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Exile Vol. XIX No. 1

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Fall 1972
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EXILE





Take thought

I have weathered the storm

I have beaten out my exile.

- Ezra Pound

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CONTENTS

POETRY

Dick Cameron	3, 10
Judy Hasel	3, 17
Carl Tillmanns	9
Vaughan Matthews	16
Dick Carothers	12
Bob Smyth	13
David Toole	30
Eric Odor	13
Val Evans	31

FICTION

Rich Ottum	5
Linda Phillips	8
Kgw	32
Gary Parks	15
Heather Johnson	18

ART

Alex Hutton	11
Ann Merrill	14
Pat Victory	Cover, 17
Sarah Stranglen	29

PHOTOGRAPHY

Pam Purcell	1
John Fergus	4, 21
Bart Dean	9, 32
Bob Dewey	10
Nick Carlozzi	2



PLAY

Sometimes
a fly
equals the size of a house.

within my mind
the dancer with hair trailing further than possible
leaps a mile wide canyon
where in a river ribbons
through and among the pebble sized
boulders beyond and beyond
the green hips of mountains
no higher than the sky.
yet where i walk
waist high bushes
are far greater obstacles
than the giant redwoods
across the continent in California.
things are always larger
than they are
and smaller than they seem.

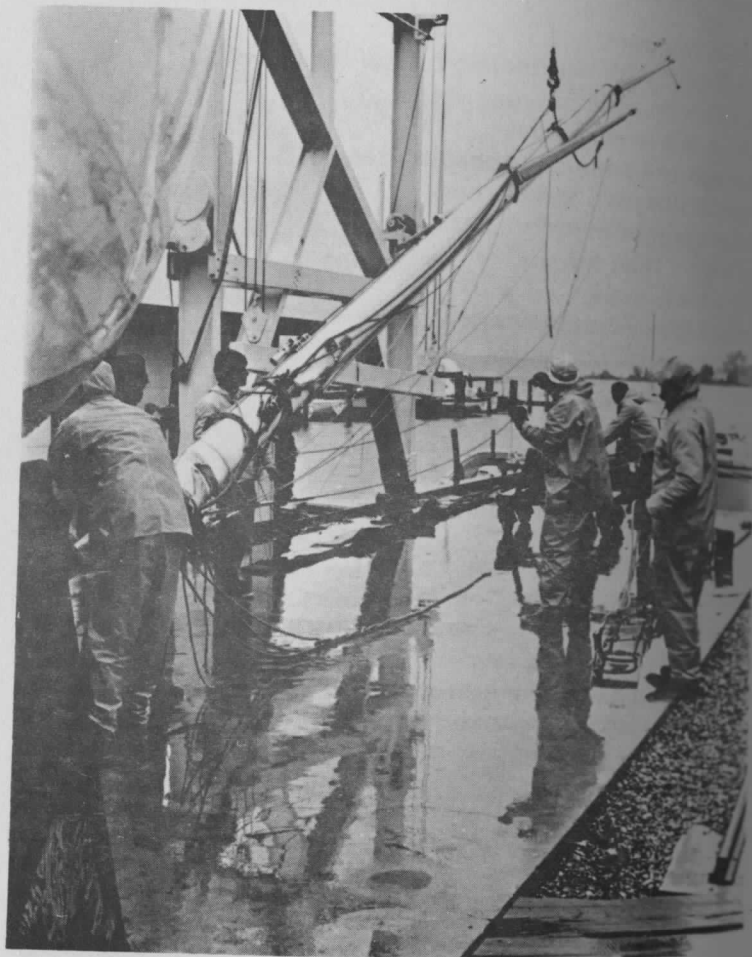
so

i easily step above the clouds
or with the moon in my pocket i can
find shelter from the rain
beneath the eaves of mushrooms.

Dick Cameron '75

leaves shiver outside
clinging to damp bark-
my stomach growls, i'm hungry

Judy Hasel '74



LOCUS SIGNIFICOLGY ON THE SIGNIFICANCE OF LOCATION

- Rich Ottum '74

I have been asked by this publication to report upon investigations into contemporary philosophy. By far, the most intriguing topic I have discovered is Locus Significology. I refer specifically to an article announcing the field, written by Jerry Shaw, published in the Thrasher Philosophical Studies Journal of the Thrasher University Press.

Jerry Shaw is currently a junior at Thrasher University in Lanfont, West Virginia. His work has passed largely unnoticed, excepting official recognition by the National Hockey League. (The reason will become apparent later.) The Thrasher University publication handled his article after it had already seen rejection by Better Homes and Gardens magazine.

Locus Significology is a field of philosophy and science, which denies the necessity of time, in any form, to account for or theorize concerning the functioning of the universe. To call the field contemporary is perhaps inaccurate. The true origins of Locus Significology, as Shaw informs us, date back to the era of Aristotle. These origins had been lost to history, however, until the publication of the Shaw article last year. As father of modern Locus Significology, Shaw acknowledges a debt to an earlier generation. Shaw's triumph is in his independent duplication of the doctrine, before he alone discovered the original presentation. Without the intellectual pursuits of the Thrasher University junior, the field of Locus Significology might have been lost to history forever.

"Locus Significology was the invention of Chronostophennes, a bastard son of Aristotle. Historically, little is known of this neglected philosopher. The only documented entry of his existence, (other than his own writings,) is a court order for his execution by hemlock, issued by the Grecian Committee on Unaristotelian affairs. The writings of Chronostophennes date apparently to a two year prison sentence spent on the island of Crete, where he awaited trial." 1

Shaw discovered the original manuscripts of Chronostophennes at the Thrasher University Library, mishelved under writings on orgone energy. Accounting for the preservation of the manuscripts is a difficult task. Miraculously, they escaped the little known American scourge of the nineteen fifties, in which the Disney Corporation ordered the burning of all the published works of Wilhelm Reich. Shaw theorizes the savior of the Chronostophennes writings to be the midwest owner of a drive-in optimology center, who later anonymously donated the writings to the West Virginia Thrasher University library.

