They waited at the crest all day for Wapiti; still he didn't come.

That night, Sammy again felt the quiet. An unruffled cool... a lull... prevailed.

On the way to the crest on the seventh day, Sammy saw more in the forest than he had noticed on all his previous trips. The birds chattered warnings as they approached; he looked at the moss patterns on the trees; he listened to the water babbling down the brooks. A warm feeling of inner pride glowed inside him. He had forgotten the city, the cars, his friends, the constant chaotic movement in which he lived. What a contrast-- the crowded city-- and this peaceful forest.

They waited at the crest for Wapiti. The morning dragged slowly past, as the sun climbed to its zenith and then began its descent in the afternoon, going down ever so slowly.

Harry Robertson sighed and looked at his watch. It was four o'clock, time to leave. Just as he turned to tell Sammy that they must leave for camp, he stopped short... something moved in the distance. Robertson wondered why he had not spotted them earlier. They were about three or four hundred yards away, a large herd of about sixty elk, moving closer to him. They stopped at the edge of the clearing, and Robertson's heart pumped swiftly. The lead doe twitched her nose in the wind... the slightest threatening odor, and the herd would be gone.

Carefully, she walked into the clearing. The others followed, just as alertly. They headed for the other side of the clearing. By this time, Robertson had counted sixty-four does in the harem. But where was the harem master? Now the does reached the other side of the mountain and headed down. Robertson held his breath. Then, without warning, a huge bull elk entered the clearing. It was Wapiti! Wapiti!

The steel sinews of the enormous Wapiti rippled under his dark brown coat. Crowned by a four-foot rack of antlers,

his coat bore the scars of many years of battle. He moved with majestic grace to the center of the clearing and paused. Raising his head proudly, he sniffed the air, as if he sensed the presence of others, nearby. He stood there unmoving.

Slowly, slowly, Robertson raised the sights of his powerful rifle. The crosshairs of the scope finally rested at a spot just behind the monarch's shoulder. He moved his forefinger toward the trigger. One simple squeeze, and eleven years of hunting, training, work and experience would pay off. One move of his finger, and the dream would become a reality! One move... coolly, he tightened his finger on the trigger. He hesitated... deep inside, anxiety was tearing him... he aimed the gun to the sky and squeezed the trigger.

Wapiti jerked his head toward the spot from whence the sound had come. His big, brown eyes met Robertson's. For a moment, they were one... and then he was gone.

by TOM IMHOOF

A Crack in the Wall

A crack in the wall...
"Children, dare not look!"
A door not quite shut...
"Children, dare not look!"
There's a flower in bloom;
It's such a beautiful room...
"Children, dare not look!"
Love flowing out...
"Children, dare not look!"

Hate seeping in...
"Children, dare not look!"
The flower has died,
And please don't ask why...
"Children, dare not look!"
For hate is all around...

by MIKE BEELER

A Nice Voice

I liked Jim. He used to sit next to me in English. Last night we broke up. He thought we were too emotionally immature to be serious and he'd probably end up hurting me. I understand; Jim was always considerate like that.

Today, Jim came into class and asked if he could change seats. He sat next to the cute blonde he sometimes teased me about.

The teachers now told Jim and the blonde to be quiet several times because they were disturbing the class. I understand, though, because Jim's always trying to bring out shy people.

A new boy just came in and sat where Jim used to. I dropped my pencil and he picked it up for me and smiled.

What was it I liked about Jim? His voice, I guess. I can tell if a person is nice or not by his voice.

Jim walked the blonde to her next class. That's nice. Maybe she forgot where her room was, and he helped her out.

I bumped into my new boy friend from English class in the hall and he said, "Hi."

He has a nice voice.

by SHERRY BASHAM

I Love You

I love you
Not because of what you are but because
of what I am when I am with you
I love you
Not because of what you could be, but
because of what you are
I love you
Not because you listen to me, but
because you hear me.
I love you
Not because I need you, but because we
need each other
I love you
Not because I know you, but because
you make me know myself just a little bit better.
I love you
Not because of what you expect of me,
but because of what you know I am
capable of giving
I love you
Not because you say what you mean
But because you mean what you say.

by GAIL FORD

Defeat

I started early in the day,
For afterwards I wished to play.
First came the clouds, and then the rain--
My early start was all in vain!

by LINDA MORAGA

You Say Women's Lib Is Great?

You say Women's Lib is great,
But first you'd better think twice.
When you look at that big strong mate,
Don't you think the old way is nice?

Would you want to pay for a date?
Would you want to wrestle in gym?
While he's dressing, would you wait?
Would you put your arm around him?

Would you want to smoke a cigar?
Would you want to fight in a war?
Would you pick him up in your car?
Would you walk alone to your door?

With no make-up, would you feel right?
If you drove, would he sit close?
Wouldn't it be funny to kiss him good-night?
Would you be the one to propose?

To guys we're simply dumb, weak things;
Let's show them that we're really smart--
We know what being weak usually brings,
And love it with all our hearts!

by TERI TEEL

Simplicity

The lonely caverns
I find in my simple mind
In search for true peace.

by GARY COLLINS

Ode to My Efforts

It's time to write;
It's time to bomb it;
It's time to create
A poem or sonnet.

