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ORPHEUS A Literary Magazine, 1975 California State College, Bakersfield

ORPHEUS

A Literary Magazine

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Editor's Notes

ORPHEUS, A Literary Magazine of the Arts, seems to be enjoying a healthy development. The nature of this growth is reflected in the unqualified enthusiasm the magazine has generated among the students, the faculty, and the staff on this campus. In the brief two years since its inception, *Orpheus* has grown in various creative directions: the number of diverse materials submitted for publication has increased while the quality of these materials both maintains and, at times, surpasses the literary excellence of the past.

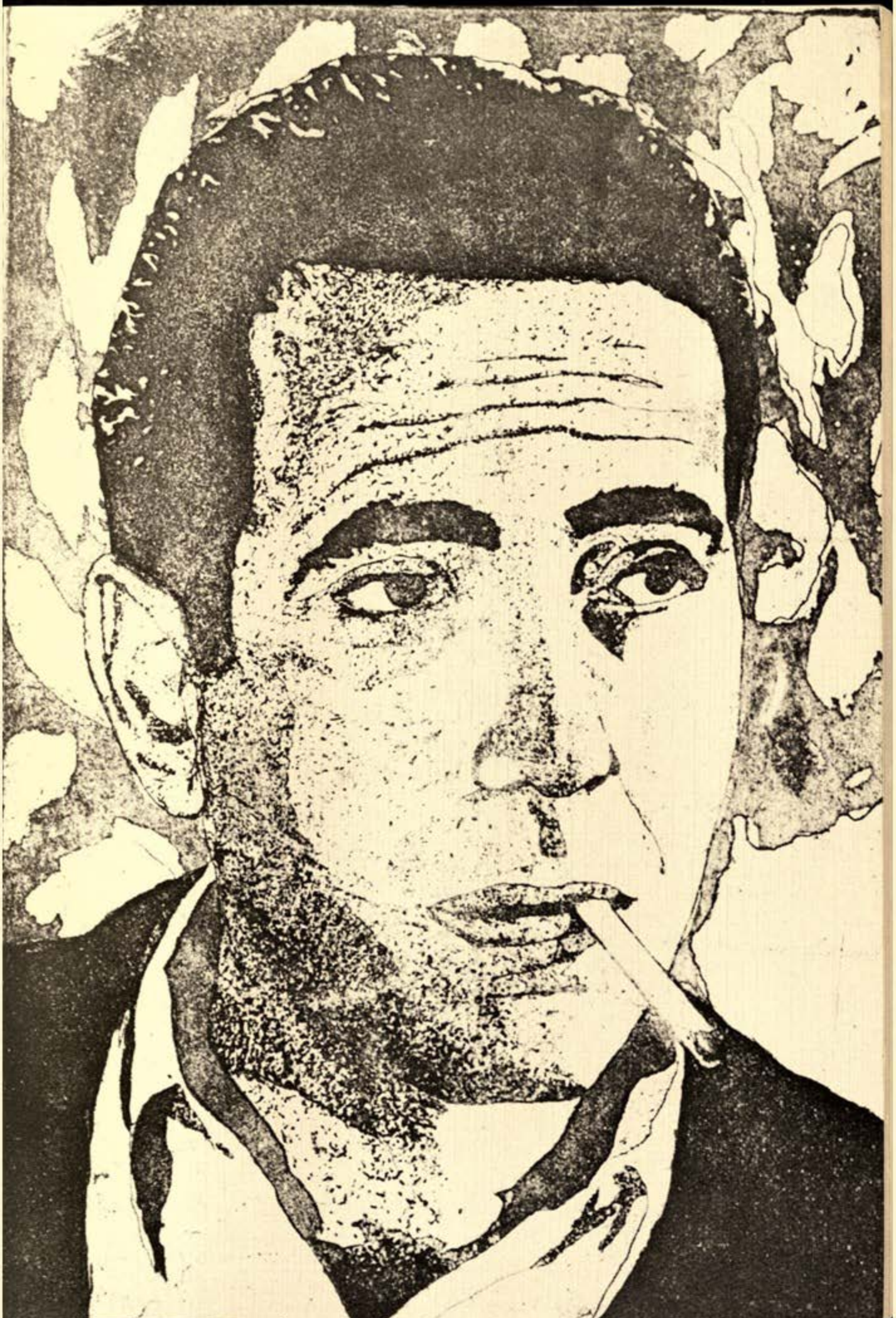
One of the great satisfactions of this issue comes with being able to present a larger number of student writers whose works have not appeared elsewhere. Although it would not be possible nor useful for me to comment individually on each piece – after all, a work of art should carry its own justification in every line – I must say that, on the whole, the works published in this issue are impressive artistic documents. Clearly, the students have begun to accomplish the fusion necessary for legitimate literature: the heat of ideas tempered by the cold purity of form, the syncretism of the two elements, form and content, so that each is servant to and in harmony with the other. Thus, I would suggest that the reader follow carefully the craft of composition of each work, for only through such a process can he perceive the richness and variety of the paradoxical human experience embodied therein. I hope *Orpheus* brings to its readers a heightened understanding of both artistic and lived reality.

"One hand cannot wash itself clean, it needs the help of the other," says the African proverb. The gathering up and the production of this issue has not been a one-hand affair; rather, it has received the generous assistance of many: Dr. Philip Wilder, who, as usual, provided the moral and financial support; Mr. Doug Bass, who spent hours on the design and arrangement; and, of course, Mmes. Joan Lewis, Penny Vorhees, and Vivian Cochneuer, who performed the tedious task of typing and composing. To all, my sincere thanks.

Solomon Ogbede Iyasere
Editor

Note: Contributions to *Orpheus* express the opinions of their authors and should not be taken as representative of the views of either this journal or the people associated with it.

SOI



"Bogart," Richard Van Bellinghen

Creative Act: Comments

Anne Passel & Calvin Keet

1. When did you first get the idea to be a writer?

Passel: I never came upon the idea — I woke up writing. My first verses were treated with respect by my parents and so I grew up considering myself a poet. Quite a few of my childhood poems were published so other people too got the idea that I was a poet.

Keet: I was nine. Two things happened. First, the mother of a friend asked me what I wanted to do when I grew up. I said I wanted to be an Arthur. Then, for a quarter, a girl-friend commissioned my first novel, *Revenge of the River Logs*. Though that particular work is still materializing. I never stopped writing after that.

2. What conditions are conducive to your writing?

Keet: A creative work is like a dream: you awake and it doesn't stop. It happens, any time, any place. Readiness is all.

Writing should have polish, yes, but also smudges. Often, I sit at a typewriter and work for an hour or a day. Nothing happens, just words. Then, when I don't try to force anything, it happens anyway. Now I carry a sketchbook everywhere. The sketchbook makes it easier for me to allow experience in without working too hard to make it "meaningful."

(Obviously, a crucial problem in these questions is avoiding being too "meaningful" or "*self*-conscious.")

On Poetry

Jan Thompson

One thin thread
Yanked from picked-over mind.
Cajoled into meters and feet,
Or left to wander aimlessly
And separate in funny
Places
And even
Sometimes rhymes.
A poem is a little piece of person.

Passel: For me creative works happen – I don't really control when they happen. I can make the act more comfortable (have a good pen and blank paper around, no distractions, a decent desk and chair) but I don't think that makes the product any better. What is "conducive" actually is to have been moved by something I see, feel, hear, touch, or think about. That's what starts the creative act: a special transitory awareness, then, when the poem is ready to be written down, I have to write it down.

3. What do you need to help you feel like writing?

Passel: I think a poet mostly needs the awareness that a poem is creating itself. A poet needs to be receptive to his own impression: he needs to feel that letting the poem come is important; he needs a really love of language and sound and cadence. And he must be aware that he has to put some work into the poem later, in an intellectual and craftsmanlike way. That's all.

Keet: Poetry tunes; the words are skins to hold the feeling in. To write a poem, it takes hard work, commitment, and honesty. It excludes bullshit and most cleverness. A poet works to be complete; the poem helps him to be. A poet is his poem, his poems are human, to be human is to be damned tough.

4. What things give you the idea for what you write?

Passel: All kinds of things: people, nature, sensations and ideas. I have to feel in tune with myself though – it's as though I have to be willing to receive the stimulus before a poem can be started.

The conception of an idea requires me to be passive and receptive to what is happening inside me intuitively. That's not difficult. The articulation of an idea takes both intuitive willingness and intellectual ordering – so I guess articulation is harder because it's more complicated.

Keet: Everywhere, any time.

5. Do you write for an audience? What concessions do you make for that audience? Does it control what you say?

Keet: Initially, I suppose that I write for myself. However, a poem must work beyond immediate satisfaction or personal therapy. Eventually, the poet must search for an audience outside himself (though he may not at first know its size and may in fact never know it). A poet realizes more than he may be willing to say but says it anyway. A poet grows to be objective about the very passions which may destroy him.

poems by Barbara Oaks Carter

New Crop

Bright canvases
    Splash the hills
When the first artists of spring
    Burst into bloom.

Irresistible Force

The Deathosaurus Rex
Lies in the divider,
Its wheels, still spinning, held skyward.
Wind pipe gasping in smoky poufs,
Moaning, wheezing it sinks
As though caught in the ancient
Tar-pools of time.

Behind the helpless hulk
Lies a path. Gory. Red.
Strewn with Minisauri too small
To resist his mad tantrum.
Rumbling through their puniness,
As an earthquake might shake a city down,
He spewed them out on each side;
A ravenous reaper intent upon his harvest.

Finally, after forever had passed,
He leaped into the air
And thus the cavorter Deathosaurus,
Ended his fling, ignominiously.
Tied, bound together, he is drug off
By the Craneosaurus Wrecks.

Passel: Yes I agree: I write for myself. That of course is not strictly true, since I want my poetry heard, read, and published. But I think I write for a person like me – if there is any such – some one concerned about rather nebulous feelings and responses, about interpersonal relationships, about nature's influences on the city-civilized human. As for audience influence on my idiom, I am conscious of trying to avoid obtuse references and allusions (but I know they get into my poetry anyway).

I think my poetic language is very close to my conversational diction. I think that anybody who knows what I am talking about when I talk can feel comfortable with my poetry.

6. What writers influenced you?

Passel: I am strongly influenced by the sound patterns and cadences of Hopkins, the language level of Eliot at his most casual, the intensification of Joyce and many of my contemporaries. My personal contact with William Carlos Williams, Carl Sandberg and Robert Frost at a sensitive period of my life helped me to determine to apply myself to poetry.

Keet: For me just now source talk is clever "dime Freud" but here's a bit of *that story* anyway. Poetry is spirit, sound, rhythm, words, pattern. In short, a human breathing, living. I copy no one breath or life but draw rather madly from many. Shakespeare sings and boogies and always surprises. He is never himself; Milton is never anyone else. Snyder writes recipes on soup labels about beef stew. Plath bleeds. Ginsberg roars, Eliot simpers. Wordsworth snores. Joyce and Faulkner overwhelm. And a Brautigan entices like a pistachio nut: the pistachio stain is red on your mind but the nut is swallowed and there's only shell. I do not listen to the warm – Mr. McKuen can keep it. But a Rod has its place. And so on. And so forth.

7. Is a college education necessary for a writer?

Keet: If college helps focus the writer or make him aware of both absurdity and possibility, fine. If it enables him to find people who can help or love, fine. If it threatens him and almost destroys him, fine. More happens in college under ivy bushes than in ivory halls, but we all know that. College should not be a haven for self-designated closet poets looking for an easy partner in the wardrobe.

Passel: But for a poet, the important part of a college education should be that it opens up the mind – liberates it. Whether writers are in college or not they should be constantly exposing themselves to good writers, both for ideas and sound. If a young poet has the chance to talk to other poets – both practiced poets and new-comers to the craft – there should be an interchange which benefits and stimulates.

Illusion

Sudden rain falls, a whim
in barren desert reaches.
It deluges, it undates.
Misplaced, it vanishes without trace.

Leaves unchanged the sphinxland,
solemn, desolate splendorland,
empty-full of secrets forgotten.
Shadow mountained magic
conjures endless waves of sand.

Spring sorcerer's surprise,
landscape flower-drifted
to the sky.
A hidden rainbow rises
reincarnate from the dust.

Skyscape

Look up through black limbs
and tender frills of new green.
That geodesic dome above
turns into sapphires.

Underneath

Smooth
brittle convolutions
lie beneath
a sweep of mantle
flowing

Concealed
except the stalking
stalked eyes
seeking

The rapier
edge unwinds
devouring . . .

8. Should poetry take a moral stand?

Passel: What's a "moral stand"? I think that I can't keep out of my writing how I feel about truth and reality. If I could, I'd be a fraud. Poetry has to be *real* for the poet or it isn't anything.

Keet: Aren't moral stands a little like lecturns, shields, and masks? Often, they hide confusion and indifference. "I am who I am." The art of writing allows expression to exist without consciously "laying" other factors on it. If I add a moral, it smells. If I include an irrisistible detail, I hamstring my thought. If I put in that shining image, I hamstring my feeling. Moralists often are cyclops in search of S-E-L-F.

9. Eliot has said that art is not true to life but true of life. Do you agree?

Passel: Yes, but I think that's a tricky trope. Actually I think good writing is *life*, whether the facts included in it happened or not. What matters is that the facts of art are a distillation of the facts of life.

Keet: Eliot criticisms are like medieval relics and neither saves us.

10. Do you believe that the poet is or should be the "acknowledged legislators of the world"?

Keet: Poets are "unacknowledged legislators of the world," Mad Shelley long ago suggested and drowned. A poet is still "unacknowledged" because, like other people living in the present, he seems invisible to his contemporaries. A poet "legislates" in the sense that his vision guides others into a future he already lives. To paraphrase Blake, another madman, we either invent our own system or are enslaved by someone else's.

Passel: All right, some poets were once the "acknowledged legislators of the world." I'll give you that. For my part, I'm not trying to legislate anything. I'm also not trying to do anything to the world except survive in it, react to it, and shed some small light on how some of us exist.

11. Doesn't all this talk about literature kill something of the creativity in writing?

Passel: It is necessary for me to talk about anything that interests me. To communicate ideas about fiction gives me the chance to clarify my thinking (ideas sound much more reasonable when I say them aloud). I learn from listening and responding. Let's talk about art and poetry and novels and life and people and everything. Sharing ideas is the only way to live.

Keet: It isn't, but teachers need a job. Me too. However, intellectualizing tends to become shop-talk creativity, a most unlovely way to die but one of the many survival hazards for a Ph.D.

Tarde en Soria

Carlos Lozano

Piafante viene el viento
cual potro que tromba y huracán reúne.
Por muelles campos de verdor cabalga,
fugaz estela de terciopelo surca
hasta ganar montes de gris veteados.

Vertical, raudo el halcón fulgura
rasga el azul, rayos despide
y su presa alcanza.

Amapolas, trémulos testigos son.
Indiferente, la impúdica cabra
la desnudez de su trasquila ostenta,
y plateando prados y oteros
a su majada va.

El viento vuelto caballo vuelve
y su loca carrera emprende.

Lejano, el Duero dorado duerme.

El Guardia

Carlos Lozano

Majo, majísimo de carretera
roble informador,
raiz, vid, tronco
ramas y flores
de la España de los riuseñores.

Duro, macizo,
enamorado como Machado
de Soria,
a tu soriano rostro fino
tu casco en yelmo vuelto
a serenos ojos
y viril sonrisa
sombra y reciedumbre da.

12. Does criticism harm art?

Keet: I can only be objective about what I create. Formal critics too often shuffle papers to get pay checks for punching time clocks. They do not guage minds so much as fabricate opinions. My best critics come not from "literary circles" but from unexpected sources – from a friend teaching delinquent teenagers, from another producing Aretha Franklin concerts, from someone an acquaintance called a "drunk bum." Best critics always are there, waiting, caring, listening, and mainly helping me grow as a human. Problem is, I don't always see them.

Passel: I don't fret much about critics. I sat for many years at an editor's desk, so I think I can be rather objective about my own work – more than is natural, I guess. But I listen to what other writers have to say – they are the ones who know the problems as well as the possible solutions. If I respect a writer's work I also respect his opinion about mine.

13. What of your writing do you like the best?

Passel: Luckily I am a born present-tenser – so I like best what I am doing right now. I write poetry all the time, but for the last year or so I've been working on a novel which I feel is saying some things that are important to me. First it reveals human beings, interrelating and yet self-involved in their various cycles of living. Second, it talks about the overlapping and symbiotic cycles of the journeys of life. Third, it demonstrates the nature of the novel. That may sound vague and complicated, but for me right now it seems vital and yet simplicity itself. Ask me about it again, though, when it's further along.

Keet: Now I write prose-poetry and combine it with drawing. Much feels right. However, "terminal" lists – of life goals, of best work, and of forever friends (the "best years of our lives" syndrome) – unsettle me. More "best work" survives the toilet than should. If I mention my "best work" now, by the time *Orpheus* is printed, it will have changed and I'll have. I'm open, though, to one-to-one talks.

Flight

Carlos Lozano

my mind, released, takes flight
etching the blue piercing the air
a winged tracery defiant unafraid
    flitting dipping soaring
that peers down at the me it left below;
seemingly a helpless sunlit heap

but I too ascend
    abstracted from my earthly self
to buzz fledgling spirits
touch the gossamer of angels' wings
gather asteroids and stars
even defy father sun

then comes the yearning
to reach up all the way
and touch the heavenly vault
escape the prison of my earthly self
    caressed by an errant cherubim's plume
be set aglow by a seraph's flame

The Flying Samaritans at San Francisco de la Sierra

Carlos Lozano

    Purged of hostility and animosity,
we discovered that, reptile-like,
we had shed our usual selves–
moulted our anger, lust, cupidity, and condescension.

    Stripped of our less noble instincts,
heart spoke to heart, eyes to eyes–
what matter that adjective
at times did not agree with noun–

rasp from waspish tongue was gone,
words were without sting.

Hands became the healing tool,
touched the broken limb, the festering sore,
the sagging belly that bore fifteen children;
eased the ache of splitting rock.

Unaware our guard was down,
we went about our tasks,
vulnerable of heart and,
like an open wound,
sensitive both to breeze and grief.