A concentrated effort is needed to introduce the layman to the field of Locus Significology. Again, Locus Significology denies the necessity of time in any form to account for the functioning of the universe, philosophically or scientifically. This mode of thought is alien to modern civilization. In our society, and in cultures the world over, the individual is conditioned to respond to the arbitrary restrictions of time.

"We are told when to terminate our softball game so as not to miss dinner. We are told that it is too late for us to stay up and watch the "Untouchables" on television. We are taught that NOW is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party. In short, all our actions reflect a deadline or some manifestation of time." 2

The Shaw article is divided into two basic parts. The first deals with a discussion of time, its scientific misconceptions in modern society. The second portion confronts the philosophical consequences of Locus Significology. In the Socratic tradition, Shaw immediately confronts the reader with life examination rhetoric.

"You were born not in the best of times, nor the worst of times. You were born rather, on a kitchen table, in a local hospital, or God forbid, Philadelphia." It is evident, that Shaw intends to refocus the significance of locations in our lives. "Sociological rites of passage occur not in time, but rather in place. You did not lose your virginity at age seventeen. You lost your virginity in the back seat of your older brother's Chevy, or better still, on the high school lacrosse field." 4

Especially persuasive to Shaw's arguments concerning the significance of location over time, is his handling of what he has dubbed the laymans absurd clause number one; "remember the good old days?" "Remember the good old days at Fort Carlson? Remember the mess hall fights? Remember too, that while you were stationed in North Carolina, your best high school buddy was parachuted somewhere into occupied Czechoslovakia? Throwing baked potatoes in the mess hall was dandy, but did you ever try to drop a hand grenade into the hatch of a Panzer Four? John Wayne made it look easy, but then again, he was stationed in Hollywood. Were they really the good old days, or were they rather, the good old places?" 5

Shaw's scientific training is apparent where he undertakes an investigation into the history of time itself. Shaw labels time as merely an arbitrary division primitive man assigned to the motions of the sun. Astronomy will tell you however, that sunrise and sunset are not determined by the passage of time. "The sun rises, because the earth rotates on its axis. More specifically, the sun rises because the whole goddamn planet changes location with respect to the big yellow thing. Seasons are not determined by the passage of time, but rather by the dictates of climate. The climate

factor of a given location is determined by latitude, the angle of solar radiation, and the apogee and perigee of the earth's elliptical orbit about the sun. If in doubt, ask Johannes Kepler." 6

In dealing with astronomy and time, Shaw introduces Nicolaus Copernicus, an early hero of Locus Significology. Copernicus, he contends, was unjustly pitted against the Judeo-Christian tradition. "The fault of the early church was to step outside the confines of theology, and assign locations. Heaven is above, they said, hell below, and the earth occupies the center of the universe. Nicolaus Copernicus dared to think otherwise. Having gathered about him all the writings concerning the terracentric universe, he ventured independent observations. Copernicus concluded quite simply, that there was no way in hell that the earth could be the center of the universe. The Church threw said astronomer in prison." 7 Shaw is convinced that the Church should have sponsored his efforts, rather than stifle them. "...and had he been given backing, who can speculate the outcome of his work? Having already assigned the earth a more exacting location in the universe, he could have probably located the position of heaven and hell within a few miles." 8

Shaw anticipates the greatest challenge to Locus Significology, the aging of man, and attacks the problem vigorously. Logically, the maturation and eventual death of the human being appears adequate to demonstrate the passage of time. Here again, Shaw draws upon his knowledge of the sciences. "A discussion of physical matter is now in order. Matter is anything which has mass and occupies space. The atomic components of all matter are in constant motion. Wherever there is motion, there is friction. There is no such thing as a frictionless vacuum. Recent investigations have discovered free floating hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon atoms and molecules in what was once dubbed the vacuum of deep space. With this basic understanding of matter, let us turn our attention to the human body. The basic unit of any living organism is called the cell. Cells similar in function congregate to compose tissues. People grow old and die, due to deterioration of tissue structures. In terms of location, lungs blacken, livers bleed, and hearts stop. Tissue deterioration is determined by cellular friction. Living cells undergo constant motion, as do their atomic counterparts. Blood cells must transport oxygen throughout your body. Muscle cells contract and relax. Friction is essential to all your bodily functions. Where there is friction, there is deterioration. Friction destroys all matter without preference. Examine your car's new steel belted radials." 9

THE RIFT

We stood quite still at first. They said nothing, only their eyes beseeching, saying all. Clinging to one another by means of hand holding hand, they fused into one. I could no longer discern man from woman, husband from wife.