Ideas and strong rhythms
All flow through my head;
From this there's no rest,
Not even in bed.

A story! A poem!
A short T.V. script!
If I don't get some rest,
I'll be lining a crypt.

I hate to complain
(It's too much like a sin)
And it's not all in vain -
After all, I could win!

by BRUCE CATES

A Conversation with Experience

Tell me, old man -
I've come to
talk and learn of
distant cafes
with sad thoughts.
Table flat, red-backed
poster-tacked booths;
bent tine forks and
sugar packets with
wistful birds.

The friendly, warm-bellied
wine bottles of
forgetting; and the
no mail, "God, I failed!"
days, non-ending.

Tell me of open street doors,
the searching-for's, and
tenement johns,
one to a floor.
Bumming soup nickels,
landlord-knockings,
pocket-empty holes, and
nondescript box-lockings.

Tell me, old man, for
you need someone
to listen to you.

by TINA BEHAL

Sonnet on a Sunrise

by LOUETTE HIPSKIND

Air and life are frozen; all is still.
In every bed, a figure soundly sleeps,
Dependent only on his covers till
The dawn. The black of night so quickly seeps
Into the mind and soul, that with it comes
An all-enclosing rest--death's next of kin.
This cold, relentless eve not one bird sings
Till halfway round itself the earth will spin.
The sky now pales; a child stirs in his bed.
The bright sun rises slowly in the sky.
A mother's family rises to be fed,
And to the sunrise warmth will soon reply.
Rise up, dear World; enjoy the warmth of day.
The endless spiral soon takes it away.

Byrd Crud

by JON KURNICK

I walked in the Tundra
strolling, strolling.

Watching the icebergs
rolling, rolling

Down came the penguins
1, 2, 3,

A bug and a tree
although maybe

Gasping spasms of asphyxiation,
Genghis Kahn of the Chinese nation,
And now I come to the realization,

.....The penguins have stolen
MY DONUT!

Peace of Mind

by
MARSHA EBERSOLL

The moon rose early this morning
in all its glory—
big, bright, and round.

Now the stars have begun to appear,
twinkling and dancing
merrily as if at a prom.

And in the dark, I see myself
staring at nothing but
empty space and bright lights.

*It's lonely out here,
in this strange, hostile land.*

The street lights come on with a flash
and a silent bang which
only the lonely can hear.

Houses begin their almost endless
chain-reaction of lights...
first, on; then, off.

*Still alone in this unfriendly land
I am oppressed by the peace.*

In the background I hear the slight roar
of the passing cars, and
the turbulent ocean.

I feel surrounded by uneasiness,
people fighting; hard hostility,
plain, simple unfriendliness.

*All alone, I yet walk tall and proud,
For I have found a peace within myself.*

The Freedom Ride

Ride, Jefferson Anders!
Ride, before they come!
You've spent your life in Sanders;
Now ride on with the sun.

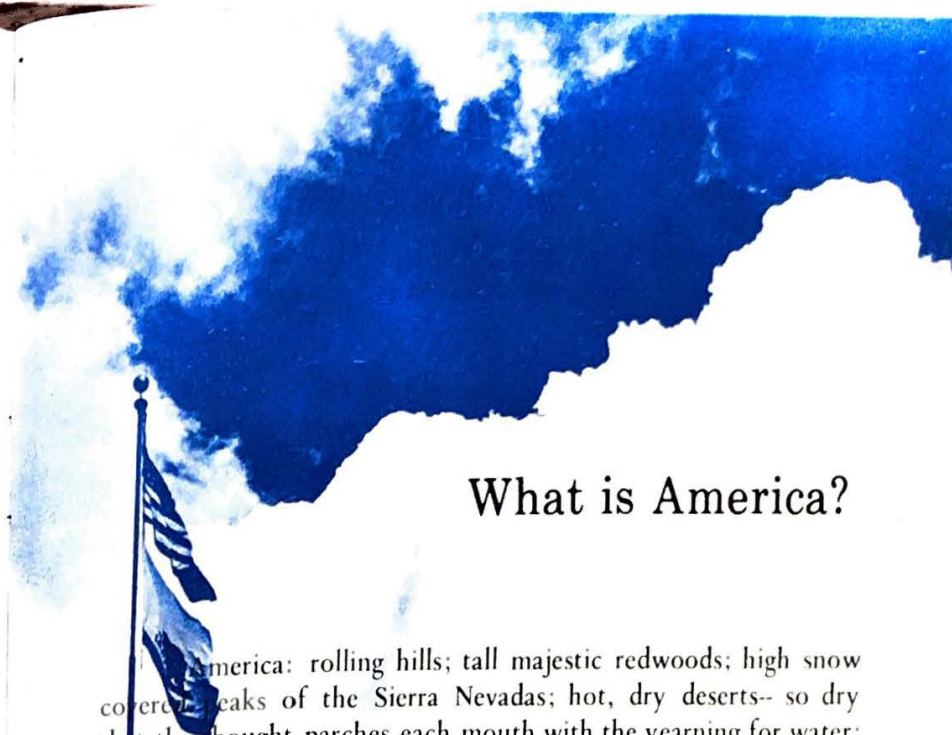
Leave this land of torture;
Leave this land= be free!
Keep your faith in Jesus, boy,
And sometimes think of me.