St. Francis, you'll recall,
kissed a leper full upon the mouth.
So, if others we must love,
what better way to love
than easing pain and sorrow.

The Murder of Adesua

Solomon Ogbede Iyasere

Please, open your ears and listen,
Stay awake wide-eyed to the end.
I have a tale to tell,
A tale I know full well;
Not a plain tale as those
That have reached your ears,
But a tangy tale of double sorrow:
Full of fits and fever
Of fate that fell;
Of how a noble creature was plucked unripe
By force and fraud.

If, at the end, you find without warmth
The story this tale unfolds
As it drifts here and there
With events twisting and stepping out
To move into one another:
I am not to blame - - it is not my own creation:

Mine is not the heart that caused this woe;
Mine is not the hand that shaped these deeds - -
I am a mere teller of tales,
Spinning and weaving from old yarns,
Playing old songs on a broken flute.
It is a burden I place upon myself
To tell this old tale of double woe
That has for ages bled many hearts:
So that greedy hearts may take heed
Never again to ravish Beauty
And break the bond between mother and child,
And I never again
Have such a sad tale to tell.
If in your heart my tale strikes a tearful chord
Forgive me, for
There is a rift in the flute.

Owega, O You Father of Tales,
Wordless I stand before you, naked,
Give me the words to recreate these woeful lines
Which themselves lament as they chart these dark events.
Ewawa, You Mother of Design,
Stay with me till the end.
Edion Ason, You Guardian of Sleep,
Give us some room,
Stay away for awhile, till the end.

(A soft melody played on a harp provides the background music for the rest. The Storyteller pauses before continuing.)

Alone she lighted the village and beyond,
A living flame, bright and clear,
And set fire in every heart that saw her.
Tall, slender, untouched by man –
Her enchanting beauty pierced every heart,
Gnawed the hearts of Chiefs, Kings, and all:
Adesua they called this noble creature,
The only jewel of Idia,
The pride of Ezomo of Izebu,
A gentle maiden in whom Wit and Beauty came to full harvest.

From far and near many suitors crawled to her feet,
With dark, secret desires,
Night and day to feed their hunting eyes on her virgin flesh
That stirred their dreams
Even at midday.
None could escape her radiant beauty
None would pass without a longish stare,
With mouth fallen open and wide.

She captured the eyes of all,
The hearts of old and young, women and men.
To hide her beauty is to cover the sun
With a broken sieve,
For Nature's hands shaped nothing so fair:
She was soft and new like fresh palm wine,
Gentle and succulent like a young yam tenderling –
But within, her own heart, like a palm kernel,
Remained uncracked,
Unyielding and resolute.

Near her door treasures were piled
By named and nameless suitors to win her heart and hand.
Her calm, defiant heart eluded all –
Silver and gold could not ravish her.
Egrets always swarm around a cow,
But they never drink her milk.

Adesua's fame spread far and wide like the harmattan fire,
Scorching every heart that came too close.
Still, she was the secret desire of all:
Where there is honeysuckle,
Ants fall free on their faces.
Without faults to find, she was admired by all.
Her devotion to duty caught every eye:
She daily celebrated her household rites
Without a sigh, without a fallen face;
On every market day,
She was first to appear,
Sweeping and cleaning her mother's stall,
Goat selling was her trade.
Her presence made the market full:
From far and wide nobles came to buy her goats,
To steal her heart,
Drawn to her like moths to a burning flame.

Yet her beauty she never used:
It was triumph she never sought.
Her priceless heart was never bought
Only goats she offered for sale.
As her fifteenth year came round
She became the highest treasure of all,
Sought by the King of all Kings,
Oba Ozolua, fountainhead of all,
The giver of the *bronze anklet.*
His name strikes fear in every heart,
Bends every thought to his will,
As the forest leaves and twigs
Sway to the drumming of the wind.

As news of Oba Ozolua's anklet
Reached every ear,
The other struggling suitors
Bowed out in haste,
For no one rises above the King:
A stream never rises above its source.
"This was an honor she dare not refuse,
The dream of every maiden of the land --
To be the Queen of the King of ALL,
Embedded in coral and gold,
Dolled in worldly fame" --
Was the thought hanging on the mouths of all.

But Adesua remained firm and fair
While tears welled in every eye that heard her reply:
"No woman ever refused to dance with the King."
Though the rhythm of the King was *even* and *clear,*
Adesua danced to a different drum.
She gave every man her ear - none her heart.
Her choice ached every soul,
Raked every heart that cared.
Tears fell after tears in her mother's eyes
Yet her love she never denied,
And only time came to sooth the sore of her father's grief.
Still, she roamed amid the twigs and thorns,
Tangled with cropping sheep and ropes,
Buried in shrubs and dung without regret:
To be the Queen was not her wish,
She had no *palace candles* in her eyes --
Unbridled nature was her only love and care.

Adesua's name sounded loud and clear
On every talking drum in the land;
Her fame spread wide and far --
Even Oba Ozolua with his wounded pride
Could not but praise her defying will,
Bore well his anger proudly and unbent.
Thus Adesua's noble deeds fanned her living flame.
It was a fame she never pawned.
A glory she never sought:
Still she labored night and day, without a sigh
Bore well her lowly life,
Goat selling was still her trade.

Strange it seems to tell
The pain Adesua caused to all
The tears she brought throughout the land;
None could understand her heart's desire
Unfettered to remain
Untrammeled and free.

But time will make us calm
If not wise,
And show the way to live
With what must be.

Ezomo learned to live with grief
And accept the loss of the royal Hand;
Never to be father of a noble line,
Content again to rule his private realm.
Long days he spent in painful thought
Anguished that his daughter's will
Was not his own.
But none could sway the heart
of one so fair,
So pure,
So dear.
Thus, alone the father learned to live with pain,
And alone Adesua renewed her daily joys:
To the young lambs and kids
She offered the care
Her royal suitor longed to claim,
With Nature only to share her heart and bed.

With passing days, Idia, too,
Left her mournful tears behind
To share Adesua's joyful delights;
With Imaguero, she
Took solace in the child she had
And withdrew her lament
For the child that never would be.

Thus, with every fading day,
The fame of Adesua cried with clarion voice;
Her name filled every heart, every thought,
Proclaimed anew on every drum from shore to shore.
Alone she flowed along
Amid the twigs and shrubs,
Found shelter and safety with the goats:
Unerring Nature her only love and care.
Whatever she held so close to her heart
Eluded the Oracles and all.

Well, every flow has its edge
Every flowing stream has its low,
And with every ebb
Come the crawling crabs
Awash on silent shores:
Grabbing all that falls on their crooked paths,
Stirring up the silent shores with borrowed homes.

And so a huge crab scuttled across Adesua's silent shore
With its forked and crooked claws
Clutching life from what it did not own.
Eze is his name, Chief of Oboro
A man who lives by palace greed,
Wearing his pride on his sleeves:
Famed for turning commonwealth into private estate,
Converting public roads to private pathways.
Like the cormorant, he feeds upon the young,
Like the shadow, he doggedly haunts the path of the rising sun,
With the nightfall, he with Death reigns supreme.
It is a proverb old and plain:
A crab never walks straight.

And so Adesua trusted Eze's crooked words,
Words that are soon lost in the thin air
For it was only through words older than herself
That her guarded flesh was ravished
And with it the living flame
That lights the whole village and beyond -

Here is where our story ends --
Well, forgive me for what defects there may be
In this tale of woe:
Not for the old knots here and there
Brought by old tangles in the broken yarn,
But for those rifts brought by my own runs.

O, Adesua, fair child of our troubled land -
How can I sing of thee
Without a tear
For you
For us
For all that might have been --

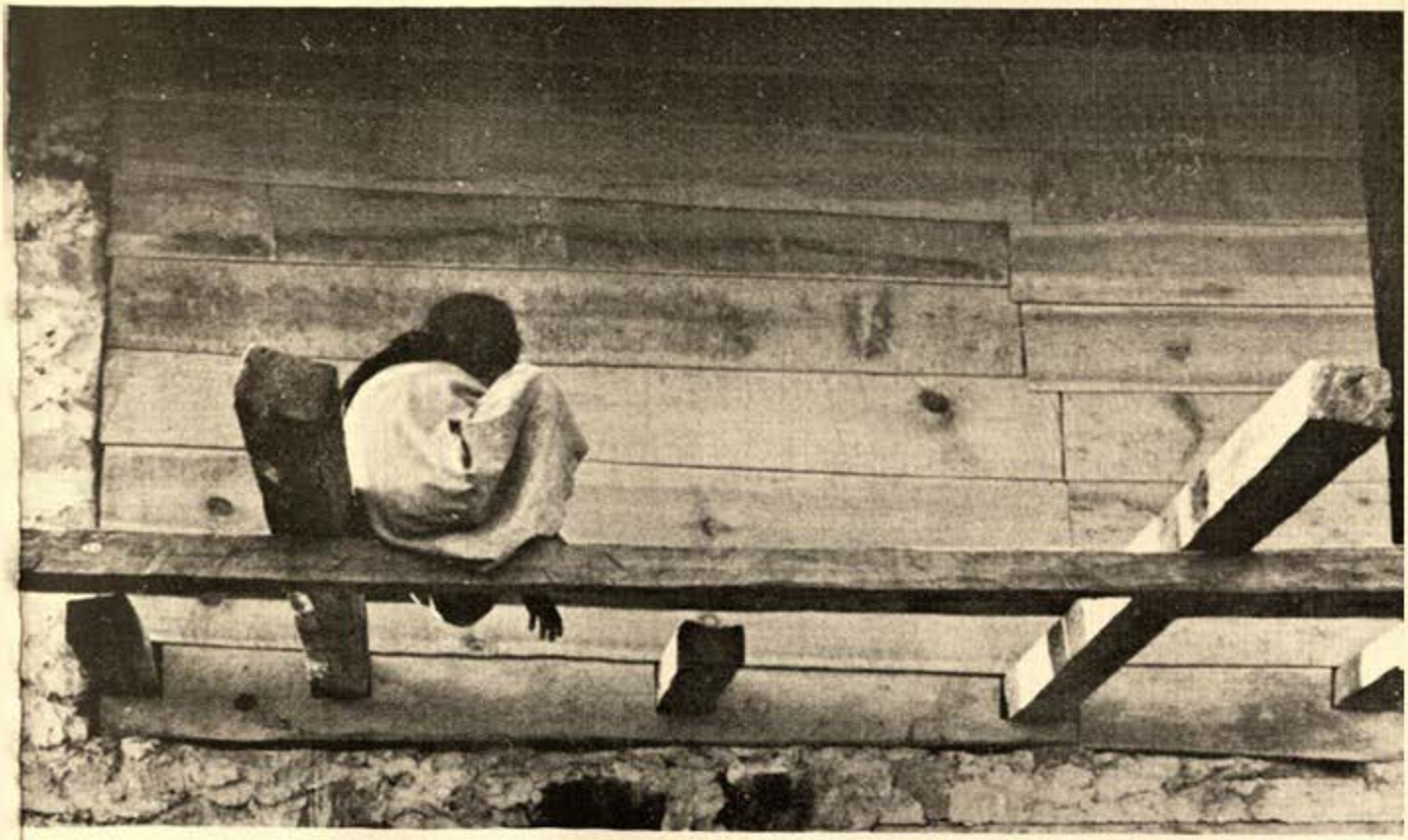
The fire darkens, the wood turns to ashes,
The living flame extinguished --
Misfortune falls upon the land.

On Being

poems and pictures from my field experience

Jane Granskog

All of these poems were written in the field (between March, 1971, and November, 1972) or immediately after I returned. They, along with the photographs (also taken while I was in the field) represent what being an anthropologist means to me. I do not pretend to call myself a poet or a photographer. I only wish to communicate the feeling of being that I experienced as an anthropologist, a feeling difficult to obtain in more scholarly papers.



I

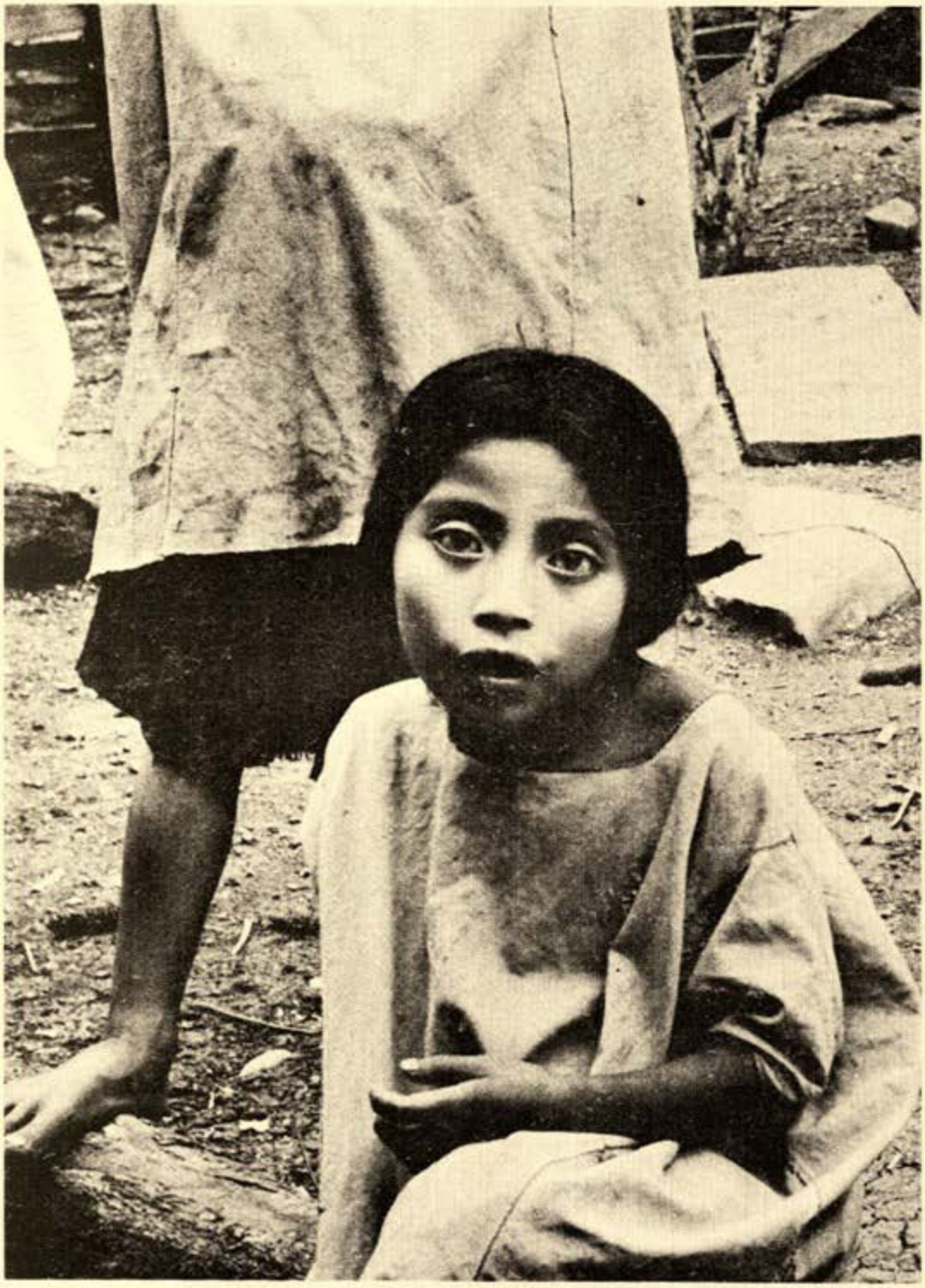
What can I do
with the empty spaces,
the interstices of words?

With what colors shall I mold
the warp and woof,
the fabric of my being?

Questions without answers
are answered without question
clothed in seemless abstractions.

II

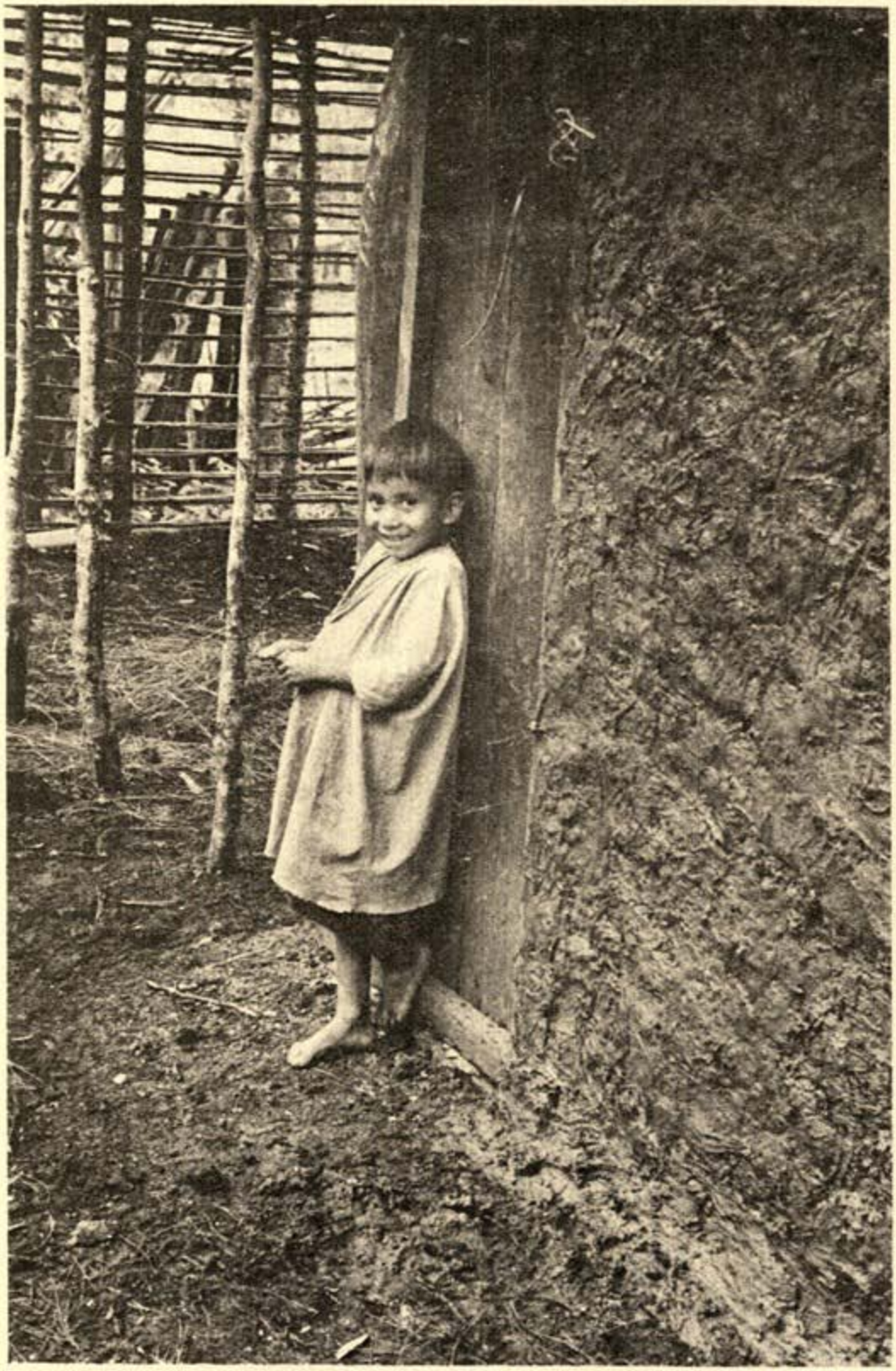
Where did she go?
Did you say?
Eh? Can't hear well.
Oh, that-a-way?
You say?
Ummm, then I'll go
keep on looking.
Got to find her
sure-enough do.
She's me you know.