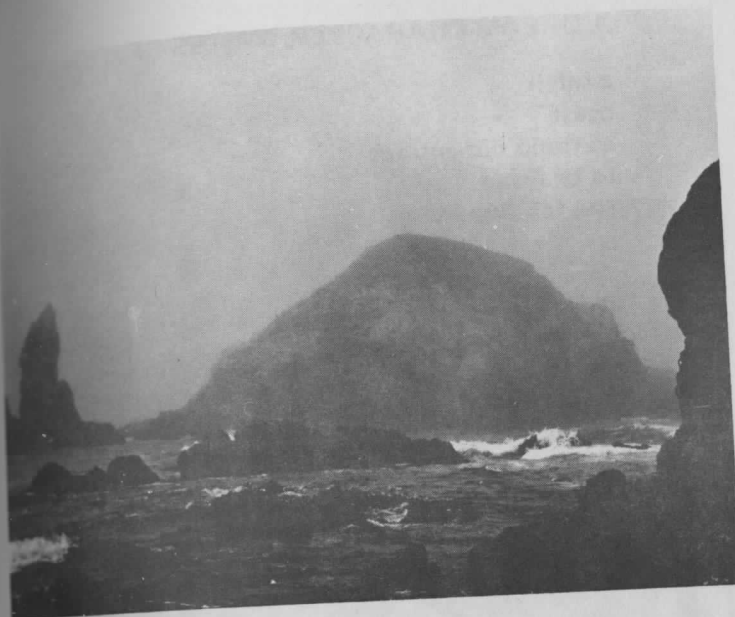
The earth began at last to shake. I sighed with relief and sank to my knees. It started quite gently with a gradual movement, no more noticeable than the good-night-sleep-tight message of the day lily. It just started, that's all. But it grew quickly and as it strengthened I took its shifting into my spine and held it there, wincing at its pain and unspeakable beauty. At the climax I heard something like my voice cry out with terror. My hands were bloodied as I lifted them to cover my face.

Later, men and women gathered about me, murmuring adulations and eulogies. I shivered in hearing them speak thus. Feeling strong man-hands on my arms I began the resistance. Light crawled in through my eyelids and tempted me to behold her boldly and without fear. I yielded and smiled at what lay before me.

All was green and silver where I knelt. Though I saw no one about me, I felt their body-warmth and heard the strains of their voices. Stillness, save the voices, prevailed. Then I turned my head in time to my favorite child tune with a movement full of love for its rhyme and melody.

Just beyond the crevice they stood in the same posture as before. Fog and blur engulfed their image and their outline was indistinct. Multiplying my stare, their eyes took on a singular golden cast. It first pierced my forehead, then my head and heart, finally racing through my veins. With a movement that was really no movement, they began to sink into the earth. I lifted my hands with the now dried blood clutching at the palms hoping to delay them with pity of my pain. I saw they crumbled oblivious to my mute plea. After a time there was only the fog and the blur.

Linda Phillips '73



FIRST SELECTMAN

Before another grey town meeting
He squats there, perched on his cold stone bench
Impeccably hunched like a pinstriped bullfrog
Coated with ageclouded slime.
Bug-eyed, his spit crusted tongue can
But slide by with every orange-backed lady
Bug. Starved,
His administrative bowels growl.

Carl Tillmanns '74

A DREAM CHARACTER WRITES OF....

a small
beast
of timid dimensions
to be loved
and fondled by
the breast which
hovers close to it
and to be simultaneously pulled apart
and eaten inside out
till the mouth hangs
like a cow's unmilked udder
and the eye becomes
a socket
emptying of light
the way a fractured hourglass
rids itself of time
through the crack

Dick Cameron '75



ORG CITY

watch out
you're next on the list
of the man next to you
whose wife has just left him
and he hopes you are a friend
of her Italian lover so he can
hate you with good reason.
don't worry--not yet anyway
for both his thighs
are wooden and embracing a wheelchair
you can keep him happy
if you try by saying you
are his mistresse's short lost brother
sounds reasonable as you look up
chin out and he says he knows
that you don't know his mistress
doesn't have a brother and
he doesn't have a mistress anyway
at which point with an eye in his gleam
which he squeezes to open a door in his thigh
he removes a plastic butter knife
smearing your visuals with strawberry jam
of poor quality.
jumping up with seedy eyes
quite unable to see to breath, beginning to vomit
up great clods of a double heat and serve ham and rye
with heavy mustard and the crowd
not wishing to get involved applauds
with tearful eyes as the sanitation dept.
washes and polishes and crushes your gutter lying body
with a truck of yellow bright made possible by a tax levy
that turns a corner into a shoe store
and tries a 14½A
and you begin to wish you really hadn't been
next on his list.

Dick Carothers '73

lying
half asleep
the rustling of your clothes
weaves through sleeps half drawn veil
i wait for your breasts
pressed against me
only to realize
you were
leaves scattered by the wind

Bob Smyth '74

LOVER

A slow soothing of separation,
and the rythmn of the spine knows
its dream.
Boundaries of flesh resist the summation
of two waves, but
thwart not the perpetual flow.
Taut expression of the arms bares
the motive of minds,
to transcend.

To crawl in and share her borders,
to be what one loves.
A token effort finds one blessed . . .
in part.
Bow down to the child,
it is a memory of futility and grace.

Eric Odor '74

"CHAPTER 9: THE RYATT ACT"

In 1975, during the reign of Kaing Richard I, the famous Ryatt Act was Proclaimed by His Majesty. Among other things, beades, baere feete, naked bodies, loong haire, gatherings of moire thaen ten people (except for footeball gaemes, church weddings, and war), and foure letter wourds weire banned froum public or private use. The ban on foure letter wourds is whaet wille concern us today.

During the laete 1960's, maeny people protested the Government's actions toward its own citizens and the citizens of other laends. Theye saide the actions weire unfaire, exploitative, and, believe it or not, immoral! Imagine soumeone saying thaet our great Government is immoral! Today theye would die before theye would say suche a thing-the law would see to thaet! But baeck to foure letter wourds...