They say the West is freedom;
They say the land is good.
I too would ride to freedom
If only, son, I could.

Sometime you must come back here;
Sometime you may see me -
But don't come back to Sanders,
Unless, my son, you're free!

by RICHARD FLORES

What is America?



America: rolling hills; tall majestic redwoods; high snow covered peaks of the Sierra Nevadas; hot, dry deserts-- so dry that the thought parches each mouth with the yearning for water; flat land for as far as the eye can see; clear, crispy air; tall pointed skyscrapers; ugly gray smog; bustling seaports; bustling cities; quiet forests; windy beaches; cold, dark igloos; marshy swamps; elaborate mansions; dirty ghettos. This is America through our eyes. The peel on the orange; the shell around the nut. But, the inside is what we want.

America is the welcome mat at the front door. It is the pot of stew with everything in it; the ace of hearts on the combat helmet of a soldier in Vietnam. It is seeing three falling stars in one night; a warm bed. America is freedom. It is picking your own candidate for an office even though you can't even pronounce his name. It is wearing the smallest bikini you can find and having your own kind of cigarette, even if you don't smoke. It is being baptised Lutheran but going to a Catholic church. It is being innocent until proven guilty. America is the once caged parakeet set free. It is the child finally getting its candy. It is the land our forefathers fought for and succeeded in getting. And more than that, it is the freest nation on earth. America was formed by the dust beneath the graves of the men who died for her. And it's the dust, both objectively and subjectively, that has never made anything better than "the sweet land of liberty",
AMERICA.

by TERI TEEL



The Discarded

I'm the fetus. The forgotten. Perhaps I'm wrapped in a paper towel and thrown in the doctor's trash barrel. Other times I am merely flushed down the toilet. I am a life without death, a mass of cells of skin and blood and bones. According to your standards I am a half formed substance, a mutation, a crooked body that is not a body, a deformed life that is not a life. According to my standards there is nothing wrong with me-- nor is there anything wrong with my friends.

Flush me down the toilets and you will find me in the sewers of New York-- or any city for that matter.

We are the products of waste and filth. The fetuses have learned how to swim and huddle about in bundles of one to keep each other warm during the cold winters. We depend very much upon one another for our safety--sometimes we band to-

("Discarded", cont'd.)

gether so closely we become one huge mass of cells growing over one another. We do not die. We are life, and we grow bigger and better all the time. You call us the products of waste and filth while you yourselves are no better. But nevermind. I don't want to get myself into that problem now-- let us simply leave it at the fact that you are narrow-minded, conforming creatures in your world above. You live in mediocrity, pleasures and comfort. No worse than us, I assure you, but certainly no better.

I am the fetus. The forgotten. The discarded!

by CHRISTINE CULLER

Alone

Have you ever been
Alone?

I mean,
Really alone?
There are no birds singing,
No frogs croaking,
No people around.
No dogs,
No cats,
No horns from cars,
No airplanes.

And then
You start hearing the sounds
Of alone.
The quiet sounds,
The nothing sounds,
When you realize
That you are
Really alone,
Surrounded by emptiness.
As you lie there,
You start thinking,
You hear some talking,
And you call out--
But there is
No answer.

("Alone", cont'd.)

Then you awake to the
Sounds of reality—
The busy sounds,
The sounds of hate,
The talk of War,
And all the boys being—
Killed in the war...

And as you hear this talk,
You still feel
Very much
Alone.

by MIKE JANSOSTI

A Thought

I see a ship. It is like a single idea among a sea of thoughts, a hazy idea... Its sails billow in the breeze, its flowing lines cut smoothly through the sea, its stout mast taut rigging strain in the breeze, while the crew struggles for total control of its awesome power. Thus comes forth the idea as if suddenly from behind a meshed screen and unleashed upon the mind to do its deeds.

However, the ship sails on, becoming smaller and smaller until finally disappearing into the sea or over the horizon. Thus the idea goes too, growing dimmer and dimmer and dimmer until only faint traces of its short lived existence are left etched on the eternal slate of mind.

The idea is gone. The ship has disappeared. But will it return? Was the thought in vain? Was the idea untrue? As every horizon has two faces, the ship once again sails familiar waters. The idea may once again become imbedded on the mind. The thought may once again be understood as clearly as the day it was born.

by VANCE EDWARDS
16





THE WORLD AROUND US

Life

A wild flower blooms
Beneath a giant redwood--
Love comes in all forms.

Flowered hills appear.
Birds fly in a sun-lit sky--
Spring graces the earth.

Waves break on the shore.
Autumn leaves fall to the ground--
A pattern appears.

The soul of the man
is part of God within--
sacred gift of life.

The muskrat wriggles
along the dusty tunnel
leading to a void...

The hermit crab stays,
carrying on life's cycle
from within its shell...

Forgetfulness is
my way to escape the world,
when escape eludes...

by JULIE JONES
20

Cold Wind

Hatred and Black Taboo cover the minds of innocence and purity. As man seeks shelter from the cold wind of death, he loses all hope of fulfillment in life. As life becomes a cover-up for death, and thought dies off like dew in the morning, people lose sight of beauty and love. Soft words are no longer spoken, hands are blind to the softness of the body. Warmth is lost for lovers and strangers in search of love. Minds no longer join in the beauty of pure love of life. Flowers die uncared for, unnoticed and forgotten in the winter snows. Birds have nowhere to go in the winter months and freeze in the cold winds. Lying frozen in a land of waste and emptiness.