"MARIA" TENANGO, CHIS.



TENANGO, CHIS.



TENANGO, CHIS.

Manuela

Manuela is
warm brown dappled sun tones
with roots drawn down deep,
slashed and frazzled above
slightly by seasons turning:
12 children bred, fed, loved
(buried 4, one at life's prime).
Strong, strong she
withstands life's buffeting winds
with quick sharp tongue-leaves
mercurial movement–
smiling fresh charm at 52.
Now and then she sups
a bit much precious liquid
wanting to forget about
a dead Esperanza of 19,
remembered too well
with tear-filled silent keening.
So she dances–
a majestic willow in gentle
breeze touched sure slowness.
And when too gone to stand unweaving
(no longer touched by the knife edge of pain)
she whispers the all of her:
"Hablo feo.
Hablo malo.
Pero, por Maria Santisima
Estoy yo!"
So she survives,
gnarled and tough,
thread-smooth-worn
and thus all the more
beautifully genuinely one.



"MANUELA IN THE FIELD"

STO. TOMAS
MAZALTEPEC



"MANUECA"

STO. TOMAS
MAZALTEPEC

III

Yellow roses bloom in snow
nodding gentle to the music--
wind chimes now tinkling
soft in blowing breeze--
brass shimmerings in the sun
structured clean and bright
with and against
delicate drop-touched velvet
yellow and crystal white.

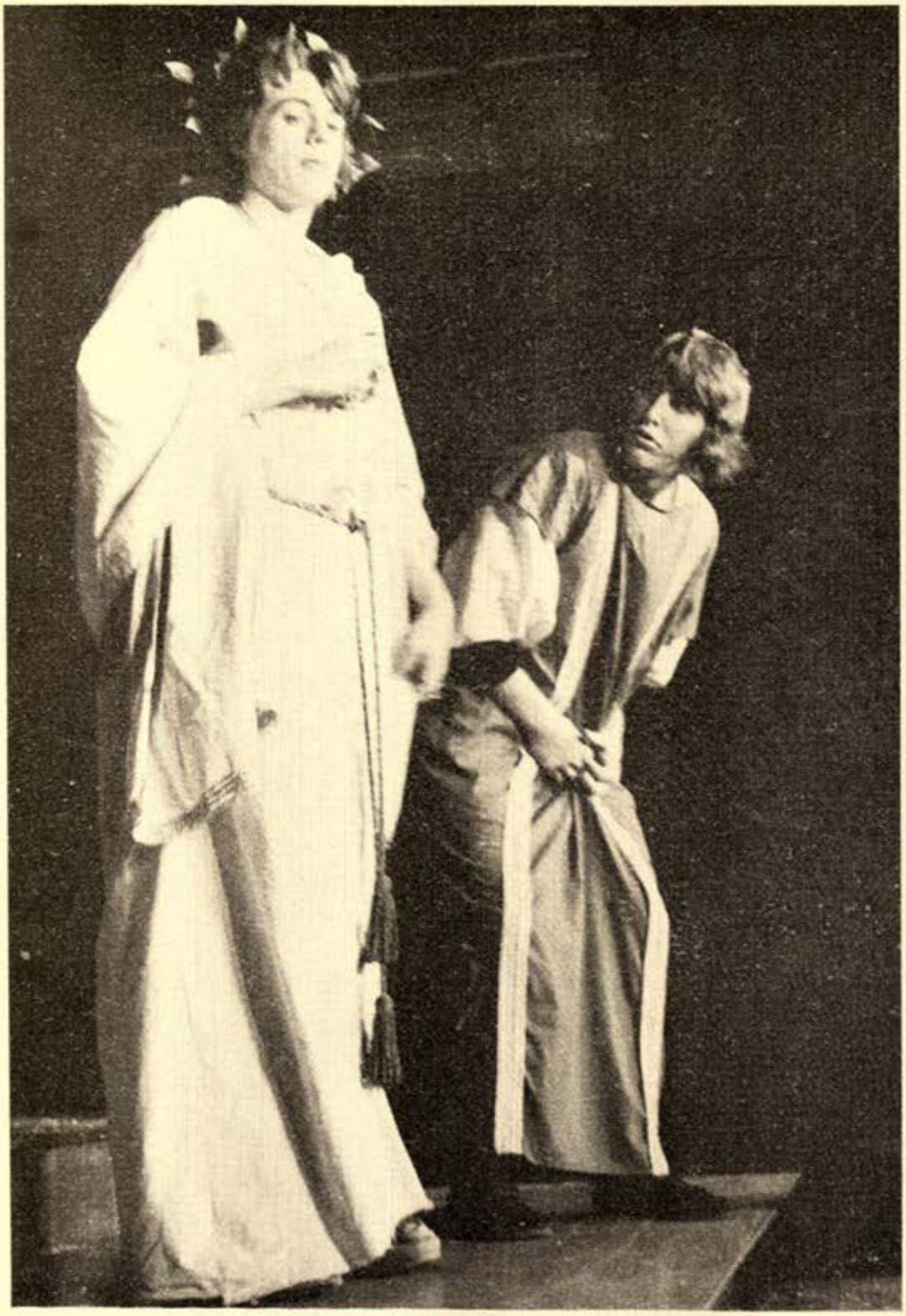
And so my soul speaks
from within calm peace.

Rosas amarillas amanecen
almas frescas respirando
libre y claro.
Y asi astoy yo.
Tocame suave,
delicamente con claridad,
con mi alma lo siento.

These
angular bits of brass
tinkle soft in fresh breeze,
jangle sharp harsh in whipping wind--
changing with the flow of moment
yet always constant.

IV

I am as the wind, love,
I cannot stay,
But listen and touch
my ever moving:
ruffling the grass
on the constant changing
skin of the earth
(of which you are a part);
tickling tossing flowers–
just a touch to know and enjoy
and not to let go by;
kicking up autumn colors,
bright delight in sporadic gusts;
seeking ever seeking;
and now and then again
winding through tall stately pines
with quiet soothing rustlings
in calm soft notes.
I am here.
Move with me
with care and knowing,
changing ever.
Feel me:
with beautifully fierce cold driven snow
reaching in soul-bone deep;
with howling gale anger-hurt
in rafter shaking storming;
with smells of fetid refuse
in tossed off gusts up alley ways
harsh and pungent;
and with breezed in wafts of wood smoke,
gentle after rain fresh greenness,
and all but scented spring light blooms.
Yes I am
everywhere in everything.
I gather my soul
with all forms of wind
in mind pictures ageless.
Remember my passing.
Please?



1975 Cal State Bakersfield production, "Lysistrata"

Anima

Robert Bradley

I

You passed me namelessly.
Your seagreen eyes
mirrored mine
far out to sea.
Your night form
crossed the gnashing wave,
you flashed your teeth
in white-crested foam,
breathed seablue sky
with crested clouds.

What are you doing, friend?–The clouds drift north while looking out. They moved me, froze, and will not move again till I am still. . . . Their movement bore my silence and my silence their song.–What are you doing?–Nothing, or looking at clouds, as the two are the same.

. . .

Movement born
of stillness,
still clouds streaming
cross the silence,
the witness sky,
cross the azure infinity.
Two pools beneath our eyes,
yours and mine,
were veiled by play.

Celestial Kali,
kalidecosmic lady,
milady lila, Diana-diva,
Madonna, donnadeva,
Shakti, Lakshmi
and Maya.

Lady,
touch me.
Spin again your mystic skein
and coursing gown
around me,
lady.

II

Your
emerald eyes
hex the leaves to gold-green fire
at dawn and dusk in groves.
The Monk did sing your fire
and named it glow,
that spark in wood
that grows . . .,
pure.

The Poet-Lover did ever sing
the fire in eyes
when "I" sinks to silence
on its bed
and nature wakes
and moves in hymnic love
to his sight.

Such sound and silence
is the eternal, fruitful
couple.

Lesbia, Laura,
Suleika.

The devil did sing
her, "Mother Night,"
pierced by light,
vale of tears
and Perce-a-val,
son of love.

And Loherangrin,
the son's seed,
was Eros-like,
in love with
Psyche.
Yet he, too, must yield the mind,
the waxen candle,
the light of hateful "I,"
as the waxing sun,
the dawn.
Cycle on cycle,
sun on sun,
son on son.

Dracula Addresses the Honorable Prof. Van Helsing

I. M. Pseudonym

I

All hail to thee, my good Dr. Van Helsing!
I trust your stakes were keen, your hammer sound.
And you as eager ever as of yore
Your spike into some guiltless breast to pound.

Perchance, my fine Van Helsing, you may quail
To hear the voice of one presumed as lost.
Prepare your soul at leisure for a meeting with your god,
Ere before my stormy wrath your life is tossed.

Presumptious fool! You thought to best my wits
In open contest evenly arrayed;
In haste you laid your plans—repent at leisure
As you watch your petty schemes and hopes unmade.

Through your devices I was driven from my timeless
home and tracked to death by hypocrites and fools.
Van Helsing, you shall pay!

II

To you belongs the credit for my temporary fall
To ruin from a proud and lofty throne.
While mumbling righteous psalms of love for sinners,
Setting out to make my power and place your own.

In dark dishonor has my lineage fallen;
My sins are legion, so my critics tell.
They peep and mutter in their shadowed hovels
Spreading tales of hate and bargains made in hell.

No crime so vile that men will not ascribe it
Freely, without doubting, to my name.
Villain, fiend, and ghoul my former serfs
Have damned me to an unrelenting shame.

Who dared to fan the flames of libel thus against
a warrior king of noble birth?
Van Helsing, it was you.

III

No matter that I met the Turks at Targoviste,
Routing them with fury, fire and steel;
Indeed, I turned them with my will alone
Brought peace unto my fair ancestral fields.

When lesser men drew glory for their pains,
My people turned against me, bade me fly.
And I, rejecting insults to my honor
Was carted off to Visegrad, there to die.

I made my bargain with a higher power.
(Some say a lower one.)
The price I pay in every waking moment,
Wrapped in blackest night, eschewing sun.

Would others who have since maligned my name
have scorned the chance of everlasing life?
Van Helsing, I think not.

IV

A price was levied for my great longevity;
A burden at once wearisome, yet fair.
For he who damned me to a world of sleepless night
Bestowed upon me endless life to share.

What of those souls my persecutors place
Before my gate with accusations vile?
Which of my detractors can yet lift a soul
From hell to let me walk another mile?

What matter if my children must taste at first of death
Before they feel the boon which I can give?
In all, a funeral is of precious small account
For on empowered first to die, then live!

Would your leering huntsmen, pious saviors of a
misbegotten race, question the devotion of my kin?
Van Helsing, they dare not!

V

Had I but marked my course away from England,
Never treading on its mouldy, fog-bound shores,
Well might I have robbed you of your singal pleasure
Hounding one who wished no harm to you or others.

Alas! the night I came to reeking London;
Falling first beneath your sleepless prying eyes.
Far better for us both had I been murdered in the womb
Than rather fall into your spider's web of lies.

How you love to thrust your nose and your advices
Into other lives that long in vain for peace.
I have come for you, Van Helsing, with a hatred spanning ages,
Writing "finis" to your snooping by way of death's release.

Having sought a hero's garlands, you must settle
now for less—a martyr's shroud.
Van Helsing, I have returned.

Cuernavaca Evening

Hocker

Majestic sky!
Angry blueblack cumulus vaulting
Over mountains tieing them
To the near horizon of
Poplar, pepper, fir, eucalyptus, and a dozen more
Whose lush green your winds undulate
Your thunder quivers

A few lighted windows
Uncertain
Against the wind-whipped onslaught
Lightening sheets in stark contrast

Suddenly children and dogs have gone
The *favela* stands exposed
Naked in its tarpaper
Filth and scraggly lines of laundry
Brick-shouldered cousins side-by-side
Hunch against the globs now hurled at them

Pouring drumbeat
Overcomes man's cries
The hum of his machines lingers faintly
In another world moving
Muffled gong calling to oracion

Seven brave windows
Majestic in the blueblack
Peepholes out of misery

Ode to Pook

Lois L. Anderson

Run hither my love,
    Prance upon the silvered lawn,
        Frisk beside the effervescent stream.
I will watch you leaping like a deer amid the fallen moss
See how the filtered sun, lights your golden hair.

Sweet fey child, within your changling world
Elfin laughter tinkling at the teddy-beasts that,
    hide behind the ginger stones.
    Hop and stop, sniffing green mint roses,
        sampling confectionary berries entwined within
        the thornless vines.

The mind's tenuous barrier preserves,
    The soap bubble world,
        of childhood dreams.

Laugh fey child, my hand deflects the pricking
    pin of reality.
I'll not let the tears of truth burn upon your face!
Nay, keep your world, that I might sometimes look,
with wistful mind upon the misty innocence,
    of endless youth.

Imagination

A One Act Play, With One Scene
Upon a Moonlit Stage
With an Audience
and Cast
Of One

David Tolen

There is a stillness in the air, a stillness of silence on an old Greek stage surrounded by trees. Filtered, fractured moonlight slips quietly through the leaves to dance through the pillars of stone, dance to the silent sound of the wind, a slim silver maiden of light that leaps about in the shadows. The stage is lit uncertainly at best, the shadows dancing with the light. Only the shadows and moonlight and sad silence are upon the stage.

Then, sudden in the light and dark, a leaping comic dwarf, arms awhirl, dark hair silvered. He dances and rolls and jumps and bounds, hides among the pilars to peek with diamond star eyes, and wink and the moon maidens dancing primly on the stage. He leaps out again, flips in the air and lands on his hands, then springs away, his sly smile twisted in the shadows, he creeps back as silent as the night to wait. He hears something coming.

A minstrel walks onstage, and stands among the shadows, listening to the silence for a moment, then plays and sings with soft sounds like glittering drops of white wine, or raindrops in the forest trees. He sings of faraway rivers and mountains, of Kings and continents and castles, of long ago wandering people who camped for a night of singing and dancing by a river; the river keeps the gypsy memories and carries them over slow miles and white-rapid mountain masses, preserves them in its own ever changing face, to be carried down onto the sea of forever. The minstrel sings of this and many other things as the night and the moon creep silently on; of knights and ladies, ships and sailors, storms and seas and raging madmen; in a word, of time and man and all things in the world.

Last of all, with clear piercing notes that struck at the heart, he sings of war, when all designs are bared and all men's hearts tested. A distant sound of thunder began to swell over the minstrels sad voice, and he gives way to it, leaving a single sad uncertain note lingering in the air.

The wind begins to grow in the swaying trees and the thunder becomes the sound of ten million voices lifted in furious battle. The clash of arms and the cries of fear and death come closer, as raging dark shapes enter the stage. War! It rocks the pillars and shatters the stones. It grows and feeds upon itself like a crazed fire, it sweeps along without heeding the puny attempts of a few to stop its mad progress. The stage becomes a gigantic battlefield that

staggers and thunders and roars, dark with death and lit by the fires of anger and passion. Horses scream and men die, cursing, guns blast and spears rattle and shatter, the earth itself heaves in violent protest.

But slowly the thunder dies, and the fire begins to burn down, the fuel of life and emotion exhausted and burned away. The dark shapes begin to dissolve, and the sound ceases, save for the far off wail of mourning for the deaths and ashes of the flames. Very slowly and sadly, I rose and walked away from the stage, where even the crying was coming to an end, and as I disappeared into the darkness of the surrounding trees, the dwarf came out of his hiding place in the pillars, turned a somersault, and bowed out.

War

Sid

Shuffle the cards
Deal them all out
Don't look to see who has what.

Eyes glare into other eyes
Trying to keep the secrets that their hands hold.

Someone wins a minor battle
Someone wins another
The game narrows to only the skillful few.

Then one wins.
The intense secrets of life unfolds
And the obvious becomes more obvious:
One must lose.

Charles Lovell

Hollow, alone, sad
deformed by fear.
Needing, trying, reaching
healing, growing, afraid
awkward, acting, touching.
When,
when;
only now!

Winterbloom

October-sun turns winterward.
Frosty silver laces rusty-fallen leaves.
Already-cold springs signal racing autumn days.
And the resounding of summer ducks arrowing away
fills grey-blown clowded sky.

Winter camps on mountain lawns.
Late-morning breeze in coldest stupor heavies snowground.
White-dressed trees sleep motionless in year's-end night.
And the gleamer of moon on frozen hovers of summer-gene fish
illumine icy course.

poems by Catherine Crown

The loneliness of late-night wind sighing over
housetops and through green limbs,
of clustered brown-buildings rising out of
a barren land,
of a single duck swimming on a
peopleless lake,
seem nothing to my solitude.