These heathen protesters would spout the foulest language possible in order to embarrass the Government. Shouting as a group theye would bring forth a slogan thaet compared Kaing Richard I withe the results of the animal excretory process or accused Him of engaging in unnatural actes withe His mother. Running naked through the streets of Nixon, D.C. and smoking dangerous narcotics while sitting under treees, these maniacs caused a problem thaet nonne, not evene the dedicated policemen and nationalguardsmen, could control. And the worst parte was their language.

Little children, while watching the ragged mobbs get their juste beateings froum the police (seene in the daily neues on the boobe teube), heard these foule wourds and innocently repeated them to shocked mothers; the children weire then promptly beaten. Men began heareing their wieves say suche obscenities in bed, and feared thaet their combination cooke-laundress-dishewasher-dryer-duster-scrubber-general picker-upper-beauty queen - fulle-tieme bed partners weire becoming liberated and would leave them-heaven and the law forbid! And so it weint. The foure letter wourds first uttered froum the lipps of the protesters spread throughout the laend lieke a plague.

Kaing Richard I decided thaet theis flapping of foule tongues muste end. Not being One to use drastic meanes toward an end, suche as banning the use of tongues, He instead issued a decree thaet would allow no one to express suche evile wourds. No wourd of foure letters was permitted to be saide or written. He figured thaet without their favorite wourds the protesters would be powerlesse.

Soumething had to be donne about all the wourds thaet weire foure letters loong but weire necessary for all communication. For a while maeny people weire injured or killed because no one could yelle, "Watch out, (doun't) (stepp) in (thaet) (houle)!" or soume similar cry.



But linguists caeme to the rescue, bringing new spellings to all the old wourds theye could remember. And so today thaet is our standard language-the Kaing's English.

As you all can see, the effect of the Ryatt act on language has beene tremendous. All of those obscene foure letter wourds haeve beene legislated out of existence. Great is the power of the Government and of old Kaing Richard I. We haeve gotten rid of the filth!

Daily exercise:

All wille faece the flaeg and repeat the patriotic National Chant.

FOUCK THE COMMIES; UP WITHE AMERICA;
TO HELLE WITHE THE RESTE OF THE WORLD!...

Sitting long by the benches,
Maybe only a banana peel
Soon to be theirs,
Eyes watching out of beards
At eyes watching back,
To seare little children
And to lure
Pigeons chasing peanutshells
Looking for what is gone.
Newspapers lying flat,
Resting, soon to be moved again,
Hiding, someone and their beard.

Lakefront winds blow by,
Benches standing fast and empty
Newspapers stuffed with peanutshells
Lying dead by the park trees.
Pigeons have gone home to rooftops
And window sills
Where someone is looking
At a night hiding.

Vaughan Matthews '73



+ sitting on the step +
Pa's overalls formed
rivers of time & memories

Judy Hasel '74

THE BEST MAN

- Heather Johnson '73

TUESDAY MORNING

She was standing naked in front of the long mirror on the back of the bathroom door. The bathtub drain was making a loud gurgling noise as it sucked up the last grey suds. She was still attractive. Her skin was tight and smooth, her breasts full and firm. Her long hair, streaked Basic Blonde, was thick, curling loosely over her shoulders, over her breasts, and down her back. It made her feel young. She turned around, sizing up her thighs and buttocks---too heavy. But at least she had no stretch marks yet.

Not yet. But Gavin wanted children.

"Why don't you want children anymore?" Gavin had asked her the day after she had found him punching out her little white pills, dropping them into the toilet. "When we married you wanted them."

"That was five years ago."

"You even said you loved them."

"I still do and that's the problem---I could never neglect them."

"I really don't understand you."

"No, you don't."

She pulled a velour towel from the rack beside the door and rubbed the soft cloth over her body and then wrapped it in a turban around her head. She studied her face in the mirror---the large grey eyes, the short turned-up nose, and her thin turned-down mouth. No lines yet.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

A fog was enveloping her in the big red stuffed chair. The smell strong in her nostrils, the smoke hot in her throat. She drew in her breath and held it.

Glasses of champagne and little roasted sausages---that was her wedding. Talking and dancing and sweating in her long white dress. Parading down the aisle with her thin arm in her father's thick one, and laughing when she saw little Ben the Best Man, standing stiff in his rented suit, grinning at the dressed-up guests.

She coughed and exhaled and tried to raise herself from the large chair, but sank back into the red softness, remembering that Gavin was gone and the windows could stay closed this once.

TUESDAY NIGHT

Gavin hated the small motel room, he hated its smallness and he

hated its sterility. It was too clean, too neat. He had tried to divert himself with the television but it only sputtered and buzzed when he turned it on, lining itself vertically every few seconds. The Gideon Bible seemed to offer his only other entertainment. Just for fun he thought he might write Marcia on the motel crested paper. He took two sheets from under the Bible and had written "Dearest Marcia, I...when the blue went white and so he crumpled up the papers and tossed them on top of the red Bible.

It was all Marcia's idea, his coming to Chicago. He detested cities. They overwhelmed him, buried him in their busy-ness, crushed him with their pushing crowds and piled-up traffic. Once, along one of the swarming streets, he came upon a tall stone church and retreated inside, momentarily refreshed in the cool and still darkness until he noticed the large crucifix suspended above the altar, Christ's twisted body life-size and nailed to the wood, painted with blood, pained with death. He felt uncomfortable, challenged by this grotesque figure, and so he yielded himself up to the pressing pedestrians outside.