And when all animals have died, all plants have withered away, and silence befalls the world.... when all life has ceased so shall the cold wind cease to a dead lifeless silence. And silence will take over the emptiness of death.

by MIKE BEELER

Retrospect

That would have been nice...
Yes, He would have liked that.
To see the earth as He made it
Without buildings,
Pollution, or smog.
They say it's progress.
Is it? I'm not so sure.
Would He say it was?
Is time so dear that
To save it
We lose
What we had in the beginning?
Simplicity
and
Love...
Yes, that would have been nice!

by DON SAGE

Dinner Party

From a slightly secluded corner on the carpeted floor, the girl watched the party with mild interest. There were six men and six women-- the men were dressed in plaid shirts, and the women wore sandals and sleeveless dresses. They laughed in unison, then drank the orange, yellow and brown liquids that tinkled in their ice-cubed glasses. Slender cigarettes between nervous fingers fluttered streamers of smoke, and their owners' voices rose and fell like trapped sounds within a seashell.

The voices faded as the little girl's head dropped. Her bleary, watery-blue eyes closed, and she drifted into a restless sleep that was invaded by occasional spurts of laughter. She thought about her red-checkered room with birds hanging on strings from the ceiling and fluffy bears and plastic babies lying around her bed. They wanted her to come home-- they were waiting for her, waiting in the warmth and lightness of her room; when she went to sleep, they would tread about her bed in soft, muffled sounds and whispers.

The voices broke out in excited laughter; their plates and forks clattered and clashed as they ate their dinner and passed food and drinks from place to place. The whitely-starched maids glided in and out like electric dolls, their pale faces stiff and cold as they managed the household, keeping secret count of positions of ashtrays and empty glasses. Their rigid bodies performed each operation in quiet procession: they cleaned up moisture rings on the table and emptied ashtrays; they washed plates; they swept up broken glasses; and they aired out smokey rooms. They moved mechanically and did not smile, their eyes deep and intense.

When the little girl awoke, she was shocked to find herself still at the party. She had dreamed that she was safe at home; seeing the partying people made her cry, drawing the attention of a big red-faced man with an orange-plaid shirt. He peered down at her, his glassy vacant eyes teetering like a see-saw.

"What's the matter, honey?"

The little girl blubbered incoherently and stared at the two pink eyes blinking down at her.

"Martha, your little girl's trying to tell me something. Come here and help me figure it out, honey.

Rubbery sandals came squeeking over to her and stopped.

"What's wrong, baby?" the sandals said. "Do you want to go home?"

The little girl nodded, and the pink-painted toes inside the sandals curled slightly in response. They hesitated a bit, then turned to a pair of wooden sandals.

"Joyce, would it be too much of a bother if my daughter could take a nap upstairs?"

"Of course not, Martha," the wooden sandals replied. "Do you want to come upstairs for a while, dear?"

Then the wooden sandals were gone, and the rubber sandals were gone, and the man with the orange-plaid shirt was gone, and then a crisp, blue-aproned skirt appeared and took her hand in a clammy, talcumed powder grasp. She was led up some stairs and placed upon a big double bed.

Alone once more, the little girl stared up at a light in the ceiling directly above her. It hummed in an incessant, low tone, looking down at her with an air of superiority. As she drifted again into sleep, she remained aware of the light's low hum and felt its radiating light penetrating her skin. Once again she lay in a red-checkered room and all was soft and gentle and sweet and silent. With the sigh of the breeze, the birds fluttered and glided through the air in little circles above her head.

Suddenly her room was invaded by sharp clashing sounds that burst like hunters with shotguns firing. The light sang softly, bewitchingly, and millions of tiny babies tumbled through the window, bouncing like bubbles, their blue eyes wide and innocent, their heads springing off the floor. The fluffy bear hummed and stepped out of the light in the ceiling and passed by the bluebirds gliding by his head.

But the light in the ceiling smiled, and the bear smiled,

his one pink glass eye winking, and she reached out to him... he wore an orange plaid shirt. The plastic babies clashed and bounced against each other like ice cubes; the hunters aimed carefully, shooting down little birds, popping their rubber bodies. The light in the ceiling drilled and grinned and smiled and hummed, while pains crawled like crooked snakes through her body. The babies crashed upon the floor and broke into splinters, their frozen, ice-cubed bodies falling, dripping, spilling, melting.

They were all in a shell, and the cigarette posed in the bear's paw was shaking, his voice quavering weakly and bouncing against the shell's sides--bouncing and refracting, reflecting, reacting--trapped, trapped, trapped, trapped--bouncing, refracting, reflecting, reacting, bouncing, refracting, reflecting, reacting, bouncing, refracting, reflecting, reacting. And the paw shook and froze--reflecting, bouncing, refracting, bouncing, reacting, bouncing--and the voices inside the shell clamored and rose up in violence.

And all ended when the maid turned out the light.