So my sweet Dave, our love once strong lives still,
Though weak as flowers in a sunless place.
Once our laughter echoed through wood and hill,
Once my image glowed through your face.
But two springs past, it now seems long ago.
Rarely do I feel the warmth of your hand,
Or hear you say our closeness shall be ever so.
Because of this, I know our love will not stand.
Like old shoes, our love worn-out, misused,
We quietly, yet quickly fall apart.
But shortly and our lives no longer fused,
We will forget once-upon-a-time heart.
So as in cold winter, our love spring-bred,
Withers, wilts and very soon will be dead.

The Coffin

Polished mahogany ribs glistering in the white sunlight.
Brass hinges of new-cast mellow-red sun
Velvety cushion, whisper-blue softness

But death fills me
Reeking with decaying, ulcerated carrion I am buried.
Thick blackness, sodden earth, the worm.
Wasted, all wasted-food for the beetle.

The Eyes Have It

November

An eye, originally denoted
The origin of sight.
The iris is indicated.
When suggesting that one has brown eyes.
But its meaning expanded
it now includes the immediate area
surrounding this organ of sight.
The statement,
"he has a black eye"
refers to visable damage on
the forementioned portion of the face.
As this word got around
one had to use it with caution.
Awareness of the possibility
of a broadening of its meaning
must be kept in mind
when denoting this vehicle of vision.
One may meaningfully
demand an eye for an eye
indicating retaliation
or, a punishment equivalent
to an injury suffered.
The unenlightened may accuse nature
of providing the peacock's tail
with an overabundant view
of the environment.
Stupidity may be suggested of one
found looking for a bull on a target range
in the hope of obtaining
the proverbial bull's eye.
Can one be observed by a sewing need?
After all,
there is an eye in one.
Thus,
for the purpose of not separating
the meaning of the word
from the individual using it

and to appreciate
the context in which it is used
one must be advised
that it is now very meaningful
to catch one's eye without a mitt.
For it is meant to indicate the attraction
of his or her attention in that your being
looked at lovingly by the one who makes
eyes at you.
Apparently,
opening up the possibility of an invitation
being granted, by the one giving you the
eye, with no accompanying pain, or loss of
sight.
One is expected to look with pleasure
or admiration, toward,
the object asked to feast eyes on.
It, too is alright
to have an eye
for what induces the ability
to notice with appreciation.
If one's activity seems attractive
to an indifferent mob
then consider this person
in the public's eye.
And if one refuses
to accept this suggestion,
then, in a pig's eye.
Is the meaningful manifestation (of such feeling),
one is not to stare
But, a glance will do
at whatever asked to run an eye over.
For, whatever you see
with half an eye, is considered evident
or, easily understood.
But, look after with care
at what told to
keep an eye on.
I understand that, the cry
is my eye,
if astonishment is induced,
thus surely you saw
or looked at what told to lay
or, set eyes on.
Being aware of the facts, or the real
reason for this phenomena, or that; if asked

to open your eyes, we will be in total
agreement and our view will be the same if now
we see eye to eye (assuming that open is
the state they were in, during the use
of the words).
But, if one is unwilling to see, think
about, or give recognition to what he, or
she has shut his, or her eyes to, then
trust them not to be on the look-out
or, very watchful, if asked to keep
an eye open (not that you would expect
them to literally close).
It's now generally assumed
that one is considering, or,
paying attention
with an eye too.
Thus, if one speaks of a phenomena to
the east, then the wind is blowing
west, if the phenomena is located
in the eye of the wind. One may correctly
assume an entity is scrutinized, or carefully
watched, if informed that eyeing is being
done, or it is being eyed.
So many rules has imposed themselves
on the noun the Middle English
designated "ey," or "eye"
and of which the Anglo-Saxon
designated "eage"
which is akin to the German
"auge."

Perceptions

November

Up,
Maybe down
Or, round in
Flight,
Is the
Finite, yet
Boundless trail
Witnessed
In a butterfly's
Waltz.

They Just Keep Passing By

Hocker

The snow had stopped falling when he came off his shift at noon. The sky was still about as grey as the February mountains around the town, but the night's cold wind had gone and the parking lot was sloppy as he crossed to the car.

"Damn, such fucked-up people!" smoldered inside of him as he jabbed the key into the ignition and revved up the engine. Why were they always picking on him? Can't you be civil, Hufnagel? This isn't Vietnam. You got a job to do here. Christ, can't you spell? the secretaries can't read your equipment requests. Didn't the Army teach you to say, "Yes, sir!"? Guards in this plant are polite – and cheerful. You act like you just lost your mother.

The traffic light at the on-ramp was red. Mechanically he shifted his foot to the brake pedal. He buttoned the top loop of his sheepskin because he was feeling vaguely cold. The light changed, and traffic began slushing its way up and onto Interstate 80.

What a lousy mess. He had been here a month and nothing seemed to be going right. That room he had was a drag, and he couldn't seem to afford anything better. If they were going to build factories here, why didn't they build some decent apartments or cheap motels for guys like him recruited out of the big cities? Smashing up his car in the blizzard a week ago was a real bummer. It had been stupid of him to let his insurance lapse back in Salt Lake City. He had to take the rental back today. Forty-five a week was more than he could afford – and, how the hell was he going to get to work on Monday?

His sinuses were hurting like the devil, pushing his dull headache into throbbing frustration. What he wouldn't give for a simple Excedrin headache! But he had passed that stage years ago and had pretty much given up the possibility of ever getting back to it. His medical discharge officially disabled him, labelling it "chronic" and "severe." After a year in the VA hospital, the doctors had pushed him out to open up a bed for a more acute case on their waiting list. They reassured themselves that he had adjusted to the headaches – and the nightmares – as a way of life.

The second exit to Green River glided by and he was barely conscious of his decision to go on east to Rock Springs. Guess he would turn the car in now and try to hitch a ride back. The ache was spreading through his body. My God, not so soon again. He had just gotten over his last attack Sunday. Monday had been shaky, and the nurse at the plant had dosed him with atabrine. He should have kept taking it this week, but he was damned fed up with this crippled life. Either the ache of the ague — and increasingly both. He felt like a walking pill box flipping its lid every two hours. A big green and yellow capsule and a white pill. Two hours later a red capsule and a white pill. Two hours later, back to the green and yellow number; then the red one again, and always the white ones. Christ. He was so loaded with chemicals he couldn't taste his food anymore. When the nurse had said something about his losing weight, he had really dumped on her.

There was always somebody complaining about him. On Monday the nurse. On Tuesday, the landlady, when he asked her for clean linens. She never understood what the fever did to him. Thursday it was the foreman in B building who cussed him out for not replacing the broken lock on the restricted storage bin. Then this morning, the chief. The surprise inspection had caught him eighteen minutes off schedule on his third check point, and with a round in his gun. The schedule wasn't a major infraction, but the loaded gun was. "Grounds for dismissal!" the old man barked as he chewed him up one side and down the other, and then stormed off to the Personnel Office to list him on probation.

By God, he hadn't earned his sharpshooter rating with an empty gun. The Cong would have had you twice by the time your hand had grapped the clip. Out there you didn't play games — and live to write a report about it. They sure weren't playing games that morning at Binh Loc. The dirty gooks had really trapped them with those women and children out front. Jesus. How the women screamed and squirmed when the automatics slammed into them. When he realized the squad was trapped, he had frozen for an instant in horror at what they were going to have to do. The lieutenant was screaming at them to fire. Then his helmet had exploded, freeing his fingers to squeeze the trigger.

The fever had started. It seemed to have arrived after the ache more quickly than usual. The right side of his shirt was already wet under the shoulder holster and strap. He jerked off his cap as the perspiration began to collect along its band and trickle down his dark sideburns. The windshield had become cloudy in spots and the pain seemed to be pounding his face and forehead out of shape and into pulsing ovals. He dragged his foot off the gas and felt the car slow down. Through the spots and the pain he recognized the edge of the concrete and slowly eased onto the shoulder. The car jerked to a stop as he fumbled the gear lever into park.

Pills. White ones. Cut down the pain so he can handle the fever. Need to get the pills before the shakes start. He was digging for his left hip pocket and his pillbox. Damn. The seatbelt was still fastened. He succeeded in unlatching the belt and reached for the box again. His fingers didn't seem capable of grasping it, and he realized he was trying to reach into his pocket with a gloved hand. As he began to remove it, a chill struck; and for a second his muscles

were plaster. Now quivers began to chase chills through his body. He pulled the glove from his left hand, and with some difficulty dug the pillbox out of his pocket. He popped two white ones, then tried to gulp one of the green and yellow capsules. Even as he struggled to get it through his dry gullet he knew it was too late to stop the attack. Probably wouldn't even slow it down.

The shakes were getting worse, so he decided to lie down. His underwear and socks were wet with sweat and his trousers were clinging to his legs. He wished he had a blanket to wrap around them. There were plenty of blankets that first time. He was so cold, and his teeth were chattering so that he could barely stutter " . . . more . . . please . . . blankets." A sweating medic in khaki shorts kept coming back to wrap him in another and still another. It was so hot outside. How could he be so cold? Gradually the pills allowed the fever's fitful sleep to encompass the pain and the chills.

Someone was hitting him on the head. His arms flailed around to ward off the blows as he strained to see who it was. He was having trouble focussing his eyes, but gradually recognized the dashboard of a car. His hand, feeling around his head, located what must be an armrest on a car door. The beating was inside his head now and he wondered if he had been knocking it against the armrest. There was soft warm air blowing on his face. He was on R and R again. The best three weeks of his entire life. Funny they hadn't told him that the chemical plant had a recuperation center in the Phillipines for its wounded employees. It was so good to sleep on the beach.

Bit by bit his mind was emerging from the haze. It labored to identify the fence that seemed to encircle him. He blinked his eyes hard to clear the scene and realized he was looking through a steering wheel. The memory of his ague fit came clear. He knew that it would be back. He should try to get home before he passed out again. He struggled into the seat and discovered he had thrown off his sheepskin in his delirium. Thank God the heater was still going. He was mildly surprised that he hadn't turned off the engine when he parked.

He found his coat on the floor in back of the front seat. It took considerable effort for his aching muscles and bones to retrieve it and wrap it around his body. He collapsed against the front door from the exertion and felt the sweat begin. He had to get out of here, but he was going to need help to make it. Damn this lonely country, anyway. He knew this part of Wyoming well enough to understand that Saturday afternoon traffic on this stretch of highway was sporadic. Besides, the local folks weren't the kind to show much interest in a parked car on the Interstate, especially when it wasn't from these parts. They probably wouldn't stop, even if he stood out there and yelled at them.

His head was beginning to throb and he reached for the pillbox. Slivers of panic pricked him when his fingers couldn't find it. Then he remembered he had taken pills when he had parked. Must have dropped the box because he was shaking so badly. He searched the seat, then began combing the floor with his hands. He found a capsule, popped it, and went on with the search. His fingers located the open box under the driver's seat. One white pill in it. He swallowed that, and continued looking for the others which must be scattered over the floor.

Steven Ireton

The green grass sparkles
in the dew reflected light
A cool morning mist wafts
in from the sea
He stands alone upon the
white marble steps.
Watching the orange orb
make its ascent
Reaching out his hand he
grasps but air
Ocean waves announce
time's continual passage
And his hopes remain
elusive dreams.

The Maze

Frances C. Horvat

Amazed spectator of myself, I see a frenzied form in frantic flee from some unseen demon. The path is a muddled maze of passageways which continually hinder me from reaching sanctuary. Breath bursting forth in heavy heaves, heart throbbing thunderously, I find myself trapped . . . another deadend. Half crazed with fear, eyes in fixed gaze, I am about to come face to face with my hunter. Before my senses can visualize the obscure form bounding towards me from the haze, the sunlight comes creeping into my room to awaken me to another dawn.

The gentle idle of the engine was interrupted with a cough. Then another. As it began to sputter he pressed the accelerator with his hand. The engine died. He jerked himself upright, grabbed the key and turned the switch. The starter turned over obediently, but there wasn't a hint of ignition. He ground it again and the slivers of panic were back. He had to keep that heater going! He suddenly realized he was staring at the dash. Something there was wrong. Christ. He was out of gas.

He felt the tremors returning. There were five minutes left, if he was lucky, in which to get help. He vaguely recalled hearing cars passing, but had no idea how frequently that occurred. He had no idea how long he had been parked here. Could have been all day. The chills were getting worse, so he wrestled on his sheepskin. A car passed. Damn, aren't those bastards interested in anybody but themselves. Must have been dozens of them to go by since he had pulled off. Probably stand out there and freeze to death trying to flag they down.

As he pondered that dilemma it occurred to him that by the time the next car or two came by he might have passed out again. If he were laying out there along the road, they wouldn't know what was wrong with him. Better get that VA identification card out of his wallet. It has a note about his malaria attacks. His hand was wet with sweat as he fished out his wallet. The chills and the shakes were getting worse. His vision was blurring as he checked the VA card, and then pulled himself across the seat behind the steering wheel.

What if the next car wouldn't stop? He could feel himself slipping toward the haze. Need to tell them how long he's been under attack. Make a note of important information. His fingers stumbled toward his shirt pocket for the pad and ballpoint all good squad leaders carried. He waited for the shaking to slack off. As the haze cleared a bit he balanced the pad on the steering wheel with his right forearm while his left hand succeeded in bringing the pen under control.

How long had he been here? That's important information. He wrote it down. He's slowly freezing. That's important, too. The pen recorded it. Stop, stop. I need help.

The ague captured him as he struggled with the door. He couldn't pull the handle out. He tried to get his other hand over to help, but it seemed caught in the steering wheel. He slumped back against the tree shaking, aching.

Christ, trapped. Need to let them know. Going to die if they don't find him. Why don't they come? They knew where he was. Maybe they're passing him by – can't see him. Sounds like a jeep – what happened to it? Flare. Where's the flare gun? That will let them know. Where's the gun?

He was stabbing at his belt. God, where's that gun? Where did this coat come from? He pulled it open but was much too weak to get it off. His left hand was frantically searching inside the coat for the gun. It came upon the shoulder strap and followed it to the holster. The fingers hungrily closed around the familiar stock, but the holster seemed to be holding the gun back from him.

Damn this fever. He was so weak. He had to get that gun out – shoot the flare. He was dying. Pull – shoot. If he could only straighten up. The sweat poured across his face – down his arms – into his shoes. Must get that gun out – shoot. He tried to concentrate on his left arm, but he was shaking so badly he couldn't be sure he was pulling. It felt as though the gun was resting on his chest. If he could just get his right arm over to help point it. The haze was settling down so fast, he couldn't see his hand. Had to shoot the flare before he passed out or they might never find him. His head was so heavy and cracking open with pain. His finger was numb. Squeeze. Damn it, sque–ze. Sq-ue-eze.

The explosion slammed his head againt the window. The sheepskin gradually turned crimson.

"Sick son-of-a bitch," Grey murmured to himself as he hurried toward his patrol car. The scraggly note he held in his hand seemed to reek with sickness. It kind of nauseated him.

He opened the door, socked himself into the drivers' seat and lifted the mike in one continuous action. "Rock Springs! This is Grey to Rock Springs station."

"Roger, Grey. Come in."

"That Mustang on Interstate 80 has a dead one in the front seat. Apparently the driver. Looks like a suicide. Twenty-two caliber pistol in his left hand. Utah drivers' license K831261. Name, Darrel Hufnagel. Address, two seven nine oh South Wagon Road, Salt Lake City. Guess you better get an ambulance on the way, and call Doc Hartke to see how he wants to handle it."

"Grey?"

"Yeah?"

"You're sure he's dead?"

"Dead certain. Probably a couple of hours."

"O.K. Let me read back the eyedee. Name. Darrell Hufnagel. Utah drivers' license. Kay eight three one two six one. Address on the license. Two seven nine oh south Wagon Road. Salt Lake City. We'll put that on the wire and get the ambulance working. See if he has other identification, but don't move him till we get through to the coroner."

"Roger. I'm checking his wallet now. I'll check out the car, too."

"Grey, Captain Wold is on his way out. I'll let you know as soon as we get Doc."

Back at the substation Grey was beginning his report. He rubbed the back of his neck to relieve the tiredness and tension that was surfacing in him. This was his first fatality and he was glad Captain Wold had been around to supervise.

As he began to organize events and information in his mind Grey checked off the evidence spread out on the table in front of him. The pistol and the fingerprint report. Employee badge from the chemical plant. Car rental papers. Wallet with driver's license. Also, the Veterans's identification and medical information card carrying the warning about recurrent malarial attacks. *And* the note. He felt nausea coming on again as his eyes paused to focus on those lines –

> Have been waiting eleven hours for someone to stop –
> I can't stand the cold any longer
> and they just keep passing by. . . .

Walls

P. Pocorena

Smooth plane, reaching forward with out-stretched palms,
watchful as the mother of a newborn child, protecting me
from harm.

Reducing me, once again, to an embryo-state, sealing me
off into a self-chosen exile, peaceful communion with my
soul the ultimate intent.

All my yesterdays rolled into a shiny foil ball--so tiny
it could slip through my fingers if I let down my guard.

Hurts, imagined and real, turned inside-out so that, some-
how, I come out the victor, if only in my mind.

Armor

I. M. Pseudonym

Within a suit of plated steel I stand,
Pausing to assess the dangers of the tournament.
My helmet is adjusted to defend my ears
From chance wild-swinging blows;
My visor down, protecting eyes which peer
Furtively, from out a narrow vent.
In no way shall my breast be wounded,
Guarded so with gorget and cuirass;
Who dares assail me as I posture so?

And yet my sturdy mail-coat
May become a burden and a snare at times.
The visor which so fortifies my countenance
May hide the efforts of an ally from my view.
If struck to earth, my knee-plates
Might detain me as I strive to rise anew.
The neck guard which has steadied me
Against the hammer-blows of foreign blades,
Encumbers me in facing right about
To deal with foes advancing from behind.