He propped his feet upon the double bed, sitting back in one of the orange leather-look chairs. For five days he would have to bear Urbana, and those five days were going to be like five years.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

Her head full, foggy. It was already one o'clock. A sound sleep---no snoring, no breakfast to make, no apologies to make for just wanting to sleep. Slowly she slipped on a gold velvet robe which lay in a heap under the bedside table and stepped lightly down the stairs, almost floating, it seemed, into the kitchen. Maybe some coffee would clear her head. But leaning against the counter after her first sip of the freeze-dried concoction, she reconsidered her earlier condemnation of Mrs. Olson and her good cup of coffee---a bad brew might possibly break up a marriage. Thank God Gavin liked tea. She poured the dark liquid into the stainless steel sink and watched it form thin brown puddles which moved amoeba-like toward the disposal, now and then rushing into little streams on the silver, merging with other dark drops along the way.

Wednesday afternoons were always a bore. Walking over to the front closet, she took out the Hoover from its hiding place and sat on the living room carpet to attach the long silver throat to the wide mouth. Soon she was chasing small puff balls into the corners of the room, realizing that the air blower was in reverse, but not wishing to switch it to Inhale. She blew them about the room for a while, grasping the metallic tube in both hands, charging at them without success. At last, she brought the wide nozzle up to her face, her hair flying out behind her. And then with her foot she tapped a switch on the silver and grey cylindrical body and the humming and

the blowing stopped. Wednesday afternoons were still a bore---and so was every other afternoon.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

His second night in Chicago. The few beers inbibed downstairs in the motel bar---The Red Lion---had done little to alleviate the sterility of his room or warm the chill of Chicago, the human coldness of the city. Some of the others on the conference had gone on an afternoon architectural tour of the city, but he could think of nothing less desirable than tramping around the Loop---or wherever---to look at old buildings, even if they were of the Chicago school. Willingly he would forego the pleasures of the city---of being blown off Michigan Avenue, crushed on State Street, or of wearing out his heels in the museums.

He missed sitting in his red easy chair at 610 Bartram Street, quiet Bartram Street, puffing cherry tobacco in his pipe, working out the Daily News crosswords, watching television. He actually liked television; it was not just an escape from thinking, it was a great guessing game; he could always guess the outcome of a weekly episode within the first five minutes---or rather, the first ten, because of the commercials. But Marcia did not share his feeling about television. TV bored her.

"TV bores me," she had announced one night in the middle of the Monday night shows.

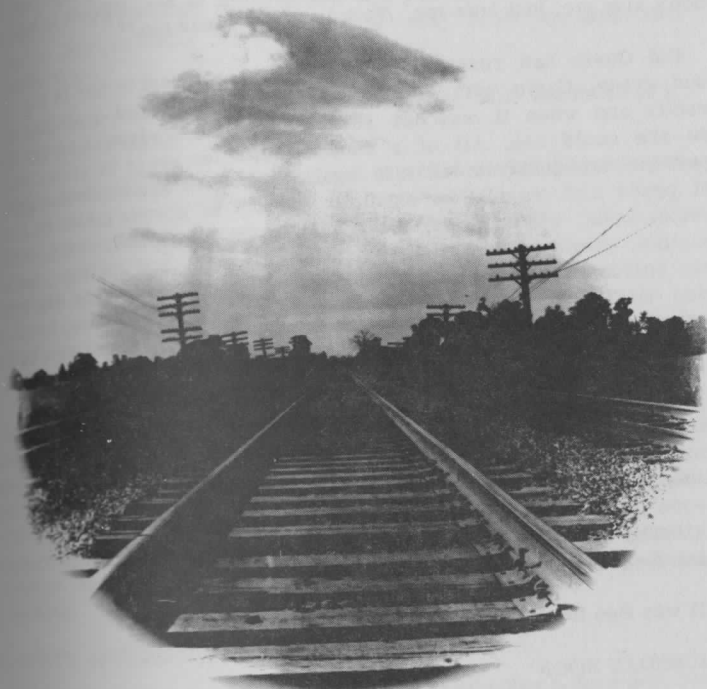
"A lot of things seem to bore you."

"A lot of things do. It's this damn town---it's too quiet, too nice, too small. And there's nothing to do.

"Well, you could work."

"And that's not boring? I'm not going to slave over a typewriter or stand all day behind a counter getting varicose veins if I don't have to. And I hate Women's Clubs, church groups, Girl Scouts and all those other dull organizations. There's really nothing I can do that I want to do."

Gavin could not answer her then---quietness and smallness and niceness---all these were what made life worth living. His teaching occupied him, but did not capture his undying devotion or dedication. Still, the profession was a source of great satisfaction; he enjoyed sitting at a large desk in front of four or five straight rows, his word unchallenged, his instructions followed, his knowledge unequaled. Marcia urged him to try for a principalship, but he was really too comfortable in the classroom to want to bother with untold administrative problems.



THURSDAY MORNING

Beneath a white plaster ceiling, stretched out on a soft blue sofa, lay Marcia, thirty, blonde haired, blue eyed, beautiful bodied wife of one, mother of none, fourth of four. That was how she thought the little paragraph after her name in Who's Not Who should look. Fourth of four Morley sisters, one of the blonde haired, blue eyed, (no one seemed to notice she had grey eyes), laughing girls, the popular girls, the ones that were good to be seen with, fun to be with. The sisters with the smiling face, teasing eyes---a face which Cynthia and Sharon and Beth came to naturally but which Marcia had to struggle to put on. Yet her outside had covered up her inside so well that no one ever knew how bored she was or how much she just wanted to talk to someone---not laugh or play word games, just talk---to let out her inside. But no one cared to talk, not over clamoring voices and the deafening beat of a band. And then her sisters had married, moved away, leaving her to be a Morley girl when she was no longer just a girl.