Her wrinkled body rose wearily from the bed and peered at the shadow standing in the doorway, its talcom-powdered, starched, crispy hand on the switch. The uniformed shadow stared back, then closed the door and left her in silent darkness. She touched the floor with her naked foot hesitatingly; her bony ankles quivered, the dry, wrinkled skin shivering across her toes. The floor was empty and clean, but she waited a long while before placing the other foot down on the moist tiled floor. Then, with an immense effort, the naked body heaved its weight upon the shaking, unsteady legs and tiptoed silently to the door. As the door opened a crack, a penciled light flooded the room, revealing the white, wrinkled, naked old woman. Her insane eyes sputtered. She stepped out into the hallway and crouched upon the stairs, her spine protruding bluey from her crooked back.

Beneath her was the party. Silent. Motionless. Six old couples were suspended in mid-motion--flesh rotting, hanging on skeletons that appeared engaged in conversation and laughter.

Plaid sport shirts flapped over rib-boned chests, and delicate bony toes curled over dusty sandals that had fallen to the floor. Knuckled joints clutched glasses still filled with ice-cubes, still filled with liquids--for the maids propelled their electric-paths through the couples, replacing melted ice-cubes, refilling evaporated liquids in the glasses, dusting, sweeping, wiping, cleaning, efficiently, carefully, meticulously, thoroughly. Endlessly.

And when the old woman on the stairway finally died, they took the bodies and mechanically buried them.

by CHRISTINE CULLER

Truth

It sometimes just doesn't seem possible to think that people take some of the paths that they do on their way through life. I once heard a quote by a man by the name of Voltaire which read as "...there are truths which are not for all men, nor for all time." This path, in my opinion, is the most common path that people take through life. This is a path in which they (the people) are able to live. They seem to shut their real selves off from the truths of life for the fear of what they might see. They mold themselves to meet someone else's standards even if they don't agree. After awhile this starts to kill off what little bit of creativity they might have had.

This path is the easiest of all life's paths because everything is somewhat uniform, almost like paperdoll cutups. All their duties are planned out and set in front of them so they don't have to figure out anything for themselves.

The most surprising thing is that they don't realize that whatever they do to shut themselves off from the truths they're always there waiting for them to become real again.

by MARSH NOLEN

A Dozen Wilted Roses Have Died

Speak your moods to me
That we may know good things someday leave.



A flower dies,
But not the love;
A rose may wilt,
But not the faith.
A petal may fall,
But not my dreams.

Sing of the bursting sun
Of golden leaves
Of children's laughs
And swaying trees -

Then I know there's
Hope
That you may someday see the
Love
From my growing tree.
A dozen wilted roses have died,
But not my love -
No, not my love!

by MIKE BEELER

Nothing

There's no such thing as a nothing -
At least, not on this earth.
It always is a something
And has been, since its birth.

When people refer to nothings,
It's just a thing they do
To hide their special somethings
From nosey folks like you.

Many a time I've been depressed
And cried my eyes all red;
When asked, "What's the matter?" by a pest,
"Nothing!" is what I've said.

How many times have you whispered in school,
Making fun of the teacher up front?
And when he asked what you'd said, so you'd feel like a fool,
"Nothing!" is all you'd grunt.

What if the first man on the planet Mars,
When asked by Houston Control,
"What's up there with all those stars?"
Answered, "Nothing. It's all quite dull."

Haven't you ever sat and thought
About really nothing at all?
Yet you must realize you thought a lot
About things you tried not to recall.

There's no such thing as a nothing -
Don't try to disagree;
You'll be making something of nothing,
And you'll see how right I'll be!

by VICKI WUERTH

The Tresspasser

i always noticed
one light on
till the early dawn
in the
small house
there was no party
no people

he never had company
only a
white cat
which would come
and go on its own
it was very seldom
he left
the house
but when he did
he walked
paying attention
to what surrounded him

i think he slept all day
maybe he was
afraid of the night
because
I always saw him
through the window
sitting in an old
high backed chair
by a small lamp
reading
and sometimes
just staring
into space
like he was waiting

i'll never know why
late one night
i knocked
on his door
and asked him
is this how you escaped life
he asked me
if you escaped death
how do you
die

by SHEILA MORTEN

The Duke Is Dead! Long Live Mr. Nadar!

Anyone who hasn't been entombed in
an old mine shaft for three years
knows that Ralph Nader
Has replaced even John Wayne as "The Good Guy,"
"The Man on the White Charger,"
"The All-around, All-American Crusader."

This really makes a lot sense,
because how can you stare at your television
set and enjoy Mr. Wayne

While all the time knowing that:

- a) your television set is probably
giving off deadly radiation, and
- b) your new car should be recalled
because whenever you go over 35
the brakes won't work, and
- c) there is a temperature inversion layer
that means there is a smog alert called
from El Paso, Texas, to Bangor, Maine?

And, although it may be a fantastic movie,
who needs to pay a dollar-fifty to the Fox
to see True Grit

When you can, at no expense (except to your lungs)
just go out into the streets
and breathe a little bit of it?

How can it make you feel good to see
John Wayne or Henry Fonda
or any other good western hero
roll a cigaret and ride a palomino
off into Montana's pristine air

When you live in the San Fernando Valley, and a
third stage ozone alert has been called, and
you think you've got lung cancer from your Tareyton's, and
you're driving a Corvair?