Key & Lock

Doug Martinez

look
inside
the sky is blue

solar flare

index catalogue
silent halls

internally inward
look

oh blissful nothingness
are you ever ,,

cascade water
I've seen--
rushes and tule
voice and rain
green leaves, yellow lemons
intricate but only terrestrial

Suicide Note

I. M. Pseudonym

On occasion as I sit in contemplation of the shambles
I have fashioned of my life,
It occurs to me in passing that I have no need to face another day.
I have pondered long the possibilities of ceasing and desisting
And of mopping up the wreckage in a final grandstand play.
Oftentimes I pause, berating self for words unsaid
Or loving deeds I chanced to leave undone.
From the depths of black depression, through the windows of my soul
I peer in desperation, searching ever for the gun.

Can it really be so long since last I shared an easy laugh with one
    I care for?
Could I once have altered history?
Might I yet have seized the reins?
How I regret that never once, for all my well-intentioned fumbling;
I was able for a moment to release her from the pain.
The record of a man is nothing but the sum of his regrets,
Countered with a scattered sprinkling of joys.
When the balance tips too far, the man is left an empty shell,
With the pieces of his life stacked all about like broken toys.

I wish that I might reach out of the ground some days from now,
And scratch upon the grimy stone my epitaph.
One slogan only fits my years: "Too little and too late."
With a callous on my ass from ever sitting idly by,
I have watched as love and warmth were cruelly twisted into hate.
Scanning back across the days which weigh like eons on my soul
I disclose a pattern of recurring blunders on my part.
Time and again I snatched defeat from the jaws of victory,
Hurling thoughtless words like daggers at another's wounded heart.

I have little taste for lengthening a tale of gloom which likely
    should have not been told at all.
I bestow upon my captive reader then the gift of brevity;
Pausing only to reiterate one final lesson.
In the search for peace of mind there may be found at least one cure;
A lobotomy by Doctors Smith and Wesson.
I submit that in the end it matters little for a man
If he should die by other hands or at his own.
Better that the secrets of his soul be opened to the pistol's fiery
    eye
Than that he waste and wither in the dark, alone.

Connie Hoover

The illusion of life is created in a careful, ordered sort of way, like the hammering together of pieces of wood. Structures rise to span the horizon from one point to another and they serve to order the thoughts of men, group them into entities so that they do not mix as one and escape to the sky from where they began. The souls of men making prisms of colors, shelves, windows, and putting these within, and without the faces of their structures to reflect the pieces of matter they have ordered within themselves as themselves, and they hang these ornaments as a sign to reflect the order they have created and thus stamp that place as 'the order.' And they, in turn walk out from their structures as a reflection of these structures, of their houses and thus, of their cities.

And the only people who know the structures is not the whole are the sad and the lonely.

Rick Wynne

Quicksilver Sylvia,
queen of the coven,
died with her head
in the oven.

Sweetpiping Sylvia
made her mistakes,
couldn't keep clear
of the snakes.

Slowslipping Sylvia
shouldered her spark,
dropped it, and drowned
in the dark.

Charles Lovell

My mind is aflow with ideas
my body has a mind of its own
my feelings are confused and raging
between the three lies electric space.

too many papers
too many projects
too many theories
too many associations

too much coffee
too little sleep
the wrong food
infrequent exercise

twisting, turning
spinning, unstable
where are the connects of trust
where is the certainty of hope

the tunnel of my mind is open
the tracks of my feelings are intact
the body machine functions
but without unity, fog, stillness, forever.

I am being blinded
by myself
to give up sight
is to see.

Chess

Thomas Carter

The innocent White needs always move first,
But victory is not assured.
Nobility, troops in royal array.
The game begun there is no turning back.

An endless multitude of possibilities
Of moves, attacks and counter attacks,
Gambits accepted and declined.

Nimzoindian Defense? Giuoco Piano?
Two Knight Game? Three?
The confident White surge is loosed
Against the ominus Black wall.

Suddenly Black parries, counters.
Pawns and Bishops fall.
The mid-game thrust becomes a desperate defense.
No hope for a counter. A retreat? A rout!
My God. All those beautiful plans
Broken on Black stones.

The Black wall turns flux as White castles
Solidifies its defense.

A capricious opening and oh, such a crafty mid-game.
A valiant defense. Such a humiliating flight.
Alone, the faltering castle stands.

The Black Wave comes.
Too late His genius seen.
His plan unfolds in diabolic simplicity.

The castle becomes a trap, a tomb
As the numbing Black froth pours in.
And the ringing voice of the Immutable Master
whispers,

"Checkmate!"

Sensations of Being Alone

I. M. Pseudonym

Silence . . .
Hollow, ringing like the stillness of a tomb,
Unbroken by the faintest whisper.
Oppressive, smothering, all-enveloping
Quiet.

Emptiness . . .
A yawning, vacant tableau
Void, yet dotted with ghostly figures.
Tottering, reeling, they lurch awkwardly into
Oblivion.

The Crowd

I. M. Pseudonym

Trapped, crushed within the bustling mob,
Plunging and striving for release,
The mindless babbling of the throng on every side.
Faceless, unequal to the all-important job
Of passing through life's labyrinth unscathed,
Each hollow figure, unarmed but for his pride
Is finally alone.

On Time

V. John Bousquet

Accepting no finite parameter,
Ephemeral time remains amorphous.
However perceived, its dimensions are born
Of introspect--ours.
Contextually shaped by us, it passes
In a trice-
Or else, plods ponderously, across our
Consciousness, 'till its excess aches.
Linked rhythmically in antiquity to season
And tide, it occasions recurring ceremony
From Neanderthal to now.
As measured on round painted faces
It displays only the exact progressions
Of wheels and gears–nothing more.

Perhaps in this a clue:
Mindless machinery orders time,
Man assigns its worth.

Timely Concerns

P. Pocorena

Seconds Minutes Hours
Stretched interminably into fragile airy strips
Too delicate to survive the impatient crush of faithless masses,
Until, finally, caught up into the maelstrom,
They give way with a gentle gasp into nothingness.

Béha Pastiche

Mary G. Paquette

Personnages

BÉRÉNICE, reine de Palestine
HERMIONE, fille d'Hélène
ARICIE, princesse du sang royal d'Athènes
ÉRIPHILE, fille d'Hélène et de Thésée

Scène I: Hermione, Aricie

HERMIONE

Elle vient. Juste ciel! Mais que fais-je? Que puis-je?
Que veux-je? Que dois-je? Et . . . flûte! Je m'afflige!

ARICIE

Ho! Cessez, cessez donc d'augmenter vos ennuis!
Personne n'est comblé comme moi je le suis.
Mais puisque vous hurlez, qu'est-ce qui vous agace?

HERMIONE

Perfide, en plus cruelle, alors zut! quelle audace!
Apprenez donc ici ce qui cause ce bruit:
Dans ce lieu aussitôt vous verrez introduit
Un monstre qui partout m'accuse d'injustice.

ARICIE

Qui est-ce?

HERMOINE

Devinez!

ARICIE

uh . . . Phèdre?

HERMIONE

Bérénice!

Scène II: Bérénice, Hermione, Aricie

BÉRÉNICE

Vous voilà, Hermione – et Aricie aussi!
Ma gloire me rappelle et donc m'entraîne ici.
Car vous savez vers vous le penchant qui m'attire . . .
Mais ne rigolez pas. Ce que je voulais dire
C'est que je souffre trop. O fatale douleur!
Connaissez toutes deux mon funeste malheur:
Mon Titus me repousse et ne voit que L'Empire.

HERMIONE

Mais . . .

BÉRÉNICE

Tais-tois, mégère, et laisse-moi te le dire.
D'un espoir si charmant je me flattais en vain.
Malgré tous mes efforts, je dois partir demain.

HERMOINE

Vous ne nous quittez point . . . non, je ne le puis croire.

BÉRÉNICE

Helas! c'est comme ca – il y va de ma gloire.
Voici ma demande et il vous faut accepter
De me rendre un amant avant de m'en aller.
Je n'ai qu'Antiochus, vieux torchon de cuisine.
Si je pars avec lui ce sera ma ruine.
Donc cédez-moi Achille ou bien Brittanicus,
Néron ou Bajazet, Etéocle ou Porus!

HERMIONE

Écoutez-moi cela!

ARICIE

Quelle horreur!

HERMOINE

Quelle andouille!
Vite, retirons-nous loin de cette gargouille!

Scène III: Bérénice

BÉRÉNICE

Aux armes, au secours! Mais je dois me venger.
De mon propre côté qui pourrais-je ranger?
Elles vont me lancer tous les traits de leur haine.
Perfides, gare à vous! mon courroux se déchaîne!
Ciel! Les voilà encor! Leur aurai-je fait peur?

Scène IV: Hermione, Bérénice, Aricie

HERMIONE

Ma chère Bérénice, excusez une erreur.
Notre effroi n'a été – disons – qu'une faiblesse.
Étant femmes aussi, on hait votre détresse.
Acceptez, s'il vous plaît, ces pleurs de repentir.

BÉRÉNICE

Ah! craignez ma fureur si vous osez mentir!
Helas! asseyez-vous et sachez mes histoires.

HERMIONE (à Aricie)

(Elle va raconter ses plus chères mémoires.)

BÉRÉNICE

Mais même ce matin, pour vous montrer un cas,
Le char que je louai, à cause de verglas
Faillit me renverser – ah! je vois votre joie,
Je vous parlerai donc de ma crise de foie.
Un jour on m'invita au sérail d'Amurat.
Là je dus me gorger de trop de chocolat.
De mon docteur je manquai de perder enfin l'estime.
Sans point me soulager il me mit au régime.
"Docteur, écoutez-moi, j'ai aussi mal aux reins."
"Chère dame, c'est grave, il faut prendre des bains."
"Les Francais suivent tous la loi théologique:
"Il faut se méfier de tout produit chimique!"
Je crus pouvoir mener Titus jusqu'a l'autel
En ne buvant plus rien que de l'eau de Vittel.
Mon bonheur n'est pas fait, las! d'un époux élite,
Or tout ce que je fais est trop de cellulite.
On me défend tout sauf ce qui est naturel,
Le pain bis, par exemple, et surtout le bon miel.

HERMIONE

Si vous voulez partir et à toute vitesse,
Là, stationnée en face il y a ma déesse.
Mais il faut, croyez-nous, sans un plus long retard
Vers un autre pays presser votre départ.

ARICIE

Prêts à vous recevoir des vaisseaux vous attendent,
Mais dépêchez-vous donc, tous ici le demandent.
Et puis dans ce palais tous les detours obscurs . . .

BÉRÉNICE

S'il le faut, je pourrai escalader les murs.

HERMIONE (à Aricie)

Nous allons lui faire une ou même deux valises
Ou bien elle poursuit cette histoire de crises!

ARICIE

Quelques médicaments contre le mal de mer.

HERMOINE

Du linge à repasser? Acceptez donc mon fer.

ARICIE

Aller en Palestine est une longue route.
Quand même il faut manger, prenez ce casse-croûte.

HERMIONE

Du fourrage à donner au superbe coursier . . .
A lire sur le trône, un roman policier
Fera passer le temps, dit-on, beaucoup plus vite.

BÉRÉNICE

Vous générosités, sont-elles sans limite?

ARICIE ET HERMIONE

Ne vous inquietéz pas, vous êtes notre soeur

BÉRÉNICE

Dame! Il faut se mefier quand on reprend en choeur!

HERMIONE

Mais fi donc!

ARICIE

Quelle horreur!

HERMIONE

Bérénice, de grâce!
Vous devez pour juger vous mettre à notre place.

ARICIE

On ne veut pas rire et surtout pas plaisanter.

HERMIONE

Tout ce que nous voulons c'est de vous souhaiter

HERMIONE ET ARICIE

Bon dimanche, bonsoir, bon travail, bon courage,
Bon dîner, bon Noël, et surtout bon voyage!

BÉRÉNICE

Je suis donc arrivée au douloureux moment . . .
Mais n'est-ce pas qu'ici je cherchais un amant?
Alors chère Hermione, elle est bien trop funeste
Cette brigue sans fond que t'a apprise Oreste.
Tu croyais me tromper par un faible dessein.
Je t'assure que moi j'ai l'esprit souverain.

HERMIONE

Porquoi me me tutoyer? Suis-je ta confidente?
Je ne suis pas ton chien ni ta proche parente.

BÉRÉNICE

Grâce au ciel pour cela, toutes deux des pourceaux!

HERMIONE

Ne nous insulte point, je te coupe en morceaux.

BÉRÉNICE

Il y a des rumeurs sur ta mère infidèle . . .

HERMIONE

Que tu vas répéter maintenant avec zèle!

BÉRENICE

Je vois bien que tu es de son tempérament.

ARICIE (à Hermione)
Vite, retirez-vous dans votre appartement!

HERMIONE (à Aricie)
Non! elle doit payer la remarque si noire
Qui vient donc de salir ma très précieuse gloire!
Je ne souffrirai pas que ce monstre odieux
Ose me rire au nez devant mes propres yeux.
Le voila qui se croit . . . quoi? une institutrice?

HERMIONE (à Bérénice)
Je t'apprendrai comment te faire impératrice.
Il faut envers Titus montrer plus de dédain.

BÉRÉNICE
Ma chère, je m'en fous de l'empire romain
Et de toi la vengeance — elle accable et assomme . . .

HERMIONE
Quoi? Qu'est-ce que tu dis! sotte chercheuse d'homme!

ARICIE
Mesdames, arrêtez ce vacarme injurieux!
Que voulez-vous faire, éveiller vos aieux?

HERMIONE
Laissez-nous, laissez-nous! Je parle à Bérénice.
Bon, ou en etais-je? On . . . mais ou est donc Phénice?

BÉRÉNICE
C'est jeudi, vous savez, et elle est en congé
Et cherche un bon oracle. Elle a le coeur rongé
D'amour pour ce Paulin, ou est-ce donc Rutile?
Mais, Hermione, dis! Quel discours inutile!

HERMIONE
J'ai honte de l'avouer, par les sacrés ratiers,
Je me suis égarée, on reprend?

BÉRÉNICE
Volontiers!
Après vous.

HERMIONE
Ah! merci! Vile croque-mitaine!

BÉRÉNICE
Ramasse-poussière et grande demi-mondaine . . .

HERMIONE
Godailleuse, gloutonne . . .

ARICIE
Au nom de tous les dieux!
Cessez de vous lancer tous ces jurons furieux.
Je vois dans le lointain quelqu'un qui se promène.
Elle attend le moment d'arriver sur la scene.

HERMIONE
Juste ciel! elle arrive et vers nous elle vient . . .

BÉRÉNICE
Mais elle prend son temps, qu'est-ce qu'elle devient?

HERMIONE
Qu'on lui donne le signe . . . où est donc la souffleuse?

ARICIE
Elle se fait soigner une dent douloureuse.
Elle a mordu lundi un vieux vilain croissant . . .
Mais la fille qui vient porte un chapeau ravissant.
La reconnaissez-vous?

BÉRÉNICE
C'est une amie mienne.
À ce que je puis voir c'est la grande Lesbienne,
Je veux dire par ça la fille de Lesbos!

ARICIE
C'est Phèdre, par hasard, la fille de Minos?

BÉRÉNICE
Mais non! et taisez-vous! Soyez là bien tranquille.
Je veux vous présenter mon amie Ériphile.

Scene V: Ériphile, Bérénice, Aricie, Hermione

ÉRIPHILE
Les copines, salut! Comment vous portez-vous?
L'Aulide m'ennuie et . . .

BÉRÉNICE
Vous venez donc à nous?

ÉRIPHILE
Comme dernier recours car là où je m'adresse
À ses propres malheurs tout autre s'intéresse.

ARICIE, BÉRÉNICE, ET HERMIONE
Racontez-les-nous vite, il est votre devoir.
Les bruits et les rumeurs, il nous les faut savoir.

ÉRIPHILE
Je passe ce matin chez Jocaste et famille,
Mais là, quelle dispute entre l'oncle et la fille!

HERMIONE
Lequel faut-il donc croire?

ARICIE
Et lequel le plus fort?

ÉRIPHILE
Antigone a raison, mais Créon n'a pas tort.

BÉRÉNICE
Sans blague!

ARICIE
C'est trop!

HERMIONE
Quelle scène comique!

ÉRIPHILE
Au contraire, ca fait une pièce tragique!
Puis vers d'autres endroits, je me presse, je cours.
Mais on est occupé, on s'excuse toujours.
Alexandre le Grand avait trop bu d'absinthe.
Phèdre cherche à construire un nouveau labyrinthe.
Ensuite je veux voir Aggripine et Néron,
Mais ceux-là composaient un duo pour violon.
On prétend que Junie (ô nouvelle fatale!)
Elle cherche à se faire . . .

ARICIE, BÉRÉNICE, ET HERMIONE
et quoi?

ÉRIPHILE
Vierge Vestale!
Burrhus seul se console et s'amuse aujourd'hui.
Il ecrit un poème au sujet de l'ennui.

ARICIE
De son siècle, je crois, il est bien en avance.

ÉRIPHILE
De deux ou trois cents ans, ou au moins je le pense.
Il met sa poesie en un petit recueil
(Ce qui fait augmenter son intolérable orgueil!).

BÉRÉNICE
D'en savoir le titre est-ce qu'on serait dignes?

ÉRIPHILE
Oui, à la librairie on vend *Les Fleurs malignes*.

ARICIE
Quel esprit moderne et avec les mots quels jeux!

ÉRIPHILE
C'est parce que je suis le cours quatre cent deux.
Apprendre à ecrire est une bien dure affaire.
Il faut savoir par coeur le quart du dictionnaire.
O cher Pierre Larousse, adoré comme un dieu,
Quand vous avez paru, quel changement en ce lieu!
Avant vous quels travaux si lents et monotones.
On ne s'occupe plus que de mots homophones,
De la phonétique et du français qui est vieux!
Ah! Vous êtes, Monsieur, vraiment tombé des cieux!
Mais le fil de l'histoire est perdu dans l'éloge.
Permettez maintenant que je vous interroge.
Qu'est-ce que vous faisiez quand moi j'étais ailleurs?

ARICIE
Chacune exagérait ses plus petits malheurs.

HERMIONE
Bérénice cherchait une nouvelle flamme
Pour remplir le creux laissé hier dans son âme.

BÉRÉNICE
Il est vrai. Je n'ai pu concevoir sans effroi
Un monde plein d'amants pour toute autre que moi!