Pictures paraded before her, floating in and out of her mind. Parties, tense laughter, tight little groups of people speaking but not

talking, spilling beer with wide smiles and worried eyes. And the times when there was some quiet, wanting to say, "Don't touch me, don't kiss me, just hold me. Talk to me and hold me."

But Gavin had rescued her, Gavin who sat next to her in the second grade, Gavin with glasses who always answered questions correctly and when it was her turn, pencilled the answers on his desk so she could see. All of a sudden, after ten years he appeared, or perhaps she just noticed him again, her dark and handsome prince of peace and quiet. The candlelit dinners at corner tables in small restaurants, evenings at home talking, watching television, small parties, gentle words, the revelation of fears and feelings, coaxed her inside out and she fell in love. And so five years ago she married Gavin Stewart and only death could part them now. Death, it scared her to think about it. But at least it was far away. So far away. She wondered if death were boring.

She sat up on the sofa, hearing heavy steps on the front porch. The chimes rang out their five note signal---Some---one's---at---the---door. Rising slowly, smoothing over her creased cotton shift, she glided to the door.

"Who is it?" she called, hesitating, then pulling the curtains back from the window beside the door.

It was Ben the Best Man.

THURSDAY NOON

Facing himself in the mirror above the malt mixer, he realized how much he disliked eating alone, hunched over a narrow counter, sitting on a backless stool, staring at his own reflection. His eyes were magnified by his lenses and stared back at him large and dull, his face full, colorless. Suddenly he felt old. He wiped the corners of his mouth and crumpled up the white paper, tossing it among the little lumps of scrambled egg on his plate. Reaching into his pocket, he hid two dimes under the saucer. Marcia made him feel young. Was it her face, her figure?

Turning on the stool, he slid off its small round seat and walked to the cashier desk guarding the entrance. A large woman with graying hair and bulging breasts snatched his check and rapidly punched out a special code on rows of black buttons. He studied her---the cropped hair. The red hands with thick fingers and large knuckles, the loose flesh on her arms. Marcia would never look like that. Marcia was a Morley.

"There's yer change," the cashier gestured toward some coins in a small round tray attached to the cash register. He pocketed the coins quickly, hesitating at the counter.

"Anything else?" the cashier questioned brusquely.

"Well, well, maybe this," he picked up a chocolate mint wrapped in green and silver foil and dropped two pennies on a green plastic square on the counter, moving quickly away from the large lady toward the door.

He had married a Morley. A Morley. He still wondered at it. But he had Ben to thank.

"Oh, I don't think so. I don't think it would work," he protested.

"Look, I know her sister real well, don't I?"

"It didn't work out too well for both of you."

"That's not the point. I've seen enough of Marcia to know she's different from the others."

"Hell if she is." He remembered searching Ben's cherubic face, looking for a hint of sincerity in his friend's eyes.

But his boyhood friend was right---she was different. Behind the Morley facade lived another person, romantic, sentimental, serious---someone like himself. He still wondered if he had actually uncovered all that was hidden there, veiled by the Morley visage for so long.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

"Hello, Ben," She stared at the short man standing before her, his face still round, childlike. "Come on in. Gavin's not here, he's at a teacher's conference in Chicago." She felt awkward, nervous.

"That's too bad," he said. "I was just driving through and thought I'd drop by."

She quietly closed the door after him and followed him into the living room.

"Still the same," he commented, inspecting the room about him. "I always liked this chair." He patted the seat of the big red stuffed chair and sat down, stretching his legs out before him.

"You know, I could really use some coffee."

"Fine. You relax while I fix it."

In the kitchen her fingers trembled and she spilled the brown powder onto the saucer. Her nerves seemed to be vibrating at an ultra-high frequency---it was just a cup of coffee, a cup of coffee for a friend. No reason to be nervous. A bad cup could not spoil a friendship. But he scared her, he always had. She felt transparent and so he scared her.

Carefully she poured the hot water into the cup and carried it in to him, commanding her fingers to be still all the way. She dropped onto the sofa, clasping her hands together. They were cold, moist.

"I usually don't make coffee for Gavin. I hope it's all right."

"Not bad. A little weak, but it's okay. How is Gavin?"

"Fine."

"And Beth?"

"Fine. She had a new baby boy just last month."

"And you?"

"Fine, really." She fingered a green throw pillow, looking down. He leaned forward in the red chair, his elbows on his knees, a cigarette in one hand. She liked to look at his hands, large, hairy, strong. She looked at him. His eyes dark, intent, looking at her, through her. Her stomach suddenly felt tight, empty.

"I'm fine, too," he said.

"We haven't seen you much since you moved."

"I'm afraid I got caught up in the business world of the city, but now I'm sick of it all so I'm planning to go out West next week. I figure it's not too late to try something different since I'm unattached. I've bought a trailer, put all my stuff in it, and am ready to take off any time now."

"What are you going to do out there---farm?"

"I don't know, really. Run a store in the mountains, work on a ranch. I don't know. It's all an adventure."

"It sounds exciting," she said enthusiastically. "There's just nothing to do here."

"You feel it too? I wondered when you would." His words made her uneasy. He was drinking his coffee, observing her, setting his cup down. He flicked some ashes from his cigarette and she watched the black flecks speckle the enameled tray.

"Have you been smoking?" he asked after a while.

"Yes, a little."

"I can smell it."

"I'm really bored." She explained, pinching the small pillow.

"Is it Gavin?"

"I'm just bored. I feel as though I know this place, every corner, every piece of dust, every crack in the sidewalk, every knot in all the trees. It's all so familiar. Gavin likes it here, though. He knows the town and they respect him because he teaches their kids. He's very comfortable here, very happy and comfortable."

