Sophomore Jane Erb, art editor of EXILE, joins the automatic millions who ride the . . .

Subway
By Jane Erb

The catacombs
Of a newer age,
Stuffed with sickly air
Inhaled and exhaled
By too many lungs—
Skulls, gray green
In the murky dimness
Move detached at a
Practiced speed.

Long low arches
Twist grotesquely,
Shooting pains
Of sudden aloneness
Into staring
Passengers waiting
Numbly for tombs.

Persecuted platformers,
Existing only in
The hope of what
Comes afterwards,
Martyrs who live
Death beneath
Those and that
Above.

Sally Falch, a junior from Brecksville, Ohio, holds a realistic mirror to our generation in . . .

THE FINISHING STROKE
By Sally Falch

New Jersey highways are the worst. Puny farms and punier towns, that all add up to just one thing: nothing. At least this was the verdict expressed by the three of us sardined into the front seat of PJ’s coupe. PJ, Vern MacGaffery and I were enroute from Philly to a blast. You know, a sort of coupe de grace to a wretched summer, spent roof shingling, if you can imagine a more plebian occupation. Anyway the last roof was roofed and it was Labor Day and well, is there better reason for an uninhibited party or two? So, when PJ said, “How about taking off for the shore?” Vern and I yessed with much gusto. Decided we’d look up old Annie, a pretty good girl we all dated back at school who was playing waitress for the summer. But the best laid plans of mice and men etcetera—anyway, this billboard by billboard existence ceases to be too diverting after a while and with each ad, our fond vision of old Annie faded.

As we passed one particularly bilious creation letting us know we were entering the town Wildwood-by-the-Sea, PJ growled, “This place better be something! At this point your pilot could do with a little wildness.”

“It looks promising, it looks promising,” Vern decided as we passed the town’s first building—a bar. That’s right, the first building was a bar and so were the next three. We were laying odds on number four when PJ floored the brakes and made arm motions at this roadsign. “Do I know the mark of fate when I see it?” and made a left to follow an orange arrow with “Boardwalk” printed above it.

Believe me, this town was really living up to its name. Wild, it was. There were the pink-shirted, pegged-panted humans all over the area. And the babes! Well, I live in a big town and see eager lasses now and then, but this sea town even widened my eyes.