ÉRIPHILE
Lui allez-vous ceder ce qu'elle vous commande?

HERMIONE
Je ferai volontiers tout ce qu'elle demande.

ARICIE
O ciel! réfléchissez au moins un instant.

BÉRÉNICE (à part)
Mes voeux sont accordes. J'ai un nouvel amant!

BÉRÉNICE (à l'assemblee)
À qui, aimable soeur, suis-je enfin destinée?
Qui devient mon époux au fatal hyménée?
Ah! qui est-ce qui va me . . .

HERMIONE
Épargnez-nous vos pleurs.
Vout atteignez enfin la fin de vos malheurs.
Jusqu'ici la fortune et la victoire mêmes
Ont caché ce beau roi sous trente diadèmes.

BÉRÉNICE
Ne me taquinez plus, vous voulez m'éprouver.

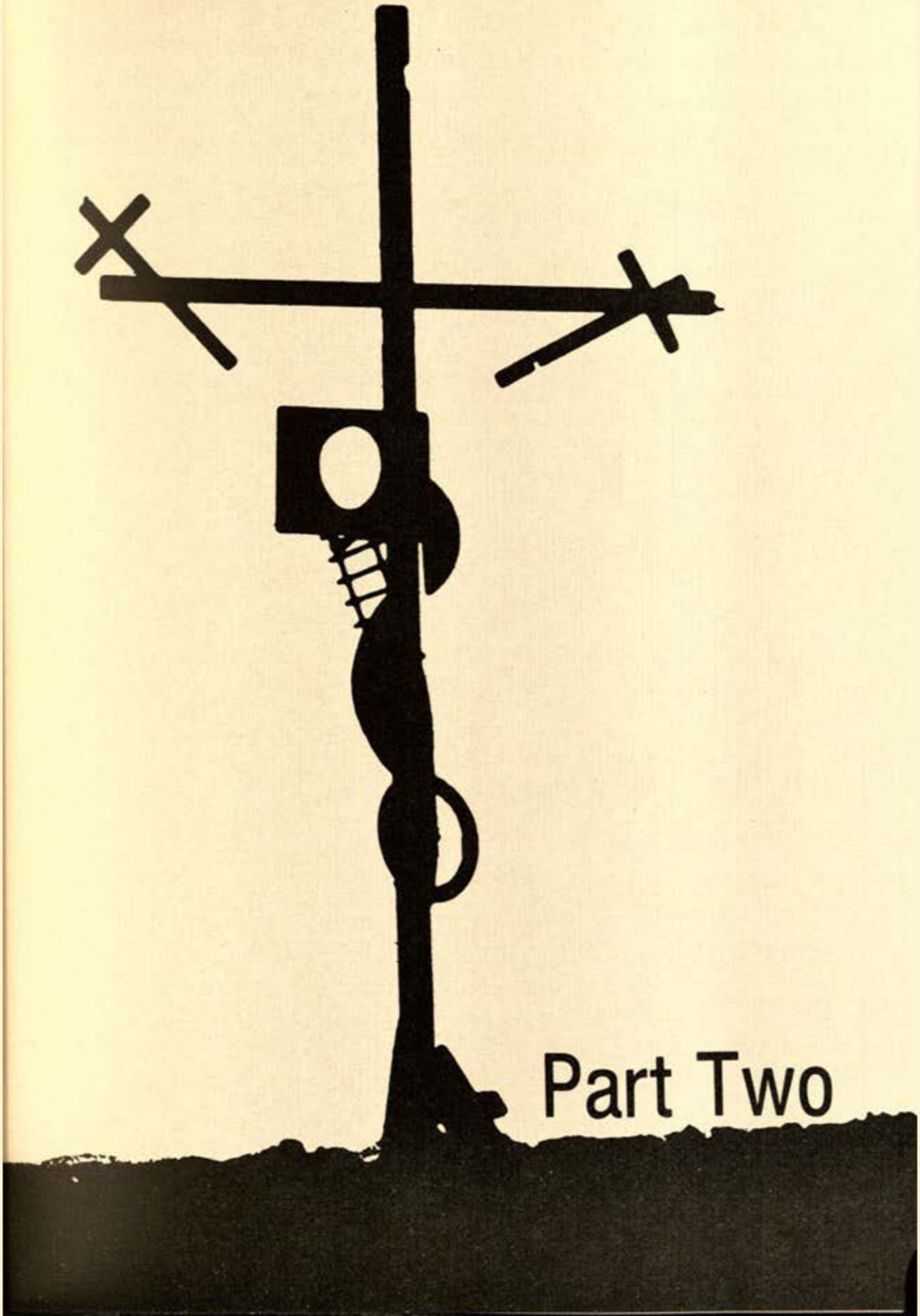
HERMIONE
Un homme tel que lui vous devez approuver.
Vous n'en trouverez pas de plus ardent, ingrate.

ÉRIPHILE
Achille!

ARICIE
Non, Oreste!

HERMIONE
Eh non, c'est Mithridate!

EN CHOEUR
Pour la dernière fois, de rire nous crevons.
Quelle folle histoire, ah dieux! nous l'avouons.
Nous avons donc joué seulement pour vous plaire.
Si on vous a fait rire, on peut enfin se taire.
De Racine gardez un très doux souvenir
Et brûlez cette pièce — elle vient de finir.



Part Two

"Emeryville Mudflats, 1974," Dale Fisher

A Little Bit of Persia in Kern County

Vincent Ponko, Jr.

Truxtun Beale was appointed Minister Resident and Consul General to Persia by President Benjamin Harrison in 1891. At the time of his appointment, he was 35 years old. The only son of Edward Fitzgerald Beale, Truxtun was a member of the Pennsylvania bar, had traveled in Europe as well as the Orient, and had acquired practical business experience as manager of the large El Tejon Rancho located in Los Angeles and Kern Counties of California, which his father had formed out of land purchased for about five cents an acre from Spanish and Mexican absentee landowners. He was also acquainted with political problems in the United States because of his family's association with political leaders in Washington, D.C., California, and elsewhere, particularly his father's close personal friendship with U.S. Grant. His appointment was viewed with favor by the press.

Truxtun Beale traveled to Teheran to assume his duties by way of Paris, Marsailles, the Mediterranean, the Dardenelles, Bosphorous, the Black Sea, Baku, and Tiflis. He recorded his journey in long and colorful letters to his mother and to his sister. For part of the way he was accompanied by an English journalist whose account of the trip was subsequently published and presented Beale in a very favorable way.

While in Teheran, Truxtun Beale seems to have established good relations with the Shah and his government and to have taken an active part in the affairs of the foreign diplomatic community. When the American Presbyterian Mission in Persia encountered difficulty in retaining facilities appropriate to their efforts, he intervened with the Persian authorities and obtained for the missionaries the right to own property in Persia. For this, he received a resolution of thanks for his efforts from the mission, a copy of which was forwarded to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. He also received a letter of commendation for his efforts in this regard from the Department of State of the United States. Truxtun Beale was also instrumental in obtaining permission from the Persian government for Persian products sent to the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition held in Chicago to be exported free of duty. Products imported into Persia from the Exposition were to be admitted duty free. When public disturbances broke out in Teheran in connection with the selling of the tobacco monopoly by the Shah to a British concern, Truxtun Beale took the lead in preparing plans for the defense of the foreign diplomatic community. His actions in this situation were described by William C. Fox, First Secretary of the United States Legation, in part as follows:

> It was then that the American Minister, Truxtun Beale, came to the front. There were about a thousand Christian foreigners at the capitol – Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, Belgians, Germans, and others – many of them adventurous young men who had come out to seek their fortunes, or to fill positions in the telegraph service or with various commercial companies. As the situation grew more serious the house of the American Minister became the center of our planning, owning to the determined spirit and personal magnetism of Beale, who possessed the peculiar qualities of a

> born leader . . . Beale . . . succeeded in arranging that everybody who had fight in him should rendezvous at the British Legation, which was the most substantial of the eight, and that the women and children should be brought thither. He went about making arrangements for barricading the doors and windows. He laid in provisions and all the arms and ammunition to be procured were placed there by the determined foreigners who had so much faith in Beale. He, remembering drift mining in California and the siege of Lacknow and how the scarcity of water undid the beseiged, made connections with water tanks about the house in such manner as would supply enough water to last a long while. In a short time we were prepared to assemble at the first cry of 'Jehad' and sell our lives as dearly as possible.

Beale even attended a ta'ziya, or Passion Play, reporting on this event in the following words:

> It is a drama representing the life of their great saint and prophet, Housine and his family, who were massacred while invading another country. The play was given in a large tent. Before the play began priest after priest came upon the platform in the center and sang a sad song and then told a story to the audience. With the great variety of brilliant carpets, tapestries and turbans and dresses it looked like the east. When the play began a man in full armor, on a fine horse, representing the saint's enemy, rides in and with a great deal of dramatic force denounces the saint and tells him he will kill him and his family. The audience at this show great emotion, a great many tears and groans, then the fighting is performed in the most reckless manner. I afterward saw the religious procession in the streets. Many of the poor people gash and cut their heads and let the blood stream all over them as they walk through the streets, desiring to suffer as the saint suffered.

When the newspaper in Bakersfield, *The Daily Californian*, heard of Truxtun Beale's appointment as Minister to Persia, it voiced the hope that he would "keep an eye out" for any Persian products which might advantageously be imported into Kern County. When he departed for Persia, Truxtun said "I shall never forget Kern County, for I always shall consider it my home." In this spirit, he began his collection of animals and plants soon after his arrival in Teheran. In a despatch to the State Department dated August 6, 1891, he wrote:

> . . . parts of Persia and parts of California resemble each other so much in climate and in physical conditions, that I feel sure the attempt to transport and acclimatize many useful and valuable species of both plants and animals from Persia to the Pacific Coast would be successful.

He went on to say that the collection of such plants and animals would entail a personal trip to Bushire to see to their shipment.

Before starting out on his trip, however, Truxtun Beale sent a number of specimens to the United States from Teheran. For example, in the letter noted above he said he was forwarding to the United States a number of specimens including the "Astraiagus, a valuable medicinal shrub which would do especially well in California." Later, on October 14, 1892, in a letter addressed to Houghton and Lightner, Real Estate and Insurance Agents in Bakersfield, Beale reported that he was sending them seeds of what he called the silk, or Abreshum, tree of Persia, a species of Acacia, for distribution to friends for planting in Kern County. Beale said that this tree had never been transplanted to Europe or North America but that "the climate and plysical conditions of the San Joaquin resemble so much those of Persia that I feel sure it will thrive in Kern." Among other specimens sent to Kern County from Teheran were seeds of "the wild hemp of Persia" and of "the cultivated hemp – called 'Shadanah' . . " In relation to the latter, he noted in a letter dated February 2, 1892

> I have now the means of obtaining and shipping large quantities of the latter if anyone in Kern after seeing the fibre, seriously cares to experiment with it. The Persians use it for making strings, ropes and in the manufacture of many other things. The usually grow it around the fields to make a border for something else.
>
> To reduce the fibre to the state in which you will see it, they beat the plant well, then throw it into a mixture of clay and water, letting it remain there about thirty hours and after that beat it again, which brings it to the condition of the sample.

In a letter dated March 3, 1892, from Shiraz he wrote

> After a week more in the saddle, we reached here, and saw on the way the great ruins of Pasajardae and Persepolis and the tombs of Cyrus and Darius. We climbed up the small pyramid and crawled into the tomb of Cyrus. The inscription he had put on his tomb was: 'I am the great King Cyrus, the founder of Persia and the ruler of Asia; let no man grudge me this tomb.' His tomb was partially destroyed by the soldiers of Alexander and his body and the beautiful things that Starbo says he had buried with him have been missing for many centuries. The tombs of Hafiz and Sardi both are here in Shiraz. Many persons, even cultivated Europeans, who know the east consider the poet Sardi the greatest man that ever lived. His book of poems, 'Goolystan,' which means the rose garden, is used as a book of education all over this part of the east — from the Bosphorus to the Granges.

By late spring of 1892, Truxtun Beale was ready for the trip he had said he wanted to make in his despatch of August 6, 1891. It would appear that he had already decided that he did not want to be Minister to Persia for more than a year so his trip was also in the nature of a homeward journey as well as for specimen collecting. Nevertheless, during the 1,000 mile journey to the Persian Gulf by way of Ispahan and Persepolis, Truxtun Beale worked diligently, collecting specimens of plants and seeds as well as a number of broad-tailed, or Astrakan, sheep. He also obtained *papier mache* moulds of some of the bas-reliefs and inscriptions from Persepolis. His observations of Persia and his attitude toward the task he had set for himself are contained in letters he wrote at various stages of his journey, in some instances on unused salary ledger sheets of the United States Legation. At Ispahan he wrote that he had been taken

> across the river to see the ruins of the old town and here I saw what [the] travellers and poets of the last century raved about — fine old avenues once evidently paved with flower gardens down the middle where they used to drink their sherbert and recite their poetry and rows of large plane trees (still standing) running down them. We got to the roof of one of the old palaces on the river bank just as the sun was going down behind a distant range of purple mountains off on the desert. It threw a flood of light over the destroyed temples of the ancient fire worshipers, over the tombs (of) the descendents of the prophet on the distant mountain tops and over the ruins of the bridges and palaces of Shah Abbas.

At Bushire, the *papier mache* moulds, about 6' high and 18" wide, two of inscriptions and one of a bas-relief, were packed for shipment to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. When they arrived they were of considerable interest as the first direct examples of the inscriptions at Persepolis to reach the Western world. While in Bushire also, Beale arranged for the sheep to be sent to the Department of Agriculture in the United States on a tramp steamer by way of England. Some of the plants and seeds he had collected he sent to the Department of Agriculture, but others were consigned to Houghton and Lightner in Bakersfield for distribution in Kern County.

In a letter dated April 15, 1892, from Bombay, India, Beale wrote that he had sent by the steamer "Elba" from Bushire, Persia:

> cuttings of the vines of all varieties of wine grapes grown in the famous wine province of Sheraz, Persia.
>
> Second – some Ispahan melon seeds. (I hear that the fruit of this seed before imported to America had gradually lost its original flavor.)
>
> Third – seeds of the Persian "Unja," which I believe to be nothing more than our clover, but as it is said that they get six crops of it a year in Persia, you might experiment with it in Kern County.
>
> Fourth – Cuttings of an Acadia tree peculiar to southern Persia.
>
> Fifth – Cuttings of a variety of Jujub tree said to be peculiar to southern Persia and Northern India.
>
> Sixth – Seeds of Sumatra tobacco just imported into Persia.
>
> Seventh – cuttings of a Chinese Guava tree.
>
> Eighth – Cuttings of a rapid growing creeper peculiar to northern India and Southern Persia.

The collection of plants and animals by United States representatives abroad for transportation back to the United States was not a new phenomenon by Truxtun Beale's time. For example, in the twenty years or so before the Civil War, commanding officers of United States Navy ships were instructed to collect and return seeds and other like specimens. The specimens were, in the main, put in the hands of government agancies or authorized representatives to be, in the words of the Department of Agriculture writing in receipt of Beale's specimens, "faithfully experimented with."

What is interesting about Truxtun Beale's work as a collector during his tenure as Minister to Persia is the distribution his specimens received in Kern County and the awareness they provided for a youthful political community like Kern County of the existence as well as the worth and value of a monarchy over 2,400 years old at the time. Truxtun Beale's plant and seed specimens, for instance, were distributed and planted widely in Kern County and the San Joaquin Valley, even as far north as Modesto, 175 miles away from Bakersfield. Once more, many of them became part of the flora of the area and their growth and development became newsworthy items to be reported in the newspapers. The Abreshum, or silk, tree in particular became a feature of many local yards and received a good press.

In the issue of *The Daily Californian* for January 8, 1892, it was reported that 44 packages of Abreshum tree seeds had been distributed. Accompanying this news were directions for planting these seeds as follows:

> Sow on fine loamy soil, about the end of February if the climate be about the same as Persia.
>
> Instead of raking the seed in, it is usual when the seed is sown to sift fine mold over it, so that there may be eveness in the depth. If the weather be dry the seeds should be watered by hand every day for three of four days after sowing,

> so that the earth may be moistened and the seeds soaked and after that every five or six days as may seem necessary. The seeds should not be sown very close together, so as to allow the plants room to expand, until the time for transplanting, which would probably be from a year and eight months to two years, according to the extent of their growth. When once they have made a good start they grow rather rapidly, if the climate be genial. They will stand a moderate amount of frost. The trees are at their best in April and May, when they present a very pretty appearance.

On February 1, 1892, the *Californian* printed a statement that "it would be interesting to know if any of the Abreshum seeds . . . have commenced to sprout." Almost two months later, on March 25, 1892, Ben Brundage, a prominent menber of the 1892 Bakersfield community after which one of Bakersfield's main streets is now named, wrote to the *Californian* that he had planted fifty seeds, every one of which had sprouted and seemed to be thriving nicely. Similarly, Mr. John O. Miller of the San Emidio Rancho, located in the mountains on the road to Los Angeles, reported in April that all of the trees he planted were at that time six to eight inches high.

Of course, not all of these young plants grew to be mature trees. Because of the changes that have taken place in Kern County and Bakersfield in the past eighty years, it is difficult to ascertain if any of these first plantings have survived in their original locale. So-called silk trees do still grow in Kern County, however, for there is one growing in the front yard of the main branch of the Kern County Library in Bakersfield, the Beale Memorial Library, located on Truxtun Avenue.

The degree of acceptance by Kern County of other specimens sent to the United States from Persia by Truxtun Beale is also not easy to discover. The broad-tail, or Astrakan, sheep, for example, never seem to have been bred in Kern County despite encouragement from Beale as well as the *Daily Californian*. In its issue of June 13, 1892, the *Californian* stated "there is no better place than Kern County for domesticating this breed of sheep and there should be an appeal made to Secretary Rusk [of the United States Department of Agriculture to whom the sheep had been sent from Persia] at once for enough of the importation to make a start." Records of El Tejon Ranch, as well as other sheep operations and operators of long experience indicate that the broad-tailed sheep from Persia were not given much of a chance in Kern County.