And how can you enjoy the shoot-out at the O.K. corral
when Southern California Edison
has just announced that it must build
four new power plants that will increase
pollution by eighty-seven per cent,
but that it needs them to supply
power to the millions of electric combs
that have been bought or else
no more electric combs will be sold -
a clear case of the disease being better
than the medicine!

It's hard to take our old heroes seriously
when they defended us with just a six-gun,
and the new ones defend us with
a complex legal ploy;

So in comparison I guess that now
Nader, Ralph, and
Carson, Rachel, look better than
Evans, Dale, and
Rogers, Roy.

And in a way I'm sorry to see the era pass and
these heroes become out-of-date.

Yet, despite the beliefs of MGM and
Twentieth Century Fox and Paramount,
man cannot live on cowboys and horse operas alone
and simply forget about
cars that don't run, and
cereals that don't feed anyone, and
polluted water, and
poison gas.

by PETER FISH

Unger

MONITOR STATION 8
ROOM 3568...CODE 7FF...WING 8.....SCREEN TO ON.....
ADJUSTED SCREEN TO ON...

As Gallardo pushed the ON button, the screen became
light, showing dimly the outlines of a room.
ADJUSTED...

The view on the monitor became clearer, colors piercing
the blue that enveloped the screen before. The room was revealed.
Sunlight came through its windows, spotting the walls with light.
By a bed in the room, there was a man, his eyes fixedly staring at a
patch of red on the yellow rug.
SCREEN TO MAGNIFY...

No, the man wasn't staring at the red patch.. There was a
small black box on the rug that was what held the man's attention.
SCREEN TO INTER-HOSPITAL COMMUNICATIONS...

An irritated face appeared on the screen. It spoke.

"Yes?"

"Doctor Richards? This is Gallardo on Station 8. Unger
is conscious. The dose wasn't big enough, I guess. And it's only
three hours until--"

"I know what time it is." The voice was frostbitten. "This
is all we need. A whole afternoon's schedule shot. Wait two hours
and then give him five cc's - we can't give him more now.
Unger will have to be pushed up until 8 tonight. Sawyer will be
furious. I'm not going to let him scream at me. Dr Sawyer's bad
enough when he doesn't have a reason to be mad. Who was the
idiot who gave the wrong dosage?"

"Miller was on duty at the time, sir."

"I feel almost sorry for him. Anything else?"

"Sir, he still has his recorder. Do you want to take it from
him?"

"Why should we bother? We've let him keep it since he's
been here. What harm can it do now? No, we'll give him his
beloved right of privacy for the rest of the afternoon. Don't go
in the room. Just watch him."

"Yes, sir."

SCREEN TO MONITOR...ROOM 3568...CODE 7FF...WING 8...

Unger, the man by the bed, reappeared.

He had been dreaming while he was under; a good, happy dream where reality had disappeared the way the shimmering images seen on a desert highway vanish as they grow near. If it weren't for Miller, Unger could have kept the dream going all afternoon. But now he was awake. Now there was only pain, and a leaden feeling of dread. A heavy weight pressing down on his chest, legs, and arms that refused to obey their master. He tried to go back into unconsciousness, but the world that 25 cc's of alcoline had given him refused entry the second time. He could not escape the real.

After a while he again tested his legs. He told his left one to move; to his surprise it did. His right one slowly, painfully followed. If he wanted to, he thought, he could get off the bed. But was there any advantage in that? He didn't know. What was left in the rest of the room? Who could remember? What if they took the bed away while he was gone? What would he do? He stayed.

It became dull. Unger tried to hum old songs to pass the time, but the notes fell harsh on his ears. He could feel himself petrifying on the bed, turning into a crystalline structure without the power to move. He'd have to get off. But if he got off, there was always the chance that they might take the bed away. Then what would he do? Ah, but if he got off and sat by the bed, they couldn't take it without his feeling it. That was a good idea. "One of the best I've ever had," thought Unger. So nice to get off the bed.

Bracing his arms against the mattress, he slowly pushed his body toward the edge of the bed. His arms kept slipping, and he ached and sweated and cursed. But he made the edge and ever so slowly stuck his left foot out over the edge. Then his entire left leg, then his right...

"God, I'm falling!"

Pain. The dead weight of his legs pulled him down hard; multiplying the drug's after-effect. Pain. A huge wave of it roared over his body, cresting his heart. He desperately wanted to fall back into unconsciousness. He shut his eyes tightly, but flashes of

light struck like lances at his optic nerve. No escape through coma. His arms and legs twitched spastically. He writhed on the floor, like a black insect pinned to a yellow display case by an omnipotent entomologist. And in the deep recesses of his mind, where pain hadn't reached, he remembered who the entomologists were — the doctors and technocrats who gave him the alcoline.

Eternity passed for Unger waiting for the pain to go away. Slowly it withdrew like spring floodwaters. Gradually Unger became conscious of the empty room again, and of a red spot on the carpet and of a small black box. Something important about the box. Only a tape recorder...but...He pushed a button on it. **PLAYBACK...**

"N. Unger, Aug. 27. I've arrived. It's very nice here indeed. I have a room of my own, expensive furniture, communication console, everything. Oh, it's a very nice place. Peaceful, serene and all those other nice things a place like this should be. The only trouble with this very nice place is that I don't belong here."