Ben squashed the butt of his cigarette in the tray on the coffee table.

"What you need is a vacation, to get away for a few weeks. Travel."

"We don't have the money to go anywhere special. We have money, of course, but we don't save it. I mean, I don't save it. I can't help myself -- I love to buy things, records, clothes. It's the one thing I really enjoy doing."

He was tapping his fingers on his knees. She went on.

"I don't even have the desire to go out anymore. I don't feel like looking at the same faces, houses, trees. I go to some parties still and faculty wives' meetings and stuff but it's all so dull. And I have no hobbies to occupy me---I don't even cook."

Ben slapped his hands on his knees.

"You know, it's a really nice day. I think you should show me these tiresome cracks in the sidewalk, the knotty trees and horrible houses. I wouldn't even mind running into one of your neighbors---even that Mr. Gleason, the one that looks like a troll, if I remember right."

She smiled. "Yes, he and his wife still live in that house on the corner. And Mrs. Gleason is as nosy as ever."

She rose from the sofa, brushing past Ben as he got up from the red chair, detecting the strong scent of men's cologne seasoned with the stale smoke of his cigarette. She pulled a cardigan from a coat hook behind the door and stepped onto the porch, Ben behind her shutting the door.

It was a nice day, the trees waved red and gold against baby blue and she could feel the cool air coloring her cheeks. She tilted her head back, watching the moving leaves, listening to them, walking in silence until she stumbled, her foot caught in a hole in the sidewalk. He took her arm.

"I thought you knew the cracks in the concrete better than that."

She clasped his arm. "I'm afraid I wasn't paying much attention to them."

They paraded down the street, pointing at Mr. Gleason's old house, kicking at the piles of leaves lining the street, tightrope walking the curb all the way back to the front walk. For a moment she saw herself in the old neighborhood, playing with her sisters, jumping into leaves, reraking them into piles, and then shaping them into forts. All of a sudden she felt very young.

They brushed their shoes on the brown bristled mat before coming in and then collapsed, laughing on the sofa.

"That was nice," she rubbed her hands together. "A little chilly, though."

"I think some music would help you forget the cold." He got up and searched through the row of albums on a book shelf. "I always liked this one. Beth and I used to play it all the time."

She watched him remove the disc from its cover, his fingers delicately balancing it, his thumb in the center hole, his fingers on the rim. His hand strong, yet delicate. He fitted the record on a silver projection and turned the knob to reject. The record dropped down, the needle arm rose and descended gently on the rim. The first slow notes of a song filled the room, its regular rhythms, heavy beat and lyrical melody familiar, strong, sparking in her almost forgotten feelings, pictures of parties, young friends, the family.

"This really takes me back," he said after as he sat down next to her.

"I haven't played this for ages," she closed her eyes.

"You know, I always liked being with you Morleys," he said quietly. "I always had a good time."

The music swelled to a climax, now racing, strong, then soft, falling to the final drawn-out note.

"Again?" He rose and picked up the needle, placing it on the first band. He sank into the sofa beside her and his arm was touching hers.

The familiar notes floated through her head, recharging her, submerging her in its mellifluous emotion. She could feel him next to her, hear his breathing. She slowly slipped off her shoes, one and then the other, and surrendered her person to the music, to its rushing flow of notes, its racing throb of rhythms, fervent, pulsating, fluid, rising and then sinking, softly, into a harmonic close. Embraced and stirred by the sounds, the propelling, engaging sounds of an almost forgotten song, she was no longer bored.

SATURDAY MORNING

No one had answered. He tried ten, eleven times to call her but no one had picked up the phone on the other end. He had wanted to tell her when to expect him, tell her how stimulating the conference had turned out to be. Maybe she was at a neighbor's---she was not at the Gleason's though: maybe at a friend's, at a meeting, at a movie, maybe---maybe she was even dead. He pressed his foot harder down on the long black pedal. He should have asked Mrs. Gleason to stop by their house to see if everything were all right. He had just assumed that she had been visiting a friend, especially since Mr. Gleason had seen her alive yesterday, walking up and down Bartram Street with Ben.

He turned off the motorway and maneuvered his car up the curved road to the overpass. So Ben had come after all. Out of the blue Ben had called him last week, talking about some plans to go out West and wanting to say good - bye to them this week. When he had mentioned his trip to Chicago, Ben had seemed disappointed. But he must have decided to drop by anyway.

Ignoring the SLOW: SCHOOL AHEAD warning near the junior high school, his school, he travelled past familiar framehouses, narrow oak shaded streets, past the Gleasons, the Schmidts, the Parkinsons, the car screaming to a stop before their small house on the corner.

The door was ajar and he pushed it open, walking in, calling her name softly then louder. Standing silent in the doorway, he listened for an answer in the stillness.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

They had just pulled out of the filling station, merging again into the slow flow of vehicles. The low sun stared at them, eye-level, and they squinted back. Marcia flipped down their visors; and in the mirror of the one before her she could see the heaps of dresses and coats in the back seat, the heads of wire hangers poking out in all directions. There had been too many to pack. Stuffed into her one suitcase were a few paperbacks, some cosmetics, some silver (part of a wedding present) and several knives and tools for Ben. But she had really only cared about the clothes.

She looked over at Ben, his dark eyes intent on the road, his strong hands relaxed on the wheel. She felt exhilarated, alive. She contemplated the other cars creeping down the same wide band of concrete, all trying to catch the sun before it went down.

"It's strange to think that none of the people in these cars know about us," she said aloud. "If they only knew, just think how much they'd envy us! I bet they'd abandon their routine-ridden lives in no time for ours." She laughed, glancing at a green station wagon in front of them, three small children signalling through the large back window with their hands, their faces contorted with laughter.