Despite this failure, Truxtun Beale may be said to have done well by Kern County during his tenure as Minister to Persia. He also accomplished much for other United States citizens and efforts regarding Persia and his short period as United States Minister to that monarchy may be said to have been a diplomatic success for him and for the United States. It is significant in this regard that after his return from Persia and his resignation from the post of Minister he was given another diplomatic position as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Greece.

As a representative of the United States Abroad, Truxtun Beale deserves to be remembered with pride by Kern County, by California, and by the nation.

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[1] For the most part, this short essay is based on the collection of Beale family papers in the Library of Congress, Manuscript Division, called the Decatur House Papers. The Kern County Library, Beale Branch, has a microfilm copy of these papers. In a slightly altered form, it was delivered at a meeting of the American Oriental Society, Western Branch, held on April 22-23, 1972, at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, Canada.



Untitled, 1975, Meg Hudson

Money: Myth, Fantasy, Reality

Frank Falero, Jr.

Money! What a fascinating subject! People kill for it. They steal it. They dream about it. They write songs about it. And they devote nearly a third of their lives to getting it. They do all that, and yet, few people really know what money is or even how it comes into being.

All of us have heard someone say, "He has a lot of money," "He makes a lot of money," or "He is loaded with money." What this usually means is that the individual we're talking about is wealthy. Most people confuse money with income and/or wealth.

Income, of course, is a flow of purchasing power to an individual or corporation during a specified time period, usually a week or a month, expressed in dollars and paid in dollars. Wealth, on the other hand, is a stock of Real, Personal, and/or Financial assets owed by an individual or corporation as of a specific point in time which is expressed, though not necessarily held, in dollars. Money, however, is just that. The stock of dollars, coins, and checking account balances held by an individual or corporation at a specified point in time, expressed in dollars. Society's money stock, or the money supply as it is usually called, is the sum of all individual holdings of coins, currency, and checking account balances at a specified point in time.

Most people are surprised when they are told that money is noing but debt. But, that is all it is. Currently minted coins have little intrinsic value. The currency we use are Federal Reserve Notes which are actually nothing but a liability issued by the Federal Reserve Bank against itself, that is, an IOU issued by the Federal Reserve to you. Even checking accounts are nothing but debt. Of course, you deposit either a check or Federal Reserve Notes in your account and you feel that the dollars you deposited are actually there in the bank, but you know they are not. What you have actually done by depositing your currency in your bank account is to exchange your currency for the Bank's promise to pay whoever you designate whatever amount, subject to some limit, you specify. In other words, you now have the Bank's IOU.

Even though all money is just someone's debt, as long as it is generally accepted by everyone, what difference does it make? None to you, but it makes a lot of difference to the people who create it.

Since coins are minted by the Government, currency is printed by the Federal Reserve System, and Demand Deposits are issued by the commercial banking system, it is necessary to deal with each type of money separately.

The Federal Government mints as many coins and in the denominations it thinks people want and/or need. The Government, of course, does make errors in these decisions as evidenced most recently by the shortage of pennies. This right is given to the Government by the Constitution and is exercised whenever the Government desires it.

The Federal Reserve System issues the currency we use. It merely prints the bills and gets them into circulation whenever the Federal Reserve System feels that an increase in the supply of money is needed. Since the bills the Federal Reserve System prints are liabilities against the Federal Reserve System, it follows naturally that the way the bills are gotten into circulation is to use these liabilities to buy assets from the public. This the Federal Reserve System does by buying outstanding U.S. Government Treasury Bonds and paying for them by issuing new currency.

A commercial bank doesn't print the money it creates. In fact, as any banker will tell you, he doesn't create any money at all since he only lends what he actually has on hand less the reserves he must legally keep on hand. This is true. But while a single bank cannot create money, the banking system does indeed create money.

The way it works is like this. The Federal Reserve System requires each bank to keep 12½% of its total deposits on hand in cash. The bank is free to lend the remaining 87½% if it desires. Suppose you take $100 in cash and deposit it in your checking account at the local bank. You now have an account which has $100 in it and, since checking accounts count as money, the money supply is $100 (cash in banks does not count as part of the money supply.) However, the bank may legally lend $87.50 to anyone who wants it. Suppose I walk in the bank and make a loan for $87.50 which I accept as a deposit in my checking account. Now you and I have Demand Deposits totaling $187.50 where there was only $100 before. Of course, the bank is free to lend 87.5% of the $87.50 I deposited, and so on. The end result is that based on a required reserve of 12½%, the commercial banking system can create as many as $8 of demand Deposits for each $1 of original cash.

On all of our money we find the statement "In God We Trust." It seems that that statement is very relevant.

Let Me Make One Thing Perfectly Clear

Forrest G. Wood

I had been invited to speak at a luncheon of the Barnsville Ladies' Club; so for about twenty minutes I traced the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, naming the "good emperors" and the "bad emperors," stopping somewhere around Marcus Aurelius.

When I finished, a matronly woman with a bee-hive hairdo came up to me and said, "Oh, Professor, your speech was superfluous, absolutely superfluous!"

I thanked her and told her I was really quite proud of it. In fact, I was thinking of having it published posthumously.

"That's wonderful," she replied, "and the sooner the better!"

Later, I visited the nearby campus of Calvary State College, a small liberal arts school that was having enrollment problems. "Is it true," I asked Dr. Harvey Heathcoate, associate professor of middle English, "that a dean is a person who is too smart to be a college president, but not smart enough to be a professor?"

"That's not ture," old Heathcoate bellowed. "Why just the other day Dr. Slunk, our Dean of the School of Advanced Studies, said he had finally developed an effective solution to the problem of declining enrollment."

"Hold on there, Harvey. Does that mean that the previous solutions had been ineffective?"

"Now don't start getting tricky with words," Heathcoate replied. "You know how it is with a lot of these academic people. They never use concise phrases. It makes them feel important to throw around a lot of extra words. Besides, it helps disguise the thinness of their ideas."

"Harvey, you are so right. I know of a professor who insists that his students avoid redundancy in their writing; and while he's telling them this, he hands out a sheet listing 'basic procedural steps' they should follow and names 'necessary papers' they must file."

"You must not forget," Heathcoate pointed out, "that many of these people are educated beyond their intelligence. The only way they can conceal that fact is by being windy."

"I'm sure you're right. It's just like Pope said":

> Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
> Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

"Maybe so, but I think we should leave religion out of it."

"Sorry, Harvey, I just couldn't help it. Only last week I read in a college catalogue that a student pursuing a master's degree must complete an 'irreducible minimum' number of units. Or maybe it was 'unreducible.' Or 'non-reducible.'"

"Look, my friend," Heathcoate pointed out, "if administrators and professors started getting stingy with their words, do you realize how many people would be out of work?"

"Huh?"

"Well, several years ago somebody at Walt Disney studios calculated how many man-hours of labor—not to mention gallons of ink—had been saved over the years because all of the cartoon characters had four fingers on each hand instead of five."

"So?"

"So, figure it out for yourself. Think of all the secretaries who would be fired because there would be so few words to type. And how about the reduced use of ditto machines, which would, in turn, depress the office machine business?"

"Gee, I never thought of that."

"Let's not be too critical," Heathcoate said. "Remember, college students are influenced by excessive verbiage and pedantic paperwork; and some of them go on to become presidents of the United States. After all, it was Warren G. Harding who put a new word, 'normalcy,' in the American language. And wasn't it Calvin Coolidge who said, 'When people are out of work, unemployment is the result'?"

"I'll bet both of those guys got their start writing college catalogues," I replied.

"No, they were Republicans. But whatever the case, I think it only proves that college is a great training ground for politics," Heathcoate went on. "After all, almost all American presidents were college graduates. And of those who weren't, how many of them spoke and wrote without using words like 'conceptualization.'?"

"Well, there was Lincoln. . . ."

"Yeah, but look how he ended up."

"Right, inoperative." I couldn't resist that.

"I do agree that we have a major problem here," Heathcoate said as I left, "and it's serious, too."

I wonder what college the lady with the bee-hive hairdo went to.

El Testigo No Oye

F. E. Albi

"Uno de estos días," se dijo, "tendré que meterme en eso. De veras. ¡Mi Dios! Hace medio siglo que me lo repito." Y sacudió cansadamente la cabeza, como si quisiera borrar de la mamoria las huellas, los rieles del tiempo que se confundían en la neblina de antoño. Se pasó tres dedos entre los cabellow y, entornado los ojos, pudo casi acaricriar la blancura de su respetable cabellera. "¡Letras, letras! No se come la poesiá," habiá siempre dicho. Pero ya no. Al viejo profesor de cálculos infintesimales se le habiá escapado el verdadero sentido de la vida, y ahora, en realidad, sentía que era demasiado tarde para *meterse* en asuntos de botánica.

En esa preciosa tarde de temprana primavera, invisibles danzaban por el aire tibio espiritus celestiales; y sembraban colores. ¡Cuántos pétalos en los árboles — ¡ay! — sin nombre.

"Uno de estos días. Uno de estos días."

Mientras tanto el sol se ponía, y teñia de suavísimo rosa la gran fiesta de verde y de corollas. Salía de la mar la brisa del ocaso y añadía un agria salsedumbre a la dulzura del anochecer. Mano a mano pasaban los enamorados. El profesor Vendal trataba de acordarse:

> La sombra se veía
> venir corriendo apriesa
> ya por la falda espesa
> del altísimo monte, [—
> ¡*maldita memoria*! —] y acabando
> el fugitivo sol [. . .] de luz escaso,
> su ganado llevando
> se fueron recogiendo paso a paso.

" ¡Letras, letras! No se come la poesía. Ah! Ni el pan se come entonces. Y mucho menos el montón, ése, en el banco. Cálculos, cálculos. Acaban todos con el total imprevisto. ¡Bien! No hay tiempo para asuntos de botánica, para tutearse un poco con la naturaleza, para respirar la música de las flores, pero sí hay tiempo para aclarerselo todo al mundo, a todo el mundo. 'El gran matemático Hans Vandal, premio Nobel 19.., admite, afirma y confirma que *sí se come la poesía.*'" Y entró en el edificio de la Facultad de Ciencias Exactas determinado a llamar a los reporterôs, inmediatamente. Marchaba hacía el ascensor con paso resuelto, casi juvenil, cuando otros pasos le resonaron detrás. El profesor, volteándose, ni siquiera tuvo el tiempo de espantarse:

"Sí se come la . . ."

El tirazo le perforó la garganta y le cortó la sorta. Un chorro escarlata pulsó fuera con violencia. Siguió otro chorro menos fuerte. El tercero se le murió al nacer, a flor de piel. Se detuvo allí de pié, tifere espantoso, dos o tres segundos, no se sabe como, con las niñas dilatadas, y con un riachuelo que le empapaba de rojo la camisa blanca. Cayó como un coco. El asesino le quitó rapidamente todo lo que tenía — dinero, reloj, anillos — y se echó afuera como el demonio.

" ¡Asesino! ¡Asesinooo! ¡Asesinooo-ooo!" Atráida por el ruido del disparo y aguijoneada por la curiosidad, acorría la gente hacia el edificio de Ciencias Exactas. A unos les confundió el eco, pero la mayor parte donvluía hacia allá. Al rato hubro otro grito que la muchedumbre repitió: "Allí va! Allí va! Allí va!" Hecho improvisemente herioco por el numéro, un mar de gente muy pronto inundo el vecindado. La policía llegó en menos de media hora.

Unos meses despúes, un colega del professor Vandal, Anthony Heller, se halló sentado ante un tribunal de San Diego en calidad de testigo. En esa preciosa tarde de temprana primavera, él mismo había capturado por mera casualidad al asesino. Ahora faltaba sólo hacer justicia. No hubo ningún problema con las formalidades de rito. Después el públiso ministerio se le scercó con confianza para concluir rapidamente un pleito clarísimo. El fiscal le iba haciendo preguntas al profesor Heller, pero éste no oía nada. Daba la impresión de estar mirando al juez, mientras en realidad veía solamente la balanza esculpida en la madera de la parad. Le parecía que la balanza se inclinaba de un lado y, concentrando todo su ser en la mirada, el profesor Heller trataba de establecer el equilibrio, de hacer justicia en el tribunal de su propia conciencia. El fiscal le repetía las preguntas y el profesor continuaba a no oir nada. Se enojó en fin el juez: "Está Ud. privándonos de un pleito justo e imparcial." El profesor no oyó nada, y el juez se vio obligado a regalarle 15 días de carcel y 1,500 dólares de multa.

No tuvieron que llevarlo muy lejos al testigo. Hay siempre bastante jualas en el tribunal, e en cada bastante sitio para uno más. Lo llevaron dentro sin permitirles ni una sola pregunta a los reporteros. Pero en fin, quizás si después de limpiar un poco la jaula, los dejaron pasar. Al principio el profesor Heller no quiso contestar a nadie. Sólo miraba a los reporteros, se miraba alrededor con infinita tristeza y, sin darse cuenta, se mordía el labio inferior hasta la sangre.

"Somos todos asesnios," gritó después de un largo rato. "Las minorías del *ghetto* cometan el 85% de los crímenes. Ahorita mismo, como Uds. pueden ver, aqui estoy yo. ¿Con quien? Con tres negros y un chicano. Hay una sola alternativa: o se trata de una enfermedad genética o de una epidemia del sistema social. A mí se me hace que es epidemia. Somos todos asesinos. Tenemos que revisar el sistema social. Yo no voy a enculpar a quien no es culpable. Somos todos culpables. El crimen fue el resultado de un sistema social injusto. Necesitamos una estructura social diferente; una estructura donde todos podamos contribuir y participar igualmente. Aquí no se sirven los intereses de la justicia, sino aquellos del mas poderoso. En este caso específico, yo no puedo abrir boca, no puedo pronunciar ni una sola palabra que no sería usada, contra mi propia voluntad, contra el acusado. El público ministerio no quiere contesticiones, sino confirmaciones. Y no está bien hecho. No. Somos todos asesinos."

El profesor Heller no había salido todavía de la prisión cuando empezó a difundirse una historia algo increíble: se dijo, y se dice todavía, que al anochecer, cuando ya se apaga la brisa en la arboleda de la universidad, un viejo todo blanco anda como un loco entre los árboles alrededor de la Facultad de Ciencias Exactas y amonesta a todos los paseantes: "Sí, sí que se co . . ." Lo extraño es que no habla con la boca, sino sisea sílabas casi inaudibles por una horrible perforación de la garganta. Será un chiste de mal gusto, no hay duda. Hay siempre un fulanito que convierte todo en comedia. Pero es que . . . por allí . . . los enamorados y no se atreven.

The Arrangement

Richard Bell

DATE: May 13, 1975

TO: Dr. Caliban Gore
Dean of Instruction
Truxtop College

FROM: Dr. Umlaut Grimmslaw
Chairman, Committee on Innovative Programs

SUBJECT: Indiscretion at Committee Meeting

I hesitate to bring this matter to your attention because of its extreme sensitivity, yet I feel that were I not to do so, I might be charged (perhaps rightly) with attempting to "cover up" an incident which (if it were to become widely known) could hardly redound to the credit of the College. I have taken what steps I could to insure that it not become known by strongly urging the members of my committee to exercise the greatest discretion in the matter. Indeed, I stepped down from the chair (after the incident) in order to personally introduce a resolution (seconded by Dr. Stigma) charging the members to maintain strict silence. Nevertheless, I entertain the gravest doubts about the possibility of preventing knowledge of the event from getting abroad; especially since it elicited responses of risibility (if not actual hilarity) from some of the members of the committee. Moreover, there were three abstentions on my motion which otherwise passed unanimously; they included (inexplicably) the two who perpetrated the incident and should have had the greatest interest in its concealment.

The incident is this: At yesterday's meeting of the Committee on Innovative Programs, Professors Ardent Koch and Mary Beaver engaged in an act of intimacy in front of the entire Committee and ignored all attempts to dissuade them (including remonstrations, protests, and my repeated calls to order) until they had completed the act.

You will understand my reluctance to discuss this matter; it has caused me no little consternation. Yet, notwithstanding, I felt it my duty to inform you that the indiscretion had occurred. I sincerely hope that my firm action at the meeting and my communication of the event to you constitute the extent of my duty, and that I will not be called upon to say more about it.

I must add, however, that although Professor Beaver is a member of my own department of Modern Languages, you will recall that I privately opposed her appointment last Spring and that were it not for the Affirmative Action policy (a policy you know I deplore) she should never have been on my faculty.

DATE: May 14, 1975

TO: Dr. Christian Stigma, Prof. and Chmn., Religion
Dr. Beryl Schist, Prof., Geology
Dr. Matt Burn, Assoc. Prof., Physical Education
Dr. Lapsang Soochang, Asst. Prof., Asian Studies
Dr. Sappho Quimfrost, Asst. Prof., Women's Studies
Dr. Louis Quatorze, Asst. Prof., Political Science
Mr. Robert Barron, Lect., Economics
Mr. Octave Doggerel, Lect., English
Ms. Debby-Linda Barbidahl, Counselor

FROM: Dr. Caliban Gore
Dean of Instruction

SUBJECT: Incident at Committee Meeting

I am in receipt of a communication from Dr. Grimmslaw which alludes to an incident occurring at the 12 May meeting of the Committee on Innovative Programs, of which you are a member. Persuant to the provisions of the Academic Senate's "Statement on Professional Responsibility" (Appendix IV of the Faculty Handbook) I have ruled that this unfortunate event is a matter to be handled "in house." I would be less than candid if I failed to stress that the College will brook no indiscretions on the part of its faculty and that this unlovely incident is to be kept out of the media.

I need hardly point out that this is a busy time of year. Time wasted on unprofessional gossip would be better spent on up-dating personnel files for the current round of re-appointment, promotion and tenure decisions, working out next year's programs to avoid burdensome teaching schedules, preparing applications for grants, released time, etc. Accordingly, I merely ask you for a brief memorandum, sealed and marked "Confidential," outlining the precise nature of the incident. You need not be unassured that I shall not fail to treat the matter with the avoidance of indiscretion that the good name of Truxtop College demands of you.

cc: Dr. Umlaut Grimmslaw, Prof. and Chmn., Modern Languages
Mr. Ardent Koch, Asst. Prof., Art
Ms. Mary Beaver, Lect., Modern Languages

DATE: 15 May 75
0420 hours

TO: Gore, Caliban, Dean Instr

FROM: Quatorze, Louis, Asst Prof Poli Sci

SUBJECT: Confidentiality

Re your 14 May Innovative Program committee meeting incident information request memorandum: a sexual intercourse condition was affected for a 10-15 minute time frame interval by two instructional personnel (Koch, A, F art; Beaver, M, Mod lang) creating a severe committee meeting business disruption situation and potentializing, PR-wise, if a hang-out status follows, a serious derogation condition of the college image.