So many of Unger's old memories were floating to the surface, like bodies left in the ocean. The first few days at the hospital. He supposed that they had drugged him — they never used anything as inhumane as a knock on the head. But anyway he had gone to his apartment one night, had gone to sleep and the next morning had awakened in a strange room, painted cheerful yellow, and with piped in Muzak. Of course he was angry. He had even formulated a clever plan of escape.

PLAYBACK CON'T,

"N. Unger. July 8. They still don't know about the tape recorder. I've grown very clever at hiding it in my razor in a hollow part of the door. But I still don't have enough information about this place for my article — and my article is the only way I can get out of here. I'm sure P. Q. will publish it if only I can write it and get it to them. It's the kind of expose that they like to balance their poetry. But getting the information, that's the problem. I've got to make them trust me."

The playback went on, bringing back half-remembered conversations with doctors and nurses. One-sided conversations, because the doctors never really said anything more than, "It's a nice day."

PLAYBACK CON'T...

"Nathaniel W. Unger here. Aug. 23. I've made my first convert. Maybe. I'm going to have a talk with a nurse tomorrow, the one that seems to like me. And today she almost seemed to believe me. Her name's Iversen. Celeste Iversen. I need her so badly. I don't have anything on this place at all. I can't even get started writing without some information."

Birds chirping. Sprinklers. The shouts from a distant softball game. All of the audial signals from a hot summer day. As the tape played, some more bad memories came up for air.

"I really don't think that I can help you too much, Mr. Unger. After all, I'm new here too. But it's a lovely day to walk."

"I'm sure that you can help me alot. To start with, why am I here? I'm not crazy. I know that."

The nurse permitted a trace of emotion to come back into her voice. "We never, never use that word. Crazy. It has terrible connotations. People in strait jackets, running around screaming. Shock treatments. Have you heard any screams from the labs? Are there people sitting in the halls, babbling and drooling? Of course not. We don't have any depraved scientist with an Austrian accent, running down the halls with a branding iron in his hands. That's what 'crazy' means to people, you know. So we don't use it. All of our patients are simply people who haven't adjusted to our modern way of life. They aren't 'crazy'."

"You didn't tell me why I'm here. I'm adjusted. I may not really like modern life, but I'm adjusted to it. I have a good job. I'm a writer-- a damn good one too. I've won the Aurerback Award. That's important."

"Yes, that's what I've heard. Oh, look, they're painting our wing of the hospital-- such a lovely color, isn't it? Green. Our psychologists picked it out. It's the most restful color there is. I'm sure we're going to love it. Anything to make our patients happy. That does include you, Mr. Unger. Be happy. Well, I must go now. Thank you for a lovely walk."

"Wait, you haven't answered anything," shouted Unger. "Wait!"

"Click" went the recorder, and the summer day stopped.

PLAYBACK CON'T...

A man speaking. A feverish quality in his voice. "Nathaniel W. Unger here. Sept. 17. I've been here so long. Nothing. No one will tell me anything. How can I write when no one will give me any information? I've tried so hard to be the model patient. I've done everything they've asked, really. And still they won't tell me. Oh, God, save me! I've got to hide this."

Knock, knock. The sound of a door opening and footsteps coming into the room. Coming for Unger, and Unger, (since he was the model patient) not protesting. Unger being taken down the halls and the sound of another door being opened and another. PLAYBACK CON'T...

A new voice. Authoritative.

"Now in the booth is patient 879632, Nathaniel West Unger. Code 7FF. He can hear us-- we're piping sound into the booth. Unger was brought to our attention by someone in the Mental Health Dept. who watches out for deviates and malcontents by reading some of the more abstruse literary magazines. In this case, The Pacific Quarterly. Here are some examples of Unger's writings, poetry and prose, and I think you'll agree that they show plenty of evidence of unbalance. In most all of them, he shows hatred towards accepted standards. He apparently has refused to accept the 21st. Century. He seems to want to live in the 18th. A pity."

"Indeed," agreed some other voices.

Shouts. Unger screaming. "Stop it! How can you judge me? Stop! Stop! Stop!"

"Poor man."

"Unger has also been in a silly plot to 'expose the hospital!!' He was going to write an article about us. Of course we tolerated it. But we must begin treatment soon. This is a waste of a good mind. I suggest the Delgado Treatment."

"Agreed," said the other voices.

Unger screamed again.

PLAYBACK CON'T...

Unger being taken down the halls. Click, click of his heels along with the guard's. This went on for a long time, as Unger was slowly racking his brain for an escape plan. Then he got one.

"Snakes, snakes! They're all around! Help me! Please!"

There was the sound of the guard murmuring soothingly. Then the sound of the guard shouting, half in surprise, half in pain. And then the sound of Unger's heels down the hall.

PLAYBACK CON'T...

The tape played only the click, click, click of Unger's heels. But that was enough to bring back the whole scene. The guard toppling over, Unger almost falling, running fast down the shiny white corridors. Huge infinite passageways. White forever and ever. His mind slipping into the colorless environment. Where was he going? Away. Where was he now? Who knew? But he could hear himself talking to people, echoing down the halls.

"N. Unger. June 25th. I've arrived here. So nice here, so nice, so nice."