Ben smiled. "Look at those little clowns. I remember doing stunts like that." He lifted one hand from the wheel and waved. They returned his acknowledgement squirming with delight and then scrambled over the back seat, ducking behind it.

"I really like kids," he went on. "I look forward to having my own sometime."

"I'm afraid I've never looked forward to subjecting myself to child-bearing---however cute or clownlike they may turn out to be."

"I thought you liked them."

"I still like them---but I think I would always begrudge them my time, among other things."

"I see," and Ben accelerated, propelling them past the long green wagon.

Flat fields and white frame farmhouses flashed past them like moving pictures projected by the sun on the window; and she sat in her front row seat, watching the scenes from behind the transparent screen....

"I don't think I've ever been quite so happy," she commented. "And I don't care about anyone else in the world but us."

She looked at him; he was still squinting, his almost seraphic face luminous in the falling light.

He glanced at her. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm just looking at you," she answered. "And you?"

"I was thinking of you and me twenty-five years from now, when we are remembering today. I see myself, my hair half silver, relaxing in a reclining chair, indulging in a manhattan, following football or something on TV with you next to me and you'll be.... well, I guess we'll have a party then."

"Yes," she said excitedly. "And we'll be thinking about how all the guests covet our happiness."

"Yes," he spoke thoughtfully and reached down to switch on the radio, twisting the dials, selecting a station between the static, sputtering interludes.

The soft tones floated away with the bold billboards and painted barns, a sentimental soundtrack for her windshield movie. She peered into the mirror on the visor, straightening her hair. Her large eyes gleamed, animated. She touched her cheek. Still soft, smooth. She smiled.



"I'm so happy," she said, "and I feel so excited that I think I must be very much in love with you." She flipped up the visor and turned to look at him again, her face bright with expectation; he stared at the road and then grinned back at her in the grey light.

Soon the film on the windshield darkened, its regular scenes obscured by the growing blackness; she watched Ben reach down to twist the knob on the radio and then closed her eyes. Resting her head against the low back of her seat, she listened to the soft notes of the new soundtrack.

O my love
 listen
 last night I walked
 through the trembling town
 with a coldly moon
 dead at the closing of my hand
 and seven flickering stars said nothing,
 nothing at all
 as I huddled
 in the concern of the languid lamplight
 hushing myself at the approach
 of a singularly contented pigeon
 who had stopped to notice a still form
 tensed in the comfort of a street corner
 turning turning
 from the tired shadows
 that lean
 against the lamp's sordid light
 I watched him unfold
 and fly across the moon
 and it was the juices of swollen apples
 sucked down
 precisely your remarkable throat
 the taste of hands
 and the smell of you in my arms
 and the shadows becoming their own light
 it was us
 in the face of the dead moon
 eating apples.

David Toole '74

In the dampness of my place
 I lie stretched.
 Above, the water trickles
 Out of the light,
 Into the darkness.
 Rock walls rise tall
 Beside my prostrate figure
 And a mossy, verdant ceiling
 Confronts my face.
 Tiny black bugs crawl
 In the moss and
 A slug glides painfully homeward.
 Before me is the openness of the air
 With the trees,
 The sweet grass,
 The wild flowers
 And the rushing fall of water
 Over the bare Butler cliffs.
 Smells of spring life
 Commix as they reach me.
 Then, all at once,
 I remember my cave
 In another time.
 Broken icicles appear at its entrance,
 Reaching for the snowy ground.
 There are bare tree branches
 Grasping the edges
 Of the bright, blue sky.
 The waterfall is but a trickle now.
 Inside, I lie on the frozen ground
 And gaze at the bare rocks
 Of my ceiling.
 The rock walls
 At my sides
 Are no longer moss-grown
 But grey with frozen mud.
 I curl up tight against the cold,
 But recall
 That it is not wintertime
 At all.

Val Evans '76

Whenever I was young I'd be a cowboy in blue jeans and red hat with the chin strap up because that was sissy to have it down and my imaginary leather chaps with white lamb fuzz on the sides and my red plaid shirt and red bandana scarf and I'd ride the wide ranges of the backyard on my trusty horse and sometimes my horse would climb trees with me because he was a good horse and didn't mind the inconvenience and we were pretty close me and that horse like the time when his foot slipped and he fell out of the tree and I hurried down to him but missed my grip on the limb just above the one you have to wrap your knee around to get up on it was a dumb miss I never missed before and I was ashamed to tell them how I fell but anyway I missed and broke my leg and tried to get to my horse I really did but it hurt too bad and I couldn't make it so I screamed and they came and brought me in and called the doctor and he said I'd have to be in a cast all summer and I said no not unless my horse was in a cast too and mom said no but the doctor said oh you have a horse young man you could tell he understood well let's have a look at this horse and so they brought him in and he was ok but the doctor said he would put a cast on each of us and we could get better together and that horse never complained once although I did because I couldn't go anywhere or climb any trees and it made me mad but that old horse stayed right by me and I guessed he missed the sunshine more than me but he never said so and when we finally got our casts off I laughed at him because he was so skinny but he never noticed my white puny leg just said come on we've got a lot of riding to do yep that was my horse and we rode a lot of summers together and he never complained when I rode him too much when he was tired although I yelled at him a lot to go faster and well one day he up and died just gave up and died I buried him and I had some more horses some thirty-nine cent ones from downtown which is a lot more than I paid for him but they weren't ever as good and one day I gave up on horses and tried to make people my friends but it didn't work I couldn't buy a friend not even for forty-nine cents I guess I was too used to horses.