DATE: May 15, 1975

TO: Dean Caliban Gore
Dean of Instruction

FROM: Dr. Sappho Quimfrost
Dept. of Women's Studies
Chairperson, Women's Center

SUBJECT: Rape

On the morning of May 12, in the course of a meeting of the Committee on "Innovative" Programs, a colleague and sister, Prof. Mary Beaver, suffered the ultimate indignity of a violation of the sanctity of her person at the hands of a man: Ardent Koch of the Art Department. In a word, she was raped. Seven men stood by and watched and condoned the brutal act. Beaver was powerless to resist and endured the ordeal with a commendable stoicism.

You have solicited reports from six men – seven including Dr. Grimmslaw – and only three women. Dr. Schist was absent so you will hear from only two women: Ms. Barbidahl and myself. I can well imagine what will appear in reports submitted by men to an administration composed of men. I expect you will hear, and will probably believe, statements about "enticement," "feminine wiles," and the rest of the chauvanist line. The whole thing is just one more example – a particularly dramatic example – of the way women are exploited in a male-dominated "educational" system.

DATE: May, 15, 1975

From Doctor-Professor Lapsang Soochang to Doctor-Dean
Caliban Gore,

Dear Boss,

Please to escuse bade typewriting of letter. Not to ask of Secretary she are doing typewriting. But must to do by myself for making discretion and "Confidential."

Incident of meeting have to do with what young people all over world are doing when Springtime, but not in meeting on top of meeting table. I am not long time in United-States of America and am not to knowing what is costume of young scholars here. But think not right in any country. What happen? Professor Koch and Professoress Miss Beaver make fickee-fickee in middle of meeting. I think this is not right to do.

Yours, Truly
Doctor-Professor
Lapsang Soochang

DATE: May 15, 1975

TO: Dean Gore

FROM: Dr. Beryl Schist

SUBJECT: This morning's memo

I cannot for the life of me imagine why Dr. Grimmslaw should complain of my absolutely unavoidable absence from the meeting. It is the first time I have ever had to miss a meeting. All the members will tell you that I have been the most faithful member of the committee and I do really believe in its work. Just because certain faculty are jealous of the position I hold and have been against me almost since the founding of the College, I never, never thought Dr. Grimmslaw was my enemy. In spite of what anyone may have said I do believe in innovation and I can easily explain my missing the meeting. Others have missed many times and I could supply you with the complete list if you wanted it.

FROM THE DESK OF
Prof. Christian Stigma, Ph.D., D.D.
Chairman, Dept. of Religion

May 15, 1975

My Dear Dean Gore:

It is with feelings of the most profound regret that I respond to your request. An incident did occur. More than an incident; an impropriety. I would not be overstating the case if I called it a lapse. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." To speak of it is acutely painful, even distressing; yet I know I have a duty to inform you of it; a duty not only to Truxtop, as you so rightly aver, but a duty as well to the two who erred so grievously.

It is difficult to find the words. Easy enough to say a *faut* – an *hamartia* – took place; quite another matter to manifest the event to the satisfaction of the unblinking scrutiny of the Blind Goddess and her milder sister. I refer to Justice and Charity.

Justice and Charity! The very invocation of their names puts to flight the forces of Delicacy and Decorum. *Ergo*, putting these aside, I shall "a plain unvarnish'd tale deliver," as the Bard has it, or, as our students so aptly put it, I will give you "the straight skinny."

In the plainest of terms, then, here are the facts. *Videlicit*: in the course of the meeting two of the members went unto one another and knew each other carnally. Shameful to read these words; more shameful still to be obliged to write them; and most, most shameful to have been the astonished witness to the act the words describe. But that is not all, it is not the worst. I shall not spare myself nor you, no more than the two in question spared those who beheld – petrified – the Gorgon untressed before them. For these two, Ms. Bevy and Mr. Cox, not only did the deed of darkness, but also committed the crime of Sodom together and severally.

You will find this last avowal a thing scarcely to be believed. Had I not had the "ocular proof" I should not have credited it myself. Dean Gore: I am not *un naif*. I have been young myself and have suffered, if not succumbed to, the same temptations of the baser self that all young lads suffer – more than most perhaps, for I was a seminarian and therefore exposed to greater temptations than is the common lot. Moreover, my military service as a chaplain aboard the *USS Ganymede* in the Second World War brought me into contact with the darkest recesses of the human soul – the soul laid bare as it always is when gallant lads faced with "grim visag'd war" turn from the terrors of Bellona to seek solace with their comrades. I iterate these facts to show that I am no mere *pedagogus*; I am not readily shocked nor quick to blush. I have seen the world and can read the street map of Gomorrah as easily as the palm of my hand.

Yet nothing in my life or my lore could harden me to the spectacle of the Sin of Sodom committed before my very eyes by two persons of different sexes! It was a thing to

> Make mad the guilty and appall the free,
> Confound the ignorant and amaze indeed
> The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Sir, about the event itself I shall say no more. If I have been too prolix, that fault were irretrievable. I had rather be blamed for a Lacademonian than scorned for a Boeotian. Nor is there much more I could say. I did not see the genesis of the act; when I became aware of it they were *in medias res*, as it were. I made every effort to dissuade them from their course; I appealed, cajoled, demurred; I uttered a particularly sharply-worded remonstrance – all to no avail. So I averted my eyes and saw no more. At the last I seconded Dr. Grimsby's excellent resolution enjoining a discretionary silence on us all.

The question remains, What is to be done? I have given the matter the deepest consideration; I have wrestled with it and pounded it out in the solitude of prayer. I do not venture to advise you about the best interests of the College – these you know better than I – nor urge you to be unswerving in your duty – you could scarcely be otherwise. But I think of the two whose careers – nay, whose lives – may have been blasted by this terrible act and flatter myself that in regard to them my experience and knowledge in these things may serve you well.

Of the two, young Mr. Cox is the more difficult case. There is no gainsaying the monstrousness of his behavior; he has much to answer for. Clearly the lad took leave of his senses. And yet I note that, apart from this incident, terrible as it was, he has shown himself to be a young man of the greatest promise. He is, as you know, in the Art Department. He is a gifted and sensitive artist; Beauty abides in his pencil. And alas! he is a prey, one fears, to the all-too-common failing of those who serve the Muse. One need not condone, though one may condole. But if there is much to blame, as there is – there most emphatically is – there is also much in him that could be saved. I have watched his career with mounting interest in the three years he has been with us and I can only say that if he is a Cavalcante in his sin, he may yet prove to be a Dante in his gifts.

I recommend, therefore, that Mr. Cox receive the sternest reprimand; one in keeping with the severity of his offense; and that he be put on notice that his continued retention at Truxtop by made conditional upon the most stringent recitude of behavior. To this end I offer my services. I remind you again of my tenure as a naval Chaplain and suggest, with humility, that there is perhaps no one on the faculty – certainly no one who already knows of the affair – better fitted than I to be a rectifier of such conduct. I will take him in hand. If he be corrigible, he may yet serve the College well; if he be recalcitrant and unrepentant, I shall be the first to recommend his dismissal.

For the young woman, Miss Bevins, there is little to be said. I fear she is no better than she ought to be. Charity and Mercy prompt me to seek some extenuation of her sin; but in vain. She appears to be a totally abandoned creature, a "whited sepulchre." For Mr. Cox one might at worst plead the frailty of nature – even the Desert Fathers were tempted – but what plea avails for her whose colder, woman's nature makes such a defense a mere strategem and patent for depravity? Alas! such as she must be "cut off from Jeraboam." In sadness, I recommend that she be severed from the faculty.

Respectfully and regretfully,

Christian Stigma, Ph.D., D.D.

DATE: May 15, 1975

TO: Who It May Concern

FROM: Debby-Linda Barbidahl
Counseling Office

SUBJECT: Dear Sir:

I do'nt want to be the one to "carry tales" and I surely would'nt say *a single word* about what "went on" the other day, but, since you ask me, I can just say it was just *awfull*, and, I was absolutely dumb-found to see what Dr. Koch and Dr. Beaver were doing, I mean, they were going *all the way* and touching each other "down there" and just carrying on in front of *everybody*!!!

Of course I wo'nt breath a single word to anybody, and, Dr. Grimmslaw made us all *promise* not to, and, anyway, I would'nt anyway because it's just awfull to even think about it at all.

DATE: 15 May 1975

TO: Dr. C. Gore
Dean of Instruction

FROM: R. Barron
Economics Department

SUBJECT: ?

Your memorandum puzzles me because I was present at the meeting you refer to and I can assure you that absolutely nothing untoward occurred there. The bulk of the session was devoted to my report on staffing of the new programs. Although no action was taken on the report it was favorably received by the committee. I am prepared to state, at your request, that nothing happened

which should not have happened and that all members of the committee conducted themselves in a thoroughly professional manner.

You can count on me in this, as in everything, to work diligently for the best interests of Truxtop College.

DATE: May 16, 1975

TO: Dean Gore

FROM: Octave Doggerel, English

SUBJECT: An act of love.

What shall I say?

What do the others say?

Have they told you about indiscrete behavior? unprofessional conduct? LUST?

I saw none of these things.

What I saw was an act of love, of joy, between two beautiful people questing beyond discretion, beyond profession, beyond dignity. . . .

Of course the cultural script forbids this. It was a wrong, an unconventional time/place/occasion.

Finally, this doesn't matter.

Mary and Art became, for a brief time, two actualized people. They responded to life authentically and discovered — he in her, she in him — the significant other.

And whatever anyone may say, all of us who were there, even those who seemed shocked, grew as people.

Mary and Art are OK.

DATE: May 16, 1975

TO: Cal Gore

FROM: Matt Burn

SUBJECT: Wow!!

Cal: I wondered how long it would take before you got wind of it. I don't know exactly what you heard, but it's all true. Those kids put on quite a show. I've never seen the like of it, and I've seen a lot as you well know. Seriously, though, I know it's a serious matter and I expect you're going to have to do something about it, but no kidding, you shoulda been there.

Here's what happened: Barron – Econ. – is giving a report on, of all things, experimental staff positions. God, can he bullshit. About the 100th time he says "experimental staff positions," and "positions for women," and things like that it begins to get pretty funny, and Koch and Doggerel and Miss Beaver are beginning to smirk and giggle, and I can't deny I am smiling a little, too. Then Barron says something or other like "at present the staff is too small and needs to be enlarged," and Koch (I was across from him and could see his face) sort of flinches and gets the silliest shit-eating grin on his face. Then he sighs and sort of slithers down in his chair. Mary Beaver is sitting next to him and looking like nothing at all is going on except Barron is giving the world's most interesting report. But I can see from the way they're sitting it's short-arm inspection time and she's the inspector-general. Pretty soon he shifts around a little and his hand begins to work and she joins him in the shit-eating grin department. Well, one thing leads to another and everybody tries hard as hell not to notice (except Barron, and he really doesn't notice; he's still reading his report) and suddenly Koch says, "Oh, Je-sus Christ!" right out loud and turns sideways in his chair and puts his free hand right on her titty. Even Barron has got to work at not noticing by now and he sort of peters out, if you'll pardon the pun.

Next thing you know, they're both standing up and his fly is open and it's one strike and two balls for the man at the plate. I admit I'm not paying too much attention to committee business by now, and I don't know what the others are doing but I hear Doggerel yell "Far out!" at one point and the chick from the Counselling Office is beginning to whimper and the Amazon – Quimfrost – is staring at Koch's pork-fork like she has never seen one before. And I bet she hasn't. Then he goes for her skirt and yanks it right off over her head and she is standing there in nothing but a pair of tiny skivvies the like of which I never expected to see on the ass of a college professor, and she shows a brace of tits you could hang your hat on. He commences to munch on these, and Grimmslaw says, "The meeting will come to order" a couple of thousand times, and Quimfrost is saying "Good Heavens, Good Heavens," and the other chick is still whimpering, and Soochang is mumbling something in Slope, and Stigma is barking the way he does and I won't answer for where his hands are at the moment. That guy is really disgusting you know.

Eventually, they're both jaybird-naked except for their shoes and she's sitting on the edge of the table and he's back in his chair and going for the good stuff. Then the innings change and it's her turn at bat and he's on the mound and it's back and forth and to and fro for a couple of more innings. Finally, they're both on the table and thrashing about and discovering experimental staff positions that Barron has neglected in his report, and knocking manila folders all over the place, and spilling coffee cups and what not. Then they settle down to a nice steady pace and I am beginning to think they are going to set new track records when they begin to go into the stretch and finally finish in a dead heat. Then they up and get dressed like nothing at all happened and sit down. And after a while she says, without batting an eye, "I'm sorry Dr. Barron, would you mind repeating that last part of your report?"

Well, don't be too hard on them. It was a hell of a dull meeting until they got started, and then they made it the best one I've ever attended. And, after all, it was innovative.

P.S. Do you think we could get them for the Boosters' Club dinner next week?

DATE: May 17, 1975

TO: Umlaut Grimmslaw

FROM: The Dean of Instruction

SUBJECT: Your recent memo.

I am astonished at the memo you sent me. I must assume it is a joke, although one in dubious taste. Every single member of the committee, except you, has assured me that nothing whatever occurred at the meeting. I am retaining, in your confidential file, your allegation along with the signed denials of the others; however, you may rest assured I shall have no need to use it to expose the sourse of an unkind, unfounded rumor about an incident which we now know never took place.

The Committee on Innovative Programs is hereby thanked for its excellent work and disbanded, two of its members having left the faculty. They have found other employment opportunities much more rewarding to them than their present positions at Truxtop. I have regretfully permitted them to leave before the conclusion of the current contract year.

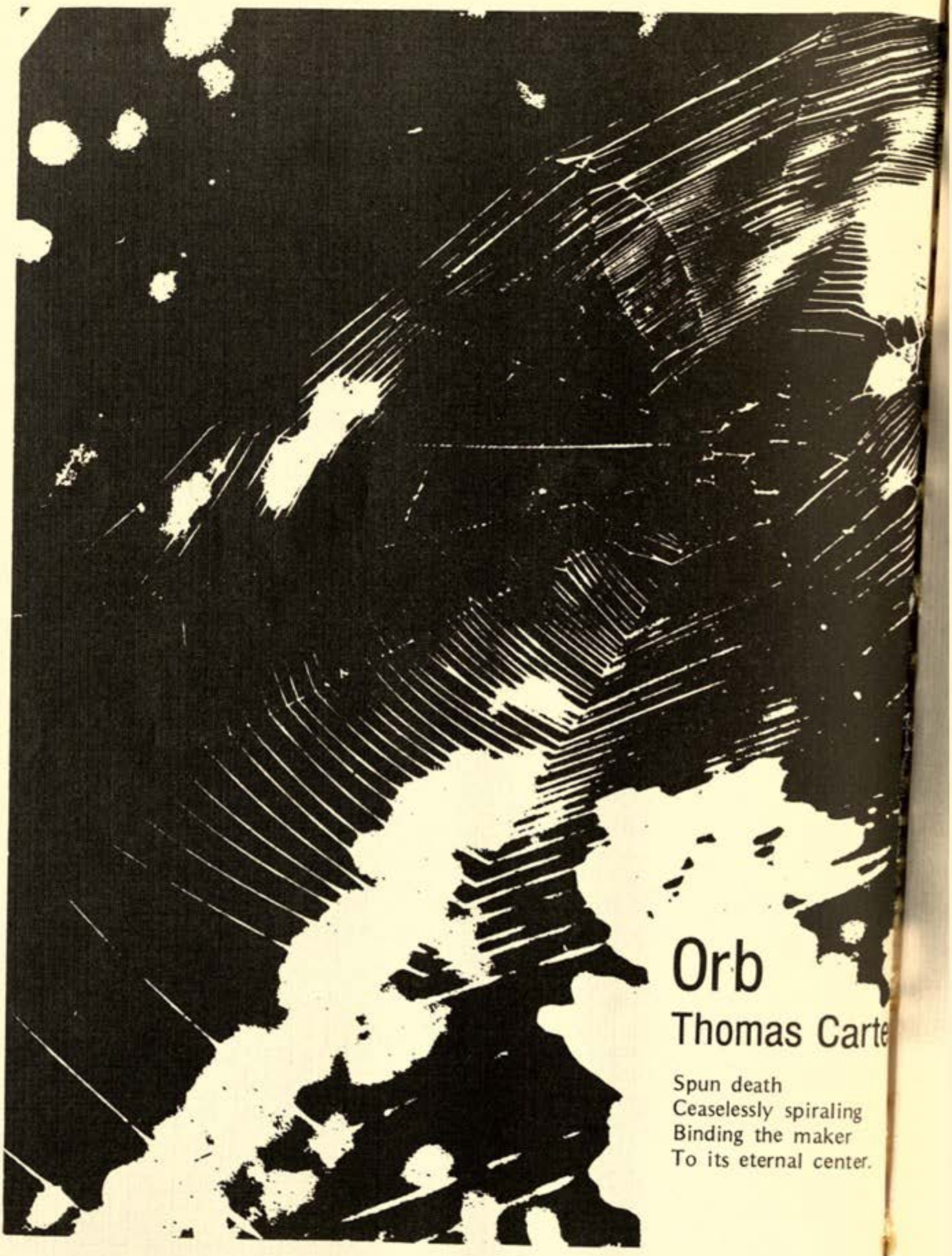
DATE: May 17, 1975

TO: Christian Stigma

FROM: The Dean of Instruction

SUBJECT: Your recent memo.

I am astonished at the memo you sent me. I must assume it is a joke, although one in dubious taste. . . .



Orb

Thomas Carte

Spun death
Ceaselessly spiraling
Binding the maker
To its eternal center.

"Web," Dale Fisher