"N. Unger. July 18th. They still don't know about me, me, me. Who's me? I'm Nathaniel Unger, Aug. 27, I've made my first convert, maybe, maybe, maybe I'm Nathaniel Unger, June 25, I've arrived her, so nice, so nice, Unger, so nice--"

There was another sound, the sound of more feet running down the halls.

"Get the dart gun. Quick, while we have the chance!"

"So nice, so nice, Unger, Nathaniel W., Nathaniel W., Unger, Sept. 17th, been here so long, nothing here, Unger, nothing, Oh God help me, Unger, Oh God--"

There was a muffled "Thwack" from a dart gun.

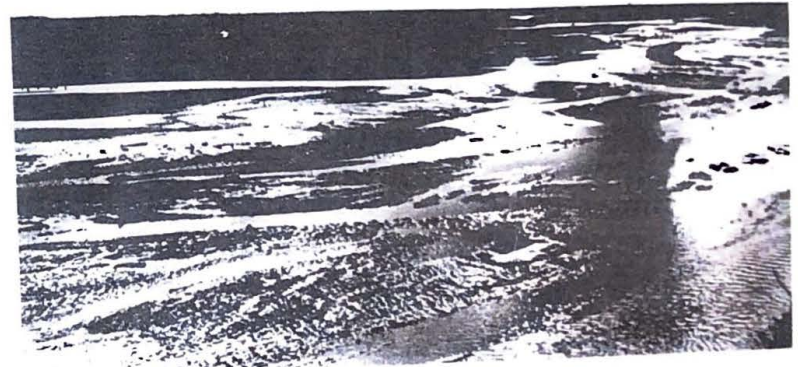
by PETER FISH

Clouds

The marshallow clouds up over my head
Remind me of my childhood days,
When simple was the life I led
Of chasing rainbows and the sun's gold rays.

The marshmallow clouds up over my head
Remind me of my childhood days,
When simple was the life I led
Of chasing rainbows and the sun's gold rays.

by VICKI WUERTH



Vignette

As the sun reflected off the old man's spectacles, sensed bitterness within him. I saw him everyday. He would be rocking in a rocking chair on his front porch, shaking his head as he squinted to read the morning paper. He was a lonely man, with no one to talk to and no one to take care of him. I felt sorry for him.

The first time I talked to him was kind of a one-way conversation. I threw a gum paper on his lawn and I thought he was going to call the cops on me. He told me to pick it up, and then he lectured to me for about thirty minutes on what youth was coming to. I asked him what the youth of today had to do with that gum wrapper, but he told me not to talk back to my elders. For some reason as I walked away, I felt I owed him an apology. Maybe it was because I felt sorry for him.

Anyway, that day after school I walked up to his steps to where he was sitting in his rocking chair, and said,

"I'm sorry, Sir. I shouldn't have smarted off this morning."

He looked at me for a while, and replied,

"Sit down, son."

I did.

For a while, neither of us said anything. Then he said, "Do you go to the high school?"

I said, yes, but I'm sure he already knew it. I hate small talk. yet I was sure glad he said something. After that I didn't feel so uneasy with him. We talked about fishing, basketball, and other things guys talk about. Before I knew it, it was time to go home for supper. I told him I would see him tomorrow, and he nodded. The bitterness that I had noticed in him the first time seemed to have been replaced by a welcoming smile. As I went home that night I was feeling really good. I was looking forward to talking with him again.

Within only a few weeks, my relationship with the old man became a close one. He was a proud man. Even though he was partially crippled he would always refuse to let me help him. He wanted me to think of him as a man, not a crippled oldster. He told me about his wife, who was now, as he put it, "waiting in

heaven" for him. His only son had been killed in the war; he wouldn't say much about him.

As the months went by, our relationship grew stronger. Then it happened.

I was at school when I heard a siren go by, but I didn't think much about it. When I was walking home that afternoon I saw a lot of people standing outside the old man's house, pointing at the empty rocking chair on the porch. I rushed to the chair, and on the seat of the chair was taped, painstakingly so that it could not be blown away by the wind, a piece of paper in the old man's handwriting. It read:

Son,
The last few days of my life were so lonely that there were times that I could not bear it any longer. Then you came along. You were the only one who would talk to a bitter old man when others were too busy. I'll be with my wife and son soon, and we'll be a family once more. Thanks for making an old man's life worthwhile.

As I walked home that day, I did something that I had not done in a long time..... I cried.

by DON SAGE

Snow

The wind from the north begins to blow;
The clouds in the sky begin to show.
The snow falls, covering every tree;
It carpets the forest like an endless sea.
The bear's in hibernation, it is said,
And all the birds southwest have fled;
There's ice on the pond as the snowflakes fall
And from the wilderness comes the call
From Mother Nature, to sleep so true
While ice is white and snow is blue.

by GARY COLLINS

Haiku

An undisturbed beach,
A small wave breaks on the sand,
A single crab flees.

The blue summer sky,
A dark cloud moves over the sun,
Raindrops touch a rose.

A snow-covered peak,
A dark pine points heavenward.
Softly, a cone falls.

A rocky canyon,
A stream rushes over rocks,
A silver fish leaps.

by HEATHER GARVEN

Star Quality Printing

